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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1848.

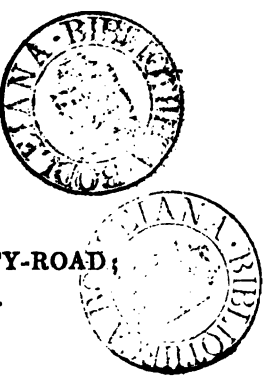
VOLUME III.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD;

SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.



H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

PREFACE.

ARRIVED, as we are, at the termination of another year, we beg to present to our numerous subscribers, correspondents, and friends, our cordial thanks for their past favours and assistance, and also to solicit at their hands a continuance of that brilliant and extensive patronage with which we have hitherto been so highly distinguished. We flatter ourselves that we have in some degree been instrumental in creating a taste for reading among many, and also in providing, in some extensive manner, that intellectual aliment which will not fail in promoting the benefit of those classes in society over whom we have been enabled to exert an influence. The power of the press has increased to an almost unlimited extent, and it has hitherto been employed for purposes redolent of evil, as well as of good; but we regret to say that the church of Christ has not yet accomplished what lies in her power to meet the moral wants of the community, which we think she is bound at least to attempt. We will not at present advert to the extent at which the daily press of the metropolis is circulated throughout the kingdom, but refer to the weekly issues of a number of Sunday papers, three of which amount to not less than 5,369,000 annually, and all, without any exception, are fearfully irreligious and demoralizing. From certain statistics which have been published, we are informed, that one Sabbath-breaking irreligious paper consumed nearly one million more stamps than *thirteen* religious papers which were published in the same period. A remarkable proof of the progress of Sunday newspaper-reading is to be found in the fact, that, since the year 1843, four papers published on that day have arisen, and attained the large circulation of about 110,000 per week; 5,720,000 per year. Let the year's circulation of these be added to those previously mentioned, and we have a total yearly circulation of vicious and Sabbath-breaking *stamped* literature amounting to 11,089,000. We must now pass to a more fearful subject: the *unstamped* literature, which is provided with unsparing hands, and conducted on principles so reckless, for the *mental amusement* of the lower orders of society, is of a still more debasing character and tendency. There are about seventy cheap periodicals, varying in price from about three half-pence to one half-penny. In some of them openly vicious principles are repudiated, but the introduction of French novels is one leading feature of their character, and a great source of their morbid popularity; these are followed by a number of others, which command a yearly issue of about 6,240,000, of an infidel character, and grossly demoralizing. The entire yearly circulation of the different kinds of popular, but manifestly pernicious, literature, presents the astounding total of 28,862,000. Well may we exclaim, "*Who will rise up for me against the evil-doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers*

of iniquity?" Thousands are hourly exposed to the insidious entreaties and blandishments of the vendors of this ungodly trash, who prowl about the alleys and haunts of the metropolis, and under the pretence of selling religious tracts and other godly books, they enter the farm-house, the domicile of the tradesman in our country towns, or the cottage and homestead of our rural population, to injure and destroy. The church must use the press far more extensively than it has hitherto done, and in this way, at least, "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room has furnished its quota of an antidote against the crying evil of which we, in common with the religious world, so bitterly complain. In the year 1846 they published "The Christian Miscellany," the object of which was to furnish a manual of religious and instructive information which should, in a considerable degree, meet the growing expectations of this reading age. Its appearance before the world justified the expectations which had been raised, and it now towers above all its competitors of the monthly press. The following table will give our readers some idea of its present circulation in a few only of the provincial districts of this country:—

	Copies.		Copies.		Copies.
Bridlington	246	Manchester (2d)	256	St. Austle	203
Dover	240	Newcastle-upon-Tyne.	200	Shotley-Bridge	277
Durham	255	Pontefract	237	Sleaford	255
Gateshead	272	Poole	200	Snaith	211
Launceston	224	Ripley	221	Spilsby	204
Lincoln	242	Rotherham	471	Tadcaster	279
Louth	223	Scarborough	310		

We are fully convinced that never was such a work as "The Christian Miscellany" more loudly called for than at the present moment. It has been greatly improved since its first publication, in the number of woodcuts, executed specially for it; and it is intended also to accomplish all practicable purposes to render it worthy of the patronage it has already received. Comparatively little has at present been achieved to roll away the reproach from our professedly Christian country; for, after all her energies have been tried, a balance of nearly five millions still remains in favour of the issue of pernicious publications. May this visibly decrease! and if every true-hearted and right-minded Wesleyan will address himself to the great work of ameliorating the moral degradation of his country, he will see, ere long, a morning dawn which shall shine more and more unto the perfect day.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JANUARY, 1848.

THE EXCELLENCE AND BEAUTY OF CHRISTIANITY CHIEFLY IN RELATION TO ITS DOCTRINES.

Extracted from "Traité de la Verité de la Réligion Chretienne; par Mons. J. A. Turretin, Professeur en Théologie, et en Histoire Ecclésiastique à Geneve."

I.—IN WHICH IS SHOWN THE EXCELLENCE AND BEAUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION CONSIDERED IN ITSELF.

THE state of the world under Paganism was as an obscure night, in which a thousand phantoms, taking the place of truth, deceived men, and led them astray. In the midst of this darkness, the writings of certain philosophers occasionally afforded some beams of light. And at the same time there arose, in a corner of the east, a clearness like that of dawning day: I refer to the Judaic law, mingled with many shadows, and limited in extent, but still, heavenly and precious. At last the full day came: the sun arose finer and without clouds; it was the light of the Gospel. God, having before spoken to our fathers, in sundry times and divers manners, by the Prophets, in these last times has spoken to us by his Son.

This new revelation, far from extinguishing what really is the light of nature, has revived it; far from abolishing the law of Moses, has accomplished and perfected it.* God is always consistent with himself, whether he enlightens us by reason, or whether he condescends to manifest himself to us in any other way. But while human philosophy has been subject to the greatest errors, we have here a heavenly philosophy which is a sure and more safe guide: and while the ancient law left many important truths veiled and obscure, we have now a revelation so complete as to omit nothing which we can justly desire.

Happily, the more the subject becomes interesting to us, the more plain does the way become, and the more do the proofs multiply. In the far antiquity of Judaism, and across the shadows of its law, we may perceive radiations which mark its divinity. But in the Gospel, all is resplendent.

* In his "Replies to the Orthodox," Justin Martyr has spoken well on this subject; saying, that in the principles of doctrine, the Gospel differs not from the Mosaic law; but only in this, that the one contains the promises which in the other are accomplished. What is the law? The Gospel anticipated. What is the Gospel? The law fulfilled.

We find there the noblest ideas, the purest worship, and facts better connected, and more easily explained, because of the comparative proximity of the times, and the number of the witnesses. We find there, oracles perfectly accomplished, and effects which fully correspond to the grand views of Providence respecting the salvation of mankind. As it is the last revelation which God has designed for man, it has pleased him that nothing should be wanting to prove its certainty, and declare its excellence.

To convince us of this, our examination might have two methods. The one referring to the external testimonies and proofs of various kinds; the other, to the excellence and beauty of Christianity considered in itself. This last might embrace its *doctrines*, its *precepts*, and its *promises*. At present, adopting this last method, we limit our inquiry to the subject of doctrine.

But attention will first be directed to a few introductory remarks. We wish to represent Christianity as it really is. Nothing is so important as the Christian religion; only, that its true value may be known, and its proper efficacy experienced, it must be taken as it came from the hands of God, not as man may have altered it. Disengaging it from all foreign admixtures, we shall see that there is nothing so grand, so firm, so noble, so simple, as this. It is the daughter of heaven, the older sister of reason, the light of human life, the sure foundation of probity and sound morals, the true principle of admirable conduct. By this may man subdue his passions, raise himself above his natural weakness, and arrive at the blessed immortality which he seeks. Without this, he is a creature feeble, debased, wretched, and mortal.

In examining the subjects before us, though we shall endeavour to do it with exactitude, we pretend by no means to exhaust them. So rich and elevated are they, that our best efforts must always remain below them. Nor do we expect to close the mouths of those who take pleasure in dispute and contradiction. Their disposition must first be altered, and their heart delivered from that secret and vicious inclination which sets them in opposition to the truth. There are persons so given to chicanery, and whose spirit is unhappily so subtle, that whatever subject is presented, they will argue upon it without end. Others are so trifling, that they examine nothing in its depths. While others are so corrupted by worldly passions, that they at once condemn whatever clashes with their pursuits. From persons of such a character what can be expected? Reason itself speaks to them in vain. They are as little moved by the plainest truths of natural religion, as they are by the appeals of revelation. Both are too serious, too burdensome, for them: they desire to live without constraint, without discipline, without rule. Before they can be Christians, they have to become reasonable. Our inquiry supposes the existence of certain natural principles of religion and conscience, and that truth is to be sought honestly, and in good faith. Where these dispositions exist, we hope to furnish that which will satisfy the inquirer, whether in the number and force of the proofs that will be adduced, or in the care we shall take to set before him the Christianity of the Scriptures, together with what we hope will be acknowledged to be the fairness of the argumentation employed. Truth has no interest in concealment or dissimulation. From the severest ordeal to which it can be justly exposed, it always comes forth in triumph.

May God, the Source and Author of truth and light, grant his blessing to us in our present endeavours!

(*To be continued occasionally.*)

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Prov. xxix. 1.

EXAMPLE IV.

The labours of the apostolic Wesley were in few places crowned with greater glory than among the colliers of the North of England, many of whom he found in savage ignorance, and wickedness of every kind, and few, if any, caring for their souls. Yet on their rude minds, his ministry had a charm, "showing" (to employ his own words) "their approbation by clapping him on the back." Nor did he merely gain their favour: the truths he preached were rendered, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, effectual to the reformation and salvation of men. The early witnesses of his ministry in those parts have passed away; but the fruit of that ministry, like the bread cast on the waters, is to be found after many days. Societies were formed, not only in the large towns, but in the numerous villages, which continue to the present period; the members of which are adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour by their holiness of conduct and conversation. In one of those villages, a few years ago, one who had been a great sinner became eminently a new creature in Christ. In him the renewing and reforming power of the grace of God was very manifest, so that many took knowledge of him, and confessed the divine influence of the Gospel. Steadiness of conduct, stability of character, with a mind more enlarged and cultivated than many around him, pointed him out as one who might profitably sustain office in the church of God. To a station of trust he was elevated, and gave full proof that the opinion formed of his abilities and piety was correct. Next to the members of his own family, none shared his love more than the Ministers of the Gospel: by him they were esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake. He hailed their visits, received them into his dwelling, treated them with respect and kindness, and waited on their ministration with attention and delight; being greatly profited as well as pleased by the discourses which he heard, and in the prosperity of the work of God he had great joy. Such was the eminence in piety to which he attained, and for years continued to maintain with true consistency of spirit and deportment. But a change took place, a withering blasting change to the fruits of righteousness, a change that no doubt might have been traced to unwatchfulness and restrained prayer before God. When first the whisper went forth that occasionally he was led captive by a certain vice, few would believe it was so; and it was only the increased repetition of the sin, and the fault becoming more public, that constrained them to admit he had fallen from grace. He was kindly spoken to, and admonition was as kindly received: for a season he was borne with; but repeated acts of intemperance required that he should be deprived of office. Still; as a private member of the church, frequent, persevering measures were employed to recover him from the snare of the tempter. The oft-given reproof was met with the promise of immediate amendment; but promises were violated, until it became necessary to exclude him from Christian membership. This was an act that occasioned to his friends deep sorrow. With it he was not offended: he knew it was seemly and just; that it was due to the honour of religion. So far from being offended, he continued his stated attendance at the house of prayer, and cultivated intercourse with his Christian friends. It was deemed prudent that the Ministers visiting the village should withdraw from their accustomed abode at his habitation; yet he followed them, and availed himself of every opportunity of mixing in their society; affording them the frequent season of exhorting him to repentance, and warning him of his danger. In this service of love they

were aided by those who still esteemed the man while they condemned his conduct; and never was it known that any observation from the pulpit, however pointed and plain, or any rebuke in private, however faithful, was resented by him. His judgment admitted the propriety of all that was done and said to him; but his propensity rebelled against his judgment and interest, both temporal and spiritual. There were seasons when he felt bitterly, felt for his folly, and deeply mourned over his state: he was never allowed to forget his former blessedness. Long did his Lord deal kindly with him, and smote with the warnings of his word, convictions of his Spirit, and voice of his people, that he might again lead him and restore comfort unto him. Mournful fact! it was in vain: sin was added to sin, and the righteous displeasure of God was kindled against him, and mercy became "weary of holding in." He who had declared, "I will not always spare," made this transgressor an example of the truth of his word. His office in civil life required him occasionally to go down into the pits, and survey the safety of those gloomy abodes of the earth. Apprehending no danger, he was thus employed, when, altogether unexpected, a stone of great magnitude was loosed from its natural position, fell upon him, and crushed him beneath its ponderous weight. Life in a moment was extinct. No time was allowed to him to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Such sudden and awful visitations of God have a voice; and that voice distinctly says, "Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." (Heb. iii. 12.)

Bradford. N.

A CLEAN HEART AND A CONVERTED WORLD.

"Remember," the old Methodists used to say, "*Christ died to save all men from all sin:* this is our doctrine," said the venerable Joseph Taylor, some sixty years ago, writing to a Cornish fisherman.* As Missionaries, the Methodists ought to excel, not only from their enlarged views respecting the universality of the atonement, but also on the ground of their apprehension of its personal efficacy. He that believes our doctrine of a clean heart, will naturally ascend another step, and believe the doctrine of the world's conversion. The faith that cries, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," cannot resist responding aloud, "Amen, and amen," to the "prayer of David the son of Jesse;" "and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." There is not only a similar moral grandeur and sublimity in both petitions, which justify their being united, but the desire for a converted world, and the hope of its realization, are the legitimate offspring of the heart made clean in the sight of God. Let him who desires the world's conversion, prepare the way of the Lord, by obtaining and retaining a clean heart. To convert the world we must bring more of God into it; but God will not reside with men on earth, unless the temple of the human heart be made pure and holy for his dwelling-place. He will not take up his residence amidst idols and corruption. The more of God in the church, the more hope of the world's conversion, and the more the world's conversion is expedited. Hence, he is doing most to save the world,—however remote from office, however unknown among men, however obscure the cottage in which he lives,—who is most

* The fisherman who was the correspondent of Mr. Taylor, was Richard Trewavas, sen., whose excellent Memoir is on sale at the Book-Room, No. 14, City-road, London. Mr. T. was the Assistant (Superintendent) of the Cornwall west Circuit, in 1782—83. His ministry was greatly owned of God, and his name there will ever be had in grateful remembrance.

eminently filled with the Holy Spirit. To those, therefore, who desire the salvation of all nations, and are indeed labouring for it, duty cries, and the commandment of Christ is, "*Have salt in yourselves.*" O the force of those words used by the Holy Ghost in reference to the conversion of souls! "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Nor can the truly righteous man,—the man on whose heart is written, "Holiness unto the Lord,"—while in the body, cease to pray, pray in faith, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven!" Therefore, in the church of the living God, at least, in that branch of it known by the distinctive appellative of *Wesleyan*, let "young men and maidens, old men and children," adopt as their motto, "*A clean heart and a converted world.*"

A Wesleyan Missionary.

ADAM CLARKE AS A PREACHER.

"No man in any age of the church was ever known, for so long a period, to have attracted larger audiences; no herald of salvation ever sounded forth his message with greater faithfulness or fervour; the fervour of love to Christ, and to the souls of perishing sinners; and few Ministers of the Gospel, in modern times, have been more honoured by the extraordinary unction of the Holy Spirit in their ministrations. To this unction chiefly, though associated with uncommon talents, must be attributed the wonderful success and popularity of his discourses. In preaching he had the happy art of combining great originality and depth of subject with the utmost plainness of speech and manner. Nor was this simplicity at all destroyed, but rather augmented, by the glow and animation of his soul, when applying the offer of salvation to all within the sound of his voice, and reasoning strongly on the grand and vital doctrines of the Gospel. The ardent feeling which in others sometimes leads to a rapid invention of elegant or of pompous language, in him was confined to the increased accumulation of great and noble sentiments. His favourite and most successful subjects in the pulpit were, the love of God to fallen man, the atonement, repentance, faith in Christ as the grand principle of the spiritual life, and of practical holiness, together with the undoubted assurance of adoption by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer. On these topics he could often rise to the genuine grandeur of evangelical preaching; pouring forth, like a torrent, the unostentatious eloquence of a benevolent and loving heart. Energy, indeed, was one very peculiar characteristic of his mind. Nor was he less remarkable for sensibility, and all the tenderness and sympathy of an affectionate disposition." This witness is true; and the example is worthy the consideration and imitation of all, and especially of the young Ministers of our church. Your numerous readers would, no doubt, be gratified were they to know the *texts* on which those sermons were founded, that were so mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds; and I am thankful that I have the opportunity of affording them this gratification. The following are copied from the honoured Doctor's private diary, by, yours very faithfully,

Samuel Dunn.

Bristol, Nov. 1st, 1800. Heb. iii. 12, at Jacob's Wells.—2d. Heb. iv. 16, New Chapel.—3d. 1 Kings vii. 20, New Chapel; and Psal. xvii. 15, Guinea-street.—6th. Met the Penitents; Subject, Trust in God's providence.—7th. Psal. xxxvi. 10, 11, Guinea-street; 1 Pet. ii. 24, 25, Portland Chapel; Psal. xxxvi. 5, 7, New Chapel.—8th. Psal. xliii. 3, Chew Magna; Psal.

xxxix. 1, New Chapel.—9th. Acts vi. 7, Pensford.—10th. Heb. xii. 28, Mangolsfield.—11th. Psal. lvi. 12, 13, Keynsham.—12th. Psal. lvii. 1, 2.—13th. James iv. 7, 8; Acts xiii. 38; Psal. lxxxv. 8.—14th. Psal. xxxvi. 8, 9, New Chapel; James iii. 13, Portland Chapel; Deut. iv. 9, Guinea-street.—16th. Psal. lxxxvi. 1, Stanton Drue; James iii. 17, Pensford.—18th. Met the Committee at Kingswood; very unwell.—19th. 1 Peter iii. 12, 13, Nailsea.—From 20th to 30th confined to bed, very ill with rheumatic fever.

Dec. 1st. Deut. xi. 18, 21, New Chapel.—2d. An exhortation on reading the Scriptures, New Chapel.—3d. Phil. ii. 14, 15, Guinea-street; Luke xiv. 1—6, Portland Chapel; John vi. 1—14, New Chapel.—4th. Psal. xix. 14, New Chapel.—5th. Phil. iii. 3, New Chapel. Met the children at 12.—6th. Phil. iv. 19, New Chapel; Psal. xxv. 12, 14, Guinea-street.—7th. Luke xviii. 1, Baptist-Mills.—8th. Col. i. 12, Guinea-street.—10th. Heb. ix. 13, 14, New Chapel; 1 Thess. i. 3, Portland.—11th. Isai. xli. 17, Chew Magna.—12th. Isai. xliv. 21, 22, Pensford.—14th. 1 Thess. v. 8, Keynsham.—17th. Heb. iv. 1, 2; Psal. lxxxvi. 11, Kingswood.—18th. 2 Thess. iii. 5, Kingswood; Psal. xcvii. 10—12, Wickam.—19th. Psal. ci. 1, 2, Rangeworthy; 1 Tim. ii. 8, Winterburn.—22d. Isai. liii. 3, 4, Brislington.—24th. Mark xvi. 1—8, C. Stoke; 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4, Pensford.—25th. John xii. 20—24, New Chapel.—26th. John xii. 25, 26, New Chapel; Luke xxiv. 48, the School.—27th. Psal. cxxx. 3, 4, Portland.—29th. John xvi. 23, New Chapel.—Watch-night. 31st. John xx. 24; Heb. ii. 1, K. S.; 1 John v. 11, 12.

ON SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

The natural sun entering upon the polar regions, which have been locked up in the death, and frost, and darkness, of their long winter, and filling all things with life, and light, and warmth, is but a feeble emblem of the entrance of the Sun of Righteousness on the cold, and dead, and dark region of the human heart. It is a land of darkness, as darkness itself, inhabited by lies and vain imaginations, and lying under the shadow of death. It is a chaos, and a terror to itself whenever it can look upon itself. But no sooner does the Sun enter, no sooner does the dead heart drink his quickening beams, but it revives; it finds that the light is life; the darkness, and the fear, and the frozen death are past; there is a new principle of life imparted; the cold and torpid heart begins to open its rigid and shrunken veins to receive the life-blood, and the quickening Spirit which flows from him who is the heart and the head of the spiritual universe. It finds that the light is love, and that uncreated, and embracing, and omnipotent love, is its joyful and satisfying portion through all eternity. "Surely the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." E. G.

APHORISMS.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in: yea, they that play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to mend. O! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

[illegible]deration is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all

—*Thomas Fuller.*

THEOLOGY.

ETERNITY OF HELL TORMENTS.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JAMES LOUTIT.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."—Matt. xxv. 46.

Were grace the only principle in the scheme of redemption; were the Gospel an amnesty, and nothing more; and were the allegiance of sinners to the moral government of God to be restored by the announcement of topics exclusively gracious; mercy, mercy alone, should be our theme.

But there is another principle, to which the testimony of creation, as well as the authority of revelation, has given very marked prominency,—I mean that of JUSTICE.

And bearing in mind that this moral government has been largely "declared;" and that it is our duty, if we would deal with men after the method of the Holy Ghost, if we would calculate reasonably on their renewal in righteousness, to make this principle manifest, I entreat the reader's attention, and his candour too, inasmuch as he is implicated in the question at issue, while I present the divine justice in one of its essential, though alarming forms,—the eternity of hell torments.

Some receive this doctrine, and are "moved with fear:" others do not believe it, and act accordingly. Among the latter are to be found not only the vulgar and licentious, whose inclination is to contemn all law, but men of education and taste. The one is seduced by passion, and stupified by Satan; the other, by that pride of intellect which seeks to become a law to itself. The late Rev. John Foster ranked himself among those who rejected the eternity of hell torments. And on what ground? Because he had examined all that the Bible alleges upon so important and grave a subject? Not at all! He altogether declined to discuss this doctrine on the authority of revelation, resting its rejection solely on what he and the Universalists are pleased to call "the moral argument," which is this: "I acknowledge my inability to admit this belief, together with a belief in the divine goodness." (*Life*, vol. ii., let. 221.) So, because John Foster cannot reconcile the divine goodness and the acts of his administrative justice, therefore he rejects them!

We are about to challenge assent to the doctrine under consideration, not on the ground of "moral argument," but upon the express declarations of the Bible. If the holy Scriptures do not command its belief, surely it is not for us to prescribe, even for the chief of sinners, the *ultimatum* of justice. But if, on the authority of revelation, the torments of hell be eternal, it is our imperative duty to proclaim them, and your interest so to hear as to avoid tasting them. Even Mr. Foster says, "If the tremendous doctrine be true, surely it ought to be almost constantly proclaimed as with the blast of a trumpet, inculcated and reiterated with ardent passion in every possible form of illustration." No apology is therefore offered for a sermon about hell, which may keep some soul out of that lake of fire.

The Preacher has only further to observe respectfully, that he is desirous of divesting himself of even the appearance of assuming the judicial office. Personal hostility, even to the finally impenitent, he cannot be supposed to cherish. He would bear in mind, that God is in his holy habitation, "taking vengeance on the disobedient;" and that their case may be his own. It becomes him, therefore, to speak as one who, having himself "obtained mercy," yet, knowing the "terrors of the Lord," would persuade men.

The proposition is,—that the TORMENTS of hell are ETERNAL.

Now this appears from,

I. THE LITERAL IMPORT OF THE TERMS BY WHICH IT IS EXPRESSED.

These are,—

Everlasting. "Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" The Lord Jesus shall take vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel, and shall punish them with "everlasting destruction."

For ever and ever. This phrase occurs eighteen times in the New Testament. "In fifteen passages it is applied to the continuance of the glory, perfections, government, and praise of God; in one, to the reign of the righteous; in one, to the finally impenitent; and in one, to the devil, beast, and false Prophet, who

shall be tormented day and night for ever."

Never. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched."

Eternal. "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."

Nor is the literal meaning of these terms weakened by their occasionally modified application. Language has an absolute and a restricted sense; and the words in question are accordingly employed "to denote the longest period of which their respective subjects are capable." The mountains are "everlasting;" and Judaism is an ordinance established "for ever:" but in both these cases, and in some others which could be cited, the literal meaning would be a contradiction, there being a positive incongruity between the assertion and the thing respecting which the assertion is made.

But this is not the case when we speak of the eternal torment of a *person* whose *punishment* and whose *life* are coequal.*

II. THEIR EXCLUSIVE ASSERTION OF ETERNITY.

The terms are "everlasting," "for ever and ever," "never," and "eternal." These exclusively assert ceaseless duration. They do so,—

In the English language. Suppose a foreigner were to inquire whether the inhabitants of the island of Great Britain received the idea in question. He is referred to the national lexicons and standard writers. There he finds the words "everlasting," "for ever and ever," "never," and "eternal," and is informed that they signify "without beginning or end." (*Johnson.*)

In Greek. This is the language of the New Testament; and we are to ascertain whether the founder of Christianity and his inspired disciples themselves believed what we seek to establish. The answer is this, They employ the only terms in the language which are properly expressive of eternity. These are, *αἰών, αἰώνιος, ἄσβεστος*; words rendered by "everlasting," "for ever and ever," "never," and "eternal."

And in all ancient and modern versions of the Scriptures. There are at the present moment one hundred and twenty-six versions of the whole or part of the Scriptures. They all employ on this topic equivalent terms.

Either these words do adequately express and teach the doctrine of the endless punishment of the finally impenitent; or there are no terms in the Bible, or in any language spoken on the face of the earth, to convey even the idea of eternity. To say so is to beg the whole question, and in the face of all presumptive and positive evidence to allege that the last chapter of time is the close of all things. Here we stand. Either the words have *no meaning*, or the torments of hell are *properly eternal.*

From,—

III. THE SEAL OF REPROBATION.

This seal,

Is judicial. The sentence is *penal*,—"Depart from me, ye cursed;" and being penal it must be literally interpreted. Acts of grace admit of a liberal construction; but penal sentences admit of no implied severity or unexpressed mitigation. Where no relaxation is declared, none is intended.

Is one of separation from Christ. "Depart FROM ME." This at once cuts off the subject of the sentence from all grace, reprobating to the utter and unrestricted realization and sense of its own depravity. It is night, eternal night, left to dwell in itself.

This seal *is eternal reprobation.* O Sirs, be assured the Judge of all the earth means what he says when he utters these words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." This is the seal of a soul's eternal reprobation!

From,

IV. THE NON-INTIMATION OF ANY RELAXATION OF THE SENTENCE.

Revelation takes no means whatever to guard against an unavoidable misconception of the received sense of all language. Surely it is the duty of a wise and benevolent legislator to prevent exaggerated hopes, as well as suppress unmanly fears; to rule in truth and love; and to proportion crime and punishment. When this has not been done, when the law has either winked at crime, or threatened what it could not and did not mean to execute, it defeated itself. Hence the numerous instances in which death was recorded by British Judges and juries, have, by recent enactments, passed into secondary punishments. Criminals fear these more

* *Note.* This word *αἰών*, "eternal," has been divinely spoken by the ancients. For the consummation which contained the TIME of EVERY LIFE that has nothing supernatural, is called its age.—*Aristot.*

than the roar of a chained lion. God threatens eternal death, and, at the same time, leaves all men to believe it will be so.

Nor does revelation afford any hope of relaxation. Is there any intimation, prophecy, fact, or hint which can fairly be construed into a reasonable ground of expectation? If there be, let it be produced. If there be not, is it not more than bold to construct a theory, which exalts the divine benevolence at the expense of the divine justice, and which leads men to cherish and propagate the delusion that that fire which the universal Judge has declared, without reserve, to be eternal, shall come to an end. Silence on this theme is most expressive: it is just that, which we should expect to find associated with the sentence of eternal wrath.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

What an idea Paul must have had of prayer, as an antidote to the cares of life and godliness, when he said to the Philippians, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus!" This way of disposing of our cares and anxieties is so little understood, or so much disliked, that we are inclined to doubt its efficacy in our own case; or to ask, How is it possible, in a world like this, to be "careful for nothing?" Our temporal cares are, as we think, our chief hinderances in prayer. We even turn them, at times, into excuses for the neglect of prayer; and imagine, when our cares are many and pressing, that much prayer cannot be expected from us. For, whatever influence the calamities of life may have in sending us often to our knees, the *cares* of life may have a direct tendency to set aside, or shorten, secret prayer. Indeed, at first sight, our ordinary cares do not seem to us to be things which prayer can remedy, but things which only time and toil can remove. Accordingly, when our temporal affairs go wrong, or our prospects darken, without exactly overwhelming us, we naturally devote to them, not a larger measure of secret prayer, but a larger portion of time and thought. It is *thinking*, not praying, that seems called for, under embarrassment and anxiety. Under heavy calamity, whether personal or domestic, we see, at once, that prayer is our only resource, because God alone can deliver us; but when we are merely vexed or plagued, we feel as if deliverance depended more upon our own good management, or upon the conduct of others, than upon the providence of God. Thus we are tempted to lessen prayer, and to increase effort, under an idea that great effort is the only remedy.

And certainly without effort prayer will not prove a remedy for misfortune or embarrassment. He who does nothing but pray, when the times are bad, or his affairs trying, will not surmount his difficulties. Prayer will not pay debts, nor maintain credit, nor meet the emergencies of business. A man praying when he ought to be *working*, is brother in impiety to the man who is working when he ought to be praying. This concession cannot be too freely made, nor too forcibly stated by the Ministers of the Gospel. It is not, however, in this way, that the truly serious are in the most danger of erring. Our error, in seasons of trial, is not in praying too much, but in praying too little, or less than usual. And this is a dangerous error, whatever be the cause or character of our trials. For its direct tendency is to turn "the mighty hand of God" against us, and thus to make all that is bad in our lot worse. Nothing, therefore, can be more unwise than a process which must grieve the Holy Spirit, and make God our enemy. Now this will be the effect of ceasing to pray, when the troubles of life are pressing. God both permits and sends these troubles for the express purpose of bringing us nearer to himself, and for increasing the spirit and habit of prayer; and, therefore, if we allow our cares to break up our devotional habits, and thus to draw us away from God, we are sure to draw down upon ourselves his displeasure, in addition to all our other trials. And when he takes up the rod to contend against us, who can tell how long or severely he may employ it? God does not, indeed, afflict willingly, nor grieve unnecessarily the children of men; but he will not be neglected nor forgotten; he will not allow himself to be deserted with impunity. God acts invariably with an express reference to our souls and eternity; and therefore, unless he were to abandon them to a desolate eternity, he must multiply or prolong our

troubles, if we allow them to estrange our hearts and habits from the throne of grace.

THE CHRISTIAN IN AFFLICTION.

"COUNT it all joy when ye fall in divers temptations;" when God sees fit to afford you an *occasion* to strengthen, increase, and exemplify your Christian graces. It is joy, not in the act, but in the end. Affliction is the Christian's *school*. Here he is made to know himself and his God, his duty and his destiny. Here he learns the vanity of things temporal, and the value of things eternal. Disease invades, losses and disappointments betide, hope fails, sorrows overwhelm, the King of terrors frowns, and the reluctant soul is, as it were, *compelled* to loose his hold on sublunary things, and, almost involuntarily, stretch onward to see if there be not some enduring portion, some substantial good, some sure repose. And here, heaven invites his choice. The celestial portals open, and the voice of eternal love bids him enter. Martin Luther was wont to say, "I never knew the meaning of God's word, till I was *afflicted*."

Afflictions are a *nursery*, where some of the choicest trees of righteousness are trained for the upper paradise. Here they are pruned, and dug about, and made to grow, and mature, and bear fruit, ready for transplantation into a soil which is watered by the river which proceedeth out of the throne of God, and watched over by the eye of eternal love, and fanned by the breezes of heaven. Some trees expand in luxuriant branches, and display a rich foliage, yet bear no fruit. These the gardener cuts, sometimes to the very core, or removes the earth from their roots to check the luxuriance of their growth, that they may bear fruit. So the great Vine-dresser prunes and cuts the trees of righteousness, lays bare their roots to the rude blasts of adversity to check the luxuriance of their worldly growth, and to disrobe them of a superabundance of leaves and branches, that they may bear fruit to his praise. And even when they do bear fruit, he often "purges" them that they may bear *more fruit*.

Afflictions rebuke worldly-mindedness, teach the nothingness of things seen and temporal, and the value of things unseen and eternal. Hence, says the Apostle, "Let patience have her perfect work;" let the salutary process go on; it has begun a good work, let it finish it. Let the trial of one grace strengthen that grace and beget other kindred graces, till, in number complete, they shall become an entire family, filling and adorning the temple of the body,—"that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Let the process go on. Be patient. God is treating you as sons. Affliction may follow in the wake of affliction. There will come only just enough to complete the work.

All may be exceedingly dark. You may be brought to your wit's end. Yet if you will lie low and listen, you will hear one say: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." At such a time you will be constant in prayer; not so much for the *removal* of the trial, as for grace, patience, and wisdom to demean yourself properly under it, and to be able to derive from it instruction and spiritual profit. God is not indifferent to your condition · he will kindly regard your requests; and if you ask in faith, he will give *liberally* and not upbraid your frequent approaches and fervent petitions.

Clouds and darkness may cover the mercy-seat; God may put the faith of his people to a severe test; Daniel may be cast among the lions, and his three pious friends into the fire; Apostles may be thrust into prison, or stoned and cast out for dead; yet God's love and care for his people never fail. "The brother of low degree" will "rejoice," be submissive, cheerful, contented, knowing that in his lot he is measurably removed from the temptations which riches and rank throw in the way of a holy life, and having in prospect, after he shall have traversed a little longer the lowly vale of poverty, and buffeted a little longer the cold blasts of adversity, a throne and a kingdom. Clouds here will make his heaven more serene. His poverty here will make his heaven richer. His sorrows here will make the joys of his felicity more joyous. And the "rich man," if God see fit to cross him in his plans, disappoint him in his hopes, check him in his headlong scramble for the world, to lay his rod on him, to touch his flesh, to bereave him, and make him feel how vain is his trust in uncertain riches, and to direct his aspiring, grasping mind onward and upward to a better inheritance, the rich man may rejoice for such salutary though afflictive dispensations.

It has been well said by some one, that God's people are "like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like gold, that is brighter for the furnace;

like incense, that becomes fragrant by burning; like the chamomile plant, that grows fastest when trampled on."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

If we carry a garland of flowers, gathered only an hour before, and still wet with the dew of the morning, along the crowded street of a city, we shall soon discover that the silver dew has been dried up, and the bloom rubbed from the leaf. Religion, whose rewards are so dimly descried by the mortal eye, has to contest the superiority with temporal aggrandizement and present glory, whose treasures are distinctly visible, and whose rewards are immediate and magnificent. Even the long-watching and steadfast eye of the Christian pilgrim will sometimes involuntarily turn away from the contemplation of the crystal towers of the New Jerusalem, beheld gleaming with a faint and uncertain lustre over the distant horizon, and rest in momentary admiration upon the golden cities which the tempter has spread around. Never, then, let us plead anything in excuse of our non-attendance upon the duties of the Sabbath. Let the evening of the Saturday find us flying down, like tired wanderers, at the gate of the holy temple. For our own part, we may affirm with all humility, that we never entered a place of worship without feeling a quiet and delightful serenity diffused over our senses, like a traveller who suddenly turns away from the burning and dusty road, into the cool and refreshing shadows of the forest. The animosities of our heart, and the evil prompting of our passions, (and who shall say that from these he is exempted?) rapidly die away, and we walk out into the business and tumult of life with our heart invigorated, and our love of piety renewed and strengthened. God is of a truth, as Jeremy Taylor has nobly said, included in no place, not bound with cords, not divided into parts, not changeable into several shapes, filling heaven and earth with his present power and his never-absent nature. We may, indeed, imagine him to be as the air and the sea, and "we all enclosed in his circle, wrapped up in the lap of his infinite nature." Let us, therefore, pray by the bank-side, and in the fragrant grass, standing and walking, and sitting down; for the voice of thanksgiving ought to be as a lyre, whose music is never silent: but let us remember, in the words of the glorious Divine from whom we have quoted, that though "God will go out of his way to meet his saints,"—yet that God's "usual way is to be present in those places where his servants are appointed *ordinarily* to meet."—*British Critic, July*, 1832.

THE LOVE OF GOD!

Why, brethren, that is a vast subject—a subject which would not occupy us for hours, but shall occupy the redeemed for eternity! It is the constant theme both of the damned and the redeemed, of the lost and of the saved. The lost, as they toss on their fiery bed, restlessly and unavailingly trying to ease their position, and relieve their pain, ah! they think of the love of Christ, of many a precious Sabbath and many a Gospel sermon, when that love was offered; and now they wonder and curse the madness, the blindness, which rejected it. And what is spoken and sung of in the hymns of heaven? "The love of God in Christ Jesus!"—this is the sweetest, loftiest, noblest theme that tongue can speak of, pen can write of, mind can think of, harp can praise, or heart can feel! To preach it, is the office of Ministers; to embrace it, is the salvation of sinners; to despise it, is the loss of souls; and to prefer to it the love of sin, is the highest insult to Jehovah. To know it lost, is the bitterest curse of hell; to know it gained, the highest happiness of heaven. Well may we say of the love of God what Luther said of music: "If I were to speak of it, I would not know where to begin, and I would not know when to end."—*Rev. Thomas Guthrie.*

WE DO NOT PRAY ENOUGH.

Felix Neff once made the following comparison:—"When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water: the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it, you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer: if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

THE people of God are, even to the end, a suffering people, and an afflicted people. Although, as the Apostle says, they are acknowledged as "living stones in the temple of the Lord," they are not yet wholly prepared and meetened for the glorious station they are to occupy hereafter. Therefore, that our heavenly Father may shape and fashion them according to his will, he is continually subjecting them to the sharp instruments of temptation and adversity, to render them fit for his temple in the New Jerusalem. In their families, in their fortunes, in their health, in their connexions, there are for ever, while on earth, some marks of the parental rod, some trials even for the dearest of God's children. How widely different will it be when they are removed into the edifice for which they are now preparing! We are told in holy writ that in the building of Solomon's temple the sounds of the axe and the hammer were never heard. The stones were all hewn at the quarries, and prepared and polished at a distance, and then silently placed one upon another in that magnificent edifice, where they remained sacred and inviolable. How beautiful a similarity to the manner in which the Great Architect is, even at the present hour, preparing these living stones for the heavenly temple! This world is the quarry in which he is subjecting them to the most cutting afflictions, and the sharpest sorrows; but when He who has "loved them, and given himself for them," shall present them, "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," and carry them forth, and place them in the eternal building, the sounds of the axe and the hammer shall be no more heard; for there, and there alone, is "quietness and assurance for ever." Of that innumerable company there is no eye that weeps, no breast that sighs, no tongue that complains. "The rest that remaineth for the people of God" is complete, the joy of which they partake is unmixed, the inheritance to which they are called is "undefiled, and fadeth not away." Still further, if, as we have seen, "to die is gain," because the happiness which succeeds it is immediate and uninterrupted, more obviously is it so because this happiness is eternal in its duration. It is perhaps in this view of the subject, even more than in any other, that the gains of death are manifest: for it is this that stamps a perpetuity upon all that we have obtained. On earth the happiest hours pass the most quickly; and the tenderest relationships are often the most suddenly dissolved. Even in spiritual things the same imperfection mingles. A Sabbath-day of peace, and we again pass into the business and bustle of the world; a few hours of daily reading or meditation, and the cares and troubles of life are again clamorous at our hearts; a few moments of near communion with our God, and we are again cold, and languid, and insensible. It will not be so then: there will be love, and adoration, and praises, always the same, and always new. "They rest not day nor night" from their perfect services, is the description of the worshippers of the heavenly temple; no coldness, no deadness, no languor, no fatigue, ever intervenes. There is no satiety for the present, no solicitude for the future. Were there the slightest possibility of a termination to those joys, their attractions would be at an end, every moment would be dimmed with the anticipation of the hour when all should cease; and the more exquisite the joy, the more bitter the pang inflicted by the thought of its suspension or its loss. But, blessed be God, he has himself declared that they who enter there shall be for ever with the Lord. The revolutions of ages are under their feet, and interfere not with their happiness. Millions of years shall roll away, and leave an eternity still behind for them to enjoy and worship God. How desirable a state must that be whose happiness and perpetuity shall, for the first time as regards ourselves, be inseparably united! How blessed a harmony when the full chorus of heaven shall sing, "This God is our God for ever and ever!"—*Rev. Henry Blunt.*

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

YE did it *unto me*, or ye did it not *unto me*: these are the terms of aggravation in which the Saviour depicts himself describing every act, and by which he informs us that, as he sits on the throne of judgment, the great centre of the congregated world, every act will be seen like a line pointing to him as its object and end, or else in forgetfulness and enmity diverging from him, and losing itself in outer darkness.—*Harris.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE POWER OF FAITH AND PRAYER.

THE Rev. John Wills, Rector of Morval, near Loo, was an eminent instance of piety and devotion. His prayers and endeavours for the conversion of his people and children were attended with great success, which induced him to break out in a transport of joy, when upon his death-bed, in the following words:—"My blessings have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors. Of my ten children, nine have a work of grace, I hope, on their minds; and for my youngest son, I die in the faith of a plentiful harvest. He shall be converted also, after my decease." There was great reason to believe it was as he expected. That youngest son became a worthy Conformist Minister. His eldest son was Mr. Jonathan Wills, of Exeter College, Oxford, whose conversion, in his father's life-time, was very remarkable. He had been wild and extravagant, and had committed some offence, for which he was forced to flee from the King's army. His father had prevailed with several Ministers, then at Plymouth, and other good people, to spend a day in prayer, in behalf of this prodigal son. While they were engaged in this exercise the prodigal arrived, and found them assembled and praying for him. Before they had well finished, he was dissolved into tears; and, falling on his knees, begged his father's pardon; and from that day proved to be eminently serious.

Mr. John Nosworthy, M.A., a Nonconformist Minister, ejected from Ippleden, in Devonshire, was several times reduced to great straits; but he encouraged himself in the Lord his God, and exhorted his wife to do the same. Nor was it in vain. Once, when he and his family had breakfasted, and had nothing left for another meal, his wife lamented their condition, and said, "What shall I do with my poor children?" He persuaded her to walk abroad with them; and, seeing a little bird, said to her, "Take notice how that bird sits and chirps, though we cannot tell whether it has been at breakfast; and if it has, it certainly knows not whither to go for a dinner. Therefore, be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God; for, are we not better than many sparrows?" Before dinner-time they had plenty of provision brought them.

The following remarkable circumstance is recorded in the life of the Rev. Robert Bilio, a Nonconformist Minister, ejected from Wickham-Bishop, in Essex; the insertion of which, in your Magazine, may be useful to some of your readers. I am no enthusiast myself, neither do I wish to encourage enthusiasm in others; yet I am of opinion, that if greater attention were paid to the drawings of the Holy Spirit, and more frequent recourse were had to prayer in affliction, as well as in other trials, we should more frequently have cause to acknowledge, that the prayer of faith was blessed to the healing of those sick in body as well as in mind:—

"Whilst Mr. Bilio was at Hatfield Peverel, he was seized with the gout, which took away the use of both his legs, and of one arm, so that he was scarcely able to go with crutches. After he had been in this condition for some time, being one day alone in his parlour, he felt his mind drawn to go to prayer, when, with some difficulty, he crept up into his chamber, and poured out his soul before the Lord. Whilst he was praying he found himself strengthened; and when he arose from his knees, his pain was gone, and he walked as well as ever. He came to his wife, with great joy, and told her of God's goodness to him; but at first she could hardly tell how to believe him."

In addition to the above remarkable case, I add one to which I was an eye-witness, when stationed at Birmingham. A poor man, who had been long afflicted with a grievous pain in his back and loins, and had been thereby prevented from following his occupation, and very much reduced in his temporal circumstances, after having, for some time, tried the faculty and the power of medicine to no purpose, was relieved in the following extraordinary way:—Attending at our chapel, in Deritend, one Lord's day, with his wife, to receive the sacrament, whilst I was exhorting the people to have faith in the efficacy of the blood of Christ to heal and cleanse the soul, the thought powerfully occurred to his mind, that He, who could heal the soul, was as capable of healing the body, and, therefore, he would trust in Him for that purpose. With these sentiments, and in this disposition of mind, with eyes suffused with tears, and a heart lifted up to God in prayer, he drew near to the table of the Lord; and while the cup of blessing was yet at his lips, his disease fled away, his body was restored to perfect soundness, and he was enabled the next day to prosecute his labour as usual. I have stated the case just as it was: your readers may put what construction upon it they think proper.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

FAMILY CHANGES.

It is a pleasing sight to view the family circle when the beams of hope illumine the countenance of the father and the mother as they anxiously watch their tender offspring. The summer-walks and the winter evening's fire-side have charms of a peculiar kind. But who can tell the various changes that in future years await those who in early life bask beneath the sunshine of their parents' smiles? Ere many years have rolled away, the joys of the present may vanish, and yield to the shadows of disappointment and grief.

If on such occasions, when the jocund band are sporting beneath the domestic roof, it were possible to break the golden bowl that enshrines the present from the future, what a varied succession of thought would rush in upon the parent's mind. How pleasingly delightful would it be to gaze upon those on whom prosperity would smile; while sadly bitter would be the rushing reflection if only *one* out of the whole family was doomed to experience misfortune's frown. Often when gazing upon a family, the mirthful innocence and unity that reigned within each breast have filled my heart with a glow of admiring joy; and who can be insensible to the winning influence of such a scene? But the thought of coming years has gathered a shadow around that interesting picture of youthful glee, and made the heart sigh with fearful apprehension.

Let us for a moment glance at a family rising up into life. It may be, fifteen summer-suns have risen and set on the brow of the first-born boy. Time with him has passed heedlessly and almost imperceptibly away. Weeks, months, and years, have rolled on as smoothly as the silvery stream. But now he is about to enter a new stage of life; and, it may be, for the first time his soul pours forth a flood of grief at leaving the home of his youth. The tender mother imprints the parting token of affection; the father, with parental eloquence and kindness, imparts his faithful counsels; while the tears of parents and son mingling together like the fabled Lethean stream, cause them to forget all the past petulances of childhood, in their anxiety for the future. It is now some years since I left the home of my boyhood, yet well do I remember, and never shall I forget, the short but powerful appeal of a father's parting counsel, urging me to look to the Lord for guidance and support. Those words made a lasting impression on my young heart, and in many instances, I doubt not, have had a salutary influence, like the compass to the mariner, enabling me, by divine help, to steer my frail bark amid the storms and winds which have often threatened its entire destruction.

But to return to the family circle. One and another are removed from the paternal roof, until, like the perfume of the garden borne to distant parts on the wings of the wind, all are fulfilling their various avocations in different parts of the world. The stream still gurgles at the foot of the mountain, the water-mill still performs its continuous revolutions, the feathered minstrels still pour forth their tide of song, the trees that stud the favourite grove still sigh to the evening breeze, the village-bells still ring out their rustic melody to the passing gale, but the youthful band that once gave life and soul to the scene is not there to reconnoitre the favourite haunts of childhood, or make their father's halls resound as in by-gone days with joyous mirth. These have been succeeded by another train as undimmed by care as the former. And soon these must give place to another band of woodland rangers, equally joyous as the former. Thus life is made up of vicissitude and change, until our stage is terminated, and the greensward o'er-mantling the grave, the great drama of human life is brought to a close.

But the picture, although thus gloomily drawn, is not altogether dark and dreary. There are occasionally cheering rays of light to be seen darting through the avenue of life. It is true, distance may separate parent and child, and years may elapse before the pleasures of a happy meeting are enjoyed. But there is a union of spirit which even distance or time cannot rend asunder. There is a meeting-place to which all are invited; there is the throne of grace, around which distant friends may join hearts, though not voices, together, and feel that the link which binds them is yet unbroken. There is something soothingly impressive in the thought of friends in places wide apart, at the same hour, to the same heavenly Parent, pouring out their hearts' desires for each other's welfare. How delightful the influence on the mind of the child, as he retires to his closet at the appointed hour, when he feels, *My mother is praying for me now!*

There is a pleasing association in the word "home" to be found in no other. With what anxious fondness does the mind revert to the scenes of childhood, when we wandered amid the leafy grove, and the birds poured forth their strains in our ears! In after-years with what glowing rapture do we gaze upon the stream which still flows unimpeded as in by-gone days, save that the mouldering touch of time has extended its banks to a wider space! How delightedly

do we ascend some oft-clambered hill, while we feel the tide of remembrance rush in upon the soul! There the golden hours of childhood passed listlessly away. In the vale below once lived our earliest and most affectionate friend, who sustained us when no other was able, who listened to our infant prayers, and loved to gaze upon the smiles of her children when coursing the butterfly along the daisy-mantled mead. Who that hath known the pleasures of remembrances like these can reflect upon those happy scenes without emotions of the most solemn yet delightful and inspiring kind?

There is, however, one thought which comes with the brightness of sunshine to cheer us amid the darkest gloom of family changes: it is the thought of a family meeting in the upper sanctuary, where parting will be unknown, where the changes of autumn, and the chilly blasts of winter, cannot enter, but where the stream of joy shall continue to run throughout eternal ages. To recognise each other on heaven's all-glorious shore; this is the prospect of the followers of the Lamb. Those who tread the same paths of holiness on earth shall receive a portion in the same paradise, their Father's house above: undivided in affection and piety on earth, so shall they be undivided in the participation of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Bayswater. B.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOP-GARDEN.

"O welcome again, and again to thine own!
Time has given our music a lovelier tone.
Sad was thy soul 'midst the world's heartless mirth;
Then welcome again to the place of thy birth."

WHO, that has passed through the beautiful county of Kent, on a bright September day, has not paused in his wanderings, to gaze upon the numerous hop-gardens which the eye may encounter in almost every direction? It is the opinion of many continental travellers, that the foreign vineyards, even those of the "sweet south," which luxuriate in sunnier climes, and under brighter skies, are not so lovely in appearance. The towering poles, placed at an equal distance from each other, and completely concealed by the creeping bine and graceful cluster of the plant, cannot be surveyed without exciting the most exquisite pleasure.

It is impossible for a stranger to conceive what scenes of bustle and confusion are generally witnessed in these gardens, during what is technically called the "hopping time;" and which is regarded as the poor people's harvest. Multitudes of persons, of all ages, having been previously engaged by the proprietor, or owner of the ground,—men, women, and children,—may be seen at the different bins, vying with each other to pick the largest quantity of hops. And as their ages and countenances vary, so their tempers and dispositions are widely different. Some are cheerful as the day, singing merrily at their work; others are morose and quarrelsome, never satisfied. Some may be seen with laughing faces; others with countenances stern and forbidding. Some are jocose and loquacious; others, sullen and silent. In short, here the righteous and the wicked meet together. It is no wonder, therefore, that the former (for there are few hop-gardens, at this important season, where there are not some pious persons) should suffer some spiritual declension, during the time of hopping.

I remember an affecting instance of this, which occurred a few years since; the particulars of which I will now present to my readers.

In a retired village, situated near the banks of the Medway, lived Henry C. At the time of which I am writing, he had attained the sixteenth year of his age. He had just lost his father, who died of pulmonary consumption; and only three months previously, his mother had fallen a prey to a malignant fever. He was their only child. Having for many years experienced the power of inward religion, the effects of which were uniformly displayed in a strict adherence to the precepts of the Gospel, the happy parents unitedly strove to imbue his mind with Christian principles, and to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The Spirit of God smiled upon their pious exertions, by producing a change of heart in the tender object of their solicitude; so that before they closed their eyes upon this chequered scene of mortality, they enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding their beloved Henry "walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

A pious neighbour, of the name of Baker, who had known Henry from a child, appeared deeply interested in the welfare of the youthful orphan. He took him into his house; and with a view of placing him in circumstances which might enable him to provide for his future subsistence, he promised to teach him his own business, which was that of a watch-maker. The Minister of the chapel, where Henry and his parents

had statedly worshipped, was also kind and benevolent to him.

The hop-picking time was now approaching; and most of the villagers, young and old, were preparing for the "golden harvest." Some of the gardens were contiguous to the village. These were resorted to by persons whose domestic engagements compelled them to return home in the evening. Others lay at the distance of many miles. There multitudes flocked, with cheerful countenances, to labour during the season, which generally continues for the space of a month. On this occasion, and with this latter company, Henry had made arrangements to go, for the first time. There were two reasons which induced him to embrace this opportunity. The one was, there was but little business to be done in the village till the hop-pickers returned; and the other was, the delicate state of his health, which he flattered himself might be improved, by engaging for a few weeks in so healthful an exercise.

Previous to his departure, he called on his friend and benefactor, the Minister, who received him cordially, and gave him suitable advice. He cautioned him especially against forming too close an intimacy with the hop-pickers, with whom he would have to mingle; and exhorted him to beware of imbibing the spirit of those of his companions whom he knew to be thoughtless and dissipated, "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." He then prayed with him, and earnestly wrestled with God to be a friend and protector to the fatherless youth.

Henry sobbed an adieu; and the next morning found him pursuing his new employment, with a hundred others, in an extensive ground, in the vicinity of Maidstone.

For the first week, he felt tolerably comfortable. The novelty of the employment, the appearance of the hops, as they hung in gorgeous clusters on the lofty poles, touched by the mellow tints of an autumnal sun, and the beautiful scenery which the adjacent country exhibited, tended to keep his spirits buoyant; and he felt no regret on leaving for a season his native village. But as time rolled on, he became less cheerful, and longed for the time when he should return to his peaceful home. The obscene conversation of many of his companions, and the frequent oaths and imprecations which they uttered, shocked his ears. Their indecent behaviour also provoked his indignation; and he felt it to be his duty more than once to remonstrate with them on the impropriety of their conduct. But his reproofs were disregarded, or treated with levity and derision.

One morning, a pert, ill-looking youth, who was standing at the same bin with Henry, and who happened to be about the same age, began to use language the most blasphemous and profane. This was evidently done to create a quarrel with his companion. Though deeply annoyed at this fresh instance of depravity on the part of one so young, Henry prudently suppressed the emotions of anger, which he felt kindling in his bosom; and judging, that the offering any additional remonstrance to one who appeared to be too well schooled in vice, would be like "casting pearls before swine," he remained silent. This silence, however, only served to embolden the hardened youth. With one of the poles, which had just been stripped of its bine, he struck the unoffending orphan, and challenged him to fight. This outrage he also bore for a time, with exemplary fortitude; but as he continued to heap upon him the most disgusting epithets, and called him a dastardly coward, the forbearance of Henry was exhausted, and he rushed upon his persecutor with impassioned fury, and felled him to the earth, occasioning a wound, which for some time bled profusely. A scene of confusion immediately followed. Twenty or thirty voices were heard, simultaneously vociferating, "Well done, fighting Methodist! Where is your religion now?" When the tumult had somewhat subsided, and the different parties had resumed their labours, a coarse, vulgar-looking woman, whose intemperate habits Henry had often witnessed in his native village, declared that she would, that day, send information to Mr. Baker, and also to the Minister, that their *pious favourite* had been creating a fight in the hop-garden. Then turning her face, which beamed with a bitter smile, towards Henry, she exclaimed, with a cool, satirical chuckle, "Depend upon it, my lad, you'll have to go *a-begging!*"

It will be needless to recount the privations, the persecution, and the insults which the unhappy youth experienced, during the remainder of his sojourn in this hated place. These trials, however, were not so distressing to his mind as the bitter reflection that he had yielded to temptation, and thus given occasion to the enemies of religion to blaspheme.

At length, the season was over; and having received his hard earnings, he took his departure.

It was early in the morning, on the first day of October, when he began to retrace his steps homeward. The sun had just risen, and was lighting up the hills with his orient splendour. Not a cloud obscured the bright azure of the heavens; and the natural beauties of autumn presented to the eye a scene of fading grandeur. Henry had already passed through the town of Maidstone; and was slowly proceeding along the turnpike-road, in the direction of Blue-bell Hill, which stands about midway between Maidstone and Rochester. As he continued his journey, ascending with weary steps this celebrated hill, the surrounding country gradually developed itself to his view, till the

prospect became most extensive and magnificent. Here every object presents attractions which cannot fail to engage the attention of the traveller. Lawns, and parks, and handsome houses, embosomed in bowers of varied foliage, at once burst upon the sight. Spacious farms, with their rural homesteads, innumerable hop-grounds, fields, orchards, and richly-cultivated gardens, may be seen, extending over a vast range of country; with many a village-spire tapering in the distant horizon; while, meandering through the wide and fertile valley, a narrow river rolls along its tranquil waters. There are few prospects in this interesting county more attractive to the eye than this.

Before reaching the summit of the hill, Henry's strength began to fail; and, faint with the exertion of walking, he sat down on a green bank on the road-side. The sun, which rose in cloudless beauty, was now obscured; the clouds began to gather thickly in the east, and the atmosphere was chilling. He had no sooner taken his seat on the mossy bank, than he sunk into a pensive mood; melancholy forebodings took possession of his mind. He was yet eleven miles from his home. "And what shall I do when I arrive?" he muttered to himself: "how can I face Mr. Baker and the Minister, the only friends that I have in the world? They have received intelligence of my wicked conduct in the hop-garden, and doubtless with exaggerations. If they turn their backs upon me, I know not where to go. O God of my forefathers, do not *thou* forsake me!"

He was awakened from his reverie by a heavy peal of thunder, which reverberated in a thousand echoes among the hills. The rain began immediately to descend in violent showers. All nature, which in the early morning had been clear and serene, appeared now in wild uproar. He started from his seat, and hastened to the Blue-Bell inn, which was not more than a stone's throw from the bank where he had been resting. Here he took shelter; and, after remaining for the space of half-an-hour, an omnibus stopped at the door, and several passengers alighted. He soon learned that it was on its way to Gravesend, where the parties intended to embark in one of the steam-packets for London. A thought now arose in his mind, sudden and irresistible. He counted his money. He had more than two pounds. This would support him in London for some time, till he should succeed in obtaining a situation. "For," said he, "what is one place to me more than another, since my angel mother, and my sainted father, are taken from me?" Accordingly, he took his seat in the omnibus, and subsequently in the steam-boat; and within the space of a few hours arrived safely in the great metropolis.

He took lodgings for the night at a coffee-house, in the vicinity of Holborn, and the next morning proceeded to take a view of the public buildings, and other objects of attraction with which this mighty city abounds. At noon, he entered an eating-house in Bishopsgate-street, for the purpose of taking dinner; but, on searching his pockets for the purpose of paying for his meal, he found that his money was gone. The colour forsook his cheek, and a violent palpitation of heart instantly succeeded this dreadful discovery. Scarcely believing his senses, he cast round him a wild and vacant stare; then, bursting into a flood of tears, he sobbed aloud.

"Are you ill?" asked the waiting-maid, who appeared to be impatient at his delay. To her question he replied, that he had been robbed of his money. "You should have ascertained that," she said, indignantly, "before you ordered dinner: now, I suppose, I must be the loser."

"No, you shall not," exclaimed a gentleman in the room: "I will pay the amount. The poor fellow, it appears, has been unfortunate." Then, addressing himself to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, is sixpence for you; and I wish you better luck."

Henry thanked the kind stranger, and left the house.

(To be continued.)

OUR SERVANTS.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS SERVANT.

A LADY had a nurse who was so conscientious in mending her children's clothes, that she could not, on one occasion, avoid expressing her surprise at the carefulness she manifested. Her reply was admirable: "Ma'am, I feel that what money I save in my master's family, I save for the poor; and this makes me mend and turn clothes as I never did before." Many masters and mistresses would have more to give away if their servants were thus mindful of the goods entrusted to their care.—*The Servant's Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN SERVANT'S TRUST IN GOD.

A PIOUS servant, being ill, was asked whether she were willing to live or die? She answered, "Which God pleaseth." "But," asked one of her friends, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" She replied, "Truly, if that were the case, I would even refer it to him again."—*The Servant's Magazine.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WILD HORSES.

WITH respect to the wild horses in the countries bordering the Volga and the Oural, little is accurately established. They are said to associate in troops headed by a leader; but, from all accounts to be depended upon, they are by no means remarkable for beauty, though they appear to be fleet and hardy. In the Museum at Paris is the specimen of a wild horse from the country of the Bashkirs: it has a heavy, clumsy head, and short limbs; and the hair, of a dirty greyish white, is long and shaggy, and hangs in a beard-like manner under the lower jaw. Pallas describes a young mare caught in the country between the Jaik and the Volga, which became very docile: its limbs were strong, the head large, the ears long and lying back upon the occiput; the hoofs small and somewhat pointed; the colour light bay, with a black mane and tail. In South America the rich plains extending from La Plata to Paraguay are tenanted by herds of horses, in a wild condition, the descendants of those originally introduced by the Spaniards. The horses are caught and broken in; and the singular mode in which their subjugation is effected is thus described by Captain Head:—"A man, mounted on a strong, steady horse, threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced from them, his first idea was to gallop away: however, the jerk of the lasso checked him

in the most effectual manner. The Peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs, just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated on his head, and with his long knife in a few seconds cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of the tail. This they told me is a mark that the animal has been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head. The Gaucho who had to mount, arranged his spurs, which are unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ears, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment nobody seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse: however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately seized; and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour."—*Museum of Animated Nature.*

THE CASTANHA-TREE.

MONKEY ANECDOTE.

BEHIND the house was a grove of fine trees, some apparently having been planted or ornament, others bearing profusion of various sorts of fruits. The one of all these the most attractive was that which produces the Brazil nut, called in the country "castanhas." Botanically it is the *Bertholletia excelsa.* This tree was upwards of one hundred feet in height, and between two and three in diameter. From the branches were depending the fruits, large as cocoa-nuts. The shell of these is nearly half an inch in thickness, and contains the triangular nuts so nicely packed, that, once removed, no skill can replace them. It is no easy matter to break this tough covering, requiring some instrument, and the exercise of considerable strength; yet we were assured by an intelligent friend, at the Barra Rio Negro, that the Guaribas, or howling monkeys, are in the habit of breaking them, by striking them upon stones or the limbs of iron-like trees. This friend related an amusing incident of which he had been witness, where the monkey, forgetful of everything else, pounding down the nut with might and main, in a fever of excitement, struck it with tremendous force upon the tip of his tail. Down dropped the nut, and away flew the monkey, bounding and howling fearfully. How long the victim was laid up by his lame tail our narrator was unable to inform us; but we thought one thing certain, that monkeys had changed since Goldsmith's day, inasmuch as, at that day, we are told that, the tip of a monkey's tail was so remote from the centre of circulation as to be destitute of feeling. When the castanha-nuts are fresh, they much resemble in taste the cocoa-nut; and the white milk, easily expressed, is no bad substitute for milk in coffee. This soon becomes rancid, and at length turns to oil. The nuts are exported largely from Para, and are said to form a very important ingredient in the manufacture of sperm candles.—*A Voyage up the Amazon.*

ESCAPES FROM SERPENTS.

RAGAPORE, a lonesome collection of huts, in the midst of woods and fields, is notorious for snakes: the first sight that greets the new arrival is, right in front of the low, mean, thatched bungalow allotted to him as quarters, a simple grey stone, a tombstone, placed there, as he will discover on inquiry, over the remains of a predecessor, who *died from snakebite.* I had not been two days in command of this outpost before I issued orders for a general onslaught of serpents; promising a slight reward for every one that was proved to have been killed in the two *compounds* (enclosures) surrounding my bungalow, and an adjoining one in ruins. Immense was my success, though a general prejudice prevails among the natives that the *nag samp*, or cobra di capello, takes notes of such individuals as are on the alert in seeking out its haunts for the purpose of extermination, and rests not till revenged on its pursuer. My jemadar, an intelligent Mussulman, declared that he knew several instances of the truth of this superstitious belief, and very gravely warned me against betraying too great a zeal in destroying this venomous species; asserting that it invariably retained a *dawa* (spite) against its persecutors. I was one afternoon preparing to take my usual ramble, and, snatching my cap from the table where it had been lying on some books, I was putting it on my head, when a snake jumped from it, tumbled down my cheek and breast, and fell on the mat at my feet, beneath which it concealed itself, before I could summon a servant. There, however, it was quickly despatched. It was a small grey snake, with white streaks down the back, a cobra manilla, and said to be very venomous. My next escape occurred not long after at Ellore, where I

had been showing an officer all over my house. About ten minutes after he had left me, I had occasion to pass through a small green door, which led into a back bedroom and bath: just across the whole extent of the threshold was stretched a large snake. I was within a step of treading on it; for the room was dark, and my sight is of the shortest. I could not have missed touching it had I advanced. It was fast asleep and gorged: another cobra di capello.—*Campbell's Rough Recollections.*

THE CHINCHILLA.

"THE chinchilla," says Molina, in his Essay on the Natural History of Chili, "is another species of field-rat, in great estimation for the extreme fineness of its wool, or fur; which is of an ash grey, and sufficiently long for spinning. The little animal that produces it, is six inches long from the nose to the root of the tail, with small pointed ears, a short muzzle, teeth like the house-rat, and a tail of moderate length, clothed with a delicate fur. It lives in burrows under ground, in the open country of Chili, and is very fond of being in company with others of its species. It feeds upon the roots of various bulbous plants, which grow abundantly in those parts; and produces twice a year five or six young ones. It is so docile and mild in temper, that if taken into the hands, it neither bites nor tries to escape, but seems to take a pleasure in being caressed. If placed in the bosom, it remains there as still and quiet as if it were in its own nest." Such is the history of this interesting animal, until the arrival of a living specimen, which was brought to England by the late expedition to the north-west coast of America, under the command of Captain Beechey, and by him presented to the Zoological Society. The length of the body in our specimen is about nine inches, and that of the tail nearly five. To the account of its habits, given by Molina, we can only add, that it usually sits upon its haunches, and is able to raise itself up, and stand upon its hinder feet. It feeds in a sitting posture, grasping its food, and conveying it to its mouth by means of its fore-paws. In its temper it is generally mild and tractable; but it will not suffer itself to be handled without resistance, and sometimes bites the hand which attempts to fondle it, when it is not in a humour to be played with. It was thought necessary to keep it during the winter in a moderately warm room; and a piece of flannel was even introduced into its sleeping apartment, for its greater comfort. But this indulgence was most pertinaciously rejected; and as often as the flannel was replaced, so often was it dragged by the little animal into the outer compartment of its cage, where it amused itself with pulling it about, rolling it up, and shaking it with its feet and teeth. In other respects it exhibits but little playfulness, and gives few signs of activity; seldom disturbing its usual quietude by any sudden or extraordinary gambols, but occasionally displaying strong symptoms of alarm when startled by any unusual occurrence. It is in fact a remarkably tranquil and peaceful animal, unless when its timidity gets the better of its gentleness. A second individual of this interesting species has lately been added to the collection, by the kindness of Lady Knighton, in whose possession it had remained for twelve months previously to her presenting it to the Society. It is equally good-tempered and mild in its disposition; and probably, in consequence of having been domiciliated in a private house, instead of having been exhibited in a public collection, is much more tame and playful. In its late abode it was frequently suffered to run about the room, when it would show off its agility by leaping to the height of the table. Its food consisted principally of dry herbage: that of the Society's original specimen has hitherto been fed with grain of various kinds, and succulent roots. When the new-comer was first introduced into Bruton-street, it was placed in the same cage with the other specimen; but the latter appeared by no means disposed to submit to the presence of the intruder. A ferocious kind of scuffling fight immediately ensued between them, and the latter would have fallen a victim, had it not been rescued from its impending fate. Since that time they have inhabited separate cages, placed side by side; and although the open wires would admit of some little familiarity taking place between them, no advances were made on either side. —*Copied from the Imperial Magazine, for the year* 1831.

THE HEN.

A FRIEND, residing in the next village to this, communicates to me the following circumstance, in proof of the courage and ferocity of the common hen under the attacks of an enemy, whilst engaged in incubation:—A fowl, which had commenced sitting in the hen-house upon thirteen eggs, was observed each successive morning to have lost one or more of them during the night, till the number was reduced to nine. At length one morning a rat was found lying dead on the ground near the nest, with its skull fractured, while the hen bore marks of having sustained a severe conflict: her breast was torn and bloody, and her feathers much ruffled. The rat was a very large one, and there could be no doubt of its having been killed by the hen, on renewing its attempts to get at more of the eggs.—*Jenyn's Observations in Natural History.*

THE EYES OF INSECTS.

How wonderfully constructed is this beautiful organ of insect vision! How admirably adapted to the necessities of insects! The gaudy dragon-fly, presenting, as he does, such a conspicuous tempting show of colours to the active swallow, eludes the feathered enemy by superior agility of flight. Mere agility, however, would avail nothing without the aid of powerful eyes. Accordingly, nature has given him somewhat more than twelve thousand eyes, bright and piercing, some looking upwards, some downwards, some backwards, and some on either side. In the ants, there are fifty of these faces or eyes; in the horse-fly, four thousand; in butterflies, upwards of seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-five have been counted; nay, in some coleopterous or scaly-winged insects, there have been numbered no less than twenty-eight thousand and eighty-eight —*Polytechnic Review.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTERS OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD TO MR. GUSTAVUS GIDLEY.

London, Oct. 2d, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE seen your letter to Mr. Sparks. The love of Christ constrains me to wish you joy. Of what? of being made partaker of the grace and cross of Christ. You will find, by happy experience, that both are inseparably connected. God be praised that you have an inclination to invite others to partake of your joy in the Lord. Thus your brother Matthew, the publican, did. He made a feast; Jesus, that friend of publicans and sinners, was there: with such he is now; with such, to all eternity; and with such will he be surrounded in the kingdom of glory. There you and I must strive who will shout loudest, "Grace! Grace!" And why should not this contest, this heaven, begin on earth? It will, it must, if the kingdom of God be within us. Your letter bespeaks it set up in your soul. May the seed sown grow up unto a great tree. Look continually unto Jesus. It is he that hath said, "I will water it every moment." He is the Alpha and Omega. That he may be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of all your thoughts, words, and actions, is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir,

Your brother sinner,
G. WHITEFIELD.

London, Dec. 15th, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

NOT want of love, but leisure, hath prevented my answering your last. I have been itinerating in Bristol, Bath, Gloucestershire, and Oxford; and humbly hope my feeble labours were not altogether in vain in the Lord. Pray, how goes on your society? I hope you continue in your first love, and are daily provoking all you meet with to love and good works. "To him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Be zealous, therefore, for your God; and then, though you should, through mistake and over-hastiness, now and then cut an ear off, yet the all-powerful, all-compassionate Jesus, will heal it again. May this find you sitting humbly at his feet, hearing his word, and waiting to know his will! Your last to Mr. Sparks seemed a little too towering; but Jesus knows how to pull us down: his loving correction will make us truly great. That you may, in his strength, go on from conquering to conquering, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours, &c., &c., in our common Lord,
G. WHITEFIELD.

P.S. Mr. Sparks and his wife are just returned from Devonshire, where they have been bearing, I hope, a successful testimony for Jesus. May he keep us faithful unto the death.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF REBEKAH GRAHAM.

DIED, March 6th, 1844, at Rawden, in the Yeadon Circuit, Rebekah Graham. She was born at Leeds, March 9th, 1767. Her mother was truly pious, and brought her up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." She was early taught to read and revere the holy Scriptures. The maternal instructions and example she received had a beneficial influence upon her in after-life,

At the age of fourteen years, Rebekah was deeply convinced of sin, under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Benson. That eminent Minister of Jesus Christ was greatly owned of God in Leeds and its vicinity. In the year 1781 he delivered a course of sermons on the "eternal torments of hell," and under one of these discourses, Rebekah was led to see her danger, and she earnestly sought, and happily obtained, "redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins." About this time she left home, and was providentially placed in a pious family at Yeadon, where she remained eleven years, faithfully performing her domestic duties, and enjoying much of the comforts of the Holy Ghost. She felt her need of entire sanctification, and hearing that important doctrine clearly preached, and its enjoyment urged as the privilege of every true believer, she was led earnestly to press after its attainment, and was soon enabled to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" a blessing which she was enabled to hold fast to the end of her life. She delighted to tell what great things the Lord had done for her; and her conduct harmonized with her profession.

When she was about thirty-five years of age she was united in marriage to him who still survives; and she was indeed a "help meet for her husband," doing him good, and not evil, all the days of their union. In taking this important step, she sought, by earnest prayer, divine direction; nor did she ever doubt the divine approval. She often addressed herself to her young friends in reference to this matter, urging them to acknowledge God in an affair involving so much of happiness or misery; and constantly enforced the apostolic injunction, to "marry only in the Lord."

Amidst the cares and trials through which she passed, she was enabled to hold on her way; and thus she became "stronger and stronger." She exercised steadfast trust in the atonement of Christ, and in his ability to save unto the uttermost. Her reliance upon God's promises was very strong, and thus she was enabled to glorify God. She had an ardent zeal for the salvation of sinners. Her *hatred* to the sin, and *love* to the sinner, were manifested by the manner in which she reproved or exhorted; and by her fervent prayers for their salvation. Sometimes her fidelity exposed her to the scoffs of the ungodly; but she was often encouraged by visible tokens of good. She rejoiced to see her children, and several of her children's children, converted to God, and joined to his church.

Her diligent attendance upon the means of grace formed a striking feature in her character. She did not forsake the assembling of herself with the people of God. She could say, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." No dark night, or trifling worldly engagement, or slight affliction, kept her away when there was a possibility of being there. She attended the early prayer-meeting, on the Sabbath morning, until within a few weeks of her death. To her class-meeting she was devotedly attached, and for the space of sixty-three years she was seldom absent from this means of grace.

She esteemed the Ministers of the Gospel "very highly in love for their work's sake." They received a cordial welcome under her roof, and she entertained them with Christian hospitality for many years. The doctrines they preached were exactly suited to her taste. She especially delighted when distinct prominence was given to the great subjects of justification by faith in the blood of Christ, the witness of the Holy Spirit to a believer's adoption, and the present privilege of believers enjoying entire sanctification. She was not a *croaker* or *complainer:* she was eminently a *happy, thankful* Christian. She was equally attached to the discipline, as to the doctrines, of the church with which she was united; and had no sympathy with those who are "given to change."

The constitution of Rebekah Graham was strong, and her health almost uninterruptedly good, until about two years before her death: from that time she sunk rapidly under the infirmities of age; but it was delightful to observe that though the "outward man" was perishing, "the inward man was renewed day by day." If she conversed on *temporal* matters, it was evident that her memory was very defective; but when *spiritual* subjects were introduced, she spoke with the greatest clearness, freedom, and delight. Her last affliction was painful and severe; but not a murmur escaped her lips. When her medical attendant informed her that she might die any moment, she said, "Praise the Lord, I am fully ready: for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Her gratitude to God for all her mercies was remarkably manifested. To her family and friends she gave the fullest assurance of her meetness for glory. She was assailed by powerful temptation a short time before her departure; but she cried unto God, and he heard and delivered her; and after this she possessed unshaken confidence in God, and rejoiced in hope of his glory, until her redeemed spirit left its clay tabernacle behind, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

WILLIAM O. BOOTH.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MUSTARD-TREE.

SEE Matthew xiii. 31, xvii. 20; Mark iv. 31; Luke xiii. 19, xvii. 6.

ALL three of the Evangelists above quoted relate the parable which I will repeat in the words of St. Luke: "Unto what is the kingdom of God like? It is like a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and cast into his garden; and it grew and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it."

This passage has been a stumbling-block to commentators, who, in their criticisms, seem to have forgotten two things: first, the very low plants and shrubs upon which birds often roost, and even build; and, second, how much larger many of our common herbs become in a warm climate. Some Jewish writers mention mustard-trees of enormous size, especially one under which tents might be spread; but these are probably fables, unless the writers refer to a very different species of mustard.* Captains Mangles and Irby, in their Travels, after speaking of the common mustard, which reached to their horses' bridles, mention a tree whose leaves and fruit have the taste of mustard, and produce the same effect on the eyes and nose: they give neither native nor European name to the tree, but remark that the birds did actually lodge in it.

Their description, as far as it goes, agrees with that of the *salvadora Persica;* whose seeds are very minute, with the strong pungent taste of cress, and which has been suggested as the probable mustard-tree of the Jews, and therefore that of the parable. Linnæus calls it *rivina paniculata;* and Forskal, *cissus arborea.* It is described as

* Sir Thomas Brown, with his usual good sense, says of this passage of the Gospel: "The expression, that it might grow into such dimensions that birds might lodge in the branches thereof, may be literally conceived, if we allow the luxuriancy of plants in Judea above our northern regions; if we accept of but half the story taken notice of by Tremellius, from the *Jerusalem Talmud*, of a mustard-tree that was to be climbed like a fig-tree, and another under whose shade a potter daily wrought."—*Observations upon several Plants mentioned in Scripture.*

having a crooked rough trunk, branching at eight or ten feet from the ground, and measuring a foot in diameter: the branches droop like a weeping willow, and have smooth shiny leaves, with bunches of very minute flowers at the ends.

It is much valued for its medicinal qualities in the East; and these qualities curiously coincide with those of our own Durham mustard.

Of this last, Hippocrates writes by the name of Napi, and Dioscorides also speaks of its powers as a remedy in some disorders. From Pliny we learn that the ancients, like ourselves, used it as a condiment. Various kinds of Sinapis were found in Syria and Palestine by Hasselquist, precisely like those of our northern climates. But the natives of the country do not use it so commonly as we do: for it appears that, in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, the Franks sent their servants to collect it for their tables in the hedges, because there was then none grown in the gardens; and Russel, in his "History of Aleppo," mentions the same fact.*

* It is a pity that in several works of great use recently published, the very strange notion, that the *phytolacca* is the mustard of Scripture, is admitted; that plant being well known to be a native of America, and never seen on this side of the Atlantic till a very few years ago.

ANECDOTES.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AFTER WATERLOO.

I HAVE already said that it was late, long past midnight, when the Duke lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or his hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter, who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the Duke's door, but received no answer. He lifted the latch and looked in; and seeing the Field-Marshal in a sound sleep, could not find in his heart to awake him. By and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the Duke's high situation, and being well aware that it formed no article in his Grace's code to prefer personal indulgence to any sort of public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and roused the sleeper. The Duke sat up in his bed; his face unshaven, and covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presented rather a strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read. But when, as he proceeded, name after name came out,—this as of one dead, the other as of one dying,—his voice failed him; and looking up, he saw that the Duke was in an agony of grief. The tears chased one another from his Grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks; and at last he threw himself back upon his pillow, and groaned aloud. "It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet all this glory can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends," he cried: "what is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?" Hume closed up his paper, unable to reply; and quitting the apartment, left the Duke to make his toilet. This was done in a frame of mind which none, except the individual, and not even he, could undertake to describe; yet the storm passed off, and when he appeared that day in public, the leader of the allied armies was as self-possessed as he had ever been. The truth is, that they who speak of the Duke of Wellington as gifted with iron nerves, and a heart which is not easily moved, know not what they say. The difference between him and other men is the same which in all ages has distinguished the hero from one of the crowd. With ordinary men, feeling, as often as it is appealed to, controls reason for a while, and it is with difficulty subdued. With great men, and surely the Duke is of the greatest, reason exerts itself in the first instance to control feeling, and keep it in its proper place. But feeling is not therefore extinct in them, as was shown in the personal bearing of the Duke on the morning of the 19th of June, and is still apparent in the tone of the letters from which extracts have elsewhere been given. His whole moral being was shaken and torn by the intensity of his grief for the loss and sufferings of his friends; yet he never for a moment permitted feeling to cast a shadow over judgment, or ceased to be, to the minutest particular, master of himself. He issued all his orders with the same calmness and deliberation which characterised his proceedings at other times. The routes which the columns were to follow, the discipline which was to be observed upon the march, the necessary means of preserving this discipline, and the purposes which it was designed to serve, were all explained and set forth in the memoranda which he drew up ere quitting his

chamber. And when he rode out of the court-yard of his house, followed by his staff and orderlies, no one could have told from his manner or the expression of his countenance that anything extraordinary had occurred. — *Gleig's Story of the Battle of Waterloo.*

FRANKLIN AND THE IDLER.

THE following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days "Lounger," is worth recording, that the plan may be tried occasionally, even in this age and generation. One fine morning, while Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, &c., and, finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price. "One dollar," was the answer. "One dollar," said the lounger: "can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed; one dollar is the price." Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?" "Yes, he is in the printing-office." "I want to see him," said the lounger. The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?" "One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer. "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only a dollar." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office." The lounger seemed surprised, and, wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it." "One dollar and a half." "A dollar and a half! why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half, now." The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any, and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. THOMAS STANLEY.

THE late Rev. Thomas Stanley, when in Leeds, expelled a man from the society for bad conduct. Dissatified with Mr. Stanley's proceedings, he forced his way into the band-meetings and lovefeasts. On one occasion, when Mr. Stanley had pronounced the benediction, the culprit arose and said, "Mr. Stanley, I accuse you before this meeting of having taken away my character!" "Have I, indeed?" replied Mr. Stanley: "I have done you a very great kindness. I hope your next character will do you some oredit, which I am sure your last never would have done."

POETRY.

TOO LATE!!

"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." —Prov. xiv. 32.
"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—Job xiv. 10.

O! WHERE is he that would not seek the Lord
While yet on earth, but harden'd still his heart?
In death he trembled at the Saviour's word,
"Sinner, I know thee not: depart, *depart!*"

Now evermore he hears the doleful sound
Of mingled fury, pain, despair, and hate,
Reverberate above, beneath, around:
"Lost soul, it is too late, too late, *too late!*"

E. W. B.

ON AFFLICTION.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray."—Psalm cxix. 67.

No counsel could suffice to turn
The sinner from his path;
No threatening, in thy mercy sent
To save me from thy wrath.

What folly, then, what madness fired
With rash, unholy zeal,
My self-deluded soul to press
The smooth wide way to hell?

Long, long, thy messengers with tears
The word of mercy brought;
But, blind with crime, I scorn'd their zeal,
And spurn'd thee from my thought.

O'er all thy vast designs of love,
O'er all a Saviour's pain,
O'er all thy Holy Spirit's toil,
To win me back again;

On, on, still on, with furious speed,
By sinful pleasure led,
I reckless rush'd, nor mark'd the storm
Thick gathering round my head.

Thou interposed, and on mine head,
Thine arm in judgment fell;
And snatch'd me as a smoking brand
From the fierce flames of hell.

It was a father's tender love,
A father's anxious care,
Which saved me from the gathering storms
Of darkness and despair.

Thou didst not in thy fury rise
To rule with iron sway,
Or dash me as the potter breaks
His stiff, unpliant clay.

The chastisement was wise and just,
And in thy mercy sent,
Although my faithless heart repined,
And knew not what it meant.

O! suffer me no more to run
When sin points out the way;
But cleanse my heart, and give me grace
According to my day.

And thee I'll praise, thou God of love,
And kiss the gracious rod,
Which stopp'd me in my wild career,
And brought me home to God.

SAMUEL WRAY.

WESLEYAN METHODISM.

REMARKS ON WESLEYAN METHODISM.

WHEN speaking of two or three young men, who desired to be scriptural Christians, and who met together for that purpose, Mr. Wesley says:—"Their number gradually increased. They were then all scattered. But fifty years ago, two of them met again; and a few plain people joined them, in order to help one another in the way to heaven. Since then they increased to many thousands, both in Europe and America. They are still increasing in number. and, as they humbly hope, in the knowledge and love of God."

This extract is taken from "Thoughts upon a late Phenomenon," which Mr. Wesley wrote at Nottingham, in the year 1788; at which time the number of members under the care of the British Conference amounted to 65,039. And if we look at the yearly statistics of the Connexion, we shall find that there has been a progressive increase from that time to the present. I do not mean by this that there has been an increase every year. And, perhaps, it is not fair to judge of the prosperity of any section of the church by the character of its progress in one year. All good men desire, and would rejoice in, the uninterrupted increase of members in the church of Christ. But the facts of the New Testament show us that, while many things of a secondary nature will frequently help forward the work of God, many things will also operate as hinderances to it. When the church was persecuted, its members were "all scattered abroad;" but when "the churches had rest," then they were "multiplied." These, and other such causes, it will be well for those to think of who give Methodism no quarter when it cannot show a positive increase, or only a small one; for it is not well to write "*Ichabod*" hastily upon a people; never, indeed, before God has written it.

Perhaps, the fairest way to judge of the real progress of such a large body of Christians as the Methodists, is to take their increase during a generation; and Methodism will not only bear such an inspection, but come out of it triumphantly. In 1787, the number of members under the care of the British Conference was 65,039. Thirty years after, in 1817, the number was 237,753. Thirty years after this again, in 1847, the number is 464,315, or almost twice as many as in 1817. But as it has become very much the custom of late to publish columns of figures, to show the comparative increase or decrease in our Connexion; and as some do not like to leap over a period of thirty years at once, in determining the prosperity and influence of a people; let us pursue the same plan which is adopted in taking a census, and divide these two generations into periods of ten years each; and we have the following results:—

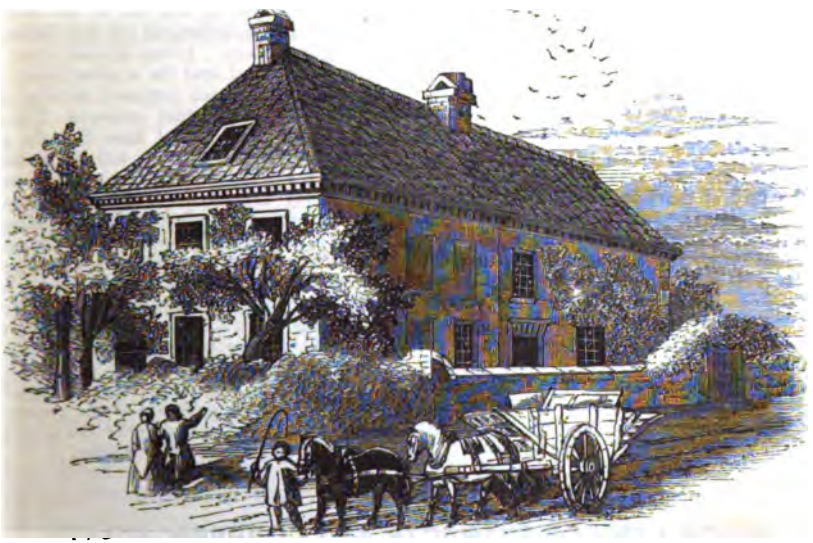
	The number of members was	Increase in the ten years.
In 1787	65,039	26,765
1797	110,159	45,120
1807	156,265	46,106
1817	237,753	81,488
1827	294,730	56,977
1837	384,723	89,993
1847	464,315	79,592

My dear friend, I know not how a sight of these figures will affect you; but, in all frankness, I must say that I think they should compel you to be careful not to speak lightly of a people so evidently owned of God, and concerning whom it may with truth at this time be said, "What hath God wrought?" I am far from thinking that, when you have talked about the decrease in Methodism, you have felt as many of its enemies have felt, with whom "the wish" has been "father to the thought." But I do think that you have talked unwisely, and without a sufficient

regard to the facts of the case; and you will do well, in future, before giving utterance to such a sentiment, to pause and determine, with accuracy, whether it is deserved or not.

I am aware, however, that the objection, which fell from your lips when we were talking on this very point, must not be overlooked; as it is frequently advanced by those who seek to refute the charge that Methodism is on the wane. The objection is, that *to determine the prosperity of a church by the number of its members, is never a safe, and often a very fallacious, course.* I do not think so myself, if that church retains its purely Christian character. But allowing it to be so for the sake of the argument, that numbers are no guide as to the prosperity of a church, I would ask, What is to be the guide? Is zeal? If by zeal is meant a sincere desire, and a corresponding attempt, to extend the work of God both at home and abroad, then the Methodists were never more zealous than they are now. Witness their Missionary operations, which were never so extensive as at present. Witness the chapels they are building, not only in old localities, but on altogether new ground. Witness their movements in favour of education, which bid fair shortly, if not interrupted, to embrace at least the Methodist population of the empire. Witness the number of charitable institutions, which have been started within the last few years, and which are rapidly increasing both in extent and usefulness. If zeal be a sign of the church's prosperity, and these things are a sign of zeal, then Methodism is not on the wane.—*An Answer to some Complaints of a Friend in the Methodist Connexion.*

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.



THE RECTORY AT EPWORTH.

Mr. Wesley was born June 17th, 1703, o. s., and would be about six years of age when the house in which he lived was burnt to the ground. His father, Mr. Samuel Wesley, at that time the Rector of Epworth, had resided there many years, and at the time of this terrible calamity, his wife, Mrs. Susanna Wesley, and eight children were sleeping in their beds; but in one short hour this large and interesting family were found houseless and pennyless upon the cold snow.

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hoole, Rector of Haxey, dated August 24th, 1709, Mrs. Wesley thus writes:—"On Wednesday night, February 9th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, our house took fire, by what accident God only knows. It was discovered by some sparks falling from the roof upon a bed where one of the children (Hetty) lay,

and burnt her feet. She immediately ran to our chamber and called us; but I believe no one heard her, for Mr. Wesley was alarmed by a cry of fire in the street, upon which he rose, little imagining that his own house was on fire; but on opening his door, he found it was full of smoke, and that the roof was already burnt through. He immediately came to my room, (as I was very ill, he slept in a separate room from me,) and bid me and my two eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for our lives, the house being all on fire. Then he ran and burst open the nursery-door, and called on the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her, the three others in another bed. She snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow, which they did, except *Jackey*. When we were got into the hall, and saw ourselves surrounded with flames, and that the roof was upon the point of falling, we concluded ourselves inevitably lost, as Mr. Wesley in his fright had forgot the keys of the doors above stairs. But he ventured up once more, and recovered them a minute before the staircase took fire. When we opened the street door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence, that none could stand against them: Mr. Wesley only, had such presence of mind as to think of the garden-door, out of which he helped some of the children; the rest got through the windows. I was not in a condition to climb up to the window; nor could I get to the garden-door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street-door, but was as often beaten back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour to preserve me, if it were his will, from that death, and then waded through the fire, without clothing as I was, which did me no farther harm than a little scorching my hands and face.

"While Mr. Wesley was carrying the children into the garden, he heard the child in the nursery cry out miserably for help, which extremely affected him; but his affliction was much increased when he had several times attempted the stairs then on fire, and found they would not bear his weight.

"Finding it impossible to get near him, he gave him up for lost, and, kneeling down, he commended his soul to God, and left him, as he thought, perishing in the flames. But the boy, seeing none come to his help, and being frightened, the chamber and bed being on fire, he climbed up to the casement, where he was soon perceived by the men in the yard, who immediately got up and pulled him out, just in the article of time that the roof fell in, and beat the chamber to the ground. Thus, by the infinite mercy of Almighty God, our lives were all preserved by little less than a miracle; for there passed but a few minutes between the first alarm of fire and the falling of the house."

Mr. Wesley's account of what happened to himself varies a little from this relation given by his mother:—"I believe," says he, "it was just at that time" (when they thought they heard his cries) "I waked; for I did not cry, as they imagined, unless it were afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door; but could get no farther, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed upon a chest which stood near the window; one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall: lift a light man and set him on my shoulders.' They did so, and took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell, but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough.'"

The woodcut placed at the head of this paper gives a representation of the rectory-house rebuilt, and as it stood at the time of the death of the Rev. John Wesley.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

LADY LONDONDERRY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE SULTAN.

I was so amused by the explanation to me the other day of a noble English lady's reception by the Sultan, which was pompously announced to the world as a most important event, a new era in the history of Turkish civilization, that I cannot resist giving you the same peep at the *dessous des cartes* which was afforded to me. My informant was residing at Constantinople at the time when the affair took place, and derived his information from unquestionable authority, no less than of some of the officials by whose management it was effected. The lady in question was ambitious of being presented to the young Sultan, and her lord was no less ambitious of gratifying her

wishes. An application was made by them to the Pasha then at the head of affairs at Stamboul to give effect to their wishes; and as he had been at some former period Ambassador at our Court, his residence in London had enabled him to form a correct idea of the power exercised in the English world of fashion by the two individuals in question, and of the impolicy of offending persons who might one day have it in their power to retaliate upon him in their own country, should the Sultan's pleasure ever send him there again as his representative. But then he knew, too, that to propose such a thing to his Sovereign as the presentation of the lady to him, was not to be thought of seriously. What did the cunning statesman do in this dilemma? Desirous of propitiating one party without offending the other, he adopted a *mezzotermine* which appeared to him most happy to reconcile the two difficulties. He presented himself to the Sultan, and told him that there was an Englishwoman then in Constantinople who had some very fine jewels to sell, which she was anxious to submit to his Highness's inspection. The Sultan signified his willingness to see them, and directed that they should be sent to the palace for that purpose. This was not exactly what the adroit Minister aimed at, but it was a near approach to it: he ventured to suggest, that as they were all female ornaments, it would be better that the Christian woman should put them on her person, and bring them to the palace herself; which would enable his Highness to judge of the effect they produced, and of the manner in which they ought to be worn. The Sultan assented, and gave orders that the woman should be brought to the palace and stationed in one of the antechambers, and that, when apprized of her being there, he would pass through it in order to take a view of her brilliant merchandise. His directions were punctually obeyed, and this is the history of the noble lady's interview with Abdul Medjid. And the reason of her having been smuggled, as it were, into the imperial abode, and left shivering alone in chilly rooms and corridors, and finally being so coldly accosted and unceremoniously inspected by the young Sultan in the passage through the room in which she stood, is most intelligibly accounted for by the fact that he actually believed her to be a *diamond merchant!* and although she was impressed with the conviction that the interview was conceded to her rank and station, it was only owing to that mistaken supposition, above-stated, that the proud English lady obtained admission into his presence.—*Mrs. Romer.*

POPERY.

THE IRRECONCILABLE DOCTRINES OF POPERY OR, A NUT FOR DR. WISEMAN TO CRACK!!

THE following table will exhibit at one view, though not all, yet the chief of those contradictory doctrines which are maintained within the Church of Rome on the subject of image-worship:—

COUNCIL OF ELIBERIS, A.D. 306.

"It is decreed that no images be admitted into churches, lest the object of religious worship come to be painted on the walls."

POPE GREGORY THE GREAT, A.D. 598.

"By all means admit images to be placed in the churches for the edification of the unlearned. But show by proofs of holy Scripture, that it is unlawful to worship anything made with hands; for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.' By all means forbid images to be worshipped."

SECOND NICENE COUNCIL, A.D. 787.

"Anathema to those who quote against the sacred images the words used in Scripture against idols.

"We venerate, worship, and adore the sacred images.

"Let no one be offended by the idea of worship; for it is said, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.' The expression 'ONLY' is applied solely to the second word, '*serve*,' not to the word '*worship*.' We may therefore *worship* the images, provided we do not serve them.

"All persons who profess to honour the sacred images, but refuse to worship them, do dishonour them, and are guilty of hypocrisy.

"But we must not worship the images with *latria*,"—the supreme divine worship due only to God Almighty.

THOMAS AQUINAS, A.D. 1260.
BONAVENTURA, A.D. 1270.
LYNWODE, 1425.
NACLANTUS, A.D. 1567.
DOTTRINA CHRISTIANA, A.D. 1837, &c.

"To the image the same worship is due, which is due to the person of which it is the

image. The cross and the image of Christ must be worshipped with the self-same supreme worship, '*latria*,' with which Christ himself is adored."

"The faithful in the Church do not only worship before the image, (as some, for caution-sake, affirm,) but they do worship the image itself, without any conceivable scruple whatever. Nay, they must worship the image with the worship of right, due to the prototype or original being. So that, if the original being is to be worshipped with '*latria*,' (supreme divine worship,) the image must also be adored with the same '*latria*.'"

BISHOP BAINES, A.D. 1827.
DR. WISEMAN, A.D. 1837.

Bishop Baines, 1827.

"Is it possible that any one of you should persuade yourselves, that the most ignorant Catholic could be capable of adoring the ivory image which you see upon that altar? Anathema to the man who gives to an image divine honours, or prays to it."

Dr. Wiseman, 1837.

"If I stood before the image of any one whom I had loved and had lost, fixed in veneration and affection, no one would surely say that I was superstitious or idolatrous in its regard. SUCH is PRECISELY ALL that the Catholic is taught to believe regarding images or pictures set up in churches."

ROMAN RITUAL OF THE PRESENT DAY A.D. 1847.

Roman Breviary.

"Hail! O thou Cross! our only hope! To the pious do thou multiply grace; and for the guilty, blot out their sins.

"O thou Cross, do thou save the present congregation assembled for thy praise.

"The King is exalted to the sky, while the noble trophy of the Cross is ADORED by all the worshippers of Christ for ever."

Roman Pontifical.

"LATRIA" (the supreme divine adoration) "is due to the cross."

Roman Missal.

"Adoration of the Cross."

"The Priest at the middle of the altar uncovers the cross, and says, 'Behold the wood of the cross! Come, let us adore!' The Priest then, kneeling, fixes it in front of the altar, and putting off his shoes, approaches to ADORE the cross, kneeling thrice before he kisses it. Then the Clergy, and then the laity, two and two, approach, and kneeling thrice, ADORE the cross."—*Tyler's Image-Worship of the Church of Rome proved to be contrary to Holy Scripture.*

TABLE-TALK.

CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.

A MINISTER was once speaking to a brother Clergyman of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced. "As I was riding here to-day," said he, "my horse stumbled, and came very near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me; but I escaped unhurt." "I can tell you something more than that," said the other: "As I rode here to-day, my horse did not stumble at all." We are too apt to forget common mercies.

JEREMY WHITE'S COURTSHIP.

JEREMY WHITE, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic Chaplains, paid his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was told of it by a spy, who followed the matter so closely, that he hunted Jerry to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with the news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. In a fury he asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter. White said, "May it please your Highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, said, "What is the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low curtesey replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him." "Say you so, my lass?" cried Cromwell: "call Godwyn: this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to retreat: the Parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. JAN. 1ST.

THIS festival was instituted in the sixth century. At the commencement of the new year we rejoice with our friends at having escaped the dangers that attend every season, and commemorate the event by some trifling present.

The Romans, at this time, sent presents of sweetmeats, as dried figs, honey, &c., (*strenæ*,) expressing a wish that they might enjoy the sweets of the year into which they had entered. The *calends* of January, or the beginning of the year, were celebrated in the most gross and licentious manner. To this St. Augustin alludes, in his address to some converts from Paganism. "Will you celebrate the *strenæ* as the Pagans do, and spend that day in gaming and drunkenness? What a contradiction is here between your profession and practice? While they send their presents, do you give alms; while they attend to lascivious songs, let your application be to the sacred oracles. While they run to the theatre, hasten to church. While they get drunk, do you fast; or, if you cannot fast, at least eat with temperance and sobriety." A relic of this custom is still observed in the south of Scotland, where the *sweetie-shon*, a sort of plum-cake, constitutes the New Year's gift. Among the northern nations, it was customary for subjects to present gifts to their Sovereigns, which were called *jolagiafir*, yule-gifts.

In France, particularly in the south, early in the morning of New Year's Day, a round of visits is commenced to relations and friends, to wish them a happy new year, and to present them with *bonbons* (sweetmeats). "The relations are first visited, beginning with those nearest in affinity, then those that are further removed, and lastly come the friends and acquaintance. It is a contest of politeness on this occasion which shall start first, and anticipate the call of a relation or friend. The shops of the confectioners are dressed up on the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and bunches of ribands or flowers. The counters are covered over with a nice table-cloth, and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and bonbons, made up into pyramids, castles, columns, or any form which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening they are illuminated for the reception of company, who come to buy their bonbons for the next day. Endless are the devices for things in which they are to be enclosed: there are little boxes or baskets made of satin, ornamented with gold, silver, or foil; balloons; books; fruit, such as apples, pears, oranges; or vegetables, such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, an onion; anything, in short, which can be made with a hollow within to hold the bonbons: but the most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*; that is, a little cone, ornamented in different ways, with a bag to draw over the large end, and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc (ten pence) to fifty, the bonbons are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them; and by those who do not, they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but bonbons in some way or other must be presented. In these visits to friends, and in gossipping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New Year's Day is passed; a dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas-Day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred."

"The celebration of New Year's Day," observes Mr. Hutchinson, (*Hist. of Northumberland*,) "is preserved in this county as a rural festival. Gifts are made to children, servants, and dependents, called New Year's gifts. Stillingfleet says, that, 'among the Saxons of the northern nations, the feast of the new year was observed with more than ordinary jollity;' and, from Hospinian, says, 'It was an ancient custom of the Heathens, and afterwards practised by the Christians.' Servants were exempt from their labour, and partook of the feast and rural sports with their masters: they were presented with tokens of approbation and favour. On certain festivals the Romans gave pieces of money to travellers and strangers who were present at the sacrifice. On our day of festivity, mirth is excited by a rustic masquerading and playing tricks in disguise: the hide of the ox slain for the winter cheer, is often put on; and the person thus attired attempts to show the character of the devil, by every horrible device in his power. All the winter sports seem to express a strong opinion of the ancients, that genii of very contrary natures prevailed on earth; that the one was constantly concomitant to light, as the other was to darkness; and this image of the devil, which is frequently permitted to expel the inhabitants, and take possession of the house, is typical of the power of the evil genius, in the season when the sun is longest absent from our hemisphere. This corresponds with the lamentation used by those who held the Eleusinian mysteries, and mourned for Adonis. It is very difficult to make any probable determination to what people we owe these customs. In the Roman Saturnalia and Sigillaria, this kind of frolicking was practised."

The ancient custom of going about with the *wassail*, a bowl of spiced ale, is yet retained in many places. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples, and was called lamb's-wool.

There cannot be the smallest doubt, observes Mr. Douce, that the term *wassail* is to be sought for in the well-known story of Vortigern and Rowena, or Ronix, the daughter of Hengist; the earliest authority for which is that of Walter Calenius, who supplied the materials for Geoffry of Monmouth's history. He relates, that, on Vortigern's first interview with the lady, she kneeled before him, and, presenting a cup of wine, said to him, "Lord King, *wacht heil*," or in purer Saxon, "*wæs hæl*;" literally, "Be health, or health be to you!" As the King was unacquainted with the Saxon language, he inquired the meaning of these words; and being told that they wished him health, and that he should answer them by saying, *Drinc heil*, he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink. Then taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel, and pledged her. The historian adds, that from that time to his own, the custom remained in Britain, that whoever drank to another at a feast said, *Wacht heil*; and he that immediately received the cup answered, *Drinc heil*.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Mrs.,		Reading,	37	Oct. 12th, 1847.
Barry, James, Esq.,	Claypath,	Durham,	60	Nov. 4th, 1847.
Batt, Miss Ellen,		Newbury,	32	Sept. 28th, 1847.
Blott, Mrs.,		Higham-Ferrers,	48	March 5th, 1847.
Braik, Mrs.,	Oldham-street,	Manchester,	59	May 8th, 1847.
Brown, Mary,		Kidderminster,	52	Oct. 11th, 1847.
Bush, Thomas, Esq.,	Lambourn,	Hungerford,	62	Nov. 2d, 1847.
Chapman, Mrs. Eliz.,	Hobart-Town,	VanDiemen'sLand	77	Feb. 27th, 1847.
Clayton, Mrs.,		Grantham,		May, 14th, 1847.
Clemitson, Mr. John,	High-House,	Wolsingham,	79	Oct. 1st, 1847.
Copping, Mrs.,	Hardwick,	New-Buckenham,	41	Sept. 18th, 1847.
Darrett, Mrs.,		Bradford, Wilts,	44	Aug. 26th, 1847.
Dixon, Miss Ann,		Wolsingham,	20	Sept. 3d, 1847.
Falshaw, Mr. Thomas,		Haslingden,	58	Aug. 31st, 1847.
Gill, Mrs. A.,	Hobart-Town,	VanDiemen'sLand	72	Jan. 8th, 1847.
Harrison, Mr. John,	Cloughton,	Scarborough,	74	Sept. 7th, 1847.
Hattersley, Mrs.,	Higher-Ardwick,	Manchester,	67	Oct. 9th, 1847.
Hilton, Mr. Joseph,		Ashton-under-Line	62	Oct. 11th, 1847.
Hope, Rev. Samuel,	St. Peter's,	Guernsey,		Oct. 23d, 1847.
Hopkins, Mrs.,		Maidstone,	64	March 22d, 1847.
Hughes, Miss Eleanor,		Liverpool,	20	July 18th, 1847.
Humphrey, Mr. John,	Charing,	Ashford,	67	Sept. 10th, 1847.
Johnson, Mrs. J.,	Middlebro',	Stockton-on-Tees,	44	Oct. 13th, 1847.
Jones, Samuel,	Dawley,	Madeley,		July 23d, 1847.
Jones, Mr. Samuel,	Wellford,	Evesham,	80	Sept. 2d, 1847.
Keeling, Mrs.,	Hanley,	Burslem,	83	Oct. 2d, 1847.
Langford, W. H., Esq.,	Carrigdeeff-House,	Newtownbarry,	36	Sept. 26th, 1847.
Latham, Mrs.,	Alsager,	Nantwich,	35	July 11th, 1847.
Lund, Mr. Benjamin,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	71	May 18th, 1847.
M'Dowell, Mr. James,		Dublin, North,	64	June 23d, 1847.
Melson, Mrs.,		Birmingham,	62	Oct. 13th, 1847.
Mercer, Mrs. M.,	Whitehill,	Faversham,	45	June 26th, 1847.
Mumford, Mr. John,	Holy-Vale,	St. Mary's, Scilly,	81	Sept. 11th, 1847.
Patterson, Miss,		Cove,	40	June 20th, 1847.
Perkins, Mr. A. D.,		Darlington,	20	Oct. 13th, 1847.
Pethick, Mr. William,	Lenoy,	Launceston,	66	Oct. 14th, 1847.
Potts, Mr. Joseph,	Douglas, [liery,	Macclesfield,	38	Sept. 3d, 1847.
Richardson, Robert,	Cramlington Col-	Blythe,	57	July 7th, 1847.
Roche, Mrs. A. M.,	Nichol's-square,	First London,	25	Oct. 20th, 1847.
Shepherd, Mrs.,	Cheetham-Hill,	Manchester,	82	Oct. 17th, 1847.
Slack, Mrs.,	Monkwearmouth,	Sunderland,	38	June 22d, 1847.
Stephenson, Mrs.,	Sawley,	Ripon,	66	Aug. 18th, 1847.
Trueman, Mrs.,		First Leeds,	56	Oct. 9th, 1847.
Ware, Mr. John,	Aldersgate-street,	First London,		Nov. 23d, 1846.
Warren, Mrs.,		Macclesfield,	76	Dec. 22d, 1846.
Whitehead, Mr. Robert,		Leamington,	79	Oct. 16th, 1847.

R. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 35, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. V.

THE KIND VISIT OF A NEW FRIEND.

PERMIT me to introduce myself to your acquaintance, and think me not obtrusive in so doing. I have come without invitation, but not unexpectedly, and therefore do not take you by surprise. Many have been looking for my arrival for weeks and months, and by not a few I have been hailed with a hearty welcome; though there may be those who have wished me to delay my visit. This, however, was impossible; for, powerful as I am, and powerful as I shall prove myself to be before I take my departure, yet with me there was no ability to postpone my appearance, no not for a single moment; nor was it in the power of all the mighty ones and wise ones of the world, had they combined in one common resistance, to have prevented my abode among them. I say among them; for, startling as the announcement may be, my presence is not confined to any locality. At this moment I am in every land of the world, known and unknown, and in every dwelling of the inhabitants of the earth, and in every ship floating on the sea; yea, with every individual, from the imperial Sovereign, through all grades of society, down to the most insignificant subject of the meanest realm. If then my visit is accounted an honour, it is not an honour conferred on a chosen portion of the human family, but on all its living members.

And if my visit is deemed painful and burdensome, all are equally called to endure me, and bear with me; for I am no respecter of persons, or selecter of places. But whether I shall be an honour or a disgrace, come I have, welcome or not welcome; and stay with you for a season I shall, however you may treat me; and your friend or your foe most assuredly I shall be, for I am not a visiter who will be indifferent to what I witness in your conduct. Nor shall I, during my visit, withdraw from you for the shortest interval. I shall be with you when you rise in the morning, when you assemble with your family, when you go forth to your vocations in life, and shall not forsake you when you retire in the evening to your repose. And let me request you not to charge me with egotism, if I affirm, I shall have great influence on all you say, and all you do: influence, that will continue when I take my departure; for your weal or woe greatly depends on the treatment I shall receive from you. Should you entertain me well, and pay me due respect, and consider me one of the most important of visiters, you will never

regret the homage you pay, nor the most expensive sacrifice you make for my peaceful abode among you. But should you abuse me, it will not be with impunity: you may feel the consequences of that abuse to the end of life; nay, solemn fact, on which you will do well to ponder, offences against my worth and purposes may be felt through the endless ages of eternity: for me, you will give praises in heaven, or you may wail in hell; a consideration that ought to secure to me the best entertainment you are capable of giving.

It may be, however, that you are disposed to inquire, and it must be admitted the inquiry is reasonable and proper, "Who are you? who sent you? to what family do you belong? and for what purposes do you visit us? To these questions we must have an answer before we can determine respecting the treatment we shall give you." Allow it to be said, the questions are important, and ought to be answered. Who I am, I must conceal for the present; but in due season I shall not be ashamed to give you my name. Do you ask by whom I am sent? It may be replied:—I am sent to you by authority which can neither be disputed nor resisted: my commission is from the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, the great God, and final Judge of all mankind. I come from him, and I am in his hands, and entirely at his disposal; and he knows the very moment I shall cease to be. As it respects my family, I am bold to declare it is noble, and of great antiquity. My first progenitor had his being from the Eternal One, and existed before the creation of Adam; and all my kindred could, as I can also do, boast of an uninterrupted line of succession from our first Sire. It is true, while we all hear of what was done in the days of our immediate predecessor, yet it never was known that two of our family existed together: on the contrary, the predecessor must expire before the successor can begin to be. The death-moment of one is the birth-moment of the other. But though my ancestors have all been of renown, very benevolent, and even essential to the continuance of the world, yet they have not met with kind or even civil treatment from millions whom they have befriended; nay, many foolish mortals have turned their mercies into sources of misery, and awfully striven to murder them by piecemeal. It is, however, pleasing to know that all mankind have not acted so foolishly and wickedly. Multitudes have known the worth of my forefathers, and will, through eternal ages, bless God for their existence. Be that as it may, my purposes towards you are all of a generous, gracious, and valuable character; and though I may prove a tremendous woe, I am intended to be an inestimable good. Without me you cannot improve in knowledge, increase in riches, or have intercourse with your dearest relatives. But through me you will have a succession of gospel ordinances, numerous spiritual privileges, oft repeated offers of salvation, many opportunities of blessing and being blessed; and favour calculated to assist you to become wise unto eternal life. Of me you will think while you live with pleasure, or you will remember me with anguish and sorrow. It is, therefore, with great affection and sincerity you are besought, so to treat me, and so to employ me, that my memory may never give you any uneasiness of mind, but be cherished by you with gratitude and delight. Though I may say it, you cannot value me too highly; you cannot improve me too diligently; you cannot part with me too reluctantly; you cannot ask too great a price for me; for it is in my power, and it is my design, to render to you real, lasting service. But this entirely depends upon yourselves: you may frustrate all my gracious intentions, and by so doing have bitterly to lament that you ever knew me. Let it then be your study and care to render my abode with you pleasant and profitable; that when the hour of parting comes, you may have my approbation, and I

your love. Part we must: my days are already numbered; the very moments of my stay with you are determined, and you are capable of ascertaining the very minute when I shall leave the world. But months before that period, you may be taken from me; and, strange as it may appear, the more unkindly you serve me, and the less you value me, the more reluctant you will be to part from me. You will then confess my worth, pray to stay with me, promise to behave better to me; but it will be all in vain: go you must, and never shall we meet again till the great day of judgment, when you will have to account for your conduct towards me, and I shall be a terrible witness against you. If, however, you make the best of me, use me to advantage, secure all the purposes of our acquaintance; should you depart before me, it will be a pleasant, peaceful, and affectionate parting, and we shall meet again, mutual friends; you to rejoice that you ever knew me, and I readily to witness in your favour, and then separate for ever. That we may thus kindly part, and gladly meet, allow me to BE your TRUE, though a NEW friend, 1848.

Manchester. N.

THOMPSON'S GRAVE.

ABOUT a mile from the town of Mansfield, on the Southwell-road, the eye of the traveller is arrested by a clump of larch-trees, standing upon the shoulder of a range of hills, and enclosed by a wall of stone. It is Thompson's grave. Charles, which was his baptismal name, was born in Mansfield, in 1714, and was an only child. His parentage is set forth in the following inscription, copied from a tomb enclosed by iron palisades:—"In memory of Richard Thompson, and Elizabeth, his wife, who were both interred here; the first of whom died the 21st of August, 1728, aged 60 years; the latter, Feb. 15th, 1737, aged 66." He obtained a good education for those times. On the decease of his mother he went to London in quest of employment. He had to travel by waggon, for that was not the age of swift coaches, or of rapid railway-trains; and he was a week on the road, although the distance is but one hundred and thirty-nine miles. For months he unsuccessfully applied to respectable establishments for a situation. He had nearly spent the small wreck of his father's property, when an opening presented itself to be an agent for the Russian Merchants' Company in Persia. Having obtained satisfactory securities, he sailed with a valuable cargo of cloths. On arriving at port, his merchandise was transferred to the backs of camels, and he proceeded to Ispahan. He traded there until the death of Nadir Shah, when the empire was torn by intestine divisions, which made it necessary that he should leave Persia; which he did with considerable difficulty. He arrived in London in 1750, after an absence of ten years; and, on settling his account, received £4,000, as commission on his sales. With this sum he embarked in trade with an English gentleman at Lisbon, whither he removed. During his residence there, the earthquake of 1755 occurred. He narrowly escaped; and, judging all his property lost, returned to England in a state next to destitution. A letter from his partner, however, recalled him to Lisbon; and on digging among the ruins of his house, he recovered his iron box, in which was contained the greater part of his property, amounting to £7,000. Satisfied with his fortune, he came and settled in his native town, where he continued till his death, employing himself in pious and charitable acts. His mode of life was as follows:—he rose early, spent a considerable time in private devotion, and then, until eight, exercised himself in his garden. After reading a portion

of Scripture, he went to church, when there was service; and, till dinner, his Bible was his principal companion. Then he walked to the spot where his remains now repose, from whence there is an extensive prospect. On his way home, he called upon poor people, and relieved their wants. At five was his afternoon meal, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to acts of charity and private devotion. When disabled by age from pursuing his daily walk to his favourite spot, he rode a horse. He died on the 14th of December, 1784, in a house still called, "Thompson's cottage." His will is peculiar. It directs that his corpse shall be dressed in a flannel shirt, two yards long, a flannel cap, and a slip of flannel round his neck, and two yards of plain flannel thrown over; that the shroud shall not be snipt; that his coffin be of oak, and without ornament, having three iron hoops, with rings, for convenient lowering into the grave; that he be interred on the spot which he daily visited, in a grave six yards deep; that eight poor men be his bearers, to have five shillings each; that no bell be tolled; that the hearse proceed through the most secluded part of the town; that the funeral take place in the morning; that a mound of earth be heaped over the grave, planted with trees, and the whole enclosed by a strong square stone wall. Various sums of money are left to individuals and to public charities. So beloved was he for his virtues, that a vast concourse attended his funeral, some thousands. Immediately preceding the hearse, were the church-singers, who chanted at intervals, "Then shall the King say," &c. (See Matt. xxv. 34—40.) A mourning-coach followed, in which were the executors of his will; and then the members of ten sick Societies to which he had been a liberal contributor.

JOHN RANDERSON.

THE MAINTENANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

I CANNOT but observe, "that those who labour in word and doctrine, and therein are ambassadors for Christ," and stand in his stead to reveal the mysteries, and dispense the treasures, of his blood in the church, ought to have, by way of homage to Christ, and by way of recompence to themselves, a liberal maintenance, befitting the honour and dignity of that Person whom they represent, and of that service wherein they minister. The Apostle saith, "They are worthy of double honour;" an honour of reverence, and an honour of maintenance; and doubtless the very Heathen shall rise up in judgment against many who profess the truth; for the Heathens did show so much respect to their devilish Priests, that I remember one of the Roman Consuls seeing a Priest and some vestal virgins going on foot, and he riding in his chariot, descended, and would not go into it again, till those diabolical votaries were first placed there.

But to return to the point I am upon. *Liberal maintenance is due* to those who labour in the word, &c., out of justice, and not out of mercy. I will not press the examples of Heathens in this duty for the shame of Christians. But we will first look upon the example of God's own Priests, or what he did allow them. They had the tenth of the increase of seed and fruit. (Lev. xxvii. 30.) They had forty-eight cities, with suburbs. They had first-fruits of clean and unclean beasts, of the fruits of the earth, of the fleece of sheep, and of men to be redeemed. (Num. xviii. 13, &c.) The offerings were theirs: the meat-offering, heave-offering, &c. (Num. xviii. 9, &c.) They had all vows and voluntary offerings. Except the holocaust, they had something of every sacrifice. Unto them also did belong recompences of injury. Let us also look at what the Apostle saith. And God is not less mindful of

Ministers under the Gospel, than of those under the law. (Gal. vi. 6; 1 Tim. v. 17, 18; 1 Cor. ix. 7—13.) "Say I these things as a man?" (that is, Am I partial? do I speak merely out of affection, and human favour to my own calling?) "or saith not the law?" &c. "Doth God take care for oxen? or saith he it altogether for our sakes?" That is, doth God provide laws for rewarding and encouraging the labour of brute beasts, and doth he leave the maintenance and honour of his own immediate officers to the arbitrary and pinching allowances of covetous and cruel men? "They which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar; even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel." And what is *to live?* First, They must *live as men;* they must have for necessity and for delight. Secondly, They must *live as believers.* (1 Tim. v. 8.) They must therefore have by the Gospel sufficient to lay up for those whom the law of common humanity, much more of faith, commands them to provide for. Thirdly, They must *live as Ministers.* They must have wherewith to maintain the duties of their calling, a good example of piety, and charity, and hospitality; that they may confirm by practice, what in doctrine they teach. (1 Tim. iii. 2.) It is the great ingratitude of the world, and withal, the malice and policy of Satan, by the poverty of the Ministers, to bring the Gospel into contempt. There was never any man lost by paying God his dues; there was never any man thrived by grudging or pittancing the Almighty.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

HAPPY INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A BIBLE-COLLECTOR.

A LADY, in re-canvassing her district a short time ago, called at a very humble cottage, and found a poor woman surrounded by her little family. She inquired if she possessed any copy of God's will revealed to man, or if she would like to subscribe a small sum weekly for a Bible, either for herself, or for the children. The young woman replied modestly, that she had one or two small Bibles, but her sight was not good, and she found it very difficult to read in them; therefore she should like to have one with larger print exceedingly; but she could not just now afford even a penny a week, for penury pressed hardly on the little group, and she was expecting an increase to the number. From further conversation, finding her mind inquiring after God, her visiter prayed with her simply and fervently; her heart was softened before the Lord, and rising from her knees, she said in an earnest tone, while tears streamed down her cheeks, "O! Ma'am, *I must have the Bible:* and I will try to get some needle-work, and set apart those earnings sacredly, to help me to pay for it."

A friend who was present then gave her a trifle to begin with; and by energetic effort, perseverance, and self-denial on her own part, and a little occasional assistance from others, the much-desired Bible became her own. Incipient consumption developed itself during her confinement, and *that* book, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, revealed to her unlettered mind the plan of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. From time to time as the messenger of peace visited the poor sufferer on her bed of death, she found this treasured volume her constant companion; its sacred truths were her support in the time "when her heart and her flesh failed;" and, finally, just as the battle was won, enabled her to shout, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!" M.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS ENCOURAGED.

In a sermon of pre-eminent excellence preached by the Rev. Richard Watson, before the teachers of the Sunday-school Union, October, 1818, we have the following remarks :—

"To the character of Sunday-school teachers it is impossible, on such an occasion as this, not to pay a tribute of respect; and their character adds another proof of the efficiency of the institutions themselves. In the great number who have thus devoted themselves to the gratuitous instruction of poor children, some will of course be found without the requisite qualities of sobriety, affection, piety, and patience; the only elements from which the moral part of the character of a useful teacher can be formed. The greater the number of the human agents employed in any work, the greater display will there be of that infirmity which is common to our nature. But it is an animating consideration, that the great body of the Sunday-school teachers are taken from among those of our youth, who from childhood 'have known the holy Scriptures,' and by them have been made 'wise unto salvation.' If a large school of the children of the poor, assembled on a Sunday, singing the praises of the great Lord of the Sabbath and the Lover of little children, reading his word, or marching in procession to his house, be a sight on which the eye cannot fall without transmitting a thrill of delighted sensibility through the benevolent affections; it is scarcely less interesting and welcome, to behold young people in different classes of society devoting themselves to communicate the instruction, and to accomplish the religious objects, of the institutions which have adopted them. Their self-denial is at least presumptive of their piety. They withhold their feet from the walks of pleasure on the day of the Lord; they sacrifice the enjoyments of the family circle in the intervals of public worship; and many of them give their constant attendance at schools, whose occupations through the week require a severe confinement: thus to make the day of rest from worldly labour a day of laborious occupation in the duties of charity, argues no small degree of active benevolence towards man, and of interest in the honour of the cause of God. From teachers of such a character, from more than sixty-five thousand agents under the influence of such sentiments, engaged every Sabbath in implanting the first principles of religious doctrine in the minds of children in every part of the country; teaching them the sanctity and obligation of the Sabbath; forming them to the habit of attending the public worship of Almighty God; furnishing their memories with moral maxims, applicable to the various duties of civil and social life; and watching over their improvement with a solicitude cherished by affection and Christian zeal; from the efforts of such teachers the best moral effects are to be expected. No other institutions, in so great an extent, can exhibit an agency so qualified and so efficient to counteract the tendencies of corrupted human nature; to form habits of industry, probity, and morals; and diffuse them through the neglected part of the community."

The perusal of the whole of this eloquent and admirable discourse, is strongly recommended to the present race of Sunday-school teachers. Indeed, the cheap edition of Watson's Works, now publishing, would be a treasure for Sunday-school libraries.

B. C.

THEOLOGY.

ETERNITY OF HELL TORMENTS.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JAMES LOUTIT.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."—Matt. xxv. 46.

(*Concluded from page* 9.)

V. THE PERPETUITY OF THE CAUSE OF REPROBATION.

The reprobate,

Are sinners. Sin in its cumulative and ripened form occasioned their destruction. This entails suffering; but suffering does not, of itself, reverse the law of sin.

Are the personal enemies of Christ. The glorious and glorified Son of Man is HIMSELF the object of their most intense hatred. If they gnash their teeth, it is principally against Him; if they wail, it is because of Him; and if they seek to escape, it is to hide themselves from the "face of the Lamb." Does suffering of itself reverse this enmity?

They increase in sin and in enmity to Christ. For whatever eternity *adds* to knowledge, to imagination, to habit, to conscience, to depraved and corrupt volition; increases the sin of the enmity. The fiery indignation of God does not release, but increasingly "devours" his adversaries.

The reprobate are therefore incapable of grace. That "which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned."

Now we again demand, (and is the demand not reasonable?) that those who allege the extinction of the penal fire, should show us that the *cause* of reprobation shall cease. Let them produce one plain passage from the Bible which says that sin and enmity to Christ, and incapability of grace, shall cease, and we promise to give up the doctrine which we plead.

From,—

VI. THERE BEING NO MORE SACRIFICE FOR SIN.

Here observe,—

That the exigencies of sin demand sacrifice. The traditions of the human family ever accorded with the felt depravity of the heart; and the loftiest purposes of the fathers of nations led them to have recourse to sacrifice. The universal idea of Pagan and of Prophet, was vicarious atonement, *life for life.*

Jesus is that one sacrifice. His blood gives the Gospel its efficacy, and constitutes it the "wisdom and power of God," to the salvation of such as receive and obey it. That life which has been righteously cursed in its fountains, is, by the cross, as righteously sweetened.

And that his rejection forecloses every other sacrifice. Think not, I entreat you, that the eternal Father will devise some other method of salvation. That were to dishonour the Son! No; the eternal and immutable law of human recovery is this, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission;" and the counterpart of that law is, that "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." Can language be more express than that of the Saviour of the world, when he says, "No man cometh to the Father but by me?"

Here then is a soul, which, in addition to its own proper guilt and desperate depravity, has added the high offence of rejecting the blood of God, freely shed for its redemption! Heaven is incensed, eternal law is afresh outraged, grace is repelled, the streams of the river of life wail as they return to their fountain, and man is without a sacrifice! What remains but that such shall go away into everlasting punishment?

From,—

VII. THE CO-EXTENSION OF THE PUNISHMENT OF DEVILS AND WICKED MEN.

They were probationers. Both had a "first estate," and the latter the unequivocal tender of grace and salvation. Whether we look at heaven or earth, the principle pervading all systems is *trial.*

Their *sin* was *their destruction.* Devils are on that account "reserved in chains of darkness," and the destruction awaiting the impenitent is "the lake of fire."

Their destruction is alike eternal. What Peter calls the chains of darkness under which devils are placed, Jude declares to be "everlasting chains;" and, like devils, impenitent men are thrust from the divine presence into "everlasting fire." Ungodly, I mean, unconverted, unregenerate men, hear these words: devils have been six thousand years in chains of darkness; but what are those to "everlasting chains!"

From,—

VIII. THE PARALLEL DURATION OF THE FINAL STATES OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

The happiness of the righteous is eternal. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." Self-love induces even ungodly men to receive *this* part of the final sentence: they are not unwilling to believe that the joy of the righteous is everlasting.

Then,—

The punishment of the impenitent is equally eternal. These shall go away into "everlasting punishment." This conclusion, that the duration of both states is parallel, is so irresistible, that the whole case may be made to rest upon it. The late Mr. Whiston, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, was so convinced of the truth of this parallel, that he was induced to give up both! You may start at the conclusion, but Mr. Whiston was a scholar, and consistent. If, then, you cling to the belief that the joys of the righteous are eternal, avow also that the torments of hell are also eternal.

The doctrine in question appears from,—

IX. ITS EXAMPLE.

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is a perpetual fact. The cities of the plain of that land, which was "even as a garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest into Zoar," became, and remain unto this day, a dreary sulphureous lake.

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is a perpetual example of the fire of hell. The cities of the plain are set forth "an example," if not of the reality, yet as an emblem of the existence of "eternal fire." The example takes its designation from the object it is intended to exemplify.

Can you reverse the sentence of the asphaltian lake? or restore the cities of the plain? When this IS DONE, the man who denies the eternity of hell torments is entitled to be heard; but not until then.

From,—

X. THE DIVINE EXISTENCE.

For,

God is eternal. Matter was created, the universe is destined to change, man himself dies and rises to life; but God is the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever." This is the corner-stone of the universe. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

So are the fires of hell eternal. The terms by which they are expressed are one, *αιων, αιωνιος*. Abraham called upon the name of the "everlasting God," *αιωνιε Θεε*, LXX.

I call upon that reason which is the image of eternal Reason, upon that conscience which is the vicegerent of the immutable and righteous Lord, to decide whether he, and consequently the penal fire of hell, be or be not eternal!

Once more: the doctrine under consideration is established by,

XI. THE NON-ETERNITY OF HELL TORMENTS MAKING GOD A LIAR.

To their perpetuity he is pledged,

By Prophets. Daniel says, "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to shame and everlasting contempt."

By Apostles. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

By Jesus Christ. For it was that person in whose lips dwelt the law of charity who declared, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

And by the Holy Ghost. Who declared "that the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction."

By these Jehovah is pledged; and he is "not a man, that he should lie. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

The doctrine of the text has been, it may be presumed, amply established; and I would fain hope that it has already obtained not only a candid, but a profitable, hearing. Suffer a few words farther. Are the torments of hell eternal? Is the fire never quenched? Then,—

Sceptics, fear. You affect to repudiate revelation, and, on *your own account*, wish it were a mere *myth*, a "cunningly-devised fable." You presume to philosophize on the fire of the pit, and allege its immateriality. But YOU KNOW that the evidences of revelation are unanswerable; that immaterial fire is absolute nonsense; and that we must either affirm it to be material, or we deny its existence.

Be persuaded. Turn to Him who as yet can quench the fires of hell, in his own atoning and sacrificial blood.

Sensualists, fear. You indulge the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Your tastes, habits, prejudices, fellowships, and passions, are

your gods. To them you bow down. But the man clothed in purple and who fared sumptuously, died: so must you. In hell he lifted up his eyes. Must not you do the same? Hear these words: "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." Does the *thought* of hell alarm you? Then how will you "dwell with everlasting burnings?"

Rich men, fear. Your wealth is your strong city; but be assured it is difficult for you to obtain true religion or final salvation. Your gold makes it so; for a "rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." In the *pursuit* of riches, you may lose your soul; in their *possession*, you can with the utmost difficulty save it. Beware that in laying your hand upon earth you do not forfeit the city of God. Be persuaded. Seek the true riches; and in doing so, what is needful for life and godliness shall be given you.

Neglecters of the Gospel, fear. Your character is marked by negation. You let the Gospel alone. You see its rich and royal provisions, but are unconcerned about what their neglect involves. Permit me to tell you, NEGLECT IS REJECTION; and if ye reject, how shall ye escape the divine justice? Unhappy men! With more than satanic impenitency to trample upon the blood of the covenant of all your mercies; to pass with sullen indifference the incarnate love of a redeeming God! Will you still neglect the calls of grace? will you still heedlessly embrace the worm that never dieth?

Backsliders, fear. You have forsaken the fountain of living waters. What have you gained by giving up closet and family devotion? by quitting the ranks of the faithful? You have shut out the King of glory from his temple. Has a worthier lord taken his place?

Apostacy is your next step; and can you think of the "outer darkness" which awaits the man who turns away, and not fear? If not, return to Him who will heal your backslidings.

Saints, persevere. I know you are kept by the "power of God;" but that power is exerted in fear, as well as through other forms. Fear moved Noah to prepare an ark to the saving of himself and his house. Jesus your Master, who himself feared, and who was heard in that he feared, thus addresses you: "Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, FEAR HIM."

I conclude. May He who has the keys of hell, preserve the writer and the reader from hell. Amen.

Grimsby.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.—JAMES II. 20.

THE Author of faith hath said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." This doctrine is enforced by injunctions; such as, "Give to him that needeth; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." "Love ye your enemies, and do" (them) "good, and lend" (to them), "hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great; and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." St. Paul saith, "If thy enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Such kindness will soften his heart, and help to overcome evil with good. He exhorteth Timothy to "charge the rich, to be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate," (to the needy,) "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation for the time to come, that ye may lay hold on eternal life." St. James teacheth that faith is dead, when not shown by liberality to the poor: and St. John shows that they who do not relieve their poor brethren "have not the love of God in them." And as though St. Matthew would remove every doubt on the subject, he saith, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory," (to judge the world,) "he will separate the righteous from the wicked,—and set the one on the right hand, and the other on the left; and will say to those on the right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And because those at the left have not observed these things, he will say to them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Let it be observed that nothing is brought forward why the one

on record the ensnared ones' names. Mrs. C. was, in early life, brought to God by the instrumentality of Methodism. For some time she was attentive to the means of grace; but she was drawn aside from the ways of God. His house, and the assembling of His people for spiritual edification, were abandoned. She was married, but not "in the Lord." As might be expected, her path was one of thorns and briers. At length she was abandoned by her husband, and reduced to poverty. When I first saw her, the hand of disease had grasped her body. I used to visit her occasionally, read the Bible, and pray with her. Many fears were entertained respecting her. She said that she enjoyed peace of mind; but we heard nothing from her of repentance or sorrow for the past. I beheld her feeble frame fast sinking under the pressure of disease. I saw a fellow-mortal, that must soon exchange time for eternity, hurrying to that awful brink unprepared. Many and earnest were the petitions that ascended up to God in her behalf; and I trust they were heard and answered for His sake through whom they were presented. In company with a dear young friend, I visited her on the last Sabbath she was permitted to spend on earth. When about to leave, having read and prayed with her for the last time, I said to her, "If we meet no more below, may we cherish the hope of meeting you above?" She said, "I trust you can." This was a feeble assurance; but a ray of hope hovered round it. We left her to meet no more till the last trumpet shall arouse the slumbering dust of saint and sinner. A Minister, who was with her the evening before she died, expressed himself hopefully as to her latter end. She died in peace, as far as mortals could judge.

Thus her sun went down. O how differently she might have left the world if she had followed Christ! On the following Sabbath morn, unconscious of her change, I bent my steps to her dwelling, and was informed, on entering, that she was no more. I gazed on her cold, lifeless form with emotions to which I had been before a stranger. She was the first grown person I had ever seen lie in silent death. It was the Sabbath morn. Another Sabbath was lent to me; but with poor Mrs. C. time had ceased to be. I could not feel sure that she was quite happy, while it rent my soul with anguish to think that she was lost.

Has any one looked on this simple account who has wandered from the path of peace? O fly, my dear wandering brother or sister, to the waiting Saviour, before this hour has told its tale to God. He waits to be gracious. Think of life. What is it? A bubble on the ocean's bosom. Think of eternity; think of its endless joys, prepared for those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Bear in mind that God is holy, and will not admit sinners into his presence; and ask yourself, Am I prepared to die?

N. S.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

He is a poor Minister, he is good for nothing, who never makes you feel that you need Christ: and think what you will of him, he is a good Minister, and a faithful one, who disturbs your consciences, and forces you to feel that you must find Christ, or perish.—*Rev. Charles Bradley.*

We know not a text of more urgent and alarming import in the whole Bible, than that, *The righteous scarcely shall be saved.* They will make out the prize of eternal life; but, like the victorious coursers in the race, they will make it as by the distance of a hair-breadth. Compare the task to be done with the time that there is for doing it; and how it should speed us on to the business of eternity! and what an occupying of all our hours, and a plying of all our expedients, ought there to be, lest, when the night cometh, in which no man can work, we shall be found short of the kingdom of God!—*Chalmers.*

There are no seasons when the Christian more heartily enjoys the luxury of communion with God than during those hours which begin with melancholy. They are indeed the soul's night-seasons; but they are like those glorious nights in our northern sky, when the bright bow of God spans the firmament and floats among the stars, and the lambent fires from the horizon shoot up to meet it, and the whole heavens are telling of the glory of the Most High.—*Christian Consolations.*

Any man who is not prepared to recognise the claims of God to his body, soul, and spirit, to his time, influence, and talents, and to his money also, cannot be his disciple.—*Dr. Thomas Smith.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THOUGHTS ON PROVIDENCE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are three very extensive volumes that ought to be read, and in some measure understood, by the children of men. The volume of creation, the volume of providence, and the volume of redemption. Having frequently examined the first and last of the above-mentioned books, I was more particularly led, a few days ago, to inspect, with some degree of care and precision, the volume of providence. Upon looking over the table of contents, I discovered three particular chapters; namely, universal inspection, universal preservation, and universal government. I began at the first, and read as follows:—"Am I a God at hand, and not afar off?" "Do I not fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?" "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." I immediately perceived that on the ground of universal inspection, the providence of God extended to all places, to all persons, and to all things. To all places; yea, the heavens, and earth, and sea. To all persons, especially the truly pious. "For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright." They are to him as the "apple of his eye;" and his special providence is as the eyelid guarding that tender part. "The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, to preserve them from death, and to keep them alive in famine." He bottles their tears, strengthens their weaknesses, and supplies their wants. The eternal Jehovah "sitteth upon the circle of the heavens;" (not as an idle spectator;) no, but he taketh cognizance of the children of men. Not anything is hid from the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. The providence of God likewise extendeth unto all things; to those minute, as well as to those immense; to the fish of the sea, to the birds of the air, and to man upon the earth. He that numbereth the stars, he also numbereth the hairs of our heads.

The second chapter in the book of providence is universal preservation. "Thou, Lord, preservest man and beast." "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." A fish supplies Peter with the sacred tribute; the great deep augments the Lord's revenue, and at his command the scaly tribe present their offerings. The ravens feed Elijah at the brook, the flinty rock discharges streams of water, and the clouds in showers drop down manna for the preservation of Israel's numerous tribes. This great Preserver of man and beast also clothes the lilies of the field, and gives beauty and fragrance to the garden-flowers.

The third chapter in the volume of providence is universal government. Let none suppose that the world is governed by mechanical laws; no, but by the constant interposition and energy of the great Creator. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all." "Providence is God in motion; providence is God teaching by facts; providence is God fulfilling, explaining, and enforcing his own word; providence is God rendering natural events subservient to spiritual purposes." This providence is irresistible. When the time was come for the release of Joseph, the prison could contain him no longer. When the hour of emancipation is at hand for the captive Jews to come out of Babylon, the predicted commander from the East, Cyrus, is raised up to issue the proclamation. How amazingly diversified are the scenes of providential dispensation! How inscrutable to mortals are many of its actings! We only discover a part of the circling wheel; the other part is seen in a different hemisphere. But what the Christian knows not now, he shall know hereafter. I mean when the mysteries of divine providence shall be unfolded, and the cloud removed that covered a variety of dispensations.

As an improvement of the foregoing remarks, I beg permission to offer a few words of advice. 1. Observe the motions of providence. "Whoso is wise will observe these things; they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." The truly pious are not altogether unacquainted with the mind and will of God. "Shall I," saith the Lord Jehovah, "hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" 2. Admire the depths of providence. An Apostle exclaimed, when standing on the brink of this stupendous ocean, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" There are many depths in providence that the finite line of human knowledge can never fathom; many labyrinths impossible for creatures to explore. Numbers have been bewildered in the intricate mazes, and have returned with considerable loss. See that stately vessel sailing on the mighty waters: how soon her track is lost in the pathless ocean! Thus the ways of God are in the sea, his path through the mighty waters, and his footsteps, to mortals, are not fully known. Let us, upon all occasions,

"Confess the Almighty just,
And where we can't unriddle, learn to trust."

And, finally, I would recommend a hearty

compliance with the designs of providence. The Apostle St. Paul was very eminent for this. "I know," he says, "how to be abased, and how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need." See yon King of birds, the royal eagle; he is under confinement in a spacious cage: how he flutters about from side to side! but sooner will he beat his wings to pieces than obtain emancipation by his struggling.

W—— K——T was a person much habituated to the shameful practice of reviling and persecuting the people of God. They received a variety of insults and much abusive language from him, both during the seasons of religious worship, and at other times; insomuch that he became proverbial for his wicked sayings, and base conduct. But the Ministers of Jesus Christ were the principal objects of his malice. When speaking of these, he used the vilest language his imagination could possibly invent. The general appellation by which he designated the Preachers of the Gospel, was, "*Dunn's* * *devils.*" But in order to carry this ridiculous and wicked language to its highest pitch, on a certain occasion, when an eminently pious man of God, who had for some years been preaching the Gospel in the West Indies, paid a visit to the place, and was walking up the street to the preaching-house, this monster in wickedness, on perceiving him, exclaimed, "That is the devil himself." He continued to pursue this conduct till the Almighty "shortened his days." While he was one day climbing a very high walnut-tree, in order to gather the fruit, he fell from one of the lofty branches, and was so bruised and injured by the fall, that he almost instantly, and in great agonies, expired! How awful to be thus suddenly snatched away, and summoned to appear before the bar of a sin-avenging God, while living in such flagrant rebellion and open hostility against his laws and government! In what a dreadful light does the depravity of the human heart appear, when we witness the continuance and prevalence of a persecuting spirit, in spite of the many awful warnings which God has given, of his high displeasure at it! "God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man regardeth it not;" but goeth on in his trespasses. But let those who are in the habit of ridiculing religion, and of using their feeble efforts to oppose the work of God, be astonished, ashamed, blush, and be confounded; let them cast away their weapons of rebellion, and, at least, no more dare to oppose religion, lest the Almighty should cut them off at a stroke, and then a great ransom cannot deliver them.

* Alluding to a worthy member of the society, of that name, who lived at that time.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

A MOTHER'S COUNSELS AND PRAYERS.

A MOTHER'S counsels and prayers! Who can estimate their influence? When the son has left the parental roof, and gone forth mingling with a gay and trifling world; among all the recollections which crowd themselves upon his mind, none go deeper into the fountains of feeling, none excite purer emotions, than those of the affectionate counsels and fervent prayers of a pious mother. If, happily, he is associated with a pious family, whose altar-fires never go out; as they surround that altar in the morning, hear the word of life as it is read, and listen to the ardent petition as it rises to God; his mind wanders quickly and quietly back to his own home, where he has often witnessed the same scenes; where the same pious practice is maintained. As they surround the table, and the blessing of God is invoked, these hallowed associations are again stirred. When about to retire to rest, as he sees the child at the knee of its parent, offering up its evening prayer, he remembers how often he has done the same. And when he lays his head upon the pillow in the stillness of night, he meditates upon the advice and prayers of his mother. Does he attend the house of God? as he hears the Minister speak of the glories of heaven, of the joys of religion, of the sufferings of Christ, he recollects what his pious mother used to tell him concerning these things. Let him be where he may, whether pursuing his classic studies in college-halls, or engaged in the absorbing pursuits of merchandise, or traversing the country in pursuit of recreation or health, or whatever may be his employment, there are times when these recollections will force themselves upon him. Yes, the weather-beaten sailor, away upon the mighty ocean, will sit down among his comrades, and, as he details the events of his earlier days, he proceeds without difficulty until he has occasion to say, "*My mother;*" and with this his voice falters, his lips quiver, his frame is convulsed, and the big tears are wiped away in their descent by his rugged hand. "Good woman," he says; "if ever there was a Christian, she was one;" and it is not until he has made a pause to recover himself, that he can proceed with the narration. Even the infidel or the atheist, in

his more sober moments, when reflecting upon the future, as reflections like these flow up in his mind, feels his foundation quiver and quake. Argue with him upon the subject of religion, and while he remains unmoved by any other appeal, only mention a mother's counsels and prayers, and in an instant the great deep of his heart is broken up, and his tears freely flow. The soldier, though his finer feelings may have been buried for awhile amid the clangour of war, and the prospect of military glory; yet when the strife is over, and he gives way to reflection, a tide of feeling will rush over his soul as he thinks of his mother. And do these recollections always end with the emotions which they excite? No. They exert a most powerful influence upon the conduct. Is that son tempted in an evil moment to take advantage by telling a falsehood? the remembrance of the pure, unadulterated truth which ever flowed from his mother's lips, checks him in the attempt. Is he prompted to take his Maker's name in vain? he remembers with what reverence that name was spoken by his mother, and his tongue is silenced. Ah! who could have the hardihood to commit a crime, against which he had been warned by his mother, with that warning before his mind? Where is the inebriate, however deeply sunk; where is the libertine, however abandoned; where is the scoffer, however hardened, who, if trained by such a mother, has not, under the influence of these recollections, formed purposes of reformation? Nay, where is the rebel against God or man, whose heart has not been softened, and had its palpitations quickened, by such hallowed remembrances? O! the influence exerted upon a son by these things is vast, immeasurable. It strikes deeper in the soul, and twines more closely round the spirit, than any other. It is in the soul, and as a beacon-light to show the dangers of the way. It is the silken cord to incline gently and affectionately to the path of virtue and piety. It is the influence which has, no doubt, been the means of landing many a soul in the paradise of God. —*Mother's Magazine.*

THE MATERNAL EDUCATION OF INFANTS.

Let not mothers be incredulous. The dawn of reason in their babes is very early, and very often brightens into morning, or travels into the full effulgence of day, before they look on them as aught but a delicately-organized mechanism; a pet—a plaything! O, let them think how soon their little one leaps when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its tiny brain; how soon it learns to modulate its feeble voice, before it can articulate, to the melodies that bring from its eyes an eloquent smile! and that earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress is the first lesson in the affections.

Mrs. Howitt, whose works overflow with the good, the true, and the beautiful, says: "Children should very often be sung to; they should be brought up with melodies, and early taught that universal harmony should be the element of their being." Sentiment precedes intelligence; and thus, though the voice of instruction waits for the more full development of reason, yet, with its mother's milk, the young child may drink in education.

The duty of every reflective and intelligent mother is thus early to inspire a love of beauty and of virtue, long before the abstract terms can be understood, or direct teaching be comprehended. And the affections may be cultivated, and the reason aroused, and the memory stored with recollections, long, long before they can find utterance in language. "And a wise man scorneth nothing, be it never so small or homely; for he knoweth not the secret laws that may bind it to great effects." The ocean, vast and mighty, is composed of single drops; and atoms crowded on atoms form the lofty, the colossal mountain: and so character is formed hour by hour, and all things aid in its development.

"I am a Missionary in my nursery," said a young, lovely, and sensible mother, to the writer. "Six pairs of little eyes are daily watching mamma's looks, as well as listening to her words; and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate, that which may neutralize my instruction or influence." Need I say that her children arose and called her blessed?

"We want more mothers," said Napoleon to Madame Campan: "they are the most influential teachers: with them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more influential than that of the head." Disposition and character are impressions multiplied and made permanent. Then early twist the sapling, early train the floweret; or Time, with his iron hand, will fix the tree, knotted, knarled, and immoveable; and cultivate the flower, until, in a worthless and vagrant profusion, it will be cast away as a deforming weed, or a smothering incumbrance to the gay parterre.

"Thelwall," says Coleridge, "was accustomed to say, that 'he thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before he had come to years of discretion, and was competent to choose for himself.' I showed him into my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he: 'it is covered with weeds.' 'O!' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to

grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses or strawberries.' " The practical joke was more demonstrative than a score of arguments to the mind of the sophist.

So, then, thou art set as the guide and guardian to thy tender little ones; to plant, to prune, to water, and to weed. " For if this field be not tilled every day," says Bishop Hall, " it will run into thistles. This work must be continual, or it speedeth not." So, then, as a landmark on a hill, they will observe and copy thee in all things. And of thee they must learn, even in their cradles, the duties of obedience, devotion, and belief. The seeds of first instructions are dropped into the deepest furrows; therefore never let them recollect the time when good thoughts were strangers to their minds. It is an unfortunate feature of fallen humanity, that our evil tendencies are the most active, and the most easily developed. The diviner parts of the character are easily subjugated by the vicious and the sensual; therefore let not the observant and curious appetite of youth be fed on poison or on garbage, whilst truth and virtue are banished from its presence. They will be found apt scholars in the school of folly, or of vice; and, humiliating as may be the sentiment in the ears of philosophers and sentimentalists, it is too true, that early and evil habits soon cling around the willing-like captive, and clustering weeds impede the pathway of the virtues.

An affecting illustration of this aptitude to evil occurred some months since to the writer. Wishing to renew her acquaintance with an old schoolfellow who had lately come to reside in her neighbourhood, she made her a morning visit. Her youthful friend had become a wife and a mother. Her children naturally became the objects of inquiry and interest; and at the especial request of the visiter, they were brought from the nursery to the drawing-room. Dressed for their *début*, they entered. Curled, combed, and equipped for conquest; creatures so fairy-like and *spirituel*, that a mother's eye might well beam with pleasure as she looked on their infantine loveliness. So quiet, so gentle, and so tutored were they in their mien; so soft the pale blue eye, and the glossy flaxen ringlets, that the timid hare would scarce have started at their approach, or the butterfly fled from their tiny touch. Let the reader imagine how admiration and affection were speedily exchanged for pity and sorrow, when the little silvery voice of the prattling child was heard to utter *oaths* the most fearful and obscene!! A start of horror, and a look of anguish, must have attracted the attention of the mother. " I fear you are unwell?" she inquired in a tone of anxiety and kindliness. " I am sick, and shocked," said I, faintly. " Do you hear the language your sweet child is using?" " No; what is it?" " It is unutterable; it is impious; so gross, as not to be repeated!" " O, really!" said the chagrined mother: " how shocking!—she shall be whipped directly: naughty girl, that she is!" " First inquire," said I, " if she knows that she is doing wrong: she may only be the innocent victim of a bad example. If she be punished unjustly, she will be made hardened and reckless, rather than penitent." Whilst the mother appeared to muse over this opinion, I inquired of her, " Fanny, do you know that those are very naughty words you are speaking?" " And very *vulgar* and unlady-like?" added mamma, on the principle of *her climax*, but of my bathos. " No," said Fanny, in innocent amazement. " Papa said so to-day, and yesterday, and every day!" " Punish papa, and not Fanny," I whispered in the mother's ear. " Yes," said she, as the blush of shame suffused her brow, " it is a sad *vulgar* habit of swearing that Mr. —— has acquired: he speaks without thinking, and the children catch it up of course." I write facts. I had paid my last visit. The seeds of evil were indeed dropped into deep furrows. They must produce a frightful harvest in that fair field.—*Whisper for the Nursery.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOP-GARDEN.

(*Continued from page* 17.)

AFTER wandering for many hours, he knew not whither, he found himself in the neighbourhood of Tottenham. Night had already thrown her sable veil over the face of nature; and the unhappy wanderer resolved to rest in the fields, or in whatever place he might discover, whether a barn or a shed. Such a place he at length found, at a short distance from the turnpike-road. It was an empty shed; and, in his present distressed situation, was a welcome asylum, as it afforded a shelter from the bitter cold.

There he laid himself down, but not to sleep. The thought of his forlorn, destitute condition, and of his own folly which had urged him to visit London, without the means of procuring a subsistence, and where he had no friend to counsel or instruct him, tended more and more to depress his spirits.

He began to ruminate on what course to pursue on the following day, but he could arrive at no decisive point.

Soon as the first streak of light appeared in the eastern horizon, he rose from his hard, damp bed; and, having commended himself to God, and relying on his guidance and protection, he returned to the city. As he stood in one of the principal streets, watching the different coaches which had just arrived from the country, the thought struck him, that he might obtain some pecuniary help from the passengers by carrying their carpet-bags or parcels to their respective residences. With several of them he succeeded; but the mere pittance which this precarious employment afforded, was barely sufficient to supply the cravings of nature.

For nearly three weeks this was the only course he was enabled to pursue to preserve him from want. During the whole of that time he thus struggled in the daytime, to secure the necessaries of life; and in the evening returned to Tottenham,—there to "seek his nightly shed, and weep till morn."

But his feeble body was now becoming inadequate to the task. Symptoms of consumption, which could not be mistaken, began to appear. A distressing cough, to which he had been for some time subject, had rapidly acquired strength, and had settled on his lungs. His face was pale, and his limbs trembled under the weight of his emaciated frame. On the last day of his unhappy sojourn in the city, he had received no employment. A solitary penny was all the money he possessed. With this he purchased a loaf, which he eagerly devoured; and at night crawled to his usual place of rest. Cold and hungry, he threw himself on the bare ground, and wept audibly. He had not lain there more than an hour, when a rough-looking man, bearing a lantern in his hand, entered the shed. "Who are you?" he cried, in a voice that caused the heart of Henry to quake. "I am a poor orphan," replied the youth.

"And what are you doing here?"

"I have no home; nor have I the means of procuring lodgings: so I came here to rest myself for the night; for I am very tired."

"Go about your business," exclaimed the unfeeling wretch, "or I will take you into custody. I have met with many impostors before."

With this he gave him a cut with his whip, and told him to be gone instantly.

Driven almost to desperation, he left the shed; and, being totally unable to walk any great distance, he passed through a gate which led into an adjoining field, and lay on the damp grass, without closing his eyes, till daylight made its appearance. He now rose from the ground, and, looking wildly around him, muttered to himself, "Merciful heaven! what must I do? I have not a friend in the world. Destitute of food, and pining in sickness, here I may die unpitied and unknown. 'No man careth for my soul.'" Then, kneeling upon his knees, he earnestly implored compassion from the Lord. For a length of time he wrestled and agonised with his Maker; and that prayer, breathed from a devout heart, and offered in faith and fervency, was heard in *heaven*; and, as far as it referred to *temporal* aid, was answered on *earth*. "Do not despair!" said a voice which proceeded from a short distance. Henry hastily turned round, and beheld a venerable-looking man, who had evidently heard and witnessed his devotions.

"What is your situation, young man?" he asked, in a remarkably mild manner: "can I do anything for you?"

Henry related to him the story of his griefs; and at the recital the aged man wept like a child.

"I will supply you with the means of returning to your native village," he said: "I am sure your earliest friends will not forsake you. They will be able to do better for you than what you can expect in London, where you are an utter stranger. Here is a sovereign, which will be more than sufficient to bear your expenses home."

He then led him into the turnpike-road, and directed him to an omnibus, which was about to start for London-Bridge, where he might embark in one of the Gravesend steamers.

While Henry was expressing his heartfelt gratitude to the benevolent stranger, the latter exhorted him to put his trust in God, and never more to deviate from the path of righteousness.

Nothing of any particular interest occurred till he reached his native place, which was in the evening, about the time of sunset. With indescribable emotions, and uncertain as to the reception he should meet with, he entered the house of Mr. Baker. That excellent man received the returning wanderer with an affectionate embrace. Instead of upbraiding him with his improper conduct, he only felt compassion for his present sufferings.

"Sit down, my dear," he said to Henry: "you seem fatigued, and need refreshment."

The soul of Henry was melted by this hearty welcome to the abode of his foster-father; and he fell upon his knees and wept.

An elegant writer has remarked, "When the soul is bowed down by the consciousness of weakness, or perhaps of guilt, and shrinks from the gaze of its fellow-mortals, as from the severity of eager and unpitying criticism, how may one soft word, one encouraging look, open it to the tide of repressed affection, and stifled repentance!" Had Henry's return been welcomed with less affection; had he been received with coldness instead of kindness, with a look of displeasure

instead of the smile of congratulation, though he felt that he deserved it; yet such a reception, in his present situation, would have bowed down his spirit, and the last spark of hope would have been extinguished in his soul. His susceptible mind, galled by the recollection of recent and unprovoked ill-treatment, was now greatly soothed by the attention of his humane benefactor; and his countenance, which had not once assumed a smile during his sojourn from home, was now lighted up with an expression of ineffable delight.

But though restored to domestic peace and happiness, and living in the affections of the friends of his childhood, the health of Henry continued to decline; so that in a short time after his return he became unable to pursue his business: the seeds of disease had taken such deep root, as to defy the power of medicine. Consumption was insidiously, and with rapid progress, undermining his constitution. There can be no doubt that its latent advances were greatly accelerated by his frequent exposure to cold and damp, while sleeping on the bare ground. The youthful victim, however, who was now entirely confined to his chamber, possessed his soul in patience. He was calm, and even cheerful. And he contemplated his approaching dissolution with feelings of holy submission to the divine will. His affectionate Minister was often seated at his bedside, imparting to the patient sufferer the consolations of religion. By his pious instructions he became more and more established in the truth as it is in Jesus; and his soul was daily ripening for the paradise of God.

"I feel," said he, during one of his visits, "that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. My mind is kept in perfect peace. O what an unspeakable mercy that a poor sinner, such as I have been, should be thus favoured! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'"

In this happy frame he continued, till the decisive hour arrived, when he was called to exchange mortality for life.

It was on a cold, frosty morning, in the month of January, when this blissful change took place. On one side of the bed, sat Mr. Baker, with his eyes moistened with tears, watching the pallid countenance of his dying charge. On the other side, sat the pious Minister, with a Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading one of the Psalms. The winter sun peeped through the lattice, and shed his pale, sickly rays around the chamber of death. "Raise me a little," said Henry: "let me once more see the beauteous sun. I have many times rejoiced in its beams; but I shall no more behold his rising or setting. I am going to a kingdom where I shall not need his light; for there is no night there; they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever!"

"Thy sun shall no more go down," said the Minister, quoting from the same inspired volume, as, with the assistance of Mr. Baker, he raised the head of Henry, "neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

"For this happy change," said the expiring youth, "I am waiting. The bitterness of death is past, and I am looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life. O how precious is Jesus to my soul! I cannot describe to you what I feel. I have this morning had a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and a sweeter assurance of the love of Christ. O what a delightful foretaste of heaven he has given me! I long to take my everlasting flight!

'For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away;
And Jesus bids me come.'"

Having, with a faint voice, repeated these animating lines, he sunk exhausted on his pillow, and in a few minutes sweetly breathed his soul to glory.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

PUNISHMENT OF DISHONESTY AMONG THE ROOKS.

In correspondence with the principles of a partial development of the higher prerogatives of mental excellency, we discern in animal actions methods of proceeding which it is hard not to regard as of a moral or intellectual character, but which, on investigation, seem to be merely political. We witness among birds the execution of justice on such culprits as offend against the principles and regulations of their community. The rook offers a familiar example of this in refusing to build its nest in privacy, or anywhere but in the neighbourhood of some dignified mansion; and as the nests of this bird require repair in spring, it often happens that the new materials are not to be obtained near at hand, and they are compelled to search for twigs at a distance, or else to break them off nearer home while in a growing condition, which is a work of much labour. To the younger members of the community, not learned in the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, this is an irksome task; and they are not long in coming to the con-

clusion that much trouble may be saved by watching their opportunity, and helping themselves from the growing structures of older builders around them in their absence; little imagining, we dare say, that their proprietors will detect the loss of here one and there another of the twigs inserted in the walls of their edifices. The discovering that they have been robbed is, indeed, no small proof of observation and reasoning; for the actual carrying off of their goods is never or but rarely seen by the owners, as the rogues take care not to be caught in the fact; and we know that an egg may be taken away and the parent bird be none the wiser. Birds are more alive to the least change in the external look of the nest than to the eggs within. But the rascals among the rooks have little calculated on the power of observation of their older neighbours, and how well they from experience can compare the work done, and compute the time it ought to have taken if they had worked honestly and found their own materials. The wrong-doers being discovered, the punishment is appropriate to the offence: by the destruction of their dishonest work they are taught that they who build must find their own bricks or sticks, not their neighbour's; and that if they wish to live in the enjoyment of the advantages of the social condition, they must endeavour to conform their actions to the principles of the rookery of which they have been made members.—*Couch's Animal Instinct.*

THE CHAMELEON.

CHAMELEON appears to be a satisfactory translation of the Hebrew word *tinshemeth*, which denotes a small species of lizard, celebrated for the faculty it has of changing the colour of its skin. This property, however, has no reference to the substance it may be placed on, as generally asserted, but is solely derived from the bulk of its respiratory organs acting upon a transparent skin, and on the blood of the animal. The chameleons form a small genus of Saurians, easily distinguished by the shagreened character of the skin, and the five toes on the feet divided differently from those of other animals, there being, if the expression may be allowed, two thumbs opposed to three fingers. Their eyes are telescopic, move separately, and can be directed backwards or forwards. Chameleons are slow, inoffensive, and capable of considerable abstinence from food, which consists solely of flies, caught by

the rapid protrusion of a long and viscous tongue. Among themselves they are irascible, and are then liable to change their colours rapidly: dark yellow or grey is predominant when they are in a quiescent state, but, while the emotions are in activity, it passes into green, purple, and even ashy black. The species found in Palestine, and all northern Africa, is the common *chameleon Africanus*, and is that referred to in Lev. xi. 30, where unclean animals are mentioned.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

After wandering about the woods until my feet were blistered, I concluded to pitch my tent for the night, although the only things I had with me to make me comfortable in my solitude were an unloaded gun, a horn half full of gunpowder, and my shot-bag, empty of shot and balls. I happened to be in a deep valley, which was entirely covered with pine-trees. One of them had two large branches that shot out together about a dozen feet from the ground; and, as I had no sure way of keeping off an enemy, I managed to climb up to them, and there spent the night without once budging from my interesting roost. I was not visited by any goblins on that memorable night; but the actual miseries which ministered to me during the dark hours were quite numerous. In the first place, I had to watch the deepening shadows of the evening, tormented by hunger and thirst. Instead of having an opportunity to satisfy my own appetite, it seemed as if all the musquitos in the wilderness had assembled together for the purpose of having a feast on my own flesh and blood. But nature granted me a brief respite from this torment by causing a heavy shower to fall, which had a tendency to cool my feverish lips and brow, and allowed me a lucid interval of sleep. But this blessedness was soon ended; for, in a fit of the nightmare, I had a very narrow escape of falling to the ground. After I had fairly recovered myself, and again drunk in the horrors of a musquito dirge, I almost made up my mind to drop at any rate, and thereby end my life and the enjoyment of my enemies. But there was soon another change in the character of my miseries. An immense owl had the impudence to perch himself on a limb above my head, whence he poured forth a flood of the most horrible screaming that mortal ever heard. Soon as the echoes thus awakened had melted into silence, a crackling sound fell upon my ear, and I beheld an old bear straggling along as if he was sure of enjoying a feast of fresh meat. He halted and snuffled around the base of a tree which stood only a few yards distant from the one I occupied, and then continued on his way. He seemed to know that human feet had lately trodden the valley; but, rationally concluding that no sensible man would remain in that particular region any longer than he could possibly help it, he did not trouble himself about the scent he had discovered. I felt grateful towards the old savage for his unintentional politeness; but if my gun had been loaded with only one ball, I should have favoured him with an unexpected salute. The hours which followed this event, and preceded the dawn, were the longest that I ever experienced. My wretchedness was indescribable. I was cold and hungry, and in a perfect fever from want of sleep, and the insect-poison infused into my whole body; but morning came at last, and with it the warm bright sunshine and the silence of the Sabbath; only a loud clear chorus of sweetest melody echoed through the pine-forest valley from the throats of a thousand feathered minstrels. On descending from my elevated position, I ascended a high hill, from whose summit I could look down upon a beautiful lake, where I saw my fellow-travellers all quietly afloat in their canoes. I loaded my gun with powder and fired a signal, which was answered by a deafening shout that was far sweeter to my ears, at that particular moment, than even the song of birds. When the Indians who had been hunting after me had returned, and when I resumed my seat in the canoe, and had a slice of cold pork between my fingers, I was perfectly happy in spite of the many jokes cracked at my expense.—*Summer in the Wilderness.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, TO REV. JOS. TAYLOR.

"*London, Nov. 16th*, 1788.

"Dear Joseph,

"I take knowledge of your spirit, and believe it is your desire to do all things right. Our friends at Newark should not have forgotten that we have determined over and over, 'Not to leave the Church.' Before they had given you that foolish advice, they should have consulted *me*. I desire you would not wear the *surplice*, nor administer the Lord's Supper, any more.

"I am, dear Joseph,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. Wesley.

"*To Mr. Jos. Taylor,*

"*at the Preaching-house, in Nottingham.*"

"*London, Feb. 11th*, 1789.

"DEAR JOSEPH,

"I AM glad to hear that the little stumbling-blocks in your Circuit are so happily removed. Undoubtedly, after I am gone, several of our Preachers will leave the Church: perhaps all that have not a single eye, that desire honour, or money, or anything upon earth. But I hope I shall not live to see this. While I am here, let us go on in the old way.

"There is no danger of my seeing Nottingham this year. On the 2d of March I hope to be in Bath, on the 4th at Bristol, on the 17th at Gloucester, the 21st at Birmingham, and then in Dublin as soon as I can.

"I am, dear Joseph,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. WESLEY.

"*To Mr. Jos. Taylor,*
"*at the Preaching-house, in Nottingham.*"

"*London, Feb. 18th*, 1789.

"DEAR JOSEPH,

"I HAVE a business of some importance for you to transact. Pray go to my old friend, Matthew Bagshaw, and, in my name, desire of him, 1. To tell you how far John Wilson has wronged him? 2. To introduce you to Mr. Henshaw, of whom you are to inquire (and write me word directly) what he heard between John Wilson and him? Desire him also, 3. To let you know whether he has wronged any one beside, in Nottingham? If he has, in what manner?

"If you can come clearly to the bottom of his affair, it is possible I may be of some real service to him. But till then it is not possible. For God will surely fight against him, while he continues to cover his sin.

"I am, dear Joseph,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. WESLEY.

"*To Mr. Jos. Taylor,*
"*at the Preaching-house, in Nottingham.*"

At the Conference of 1788, "the Assistants were allowed a discretionary power to read the Prayer-Book in the preaching-houses on Sunday mornings," where it was deemed expedient, and the generality of the society acquiesced in it; on condition that divine service was never performed in church-hours where the preaching-houses were situated, and the people were strenuously exhorted to attend the sacrament in the parish church on those Sundays. The penny per week, and shilling per quarter, collections, were also strongly enforced; while the people were exhorted to provide more largely for those Preachers that were obliged to go from house to house for their meals, so that they might take them at their own lodgings. The "Conference Plan," in connexion with the settling of chapels, was published this year, too, and collections were prohibited being made, except in the Circuits in which the chapels were to be erected. In an address to the Irish societies, the necessity of making better provision for the Preachers' wives was strongly recommended.

No chapel was allowed to be built in 1789, except one at Dewsbury, and those already set on foot. Among other advices and rules, the Preachers were to read the Rules of the Society in every society, once a quarter; to admit no one to the love-feasts without a society-ticket, or a note from the Assistant; to continue every watch-night till midnight; to devote the love-feast moneys conscientiously to the poor; never to go out to supper, or be later from home than nine o'clock; to dress their children according to the Rules of the Bands; to publish no books without Mr. Wesley's sanction, and to have them always printed at his press, and sold at his Book-room; and only one Preacher to be allowed to attend the Conference from Scotland, except such as were to be admitted into full connexion.—*From a Weekly Paper.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN MILNER.

METHODISM has produced many uncommon characters in the humble walks of life, who have exerted their pious influence in benighted country villages, as witnesses of the power of divine grace. The native boldness and peculiarity which raised them into notice among their neighbours, while in an unconverted state, tended to render them the more conspicuous and useful when, by the Gospel of Christ, they were turned from the error of their ways.

John Milner, the subject of the following memoir, was born at Gatesford, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1744. He afterwards removed into Yorkshire, and became a servant to Mr. John Clarke, of Hellaby-Hall, and remained in his service, and afterwards in that of his excellent son, Mr. Samuel Clarke, fifty-three years.

For many years, John Milner was even without the form of religion, and was a careless, ignorant, and depraved man; following with greediness the course of this world, and the dictates of his corrupt will: he also persecuted his wife, who was an attendant at the Methodist chapel.

One Sabbath, having taken the dogs into the fields to course, he was taken violently

ill, and then begged the Lord to have mercy on him, and spare his life; promising also to go to the chapel, and become a new man. The next Sabbath-day, to the joy of his wife, he accompanied her to chapel, and by the truth preached, had his convictions deepened, his sorrow for sin increased; the way of salvation was pointed out, and he believed with his heart unto righteousness. He was then a different creature: "old things were passed away, and all things became new." He united himself with the people he formerly despised and persecuted. From this time he went on his way rejoicing.

After he had obtained the pearl of great price, he saw the necessity of being delivered from inward sin. A sudden and powerful temptation was the means of showing him his weakness, and the power of those evils remaining in his heart: these, he felt, must be destroyed. He said he was as deeply convinced of his need of a clean heart as ever he was of the necessity of the pardon of his sins. He felt a root of bitterness within, and the old man of sin and death awakened, and striving for the mastery. This would not do for John; and he resolved to seek deliverance from this inward enemy. He could not do anything by half measures. When he had made up his mind to any object, he put his whole soul into it, and laboured with all his might. He saw that this great salvation was promised in the Gospel, and resolved not to rest until he had obtained it. Earnest prayer was his great instrument. When oppressed with the guilt of sin, he found access to the throne of grace for pardon, and was encouraged to go again to God, through Christ, for purity. He described the struggle for this blessing as uncommon. He had "to wrestle against principalities, and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world." But nothing could move him from his point. One evening, after the toils of the day, he was brought into an agony of prayer for deliverance. Like Jacob, his prayer was continued all night. He was several times compelled, from exhaustion, to stretch himself on his bed; not, indeed, to sleep, but for a short time to rest his weary body. The inward agony, however, soon raised him to the conflict on his knees. He fully realized that passage of Scripture,—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." When his wife remonstrated with him for his perseverance in exhausting himself, he said, "If the devil was in him, he was determined, by the grace of God, to have him out." He also said there was only one petition which he could offer to God; namely, "Thy kingdom come." Indeed, the kingdom of God in all its power of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, was that which he wanted, and without which he could not be satisfied. Heaviness endured for the night, but joy came in the morning. He described the manner of his deliverance as though a sudden stream of glory burst through the thatched roof of his lowly cottage into his heart.

As a Prince, he wrestled with God, and prevailed. Then he experienced the fresh renewal of his soul in the image of God by the Holy Spirit. The very God of peace sanctified him wholly, body, soul, and spirit. His happiness was great, and he forgot all his weariness in the tide of overflowing joy. He went the same day to Mr. Samuel Clarke, his master, and said, "I want you to put me down the day of the month. This is Rotherham fair-day; but the Lord has given me such a fairing as no one will get there."

The reality and influence of this great work was afterwards manifested in the whole of John's course of life. His conversion made him a new creature, and transformed him into a sober, orderly, praying man; but this new baptism of the Spirit made him like a flame of fire. He therefore wanted all the world to share his joy. As a debtor to the grace of God, his first step was to visit, at such seasons of leisure as he could command, all the families where he had formerly lived as a servant, prior to his entering Mr. Clarke's service; and as they knew him when he lived without God, he informed them what a change real religion had made in him, and how happy he was. He then exhorted them to turn to the Lord, and seek religion. For all his old fellow-servants he felt the same compassionate regard; and therefore laboured to find out where they lived, sought an interview with them, and declared what great things God had done for him. On these John pressed the importance and reward of becoming the servants of an heavenly Master. These labours were not in vain in the Lord.

He was also a bold and faithful reprover of sin when committed in his presence; and as to the fear of man, he was an utter stranger to it. In the cause of God, all men were alike to him. As he advanced in years, he grew in grace and divine knowledge; delighting much in reading the Scriptures. By his established piety he was a great check upon all the servants at Hellaby-Hall, and was greatly respected in his neighbourhood. In his efforts to do good he made it a point to speak to all persons he overtook on the highway respecting their salvation; and although he met with many insults and angry words, he meekly endured them, and left the result of his efforts with the Lord.

Occasionally, when engaged in his daily occupations, alone in the fields, he was accosted by gentlemen, who were either hunting, shooting, or coursing; and who inquired if he had seen any game, &c.; but, after civilly answering their inquiries, he would put in a few words for his Lord and Master. Indeed, he did not always wait for them to speak first; but, busy as he was, either with the spade, the broad axe, or some

other implement of husbandry, he would say, in his plain way, "Well, gentlemen, do you ever think on?" "Think on what?" was the answer. "Why, on your never-dying souls," was the reply. "O, don't talk to us about such things." "Gentlemen, gentlemen," John would rejoin, "you must think on, or you will go to a wrong place." Sometimes he met with a sneer, or angry words; but whether the parties smiled at his simplicity, or were grieved, he enjoyed the tranquillity of a good conscience, and rejoiced in doing what he considered his duty in the cause of God.

One day, a Clergyman rode up to him, and inquired if he knew which way the hounds had gone. He replied, "No, Sir; neither will you find the kingdom of heaven in riding after them." Away went the reverend gentleman, not in the most amiable temper. He was a diligent and faithful servant, and brought up a large family with great credit; for John Milner knew how to rule his own house in the fear of the Lord.

Some years after, trying to do what good he could in private, he considered it his duty to attempt something more public; but not regarding himself equal to the duties of a regular Local Preacher, he became an Exhorter, and styled himself "The Lord's crier." He went into many neglected country villages, where the labouring classes were as ignorant and careless as he had been before conversion, and tried to do what good he could by persuading them to flee from the wrath to come. In these labours he passed through many strange scenes. His plans were not always the most judicious; and his appearance was anything but clerical. He certainly was a man of one book, and all the leisure time he could command was devoted to the reading of the Scriptures. He knew, therefore, how to quote apt and powerful passages from the inspired volume, and apply them to the consciences of sinners.

In his village excursions, his common practice was to address the congregation coming out of church, and, at the top of his voice, give the following notice:—"I shall give advice for heaven at such a place," and then name the time.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

TERAPHIM

Are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. They seem to have been images, sometimes very small, and occasionally large; apparently in the human figure, or at least with a human head. The Jewish writers say,

that they were placed in niches, with lamps burning before them. From the passages of Scripture in which they are mentioned, it would seem that they were not idols in the worst sense of the word, no primary worship being rendered to them. They were certainly used by persons who had professed the worship of the true God; but as they proved a snare to take away the heart from him, and to divide and supersede that exclusive confidence and trust which he required, we find them denounced by the Prophets; and they were doubtless included in the general interdiction of images by the law of Moses. No doubt they often became objects of positively idolatrous homage; but in their general use, before and after the promulgation of the law, they seem to have been popularly considered as not being incompatible with the allegiance due to Jehovah; and there are instances in which we find *teraphim* connected, in some way or other, with the family and the public worship rendered to Him. So far as the matter can be understood, it seems to us that these images were considered to fix a protecting and guiding presence to the places in which they were set; protecting, perhaps, as an oriental talisman is considered to protect; and guiding as an oracle, which in some way or other was considered to vindicate the course that ought to be pursued on occasions of doubt and difficulty. Thus the Danites desired the Levite, who had charge of Micah's *teraphim*, to ask counsel for them, and he gave them a response as from the Lord. (Judges xviii. 5, 6, *et seq.*) The Prophets also mention them as oracles. Ezekiel (chap. xxi. 21) describes the King of Babylon as using divination, consulting with *teraphim;* and Zechariah (chap. x. 2) tells the Jews that these *teraphim* "have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie." On every revival of the knowledge of the written revelation of God, the *teraphim* were swept away together with the worse forms of idolatry. (2 Kings xxiii. 24.) As, however, the worship of *teraphim*, like that of the Penates and Lares among the Romans, was connected with nationality, it necessarily perished with the nationality itself. (Hosea iii. 4.) The *teraphim* were also consulted by persons upon whom true religion had no firm hold, in order to elicit some supernatural *omina*, similar to the *auguria* of the Romans. Various answers have been given to the question, "Why did Rachel steal her father's *teraphim?*" We give a few, without pretending to decide so doubtful a question. That the images were of precious metal, and Rachel stole them to compensate for the loss of dowry sustained through Laban's bargain with Jacob.—That she thought that, by taking the oracles, she should deprive Laban of the means of discovering the flight of her husband.—That she expected by this act to bring prosperity from the household of her father to that of her husband. Some conclude that she hoped to cure her father of his idolatrous propensities, by depriving him of the instruments: while many, on the other hand, imagine that Rachel and her sister were infested by the same superstitions as their father, and wished to continue the practice of them in the land of Canaan. Dr. Adam Clarke says that, "The Persian translator of the Scriptures seems to have considered these *teraphim* as *tables*, or *instruments*, that served for the purposes of judicial astrology. As the *astrolabe* was an instrument with which they took the altitude of the polar star, the sun, &c., it might, in the notion of the Persian translator, imply *tables*, &c., by which the calculating of particular stars might be determined, and the whole serve for purposes of *judicial astrology*. Now as we know that many who have professed themselves to be conscientious believers in Christianity, have, nevertheless, addicted themselves to judicial astrology, we might suppose such a thing in this case, and still consider Laban as no idolater. If the Persian translator (observes Dr. Clarke) has not hit on the true meaning, he has, in my opinion, formed the most likely conjecture." *Dr. A. Clarke in loco.*

POETRY.

"MORE LIGHT!"

The last words of Goethe were, "More light! more light!"

More light!
The shadows of the grave are o'er me stealing;
The mystic portals of its gloom unsealing:
Deep clouds of night
Enshroud my spirit, yet I haste away,
O whither?—to the Source of endless day.

More light!
My soul hath dwelt with nature; at her shrine
Intensely communing; e'en now I pine
But for one sight,
One gleam of the rich sunset, one sweet breath
From the green hills to whisper life in death.

The morn,
With its proud glory, hath around me spread;
The purple twilight balmy fragrance shed;

And radiance born
Of the deep noontide, mantling vale and bower,
Hath bid my spirit bless its glorious dower.

Its dower,
Its priceless birthright, thus to gaze and gaze
On fount and wave, 'neath empyreal rays;
On pearly flower,
Or forest grandeur, or the mountain's height,
Or feathery cloud, or cluster'd gems of night.

To gaze
And drink in rapture, gathering to my heart
All lovely things, all glorious; till apart,
In rapt amaze,
From its frail clog my spirit seems to soar,
And at the portals of the skies adore.

Its dower
In all things visible, the spell to trace
That minist'reth to beauty; the sweet grace,
The' indwelling power,
The reflex of His spiritual light,
'Mid shadows gleaming of terrestrial night.

Yet death!
Thou flingest darkness o'er my untried way:
My spirit yearneth for a holier ray,
One heavenborn breath,
To waft it o'er the billows of despair,
And guide to realms more blessed and more fair.

Away!
The crowning laurel hath no might to heal
When He hath wounded! fame's proud whispers tell
Of life's *lost* day;
Of broken vows, and violated faith,
And earthly phantoms cherish'd e'en in death.

O world!
What reck thy plaudits in the mortal strife?
What art thou in the hour of quivering life?
An idol hurl'd
For ever from its shrine, and doom'd to shed
But blight and curses on the lost one's head.

Yet still
In grief and agony the voice I hear,
The hush'd calm whisper as of mercy near;
And ever still,
'Mid this wild conflict and this fearful strife,
My worn heart asketh but, more light, more light!

Dudley. ADELINE.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

DEATH OF KLEBER.

M. THIERS, the French statesman, in the "History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon" which has lately been given to the world, thus describes the assassination of Kleber, Napoleon's Commander in the Egyptian campaign:—

"It is always more or less dangerous to give a deep shock to the ruling principle of human nature. All Islamism had been moved by the presence of the French in Egypt. The children of Mahomet had felt somewhat of that enthusiasm which of old inflamed them against the Crusaders. Cries of a holy war were raised, as in the twelfth century; and there were fanatic Mussulmans who vowed to achieve the *sacred fight*, which consists in slaying an infidel. In Egypt, where the people saw the French closely, where they appreciated their humanity, where they could compare them with the soldiers of the Porte, especially with the Mamelukes,—in Egypt, where they witnessed their respect for the Prophet, (a respect enjoined by General Bonaparte,) less aversion for them was entertained; and when they afterwards left the country, the fanaticism greatly abated. Indeed, during the late insurrection, there had even been perceived, in some places, real signs of attachment to our soldiers, to such a degree that the English agents were surprised at it. But throughout the rest of the East, the attention of all was engrossed by one subject, and that was the invasion by infidels of an extensive Mussulman country. A young man, a native of Aleppo, named Suleiman, who was a prey to extravagant fanaticism, who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, who had studied at the mosque El Azher, the most celebrated and the wealthiest in Cairo, that where the Koran and the Turkish law are taught; who, finally, purposed to obtain admission into the body of the Doctors of the faith, chanced to be wandering in Palestine, when the wrecks of the Vizir's army passed through the country. He witnessed the sufferings, the despair of his co-religionists, which violently affected his morbid imagination. The Aga of the Janissaries, who chanced to see him, inflamed his fanaticism still more by his own suggestion. This young man offered to assassinate 'the Sultan of the French,' General Kleber. Furnished with a dromedary and a sum of money, he repaired to Gaza, crossed the Desert, proceeded to Cairo, and shut himself up for several weeks in the great mosque, into which students and poor travellers were admitted, at the cost of that pious foun-

dation. The rich mosques are in the East what convents formerly were in Europe: there are found prayer, religious instruction, and hospitality. The young fanatic intimated his design to the four principal Sheiks of the mosque, who were at the head of the department of instruction. They were alarmed at his resolution, and at the consequences to which it was likely to lead; they told him it would not succeed, and that it would bring great disasters upon Egypt; but still they refrained from apprizing the French authorities. When this wretched man was sufficiently confirmed in his resolution, he armed himself with a dagger, followed Kleber for several days, but finding no opportunity to approach him, he resolved to penetrate into the garden of the head-quarters, and to hide himself there in an abandoned cistern. On the 14th of June he appeared before Kleber, who was walking with Protain, the architect of the army, and showing him what repairs were required to be done in the house, to obliterate the traces of the bombs and balls. Suleiman approached him, as if to beg alms, and while Kleber was preparing to listen to him, he rushed upon him, and plunged the dagger several times into his breast. Kleber fell under the violence of this attack. Protain, having a stick in his hand, fell upon the assassin, struck him violently on the head, but was thrown down in his turn by a stab with the dagger. At the cries of the two victims, the soldiers ran to the spot, raised their expiring General, sought and seized the murderer, whom they found skulking behind a heap of rubbish."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

VINE-ARBOUR.

THE frequent expression in the Scriptures which describes a state of safety and repose by the sitting of any man under the shade of his own fig-tree *and his own vine*, shows that the Hebrews had the same use of vine-arbours

as existed among the ancient Egyptians, and which we still find in Syria. Besides what has been already stated as to the practice of the Egyptians, an interesting illustration may be derived from the Mosaic pavement at Præneste, where we see a trellissed vine-bower, under whose pleasant shade several persons sit on benches, drinking wine and solacing themselves with music. At a village (Beitdjin) near Cæsarea, Shulze and his party took supper under a large vine, the stem of which was nearly a foot and a half in diameter, the height about thirty feet, and covered with its branches and shoots (for the shoots must be supported) a hut of more than fifty feet long and broad. The bunches of the grapes were so large as to weigh ten or twelve pounds, and might be compared to our plums. Such a bunch is cut off and laid on the board, and each helps himself to as many as he pleases. Dr. Russell acquaints us that "the large grapes produced in the houses, upon the vines that cover the stairs and arbours, are of beautiful appearance, but have little flavour."

In Psalm lxxx. we find the same favourite figure as that employed by Isaiah; and in its amplification some beautiful descriptions, with a little further information, occur:—

"A vine thou didst bring out of Egypt;
Thou castedst out the nations and planted it.
Thou preparedst the ground for it;
It spread its roots and filled the land.
The mountains were covered with its shade,
And with its tendrils the lofty cedars;
Its boughs it extended to the sea,
And its branches to the great river.
Why hast thou broken down its fences
So that every passenger croppeth it?
The boar from the forest wasteth it,
And the wild beasts of the field devour it."

As the allusions here are to modes of culture which have already been noticed, no further elucidation is required. The use of fences is implied in the evils attending their destruction; for as the destruction of the embankments of the terraced hills involved the destruction of the vineyard by the action of the elements, so the ruin of the fences exposes the vine to be spoiled by man and beasts. Both these consequences are exhibited in connexion in the passage previously adduced from Isaiah.

The fences appear to have been, as they are now, of thorns and of stones.

Among the depredators on vines, mention is made of "the foxes, the little foxes," which spoiled the vines when they had tender grapes, and which the vine-dressers were anxious to catch. (Sol. Song, ii. 15.)

It seems that the system under which the vineyards were once cultivated, was in ancient times much the same as that which now prevails in the same country; that is to say, when a man cultivated his own vineyard, he hired day-labourers, (at the times when extra labour was required,) whose wages, in the time of Christ, was sevenpence half-penny by the day; (Matt. xx. 2;) but extensive proprietors generally let out their vineyards, when a certain proportion of the produce was given to the owner, and another to the cultivator of the soil. (Matt. xxi. 34.) The general principles under which this system at present works has frequently been exhibited respecting the culture of silk. But the conditions somewhat vary as applied to other products. The proprietor is supposed to have the ground in perfect working condition when the bargain is made. Then, in the first instance, he advances a sum of money for whatever outlay may be necessary as to implements, animals, &c. From the product he first deducts ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent., according as (after ancient regulations) the ground is more or less taxed. The remainder is divided into two equal parts, one of which the proprietor takes, and the other is for the cultivators; the value of which moiety is, however, reduced by the obligation to repay the money advanced to them at the outset. Seed when required by the cultivator, is always supplied by the proprietor. But some inconvenience in thus dividing the produce of the vine, appears to have suggested, as sometimes the better course, that the husbandman should keep all, and pay to the proprietor either a fixed rent or the value of his share in money. In Isaiah vii. 23, the rent for a thousand vines is said to have been "a thousand silverlings," or shekels, about half a crown each. From this, as compared with Solomon's Song, viii. 11, 12, we may collect that a shekel the vine was an ordinary rent, and also that vines were rented by the thousand, and sometimes perhaps to different tenants, in the same vineyard or estate, when it contained several thousand vines. It would also appear that the cultivator received at the rate of twenty per cent.; which is certainly less than the present proportion, in about the same degree as the difference in the day's wages of the ancient and modern husbandman, and, doubtless, from the same cause, a redundant population in former times, and a great want of inhabitants now.

POPERY.

POPISH SUPERSTITION AND PRIESTLY CUPIDITY IN ROME.

Among the innumerable churches, there is one I must select for separate mention. It is the church of the Ara Cœli, supposed to be built on the site of the old temple of

Jupiter Feretrius, and approached, on one side, by a long, steep flight of steps, which seem incomplete without some group of bearded soothsayers on the top. It is remarkable for the possession of a miraculous Bambino, or wooden doll, representing the infant Saviour; and I first saw this miraculous Bambino, in legal phrase, in manner following, that is to say:—

We had strolled into the church one afternoon, and were looking down its long vista of gloomy pillars, (for all these ancient churches, built upon the ruins of old temples, are dark and sad,) when the Brave came running in, with a grin upon his face that stretched it from ear to ear, and implored us to follow him without a moment's delay, as they were going to show the Bambino to a select party. We accordingly hurried off to a sort of chapel or sacristy, hard by the chief altar, but not in the church itself, where the select party, consisting of two or three Catholic gentlemen and ladies (not Italians) were already assembled, and where one hollow-cheeked young Monk was lighting up divers candles, while another was putting on some clerical robes over his coarse brown habit. The candles were on a kind of altar, and above it were two delectable figures, such as you would see at any English fair, representing the holy Virgin and St. Joseph, as I suppose, bending in devotion over a wooden box or coffer, which was shut.

The hollow-cheeked Monk, number one, having finished lighting the candles, went down on his knees in a corner before this set-piece; and the Monk number two, having put on a pair of highly-ornamented and gold-bespattered gloves, lifted down the coffer, with great reverence, and set it on the altar. Then, with many genuflexions and muttering certain prayers, he opened it, and let down the front, and took off sundry coverings of satin and lace from the inside. The ladies had been on their knees from the commencement, and the gentlemen now dropped down devoutly, as he exposed to view a little wooden doll, in face very like General Tom Thumb, the American dwarf, gorgeously dressed in satin and gold lace, and actually blazing with rich jewels. There was scarcely a spot upon its little breast, or neck, or stomach, but was sparkling with the costly offerings of the faithful. Presently he lifted it out of the box, and carrying it round among the kneelers, set its face against the forehead of every one, and tendered its clumsy foot to them to kiss; a ceremony which they all performed, down to a dirty little ragamuffin of a boy, who had walked in from the street. When this was done, he laid it in the box again; and the company, rising, drew near, and commended the jewels in whispers. In good time he replaced the coverings, shut up the box, put it back in its place, locked up the whole concern (holy family and all) behind a pair of folding-doors; took off his priestly vestments, and received the customary "small charge," while his companion, by means of an extinguisher fastened to the end of a long stick, put out the lights one after another. The candles being all extinguished, and the money all collected, they retired, and so did the spectators.

I met this same Bambino in the street a short time afterwards, going in great state to the house of some sick person. It is taken to all parts of Rome for this purpose constantly: but I understand that it is not always as successful as could be wished; for, making its appearance at the bedside of weak and nervous people in extremity, accompanied by a numerous escort, it not unfrequently frightens them to death. . . . . It is a very valuable property, and much confided in; especially by the religious body to whom it belongs.

I am happy to know that it is not considered immaculate, by some who are good Catholics, and who are behind the scenes, from what was told me by the near relation of a Priest, himself a Catholic, and a gentleman of learning and intelligence. This Priest made my informant promise that he would on no account allow the Bambino to be borne into the bed-room of a sick lady, in whom they were both interested. "For," said he, "if they (the Monks) trouble her with it, and intrude themselves into her room, it will certainly kill her." My informant accordingly looked out at the window when it came, and, with many thanks, declined to open the door. He endeavoured, in another case of which he had no other knowledge than such as he gained as a passer-by at the moment, to prevent its being carried into a small unwholesome chamber, where a poor girl was dying. But he strove against it unsuccessfully, and she expired while the crowd were pressing round her bed.—*Pictures from Italy.*

TABLE-TALK.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No stranger who visits London considers that he has seen all the "lions" if he has not caught a glimpse of the Duke. In illustration of this remark, I may mention one circumstance. A lady of my acquaintance, on

the morning of her intended departure from London, after a short visit, was walking with a friend in Hyde Park, near Apsley-House, as early as six o'clock. As they walked along, she said, "Well, I have seen everything I wanted to see in London, excepting the Duke of Wellington; and I would rather have seen him than all the rest." She uttered this remark in a loud, sprightly voice, little dreaming that any but her friend heard it. Immediately, however, a gentleman passed her, raised his hat, and smilingly said, "Madam, I am happy to present him to you;" and, again bowing, passed on, followed at a little distance by his groom. There was no mistaking of the personage who spoke. It was the Duke himself; and I need hardly say, that the lady was, in spite of her confusion, not a little gratified by the incident. —*Sketches of Poets, Painters, and Politicians.*

PEEL AND BYRON AT SCHOOL.

Last, and not least, Sir Robert Peel was his contemporary; and it is now with very odd feelings that we read the anecdote in Byron's life, that when a great fellow of a boy-tyrant, who claimed little Peel as a fag, was giving him a castigation, Byron came and proposed to share it. "While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ——with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked very humbly if —— would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict? 'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?' 'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding out his arm, 'I would take half.'"—*Wm. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

ERSKINE IN COURT.

A witness was put into the box, who travelled to get orders. This description of persons go indiscriminately by the name of riders, and travellers, but most affect the latter. "You are, I understand, a rider?" "A traveller, sir," was the reply. "Pray," said Erskine, "are you addicted to that failing usually imputed to travellers?" Another of the fraternity having baffled his cross-examination, he suddenly remarked, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive?" The witness admitted that it was so. "I knew it," said Erskine carelessly, "from the absurd tie of your neckcloth." The traveller's weak point was touched, for he fancied that his dress had been perfect; and the Counsel gained his object, the man's presence of mind was gone.

When induced to make a personal observation on a witness, Erskine divested it of asperity by a tone of jest and good-humour. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called, of impenetrable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone, of different value, the long and the thick. The defence turned on the quality delivered, that an inferior article had been charged at the price of the best. A witness for the defence baffled every attempt at explanation by his dulness. He confounded thick whalebone with long in such a manner, that Erskine was forced to give it up. "Why, man, you don't seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference. You are a thick-headed fellow, and you are not a long-headed one!"

In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay spoke of one Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames, who loved litigation, and whose name regularly appeared as plaintiff or defendant in the cause-paper of the sittings after term, in very harsh language, for his dishonest and litigious spirit. "Gentlemen," replied Erskine, "the Counsel has taken unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of Bolt-upright." This was all invention.

RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE.

The plague in 1347 destroyed 50,000 of the inhabitants of London; in 1407, 30,000 persons were swept off in the same city by the same scourge; and in 1604, one-fourth of the whole population died of it. In 1665, it again visited London, taking off 68,000 persons. In Bossorah, 1773, 80,030 were destroyed by it. In Smyrna, 1784, 20,000. In Tunis, 1784, 32,000. In Egypt, 1792, 800,000!

ANECDOTES.

BANK-NOTES.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the Directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the Bank, and obtained for it a bank-note. On his return home, he

was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room: he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him, and as he was known to be a perfectly honourable man, he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time that he deposited his money: they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the Director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled: he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the Director's house, had taken it down in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.—*History of the Bank of England.*

CONDESCENSION AND HUMOUR OF GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

The following anecdote of George the Third was related by the late venerable Earl of Eldon to a personal friend, a short time before his decease:—"Upon the occasion of the King's recovery from his unhappy illness, I went, accompanied by my brother Stowell, to Buckingham-House, as it was then called, to pay my respects. On our arrival, and giving our names, we were immediately shown into the drawing-room. In a very short time afterwards the King came to us, and only attended by a male servant to open the door. He immediately, on our rising, shook hands with my brother and self most cordially, saying, 'How do you do, Scott?—how do you do, Stowell? I am indeed most happy to see you here together: be seated.' We sat down, His Majesty placing his chair between us, and he kindly responded to our joint congratulations. In a very short time the Queen, unaccompanied, opened a centre door, upon which the King instantly exclaimed, 'Come in, Charlotte, and make one of us: here is Judgment sitting between the twin brothers, Law and Equity, and restrained on either hand!' We rose, for the double purpose of making our dutiful obeisance to Her Majesty, as well as bowingly to acknowledge the flattering compliment, when the King commanded us to resume our seats; and the Queen sat down with us. I then thanked His Majesty for his most gracious compliment thus offered to my dear brother and self, as the humble representatives of our respective professions; and ventured to reply to His Majesty's point as follows:—'I am indeed grateful to your Majesty for the honour of the association thus conferred; but allow me to observe, in reply, that Law and Equity are properly controlled by Judgment.' Upon which, George the Third seized both our hands, laughed out heartily, and said aloud, 'Scott, Scott, you have fairly beaten me: I wished to have given you the honours upon this occasion, but you have *outwitted* me.' It is needless to say the Queen enjoyed the joke heartily. We then entered into some general conversation of more than half an hour's duration. Upon our leaving, the King and Queen again shook hands with us most heartily, His Majesty bidding us 'God speed.' We retired under the same ease and absence of restraint as we had entered; and you may judge that my departed brother and myself were in no small degree satisfied with the circumstances of our visit to Buckingham-House."

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, BEHEADED. Feb. 8th.

This beautiful, accomplished, interesting, and unfortunate woman, after being ranked among the most abandoned of her sex for nearly two centuries, owing to the envy and malice of her rival-cousin and sister-Queen Elizabeth, has at length found champions in Mr. Goodall, Mr. Tytler, and Mr. Whitaker, who have vindicated her character, and shown, that, if, in some respects, she was imprudent, yet that she is more to be pitied than cen-

sured, and more pure than her calumniators; and that one of her greatest errors was confiding in her who was seeking her life.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign Princess, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her Almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed by the presence of the two Earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness: she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employeda consider able time in devotion. At eight o'clock the High Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival-days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs, the two Earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil: there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two Earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other, and, falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she

hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins!"

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up, still streaming with blood; and the Dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," the Earl of Kent alone answered, "Amen." The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.—*Time's Telescope.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Mr. John,		First London,	28	Oct. 26th, 1847.
Atkinson, Mr. Thomas,		Cove, Ireland,	56	June 14th, 1847.
Barber, Mrs.,	New North-road,	First London,	40	Sept. 29th, 1847.
Bent, Buckley, Esq.,	Dob-Cross,	Saddleworth,	52	Oct. 29th, 1847.
Blaxley, Mr. John,		Towcester,	70	Aug. 11th, 1847.
Brewis, Mrs.,	Usworth,	Gateshead,	88	Oct. 22d, 1847.
Budds, Mrs. S. W.		Yarmouth,	30	Oct. 29th, 1847.
Clemence, Mr., sen.,	Villiers-street,	Second London,	77	Oct. 4th, 1847.
Cook, Mr. John G.,		Bath,	28	Oct. 23d, 1847.
Corderoy, Mrs., sen.,	Lambeth,	Fifth London,	76	Sept. 22d, 1847.
Davidson, Mr. John,		Glasgow,	26	Sept. 30th, 1847.
Dickenson, Miss,		Walsal,	44	Nov. 2d, 1847.
Dormalley, Mr. John,	Spike-Island,	Cove, Ireland,	30	Sept. 13th, 1837.
Dyson, Miss Jane,	Compstall,	New-Mills,	45	June 19th, 1847.
Ellis, Mr. Samuel,		Fourth Manchester,	23	June 23d, 1847.
Foden, Mrs. Mary,		Congleton,	39	Oct. 30th, 1847.
Harrison, Mr. Thomas,	Prudhoe,	Shotley-Bridge,	34	Oct. 3d, 1847.
Harrison, Miss E.,		Cove, Ireland,	24	Aug. 17th, 1847.
Harwood, Mrs.,	Wensley,	Cromford,	79	Oct. 2d, 1847.
Hayes, Mrs. J.,	Stoke-Newington,	First London,	27	Oct. 29th, 1847.
Howle, Mr. E. W.,	Brierly-Hill,	Stourbridge,	21	April 23d, 1847.
Hudson, Mr. Mark,	Dark-lane,	Wellington,		March 7th, 1847.
Hughes, Mr. Jos.,	Barton-Hill,	Bristol,	77	Oct. 11th, 1847.
Johnson, Mrs.,	Cheetham-Hill,	Manchester,	74	Oct. 8th, 1847.
Kelly, John,		Ramsay,	38	Oct. 26th, 1847.
Labrun, Mrs. M.,	Battlesden,	Dunstable,	27	Sept. 12th, 1847.
Lord, Mrs. John H.,	Park-square,	Leeds,	26	Oct. 1st, 1847.
Love, Miss,	Banbridge,	Tandragee,		Sept. 10th, 1847.
Lowcay, Miss H.,		Cove, Ireland,		June 20th, 1847.
Mumford, Mr. Clem.,	St. Mary's,	Scilly Isles,		Oct. 19th, 1847.
Oyston, Mrs.,	Newport,	Isle of Wight,	38	Oct. 9th, 1847.
Panchen, William S.,	Brad-street,	Fifth London,	31	Feb. 5th, 1847.
Parker, Mr. George,		Higham-Ferrers,	50	Oct. 5th, 1847.
Pearson, Miss,	Thorp-Arch,	Tadcaster,	23	Oct. 31st, 1847.
Pollard, Mr. William,	Oldham-street,	Manchester,	78	Oct. 19th, 1847.
Rawlings, Mrs.,		Birmingham,		Sept. 26th, 1847.
Raynes, Mr. Jos., sen.,	[tage,	Nottingham,	70	Sept. 14th, 1847.
Rees, Mr. Edmund,	Coedcochion - Cot-	Llanidloes,	76	Sept. 28th, 1847.
Rowe, Miss E. L.,		Colchester,	23	Sept. 18th, 1847.
Sanderson, Mrs.,	Weaverham,	Northwich,	31	May 4th, 1847.
Smetham, Rev. James,	Wesleyan Minister,	Warrington,	55	Oct. 3d, 1847.
Spragge, Miss,	[ary,	Aylesbury,		Sept. 22d, 1847.
Starkey, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Mission-	Bandon,		Sept. 17th, 1847.
Summerhill, Mr.,	Wilden,	Stourport,	58	Oct. 19th, 1847.
Webb, Edmund,		Third Manchester,	18	Sept. 21st, 1847.
Wentworth, Mr. W.		Worksop,	22	Oct. 24th, 1847.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1848.

FAITH AND WORKS.

SEVERAL years ago, at the close of a sultry summer's day, a gentleman and his son alighted at the gate of a large academy in Yorkshire. After introducing themselves to the excellent principal of the establishment, and partaking of some refreshment, they retired to rest; for they had travelled far, and were much fatigued. The next morning they arose invigorated, and proceeded to the extensive play-ground, where nearly one hundred boys, of various age and size, were at play. Marbles, bat and ball, &c., were the order of the day, and the merry laugh and cheerful shout resounded on all sides.

John A. was brought by his father to W— school, in order that he might share its advantages for the usual period of six years: he had just passed his eighth year, was little of his age, very shy, and had not been much accustomed to the society of boys; so that it was no wonder he clung to his father with alarm at the idea of being left alone among so many strangers. The time soon came for his father to leave him. John tried manfully to restrain his feelings, but somehow the tears would come. It would be a whole year before he should see his father again; his dear mamma and sisters, had he not left them far away: how could he help crying a little? Ah! could the dear boy have seen into the future of that coming year, he would indeed have had cause for sorrow; for he never saw his beloved mother again. She "passed through death triumphant home," before her only boy could reach her to receive her dying blessing. But to return. After various paternal admonitions to be kind and obliging to his schoolfellows; dutiful and attentive to his masters; and, above all, to fear God, and pray to Him; his father concluded with, "Now, John, you know my anxiety that you should get forward with your studies; you also are aware that, if all is well, you are to remain six years at W—: if, at the expiration of that period, you are the head boy in the school, you shall have a watch and a sovereign." Time passed on, and found our hero steadily advancing. He had, it is true, many difficulties to contend with; for, as in all large schools, spite of the vigilance of masters, the elder boys will occasionally exercise power over the younger, and John found no exception in his case. However, though he continued a small boy, yet he was by no means deficient in spirit, and never failed to stand up for himself. God had blessed him with good abilities; and for some time before he entered the school, he had heen studying Latin under the direction of his kind father, so that "*hic, hæc, hoc*," were not words of such bewildering mysterious sound as they otherwise would have been. At first the prospect of the promised reward

was the principal spur to John's exertions; but he soon learned to love knowledge for its own sake, as the proficiency he made, and his eagerness to learn more, sufficiently evidenced. At the close of the fifth year he came home with a face beaming with smiles, and exclaiming, "Now, father, for my watch: I am the first boy." His father looked at the little fellow before him, and thought it was impossible; but on examining the numerous testimonials his son had brought with him of his aptitude, diligence, and general good conduct, found it actually was the case, and of course he gladly fulfilled his part of the agreement. John maintained his post of honour during the concluding year of his stay at W—, is still alive, and will, I hope, long continue to be "blessed and made a blessing."

Now, may not some practical remarks be suggested from this little narrative?—1. The duty of parents to keep sacred the promises they make to their children. Had John not known, from previous experience, that his father always performed what he said he would, he would have had no confidence that the promised reward should ever be his, and, consequently, would not have tried to obtain it. Children are quick observers, and soon learn to form conclusions of their own. If parents wish their children to grow up obedient and truthful, let them always bear in mind the importance of *keeping their promises*. 2. If we go higher, and examine the relations between the Almighty and ourselves, we shall see that our heavenly Father always keeps His promises: "not one jot or one tittle shall fail till all be fulfilled." Could we but realize this truth in all its force and efficiency, from how much anxiety would it save us! Perhaps we "walk in darkness, and have no light;" foes without, and foes within, fill us with dismay; and hell itself appears ready to pour all its flames upon our head: but what cause should we have for alarm, did we but remember and appropriate as our own, with sincere faith, the promises of a promise-keeping God?—such as, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; ye shall not be ashamed, nor confounded, world without end." Ought not the remembrance of these, and such heart-inspiring words, cause us to rise superior to every danger, however threatening, and, with the Psalmist, to put trust in God, "whose mercy endureth for ever?" Again: we are perplexed with what may be termed the petty trials of life; and they are often more difficult to bear than great ones,—for this reason: we think, "My troubles are numerous, it is true; but then they are so trifling in themselves, that it hardly appears right to bring them before the Lord in prayer." Now, if God had said, "If thy trial be a great one, bring it to me, and I will help thee," we might have some cause to think so; but he says, and he always means what he says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee." 3. The intimate connexion between faith and works. The boy showed he believed his father by perseveringly and diligently labouring until he had received the prize. We must "work while it is day; for the night cometh, when no man can work." With many the day is nearly over, and the shadows of evening are fast closing around them; and yet how may the heathen Titus put them to shame, when he exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" because in it he had done nothing to benefit his fellow-creatures: for they have allowed not merely days, but weeks, and months, and years, to pass, without doing anything for God. We are placed here in a state of probation, and we see, by the parable of the talents, that God expects *all*, even the possessor of *one* talent, to use it to the best advantage: no matter how humble our capacity, or how limited our opportunities of usefulness, still we must labour. And though our lot in life may often not be what we should have chosen for

ourselves, had the choice been left with us, in short, "not according to our mind," yet we know that, "in doing or suffering the will of our Lord, we still are preparing to meet our reward." M'Cheyne said he should wish to live so as to be missed when he was gone. Let us follow his example, and that of those like-minded, who are now inheriting the promises; so that when we too shall "rest from our labours," our "works may follow us." H. Y. H.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Prov. xxix. 1.

EXAMPLE V.

In one of the inland ports of this commercial country, there resided a respectable tradesman, in good worldly circumstances. His connexions in life were somewhat elevated in society; and, what was of superior worth, they lived under the influence of true, experimental religion. He, also, from his early days, had been favoured with a godly training, which had been sanctified to a saving knowledge of the Redeemer of men. In due season he had entered into the marriage state, and the object of his union and affection was well qualified to be a help-meet for him, both in temporal concerns and spiritual pursuits. Being bland in his manners, and of a cheerful, kind disposition, he was much esteemed in the circle in which he moved. Nor was he ashamed to confess, with humble boldness, that he was a disciple of Christ; and his piety being fervent in its character, it was well known to what religious community he was united. Favoured with success in business, blessed with domestic happiness, and comforted with the presence of his God, he went on for a season rejoicing, and might indeed acknowledge, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." That worldly affluence is not incompatible with the possibility of devoting life to the service of God, numerous examples of those who are rich in grace, as well as rich in earthly possessions, fully prove; but it is a truth, that whatever difficulties the piety of poverty may have to encounter, they are not so dangerous, nor have they been so fatal, to spiritual safety, as the charms, the temptations, and circumstances of plenty and prosperity. There are few, comparatively, who can bear to bask in the beams of a bright, unclouded sun, without feeling its withering influence on Christian graces. So there is reason to conclude it was with the subject of this paper. In the midst of blessings, he became "at ease in Zion;" a state ever indicative of spiritual decline; and, if not roused from its influence, must lead to an entire departure from God. In this instance it was fatal, as his outward conduct too fully manifested. For years this estrangement from God continued, yet he was prosperous in his circumstances. To renew him again to repentance, the ordinances of religion, the ministry of the Gospel, and the reproofs of friends, were ineffectual: God was therefore pleased to employ the dream of the night season. By one of these voices of the Lord he was spoken to; it was of a most alarming, awakening nature. By it he was filled with horror and dread; and when he awoke, he was thankful to find that he was not actually an inhabitant of hell, but where he might again recover his hope of, and title to, heaven. The terrors of the night were not forgotten in the day, but had their intended end. Sensible that what had been imaginary, would, if he continued his downward course, ultimately become real, he sought the Lord with deep contrition and fervent supplication. His repentance was unto

life; mercy again was granted, and he was restored to the joys of God's salvation. One of the first-fruits of the change experienced, was the re-union of himself to the church of God: its members hailed him with delight, and rejoiced over him as one who had been dead, but was alive again; had been lost to them and the church, but now restored. He publicly acknowledged his past unfaithfulness, and gave glory to God for his great goodness in bearing with him, and receiving him once more into his family. For years he continued in a happy, holy, state of mind; an ornament unto his Christian profession. But, alas! again he became entangled in the yoke of bondage; and this favoured man, this partaker of such mercy, forsook "the fountain of living waters," and his last end was worse than the first. The terrors of the awful dream, if not forgotten, lost their influence over him. He became the companion of the most profane in his station in life, and, there is reason to fear, a partaker in their profligate sins. The cause of his fall could not originate in the troubles of life; for God continued to smile upon him, and few walked in a smoother path. Perhaps his downfal might be traced to the abused gifts of Providence with which he was entrusted. But by whatever cause the first false step was occasioned, it led to fearful wanderings from the good and right way, and to most deplorable effects. His ruinous course was not without the checks of conscience, and the "oft-repeated reproof:" still the neck remained hard, very hard; and resisted the kind admonitions variously given. Thus he went on frowardly in the way of his heart; but the end drew near: judgment long lingered, and wrath was slow; but God will not always spare. To the end he was not conducted by a lengthened season of affliction, affording time for reflection, consideration, and prayer. No; the end was unexpected: in the hour he thought not of, the King of terrors said, "Thy soul is required of thee." He suddenly expired. Charity would rejoice if there had been any reason to conclude that there was even a faint hope in his death; that a remedy was found.

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never, find it more."

Manchester. N.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1848.

THE renewing of the Quarterly Ticket reminds us of two things,—the flight of time, and the forbearance of God. Another three months gone of that hand-breadth of time which God has given me to prepare for eternity, and to glorify him on the earth! At its best, its utmost length, "time is short;" but, as for *me*, I know not that I can reckon on *one* more "Quarter." How many, who stretched out their willing hand to receive the last "ticket," will now stretch out that active hand no more! They have quitted the class-room for the grave. Lord, who next shall be summoned away? Is it I? Thank God, *yet* I live! My kind, longsuffering Saviour *still continues* me in his vineyard. But, for *this*, how much I owe to the divine *forbearance!* Even "though I were perfect," as perfect as Noah or Job, as Paul or John, yet should I need the forbearance of my God; for I could not stand the test of that law which is "holy, just, and good." I could not, for a moment, answer the requirements of eternal justice. I am a sinner. I deceive myself if I think I can, at any time, disclaim this title.

I was born in sin. Sinner is the name that God has given me. Yet I live,—*live* under his *holy* government. True, he has put me into "the cleft of the rock;" he has covered me with "the robe of righteousness;" but these abate not my obligation to the forbearance of God. That lies at the foundation, and is written on every stone in the superstructure of grace. Yes, I am every moment a creature of mercy, a mere creature of God's forbearance.

Two other things are suggested by the same principle; namely, the peril of *probation*, and the benefit of Christian *fellowship*. Why the *renewal* of this ticket, this church-token, from quarter to quarter? Plainly it intimates, that I, in the last three months, might have fallen from my steadfastness; and that if, for the future, I would stand, and be approved before God and his people, I must "watch unto prayer." It may be humiliating that I cannot be trusted. But, in point of fact, it is as true that men *fall* from *grace*, as that they *fall* into the *grave*. And if it be so that my brother *has* fallen into sin, and *has* rendered himself unworthy of union with "holy brethren," so may *I*. I see my danger. Lord, "keep me from falling." Now here is the benefit of *union* with God's people,—*that benefit* which the ticket suggests. Surrounded by the "perils" of the moral "wilderness," I have, under "the chief Shepherd," a Pastor appointed to watch over me. Assisted by his efficient helper, the pious Class-Leader, my spiritual welfare is hereby periodically,—quarterly, weekly, affectionately inquired after. Add to this, by dwelling among the sheep, I have, for the promotion of my soul's prosperity, the universal sympathy of the Christian fold. How different this from the cheerless and perilous state of solitary piety!

"Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls, alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer."

The text for this quarter is, "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." (Dan. i. 17.)

Here is an historical fact, recorded for our instruction and encouragement. Let us for a moment or two indulge in meditation on it, that we may in "such wise read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the truth of God contained in it, that we may feed thereon, and grow thereby. On this Scripture it is the more necessary to meditate, as its practical import, and bearing on *us*, is not quite so obvious, at first reading, as that of some others. "All Scripture" is indeed given by the inspiration of God; all Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for instruction in righteousness, and for good works; but the meaning of "all Scripture" does not so immediately strike us. Why should this be? Why should not all Scripture be so plain, that every reader might understand it at once? Why should we be obliged to "*search*" the Scriptures,—obliged sometimes so to toil to get at their meaning, as miners are, to get up the precious ore from where it lies hidden in the bowels of the earth? Why is it so? Probably *one* reason is, that Scripture might supply food for every man; for those who think much, as well as those who think little: *another*, that there is a principle in the human mind which makes "wisdom in a mystery" agreeable and alluring to all who are attentive to the voice of truth. And *yet another*, in the fact, that what we attain by

study and labour is prized more, and it has therefore a greater practical influence over us, than what we become possessed of without either mental or physical effort. Hence, may we not learn why so large a portion of the instruction supplied to the world by the great Teacher, who was sent from God himself, is contained in "dark sayings," and in "parables?" This may be a righteous judgment to the careless proud, but it is a boon of mercy to the attentive humble.

1. The "*four children*" named in this text, inscribed on our ticket, were Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. It must not be supposed that they were now *children* in the common acceptation of the term, but rather young men. Children probably they might be, when they first arrived with the other Jewish captives in that "great city, Babylon." Highly distinguished in their personal appearance and mental endowments, they were noticed, and early taken into the palace of the Babylonish Monarch. Here, while enjoying many favours above their captive brethren, they were exposed to every temptation. But not only were they "well-favoured" in their persons, and possessed of mental "ability to stand in the King's palace," but they were carefully trained in the knowledge of that religion which is of Israel's God, and their hearts were richly imbued with his grace. They had an enlightened and tender conscience, and no earthly power could induce them to defile it. "Daniel had purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." Into this holy purpose they all entered with an inflexibility which has ever since astonished and edified the world. Neither the sumptuousness of "the King's meat," nor the enticing quality of his courtly "wine," could ensnare them to forbidden ground; nor could the frightful "mouths of lions," nor the terrific "violence of fire," move them from the path of religious duty. Rather than once intermit his regular hours of prayer to his God, Daniel submits to be cast headlong into the den of devouring beasts of prey; and his no less morally heroic companions courageously enter the dreadful "burning fiery furnace," rather than be guilty of bowing down before an idol. Brave and honoured spirits in truth's conflict! Noble-minded men! May the force of your high example more and more rouse us to duty in these days of spiritual imbecility, feebleness, and languor; especially may it animate the Christian courage of every timid disciple of the Methodist society into whose hands this quarterly ticket may be officially delivered!

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ON PREACHING CHRIST.

BY DR. SOUTH.

1. He is the *text;* and all preaching beside Christ, is beside the text: therefore keep to your text.

2. Christ is the very *foundation and subject-matter* of preaching; and all preaching without Christ is building castles in the air.

3. Christ is the *life and soul* of preaching; and all preaching without him, is like a body without life and spirit.

4. Christ is the great *end* of preaching: preaching is to manifest his glory; and when Christ is not preached, the great end is lost. R. B.

THEOLOGY.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered in the Wesleyan-Methodist Chapel, Delph, on Sunday evening, November 21st, 1847.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. BAMBRIDGE.

This Address, the substance of which follows, was occasioned by the somewhat sudden death of two young persons in the village. Both attended our chapel, and were connected with our Sunday-school; both died after a short affliction, and there was hope in the end of both.

Lucy Broadbent had been a member of the society about two years, and was employed as a Sunday-school Teacher. Her character was irreproachable, her piety genuine, and her end was gloriously triumphant. Her illness was short and painful; and from its commencement she seemed to think it was unto death. But though in the bloom of youth, and placed in circumstances which made life desirable, as the solace and helper of an aged widowed mother; yet with firm step she entered the "valley of the shadow of death," and with Christian composure contemplated her rapidly approaching dissolution. Her mind was stayed on God, and so was kept in perfect peace. She departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on the 19th of October.

Mary Brierly, a Sunday-scholar, was called hence by a most distressing circumstance. On Monday evening, November 8th, as she was sitting up waiting for her father, she fell asleep, and, by some unknown means, set her clothes on fire. Being awakened by the smell of smoke, and perceiving her condition, she made an attempt to extinguish the fire; but not succeeding, she rushed into the street, and was immediately enveloped in flames. The people were soon collected, and put the fire out, and medical aid was at hand; but she was so seriously injured as to make recovery very doubtful. To her it appeared evident that she should not recover; and, therefore, as if regardless of her sufferings, she began earnestly to seek the salvation of her soul. "I do not care," she said, "about my body, if my soul may but be saved." For awhile she seemed as in an agony, her distress seemed very great; but on Tuesday afternoon, the gloom passed away, and she declared herself as being happy. He who saved the thief on the cross, did, we trust, save this poor girl. Who shall limit infinite mercy? Is anything too hard for the Lord?

Such were the circumstances which drew together a large congregation, consisting chiefly of young persons, and from which it was thought instruction might be derived. Many of the people present then attended no place of worship, and that was judged a favourable opportunity for speaking on the unreasonableness of an irreligious life, the fact that God desires men to be religious, and the emptiness of all excuses. Hence the character of the address. Let the reader imagine himself listening to an extempore discourse rather than reading a laboured production, and he will understand and excuse some defects of style which will ever and anon meet him; let him bear in mind the auditory and the occasion, and he will overlook blemishes.

Man is more noble than mere animals, in that he possesses a reasonable soul, of which they are destitute; but irreligious man occupies a lower and more degraded position than they. Animals are what they were meant to be, irreligious man is not; they use their powers properly, he does not. The only suitable vocation of a reasonable soul is religion; but *that* irreligious man neither thinks nor cares about. The human mind is destined to love, serve, and enjoy God; but an irreligious man does neither. For any proper use he makes of it, irreligious man would be as well without a soul; for any advantage it is to him, he might as well be destitute of reason. He occupies a false and dangerous position, is not in his place, moves in the wrong sphere, does what is forbidden, neglects what is commanded. God has so constituted the soul, that its happiness consists in union with himself; and all attempts to make it happy without religion are absurd and unnatural. Religion is man's proper element, and he can no more live out of it than an ox in the sea, or a fish on dry land. Yet the mass of men are irreligious, without God, without Christ, without hope in the world; they pursue sin rather than holiness, love the world rather than God, serve Satan rather than Jesus, choose things which are injurious rather than those which would be beneficial.

And what is true of many, is, we fear, too true of not a few present: the evil which prevails elsewhere affects us here. O who in the midst of this thoughtless, wicked generation will lift up a warning voice to check the growing evil, and call men back to duty and to God? Who will sound an alarm sufficiently loud to awaken slumbering consciences? Who will tell inattentive sinners of their danger, and bid them escape impending ruin? By what method can the mass of careless ones be reached? If one would instruct them, how shall he collect them together so as to have access to them? Ordinary means there are in abundance, but to the multitude they are nearly useless: the preaching of the Gospel is attended by the few; thousands never, and many only occasionally, hear it: common occurrences pass unnoticed. What can be done to bring parties who are farthest removed from the ordinary means of instruction where they may hear the Gospel message? Divine Providence has furnished us with such an occasion, and, by a mysterious event, put an opportunity into your hand of which you had else been deprived. Two young persons have recently been removed from our midst; one of them by a rapid and painful disease; the other by a terrific accident. A fine blooming girl of sixteen, robust and healthy, just entering on life, full of vivacity, with no thought of death or fear of danger, as likely to live as any one present, was suddenly awakened from sleep by the smoke from her burning clothes. She rushed into the street on fire, and was soon encompassed with flames. Her body was so severely, injured, that though medical aid was immediately at hand, and there was no lack of assistance, she lingered only till the next night, and died.

Such an event as this speaks to us in monitory and solemn tones: let us hear its voice. Of the dead we wish not to speak much: in a life so short, there was not much time for development. To eulogize them is no part of our plan: for condemnation or approval they have passed to another tribunal; and He with whom they now are will do right. But we wish to draw instruction from them, and make their death the means of good to the living. We know of no season so good as this for urging upon the congregation present, and especially the youthful part of it, the paramount obligations of a religious life.

Standing, then, as on the grave-brink of the departed, with all the solemnities of a dying hour upon us, impressed both with the nearness of death and the unspeakable value of the soul, and thinking of the reckoning-day, we urge your attention to the subject of personal holiness; we demand why you refuse to live godly, righteously, and soberly in this evil world; we caution you not to neglect the salvation provided for you, lest, by a sudden stroke, you be removed from all hope or possibility of deliverance. Some of you systematically reject the counsel of God against yourselves, refuse to obey the friendly warning voice; but bad though your case is, there is hope. You are here in God's house; we are glad to see you here; and feeling an intense love to your souls, we will seek your salvation, we will endeavour to show you that

God wishes all men to be pious, and has made it both their duty and interest to seek and possess religion. It is impossible to study the Bible, or even to read it with any degree of care, and not perceive that it treats of God's claims upon our race: it not only reveals the Divine Being to us, but declares what we are expected to be: it always seeks to promote man's spiritual interests, says he ought to be religious, and strives to make him so. Our proposition, therefore, stands or falls with the Bible: if the latter be true, so is the former. Observe what has been done to make man a child of God. Has there been no special effort made, no extraordinary means used, to neutralize man's irreligion, and bring him to a life of piety? There has been an incarnation of Deity in the world: God himself has been veiled in human flesh, has dwelt with men. He, the high and lofty One, inhabiting eternity, stooped to be the babe in Bethlehem, tabernacled in that body which was laid in the manger. He who possessed all things, and filled all things, took on him the form of a servant; and, as a man, was hungry, thirsty, destitute. He who had the highest honour in heaven, gave up the body of his humiliation to shame and spitting, to the most cruel insults, reproaches, and injuries. He who was the Source and Author of life, became one with a body which was nailed to the cross, which suffered, and died. Herein is the love of God manifested, in that he sent his Son to take upon him the nature which had sinned, that he might atone for its guilt, by dying in its stead.

The atoning death of Christ is the foundation of the Gospel system; the

greatest possible display of God's love towards us; the richest and strongest proof of the truth we are endeavouring to exhibit. If our religious condition had been an unimportant affair, would Christ have been given, would there have been any atonement? The same book which declares to us the sacrificial death of Jesus, and points out its importance and necessity, shows also its intended results, the benefits procured thereby. The salvation of the human soul, the reconciliation of God and men, this was the object, the design of Christ's death. "If I be lifted up," said the Saviour, "I will draw all men unto me." He has been so lifted up; and the drawing is begun. The Holy Spirit is given to convince, enlighten, and lead to Jesus. A living, human ministry is appointed to explain and enforce truth, and persuade men to be reconciled to God. The Scriptures, containing the needful information on this point, are in our hands; are given to be a light to our feet, and a lamp to our path. And O what a precious boon they are! how rich a treasure is here! A glance at their contents will serve to show the general design. Promises, many great and precious promises, are made to every variety of case and circumstance; and the end of all is that we might escape the corruption that is in the world, and serve God in holiness all the days of our life. Pardon is offered to the rebel; cleansing to the unclean; acquittal to the condemned; a free, full, and present pardon to every transgressor who is willing to comply with the terms on which it is offered; peace of conscience to those who have been terrified with guilt; joy in the Holy Ghost to those who have been sorrowing for sin; a clear manifestation and assurance of God's favour to those who have been distressed by a knowledge of his wrath; the testimony of the Spirit to those who have had the spirit of bondage; present, inward, and outward holiness to all who seek it; the good things of this life to those who believe in Jesus; grace here and heaven hereafter to those who, by diligent continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, immortality, eternal life. Promises which relate not to this life only, but to eternity, prove and declare the intentions of God. But they are not alone: they are accompanied by precepts, warnings, exhortations, entreaties, threatenings, and expostulations.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE POWER OF THE DEITY,

VIEWED IN CONNEXION WITH HIS OTHER ATTRIBUTES, AND IN ITS RELATION TO MAN'S ETERNAL DESTINY.

The God who sits enthroned in highest heaven as the "King eternal, immortal, and invisible," is a being possessed of infinite power, and boundless might. This perfection of the Deity is one of the most glorious and conspicuous which his exalted and incomprehensible character presents; and so obvious are its evidences, that the most casual and indifferent observer cannot fail to see it exhibited in all its majesty in everything around him. It is seen in the mild, invigorating zephyr, which bears health and plenty to the nations; and in the whirlwind and the hurricane, whose course is marked by desolation and dismay. It is exhibited in ocean's gently-swelling wave, on which the noble vessel glides along as if in conscious dignity; and in the black terrific billows in which the mariner, his treasures, schemes, and prospects, are engulfed. It is beheld in the resplendent arch which Godhead in an instant throws across the skies, and whose matchless tints, and gorgeous colouring, speak to admiring man of eternal goodness, faithfulness, and truth; and heard in the loud thunder's intermissive peals, and seen in the forked lightning's vivid flash, proclaiming to the astonished multitude the displeasure of Him "who measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand, gathereth the winds in his fist," and "meteth out heaven with a span." It is also displayed in the delicately-constructed and exquisitely-painted wing of the butterfly, as well as in the gigantic Andes, whose towering summits shoot far away into the blue expanse. And it is as clearly demonstrated in the formation of the atomic insect which finds a world in the dewdrop, as in the immense orbs which glitter and revolve in the vast firmament. For who but the omnipotent God can construct and paint the butterfly, or rear the mighty obelisk of earth which seems to touch the floor of heaven, and to uphold the skies? And what arm but that of the Sovereign of the universe can bring an atom into being, or create, suspend, and whirl the stupendous spheres which silently and ceaselessly sweep along the plains of infinity?

"The glittering stars,
By the deep ear of meditation heard,
Still in the midnight watches sing of Him."

In short, above, beneath, and around him, man perceives the demonstrations of omnipotence, and views the glorious works of that almighty Being who "weighs the mountains in scales," and "hangs the earth upon nothing."

But though the power which Jehovah wields is so forcibly apparent, and shines forth as so prominent an attribute of his nature, it is not an isolated feature of his character, but harmonizes, and blends, and is always exerted in connexion with other of his perfections. Let us take a brief review of some of the most grand and astonishing of its manifestations. It was displayed in combination with stern justice, and immaculate holiness, in the expulsion, from the realms of uncreated light, of the traitorous spirits who revolted from their allegiance to the King of heaven, when presumptuous Lucifer, the leader of the apostate band, aimed at seating himself on the throne of the Eternal Majesty. Preposterous design! vain hope! and impotent attempt! for the puissant God, clothed in the mantle of his essential glory and inalienable sovereignty, brought the embattled host of heaven forth; discharged the thunders of omnipotence on the devoted heads of the rebellious legions; hurled them from the "empyrean heights" of glory; and consigned them to the dark, and sulphureous, and horrible abyss.

In creation's mighty work, we have a glorious manifestation of unlimited power. This attribute of Deity was exhibited in overwhelming splendour, in conjunction with infinite wisdom and boundless goodness, when the all-pervading and life-giving Spirit of the Eternal, brooding o'er the void and formless mass which lay in the capacious womb of night, by his potent influence called forth, from the chaotic gulf, the amazing structure of the universe, in all its magnitude, and beauty, and magnificence. And in the government of the vast empire, in the maintenance and control of the stupendous fabric to the present hour, and throughout the arrangement and procedure of Providence, we see this peculiarity of the Divine character, with all his natural perfections, exhibited in pre-eminent dignity and grandeur.

But it is in the sublime scheme of man's redemption that the power of the Godhead is displayed in all its unutterable plenitude. The omnipotent energy of the God of heaven was exhibited in its most illustrious and endearing aspect, when

"He seized our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
And heaved the mountain from a guilty world."

Here, indeed, "the whole Deity" shines forth. For what but his strict justice could demand, and spotless purity require, this glorious and ineffable manifestation of sovereign might? And what but unbounded goodness could prompt, and infinite wisdom devise, and almighty power execute, the amazing plan which, after dwelling in the mind of Infinity from the remotest eternity, was at length unfolded to admiring angels and awe-struck seraphs, in the resplendent mansions of immortality; and "when the fulness of the time was come," realized its consummation in Gethsemane's consecrated garden, and on Calvary's hallowed mount. A plan whose unfathomable profundity even Michael, with his exalted faculties, and superlatively high endowments, cannot penetrate; which will ever stand forth as

"A wonder in Omnipotence itself,
A mystery to angels and to men;"

and whose momentous results will be more fully ascertained when the number of the elect shall be complete, and heaven shall resound with the eternal song, in which the harps and voices of millions of redeemed spirits "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," shall unite, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Finally. This attribute of the Supreme will be again displayed under circumstances fearful and sublime when, clothed in the insufferable blaze of his divinity, and accompanied by flaming cherubim and glorious seraphim, Immanuel shall descend from the exalted seat of his eternal regnancy, to judge the countless multitude which, roused from the sleep of ages by the loud, re-echoing blasts of the archangel's trumpet, shall assemble before his dread tribunal. Placing ourselves on the lofty pinnacle of God's everlasting truth, and looking down the long vista of futurity, illumined by the rays of the sacred volume's immortal page, we behold this crowning and august demonstration of almighty power exhibited before a congregated universe in all its concurrent terrors, and with all its immutable results. We hear the fiat of Omnipotence sent forth; and the

almighty edict, rebounding from sphere to sphere, reverberates from immensity's centre to its utmost verge, proclaiming to the whole intelligent creation the deeply solemn and momentous announcement, "The hour of judgment is come: the day of final retribution is arrived." Forthwith we see the dust which has enclosed the innumerable spirits that have sojourned on this terraqueous globe, whether accumulated in the depths of ocean or wafted to the pole, reanimated; starting up in never-failing vigour and vitality. We behold hurled from their vast altitudes yon shining orbs which like brilliants gorgeously bespangle the sable drapery of the skies, the nightly curtain that renders the Invisible impervious to mortal gaze; and, with "this huge rotundity on which we tread" involved in flame, we see them sink together into annihilation's deep, impenetrable gulf. We look once more. The material system, resilient and aghast, has disappeared for ever before the piercing glance, and refulgent splendour, and sovereign power of "Him who sits upon the throne," no longer presenting the aspect of the humble Galilean peasant, but appearing in the terrors of his majesty as the "mighty God," and Judge of all. Time, absorbed into a boundless eternity, has ceased to be: and lo! heaven's vast concave swarms with myriads of intelligences of every order. The inhabitants of heaven, and earth, and hell, angels, and men, and fiends, are there. The two great classes of earth's population are divided; the wicked with demons set apart, the righteous with seraphs ranked, and the eternal destiny of all irrevocably sealed.

Thus hangs on this perfection of the Deity, the eternal happiness or endless misery of every deathless spirit. And shall earth-born man, the creature of a day, with his feeble intellect, and limited physical powers, struggle for the mastery with the infinitely wise and all-powerful Jehovah? Shall the puny being "who dwells in tabernacles of clay, and is crushed before the moth," contend with Him in whose eyes "the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers," and by whom "the nations are counted as the small dust of the balance?" Shall he defy His power, trifle with His justice, deride His wisdom, offend His purity, deny His truth, and scorn His mercy? Shall he disregard the counsels and admonitions, nay, (wondrous truth!) the entreaties of Omnipotence, and reject the glorious salvation, and immortal life, which Jehovah offers? Should he pursue a course so dangerous and infatuated, and the great day of audit shall find him a rebel against the Majesty of heaven, the attribute of Deity which we have feebly endeavoured to delineate, in terrific combination with all the violated perfections of his nature, shall be manifested to his horror and dismay, when he, with all the contumacious and perverse, shall be driven away before the consuming fire of God's righteous indignation to the dark abodes of interminable despair and woe. But in the high exaltation and eternal felicity of the faithful and obedient follower of the Saviour, it will be exhibited in an aspect attractive and benign; blending illustriously with justice satisfied, mercy honoured and accepted, wisdom reverenced, wrath appeased, and faithfulness established; a glorious constellation, beaming forth with ineffable splendour from the refulgent countenance of Divinity incarnated. And the humble Christian, joining the angelic host, shall accompany them to the heaven prepared for his reception, there to wave his palm and strike his harp, and to participate in a perpetuity of bliss, of the consummate character of which, the flowing periods and glowing language of the most exalted intelligence from before the throne of the Eternal would fail to convey to the mind a conception in the remotest degree approximating to the transcendent reality.

Stockport. J. R. POOLE.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

ALL kinds of beasts, and birds, and serpents, have been tamed by man. Mark Antony tamed lions, and drove them, in full harness, through the streets of Rome; but he never tamed his own tongue. Others have caught, and caged, and tamed birds from the deserts and forests; but they have not tamed their own tongues.

Some, it is true, have bridled their tongues, and kept silence for a time; but how soon, after taking off that bridle, has silence been broken, and the work of mischief commenced! A Greek philosopher once thought to tame the tongues of his disciples, by enjoining upon them perfect silence for a certain number of weeks and months; but did he succeed? No sooner had the time elapsed, than they commenced a strain of endless gabble and impertinence.

The general impression appears to be,

that words are too valuable to be lost, and that the tongue must be kept in constant exercise. And hence the buzz and confusion so prevalent in the world. From the deceitful tongue flow the words of deceit, soft as butter, but sharp as a drawn sword. From the babbling tongue flow senseless words, proving their speaker without thought, and his hearers without mind. From the officious tongue flow meddlesome words, giving offence to all, and separating very friends. From the fiery tongue flow words full of arrows, firebrands, and death, and setting on fire the very course of nature.

Though not to be perfectly tamed, yet it is possible, by proper management, greatly to discipline and bridle the tongue. One way to effect this, is by diligently guarding the heart. Out of it are the issues of life. In it the foolishness of the lips is first uttered. Another way is to avoid the company of those who indulge in slanderous conversation. The mind acts by sympathy. If you mingle with scandal-mongers, you will find it hard not to imbibe their spirit. The best way is constantly to keep a bridle on your tongue. Have the bit in your mouth: hold it firmly. Live circumspectly, walk humbly; and neither in the hour of joy nor of passion, allow your tongue to run wild, or betray you into that for which conscience, or the reflections of some sober moment, will give you bitter reproach, and cause for repentance.—*W. Christian Advocate.*

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

And we read of but one thing. He is charged with no other defect. And this, in the estimation of the world, was not a deadly sin. He was guilty of no gross immorality. He had committed no murder, no robbery, or adultery, or fornication. We do not read that he was convicted of fraud or dishonesty. It is probable he was in the habit of paying all his debts with becoming fidelity.

He is not charged with drunkenness, or slander, or falsehood. It was nowhere intimated that he was wanting in attention to his family, or to the necessities of the poor. In all these respects the presumption is, his conduct was entirely praiseworthy. He must have been a man of uncommon correctness in his moral deportment; remarkably amiable in his temper and conduct; for it is said of him, that the Saviour *loved him*; and of himself he said, "All the commandments have I kept from my youth up."

But the eye of the Saviour, looking not upon the external conduct, but upon the *heart*, discovered in him at least one defect. He *lacked one thing* to make him a perfect man. And small as this defect appeared to him, in the estimation of God it was a great matter. It was a damning defect. He lacked one thing; but this was just the thing which he most needed. He lacked the one thing needful; and lacking this, he lacked everything. All his other good qualities, however desirable in themselves, were rendered valueless. They did not, in the estimation of God, weigh one feather. Being guilty in one point, he was guilty of all. And hence his condemnation was as necessary, and as inevitable, as that of Judas.

THE CURE OF LUKEWARMNESS.

A company of Christians, about twenty in number, met, together with their Minister, in the year 1588, to consider their state as professors of religion. The first question proposed was,—*whether they had not left their first love.* "I have," said one; and, "I have," said another; and so said they all. The next question was,—"*Wherein?*" Upon which a particular account was taken in writing, in the view of which the place was Bochim, a place of weeping. But it was asked further,—"*Is there no remedy?*" Upon which an affirmative reply, was made,—"Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works." (Rev. ii. 5.)

A list was then prepared of proper "works" to be done:—

1. That they would fast and pray more than ordinary.
2. Labour to know their hearts better.
3. Keep their hearts with all diligence.
4. Attend upon ordinances, with endeavours to profit by them.
5. Set apart one quarter of an hour every day for secret converse with God. And,
6. Communicate their proficiency one to another.

The whole concluded with a solemn covenant in writing to act accordingly.—*Rogers's Seven Treatises.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE OF A POOR WIDOW.

The following facts, which occurred at the village of Skellow, in the Doncaster Circuit, and were related to me by the person concerned, on my making a pastoral call, and corroborated by her neighbours, are worthy of record, as showing the special providence of God, in the escape of a pious widow from imminent danger:—

On Sunday morning, the 28th of November last, having kindled her fire, set on the kettle, and kneeling to fan the fire with the shovel, she received a sudden and powerful impression on her mind to go up-stairs, and pray. She rose to go; when, observing her hands black with coal, she thought to defer going until she had done her work and washed them. The impression, however, was so peculiar and urgent, that she went. Having reached the stairs, she heard a thundering noise, felt a concussion of the house, which was instantly darkened with smoke, steam, and dust, so that she had to grope her way to the door. When the smoke, &c., had sufficiently dispersed, she discovered that the chimney had fallen: twenty-eight bricks and other materials lay upon the spot she had just left; which, had she continued there a minute or two longer, might have deprived her of life.

It is to be observed, that, being alone, there was no necessity, for the sake of privacy, to go up-stairs to pray; and being dull of hearing, she could have no premonition of her danger; and had none, except from the sudden and remarkable impression on her mind. The good woman ascribes her deliverance to a special Providence: and who will say it was not?

SAMUEL BROADBENT.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

"MY MOTHER IS NEVER ANGRY."

BY MRS. ELIZA C. ALLEN.

So said a little boy, when, to prevent him from doing an improper act to which he was inclined, some person said to him, "If you do that, your mother will be angry with you." The child looked up amazed, "My mother is never angry," said he. How many children can say this? Alas! how few can say it!

The mother of whom her little boy gave such honourable testimony, had naturally a high spirit. She was the object of parental pride and fondness: her youth had been passed in ease and luxury. Her temper and will had been unsubdued. In youth, she had been unaccustomed to the control of others, nor had she felt the necessity of self-control. She became a wife, a mother, a Christian. She said she first saw the necessity of self-government, when she had a child to be governed. Most vigorous were her efforts to control her own temper; and such was her success, as to draw from her little one the assertion I have quoted; although, according to her own statement, this calmness of manner had often been attained, when the struggle to repress turbulent feelings had been a severe one. That mother has achieved a conquest, and acted from a motive, and for an end, noble beyond all comparison with the exploits of earth's greatest chiefs. For the wise man has said, "*He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*" And surely the beauty and honour of self-control are unspeakably enhanced, when it is exercised not to gain credit, to appear amiable, but by a young mother, who has known no contradiction and has been accustomed to every indulgence, for the sake of her child. That mother's reward will not be wanting.

I was not long since in the society of a friend, who had a little fatherless son, four or five years old. He was affectionate and ingenuous; possessed of an active mind and noble spirit; but was capable of quick and violent excitement. The mother's first and only experience as a mother, was with him. But she told me, she had learned this,—that if she would conquer him, she must control herself; and, above all, that she must never correct him for being in a passion, while the passion lasted, when she herself was likely to be excited, or he was liable to think she was.

As I took my seat one evening among a group of females in the cabin of a steamboat, an unpretending-looking woman exclaimed to a neighbour, "Good woman, don't whip that child any more: he is tired and fretted with his journey; it does no good to whip him." "But he must stop crying," said the mother. "That is not the way to stop him," rejoined the other: "he is tired and sleepy: if you let him alone, he will go to sleep directly." "He must learn to mind me, and stop crying when I tell him so," said the mother. The tone in which she uttered this, led me to conclude that she was more indig-

nant at the failure of her own authority, than solicitous to benefit her child.

The little boy, perhaps three years old, had been placed in a low berth for his night's rest. The conversation which I happened to hear led me to notice him. He did not seem at all in a passion; his crying was not vociferous; and as soon as the mother's attention was diverted from him by the remarks made to her, he was quiet, with the exception of occasional sobs, and a slight moaning. The first speaker very civilly reasoned with the mother. "Children," she said, "were fatigued by travelling as well as grown persons, and some allowance must be made for their being thrown out of their usual habits and accommodations." "But," said the mother, "his will must be broken, and I must whip him till I break it."

Sitting by her side, I said to her in a low, calm tone, "Excuse me, madam: have you thought of the necessity of subduing your own will? are you not attempting to conquer your child when you have not conquered yourself?" "Perhaps so," said she; "but I am tired; I have been travelling till I am worn out; and I can't be troubled with him." "But do you not think he is tired too? He does not seem wilful; he is more grieved than angry. Perhaps if you would be calm, and consider his little troubles as well as your own, you would have him as quiet as you wish. But I beg you to consider that you cannot expect to subdue passion in a child, while your own temper is ruffled."

The remarks addressed to the mother appeared to be received without displeasure: the child fell asleep, and she, I hope, had no cause to regret the interference of her fellow-passengers.—*The British Mother's Magazine.*

HOW TO PREVENT CHILDREN'S QUARRELS.

CHILDREN who are accustomed to the exercise of self-command and self-denial, will be easily preserved from *quarrelling*. This is a habit so early contracted that its slightest manifestation should be checked. The present and future welfare of all your children depends greatly on your training them to "dwell together in unity." They should be made to feel that it is indeed "good and pleasant," by your embracing the opportunity, when they seem most happy, to talk to them on the duty and blessedness of loving one another. When they have made some little sacrifice for their mutual pleasure, lead them to observe how happy they feel, and encourage any little acts of kindness that they are able to exercise towards each other. If one seems interested in something new or pretty, tell him to show it to the others; convince him that pleasure is increased by association, if each of the associated party be of an affectionate, self-denying temper. When slight quarrels have arisen, I have often found it sufficient to appeal to the fraternal affections of the children to induce them to seek a reconciliation.—*The Mother's Practical Guide.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE DEATH-BED.

THE evening was dim and gusty. Thick masses of clouds obscured the heavens, and the wintry wind sighed drearily through the leafless boughs of the thick shrubberies. The moonbeams, struggling through the dense atmosphere, threw a hazy gleam over the landscape, whilst a solitary star occasionally visible between the parting clouds spoke to the wanderer of a brighter and more peaceful haven.

Herbert Allan sat alone in his apartment, an expression of deep sorrow clouding his intelligent features. Naturally pensive and thoughtful, he was at this time unusually so. A beloved sister lay at the point of death, and with an oppressive burden of sadness he had but a few moments previously quitted her bedside. It was not an ordinary sorrow that now weighed down his very soul. Florence was his favourite sister; the idol indeed of her family; not only on account of personal, but intellectual, graces. They had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith by parents who were sternly attached to their principles, and rigid in the observance of Popish rites. But Florence, ardent and inquiring, had long felt a secret dissatisfaction with the tenets of her Church, and, unknown to her friends, had become possessed of a copy of the Scriptures. She had studied its contents diligently; and the result was, that she sought and experienced the Gospel salvation. Herbert was her only confidant, and with him she conversed freely. Though not thoroughly convinced, his faith was shaken, and the question, "What is truth?" would fill his mind with intense and fearful foreboding. He felt that he had too long allowed himself to be deluded by vain sophistries, instead of searching the Scriptures to know if these things were so. The pomp and ceremony of the Romish ritual were, he deeply felt, vain substitutes for spirituality of mind, and holiness of heart; and he longed to break through the trammels of priestly despotism, and to fling aside the superstitions and traditions of men.

Matters were at this crisis when Florence

was seized with an alarming illness; and now it was that the superiority of her faith was made manifest. She confided in Omnipotent strength, and rejoiced, leaning on the arm of her Beloved. Calmly and unshrinkingly she went down into the dark valley, and power from on high sustained her youthful spirit.

Tortured by a thousand agonizing thoughts, Herbert remained for some time alone, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the Roman Catholic Priest. At that moment nothing could have been more unwelcome to his agitated feelings; but he immediately accompanied him to the sick chamber. The father and mother, absorbed in grief, sat watching the still beautiful countenance of the sufferer, who now lay in perfect calmness. Their entrance disturbed her, and, looking up, she immediately recognised the Priest. Mrs. Allan observed with anxiety the slight shade that passed over her features as he approached.

"It is Father Morton, my love," she whispered: "you must receive absolution at his hands."

"Mother, I need it not from man," she replied: "God accepts me."

"But, dear, it is necessary,—proper. The Church commands it: you will confess."

"I have confessed to God," she uttered faintly; "and through Christ I am pardoned, —saved. Do not disturb me, dear mother: I am happy."

"Miss Florence," said the Priest, in a tone that startled Mrs. Allan, and drew an involuntary "Hush!" from Herbert; "do you know what you are saying? Are you aware of the peril of your state? Is this to be the end of my toil, and watchings, and efforts for your welfare? and will you compel me to pronounce an anathema instead of a blessing?"

"Father," said Florence, "there is but one Name under heaven whereby we can be saved; and if through that blessed Name I have obtained salvation, what can human power do for me?"

"You are deceiving yourself," said Father Morton: "you set the Church at nought, and presume to trust to your own fallible judgment. Tell us, do you die in the Catholic faith?"

"Father," said Florence solemnly, "I have not long to live: I would not deceive myself, and I feel that I am not deceived. At this moment I am assured that, through the merits of my Redeemer, I, a poor unworthy sinner, am accepted of God, and am an heir of heaven. I have a peace that the world knoweth not of; a joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

"Leave her," said Mrs. Allan, in a tremulous tone: "she is surely safe."

"Safe!" replied the Priest, angrily: "what madness! Miss Florence, hear me,—"

But Florence heard not: she had sunk back exhausted by her effort, and some time elapsed ere consciousness returned. At length she opened her eyes, and said in a low tone, "I am going; but all is well. Dear mother,—father,—trust in Christ: He is the only Saviour. Herbert, He died for sinners. O, meet me in heaven!"

Mrs. Allan held the hand that was feebly stretched out. Florence spoke no more: she had escaped to the land where the weary for ever rest.

"*Miserere!*" exclaimed Father Morton: "Holy Virgin, Mother of God, defend *me* from my enemies in my last hour!" Then, recollecting himself, he turned to Herbert: "Her senses wandered: we will perform the last rite of our holy Church."

"No—no!" returned Mrs. Allan: "it must not be! Our dear child is assuredly safe and happy: she trusted in her Redeemer."

The Priest stood aghast, and looked at Herbert.

"Leave us, Father," said he, in a voice almost inarticulate through emotion: "this time it must not be."

"This from you, Herbert!"

"Father, we are distressed, sorrowful. Florence could not be deceived: she was calm, thoughtful, she examined for herself; her strong mind was not easily deluded; she had studied the word of God; and O, Father, she had support that we know not of."

"But her soul,—her soul."

"Father, I am persuaded that she is happy, and that no ceremony of our Church will make her more so."

"Leave us, Father," interposed Mrs. Allan: "we too must examine these things for ourselves."

"It is folly, madness," exclaimed Father Morton; and in no gentle mood he quitted the apartment.

Dudley. ADELINE.

VISIT TO THE CLIFF.

A FRAGMENT.

It was on a delightful morning, in September, 1844, that I left the house of my friend at ——, and proceeded, silently and solitarily, towards the cliff of the Northern or Bristol Channel; my mind absorbed in thoughts of a grateful character. On I thus proceeded, until the "deep blue sea" suddenly presented itself before me. The soul was then attracted from itself, and reverie was gone. A little fearful tremor being removed, I commenced a descent of the bold and noble cliff. A walk of several minutes, with careful step, along a sometimes crumbling and tottering pathway, trodden by few, save woolly quadrupeds, brought me down about half way towards the beach. At the terminus of all pathway, I then, with some temerity, took my seat upon the ledge of a projecting rock, to read and to reflect. A pretty

position for reflection, truly! Judge ye, gentle reader, if it be not so.

Overhead, the orb of day is rolling onward in his still-rising car, through a beautifully calm, clear, and almost cloudless sky. The few thin clouds that vary the rich blue of the placid heavens, float like gossamer on the gentle breeze; and Sol seems, generally, to penetrate with ease their flimsy folds, causing them to present the appearance of delicate white drapery. At a short distance on the left, a projecting portion of the cliff raises its loamy head with boldness towards the sky, and stretches its rocky arm far into the sea. Beneath, at the respectful distance of more than a hundred feet, the restless wave, like thought of uncleansed heart, keeps rolling; now amongst the fragments of the rocks, that appear as constantly to dispute its further progress; and then, though only infantile, the angry surge rolls on in fretful, discontented hurry, until the froth and foam produced cover the waters for many feet around. Again it rushes on the chequered beach; and here old Ocean seems to play, in childish frivolousness, with pebbles on the shore, as he rolls and rattles them, with each ebb and flow. Immediately before, and stretching to the right as far as eye can reach, the water's wide waste covers the immense expanse, until it joins the lighter blue of the horizon. Upon the glassy bosom of the channel's wave, the white sail in the distance seems to rest, and glide along, with fairy softness and beauty. Also to the right, in diminutive distance, the small isle of Lundy rears its pert little head aloft, and on its south-western brow presents a horn, erect and stately, which, by its revolving light, has warned the mariner of danger and of death at hand, on many a gloomy night, and in many a threatening storm.

Now, one suggestive reflection, and, for the present, farewell. Observe that mirror-like sea. How strange, it strikes one, that what is now so calm and lovely, so clear and disingenuous, so safe and beautiful, yea, so downy soft to look upon, should prove full oft, when we entrust, with utmost confidence, our treasures and ourselves to its kind keeping, so violent, and treacherous, and destructive! Just so the world, with all its glittering comforts, and promised safety, soon proves to him who trusts its specious pretences, a fickle, false, a rude and boisterous, hope-engulfing ocean. O! that my soul may be exalted on the everlasting Rock; like Lundy's light, far above this ocean's surge; that I may happily and safely smile at its fretting, and foaming, and raging, while by faith I rest on the "Rock that is higher than I." Reader, art thou on that Rock, or in the ocean? N. L.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

TRICK OF A MONKEY.

In the year 1818, an English ship, on her passage from Jamaica to Whitehaven, had among her passengers a lady, Mrs. B., with an infant only a few weeks old. One pleasant afternoon the Captain perceived a distant sail, and after he had gratified his curiosity, he politely offered his glass to the lady, that she might obtain a clear view of the object. Mrs. B. had the baby in her arms. She wrapped her shawl about the little innocent, and placed it on a sofa upon which she had been sitting. Scarcely had she applied her eye to the glass, when the helmsman exclaimed, "See what the mischievous monkey has done!" The reader may judge of the female's feelings when, on turning round, she beheld the animal in the act of transporting her beloved child apparently to the very top of the mast.

The monkey was a very large one, and so strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly with one arm, it climbed the shrouds nimbly by the other, totally unembarrassed by the weight of its burden. One look was sufficient for the terrified mother, and that look had well-nigh been her last; and, had it not been for the assistance of those around her, she would have fallen prostrate on the deck, where she was soon afterwards stretched, apparently a lifeless corpse. The sailors could climb as well as the monkey; but the latter watched their motions narrowly; and as it ascended higher up the mast, the moment they attempted to put a foot on the shrouds, the Captain became afraid that it would drop the child, and endeavour to escape by leaping from one mast to another.

In the meantime the little innocent was heard to cry; and though many thought it was suffering pain, their fears on this point were speedily dissipated, when they observed the monkey imitating exactly the motions of a nurse, by dandling, soothing, and caressing its charge, and even endeavouring to hush it asleep. From the deck the lady was conveyed to the cabin, and gradually restored to her senses. In the meantime, the Captain ordered every man to conceal himself below, and quietly took his own station on the cabin-stair, where he could see all that passed without being seen. This plan happily succeeded: the monkey, on perceiving that the

coast was clear, cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and replaced the infant on the sofa, cold, fretful, and perhaps frightened, but in every respect as free from harm as when he took it up. The humane seamen had now a most grateful task to perform: the babe was restored to its mother's arms, amidst tears, and thanks, and blessings.—*Sailors' Magazine.*

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The hippopotamus, or river-horse, was formerly known in the lower regions of the Nile; but at present it is seldom found in Egypt, although it continues to inhabit the rivers of Africa and the lakes of Abyssinia and Ethiopia. It is nearly of the same size as the rhinoceros, and has sometimes been found not less than seventeen feet long by fifteen in circumference and seven in height. It has an enormously large head, sometimes three feet and a half in length, the jaws extending upwards of two feet, and being armed with four cutting-teeth, each of them twelve inches long. Although an inhabitant of the water, its quadrifid hoofs are unconnected by membranes. Its skin is dark and nearly destitute of hair: it is proverbial for its thickness and impenetrability, so that it was and is highly valued for the manufacture of shields. What is in remarkable conformity with the text ("His force is in the navel of his belly") is, that his skin is not, as in the elephant, soft under the belly, but as thick as in other parts, and is indeed rendered in some degree callous from being dragged over the rough stones at the bottom of the river. The tail in this, as in other animals of the same class, is not considerable in proportion to its bulk; but it is thicker and firmer than that of the elephant: he has perfect command over it, and moves and twists it at pleasure; which seems to be mentioned in the text, as a proof of its strength. The animal swims dexterously, and walks under water; but cannot remain long without coming to the surface to breathe. He comes often on shore, particularly at night, as he subsists on roots and vegetables; and does great damage to the cultivated fields, not less by the treading of his broad heavy feet, than by the extent of his appetite. He sleeps and reposes on shore in reedy places near the water. The motions of the hippopotamus upon the land are slow and heavy; and when wounded or alarmed, he hastens to the water, in which only all his powers and resources can be manifested. His habits are in general quiet and inoffensive; but when provoked or injured, there is something terrible in his anger. The voice of the

hippopotamus, which has already been mentioned as something remarkable, is described by Burckhardt as "a harsh and heavy sound; like the creaking or groaning of a large wooden door: it is made when he raises his huge head out of the water, and when he retires into it again." (*Travels in Nubia*, p. 250.) The same writer informs us that the animal is sometimes taken by means of snares and pitfalls, to which there is an allusion in the last verse of this chapter: the natives have no means of killing him, it being generally believed that even a musket-ball can make no impression upon him, except at one vulnerable spot over the ear.

After this explanation it will probably seem that the hippopotamus is the behemoth; and this appears more clearly in the original than in our present translation. The Jews, however, have a different notion in this matter. They hold that behemoth is a huge animal which has subsisted since the creation without propagating its kind, and which is reserved to be fattened for the feast to be enjoyed by pious Jews in the days of the Messiah. Every day he eats up all the grass of a thousand hills, and at each draught he swallows as much water as the Jordan yields in the course of six months. Such is or has been *their* opinion.—*Illustrated Commentary on the Old and New Testament.*

SAGACITY OF THE MARTIN.

THE martin, (*hirundo urbica,*) in nest-building, manifests more confidence in man than any other of the feathered tribes. Their time for working in the erection of these clay tenements is in the early part of the day, so that the mortar may have the benefit of the drying influence of the sun: the afternoon is employed in hawking after food. But in a situation near the sea, which was covered by the tide at their usual time for labour, these birds have exercised so much reflection on the natural phenomena of the ebb and flow of the tide, as to employ the morning in collecting food; reserving their labour for the time when their materials would be accessible to them. The mortar is conveyed in a pellet on the top of the bill; and they are careful not to hasten the structure too fast, lest its own weight while loaded with moisture should bring it to the ground. An instance is remembered where, from some such cause of suspicion as to the stability of the edifice, a martin had recourse to the wonderful expedient of working in a straw as a binding-beam along the curve of the structure. The ends were, it seems, secured without difficulty; but the efforts of the little builder to bend down the arch formed by the rising of the middle were in vain, for whenever the pressure was removed it persisted in retaining its elasticity. The baffled bird glanced about, as if in contemplation of the difficulty, and seemed ready to receive any suggestion which might be offered; till, tired of watching the invariable result of so many efforts made in vain, the observer walked on. Returning an hour or two afterwards, the little architect was observed to have resorted to the only plan which could be effectual: he had left the ends free, which thus projected a little from the mortar, and the structure was complete at last.—*Couch's Animal Instinct.*

THE PROCESSION OF LAND-CRABS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS APPLEGATE.

IT was on a fine clear morning in the month of March, that I took a walk on one of the Bahama Islands, lying just within the Tropics, to reconnoitre the scenery around, and inhale the fresh air of heaven. My attention was soon arrested with the novel spectacle of an immense number of land-crabs, marching in procession to the sea. These animals, unlike the rest of their class, are exceedingly curious in their habits. They are natives of the Bahamas, and take up their abode during the greater part of the year in holes of the ground, hollow trunks of trees, and other places of a similar description. Annually they repair to the sea-side to deposit their eggs, and they prepare for this migration in the month of April. Having mustered in considerable numbers, the procession starts forward with all the regularity and precision of a well-disciplined army, under the guidance of an experienced commander. Their destination being the nearest coast, they move instinctively for it, in a straight line; and when intercepted in their path by houses and buildings, they prefer to scale the walls and roof, and alight on the opposite side, rather than suffer a deviation from their accustomed course. In the prosecution of this arduous enterprise nearly the whole of one side of our temporary residence was literally lined with them, and it was not a little amusing to stand and witness their manœuvres. Should a window perchance be left open, they will be glad to spare the time and strength of a more perilous ascent, by entering that avenue unsolicited, and directing their intruding march over the bed of some heedless sleeper. Rudely assailed by their unceremonious incursions into the different apartments of our dwelling, it was necessary, on several occasions, to take stick in hand, and resort to the work of expulsion in the best manner practicable.

The crabs in their march usually arrange themselves into three battalions. The first battalion consists of bold and hardy males, who go forward as pioneers to clear the route. Sometimes they are obliged to halt on the road for want of rain, and repose in the most convenient encampments till the weather changes.

The second company comprises a large

and respectable assembly of females, that seldom leave their more elevated retreats till after the rain has set in a short time: they then descend in regular columns, several spaces in width, and covering the surface of the earth to an enormous extent.

The third body forms the rear-guard, that follows three or four days after: this is a weakly, straggling, consumptive race of males and females, having neither the health nor the vigour of their predecessors, and looking fitter subjects for the nurse and the doctor, than that of a pilgrimage to the coasts. Their chief time of travelling is in the cool of the night, when the world around them is sleeping, and the hinderances and dangers are fewer than they would be likely to encounter in the broad light of day. About two months' march in this way, brings them to their destined spot, where they immediately enter the water, wash themselves clean, and then retire to holes in the rocks, and other hiding-places, where they remain to the time of spawning. At such a period, they once more seek for water, and shaking off their eggs, leave them to the chance of being hatched or devoured by shoals of hungry fish, that have repaired to the place for that purpose. The eggs, when they have been hatched under the sand, become productive of millions of little crabs, that may be seen slowly quitting the shore for the hilly regions. The old ones are not so active to return. They have become enfeebled and lean, and can hardly crawl about, and are, therefore, obliged to continue in the flat parts of the country, till they recover, covering themselves over with leaves and dirt, and creeping into the holes of the rocks. There they throw off their old shells, which they leave behind, nearly whole. At this time they are quite naked, and continue almost without motion for six or seven days, after which they become so fat as to be considered delicious food. In about six weeks the new shell is tolerably hard, and these singular animals may be seen gradually returning again to their haunts. On several of our islands they form a considerable portion of the food of the inhabitants, and they are certainly very nutritious. Crab-soup is excellent.—*American paper.*

ANTS OF AFRICA.

Another insect is the large-winged ant, about the dimensions of the wasp in England. They are well known to all African travellers, although some of their habits and powers may not have been noticed. One circumstance I shall relate which convinced me at least of one peculiarity in that insect. Yesterday morning, after a night's heavy rain, I observed several of them going singly in different directions; for they seldom go in large companies like other ants. I caught one, and carried it home in the bend of a twig. It emitted a smell, immediately upon being caught, of the most offensive and loathsome kind. I put it into a tin case with some other live insects, but the smell was so offensive as to compel me to leave the room. In about an hour and a half I returned, and found all the other insects dead. The moment I opened the box the ant again emitted the most offensive smell. A thought struck me that, instead of the ant destroying the other insects by violence, (as I first imagined,) their death might have been the result of the poisonous effluvia emitted by this peculiar ant. I determined, consequently, upon making another trial; and, having caught several of these insects, amongst which was the large white-winged ant, with several varieties of beetles, I took the precaution to fix a partition in the box, that neither party could use violence towards the other. On re-opening the box, which was perforated with small air-holes, all the other insects were apparently dead. I took out all but the ant. One peculiar sort of beetle seemed to recover a little after being put in a current of fresh air, but ultimately that died also. I afterwards caught another ant, and held it near a dog's nose, upon which the poor animal struggled and howled. I tried to hold it near my horse's nose, but he also rejected it with bitter determination. I left both ants alive in the box of bamboo, on my bed-room table, and, although well ventilated, I awoke quite sick at the stomach. I then took some medicine, and put the ants to death. This species of ant builds hills from twelve to fifteen feet high, and displays wonderful skill in architecture, both as regards durability and protection against foul weather. It has a peculiar method of hardening the mud of which it builds its house; rendering it equal in hardness to cement: these houses are of a spiral form. This ant is armed with two large horizontal fangs, with which he secures his prey, then bites with his teeth perpendicularly to the fangs; these, aided by a sharp sting, render him (independently of his poisonous odour) a formidable enemy. Another large ant, though of less magnitude, and without the offensive smell, is also found in this country, and is probably as dangerous as the former, on account of travelling in large armies. I remember shooting a pigeon near Cape-Coast, which fell on one of their paths. Before I reached the spot, which was not more than two minutes, they had commenced an attack in hundreds on the poor pigeon, who was yet struggling to beat them off. I was myself attacked, and was actually compelled to strip myself naked on the road, to clear my person of them.—*Duncan's Travels in Western Africa.*

OUR SERVANTS.

THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING IN A PIOUS FAMILY.

THE KITCHEN.

Mary. WELL, Cook, I'm going to leave you. I've given mistress warning.

Cook. Given warning, Mary? You don't say so! Why, what for? Where are you going?

Mary. O, I think I should like a change: 'tis rather dull here. When I had my holiday last week, I went to see Sarah Collins, at the great house, and she told me that one of the housemaids was going to leave; and, as I'd been telling her that our place was dull, compared to hers, she offered to speak to the housekeeper about me; so I told her I'd give mistress warning, and then she could say I was going to leave. I'm quite sure I shall like it.

Cook. Well, Mary, of course you can do as you like; but I must say, I think you are very foolish. You don't seem to feel what a good thing it is to be in a family like master's. It is'nt always a servant gets into a place like this. For my part, I would'nt leave for a trifle; because, since I've been here, I've learnt to feel that it is a blessing to be in a pious household.

Mary. La, Cook! how you do talk! you're always preaching about religion. Anybody, to hear you, would think I was going into a wicked family.

Cook. I'm quite sure, Mary, I don't "preach about religion," as you call it, so very much. I have no wish, nor do I think it would be wise, to be *always* talking to you about your future state, and the value of your immortal soul, although they are of far more consequence than dress, or new places, or wages, or anything else in this world. I've always endeavoured to speak a word in season,—that is, at proper times; and, now that we've begun upon this subject, if you've no objection, we'll speak a little more about it.

Mary. Well, I've no objection.

Cook. I'm glad you're willing to hear me. It is for your good, Mary, that I would speak to you. You were not here when I came into this family; but I was then just like too many of our class,—careless about the future, and anxious only to get good wages and a comfortable place. I had never been in a pious family before, and I didn't much like going up to family prayer; although I knew 'twas right to serve God in this way, for I'd been used to it when I was a girl at home: both my father and mother feared God, and tried to bring up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." When I went out to service, they gave me good advice, and prayed that God would bless the instruction they had given me, that I might become *a pious servant*. I knew they were right, and thought I'd try to follow their instructions; but my heart was not changed, and I did'nt pray that the Lord would change it; so, when I got into just such a place as you're going to, I met with a number of gay servants, and soon forgot all my good parents' pious instructions, and my good resolutions. After being in several places, I came to this family about three years ago; and I've reason to thank God I ever came here, for I've learnt in this house what I shall never forget through all eternity. Master used to speak to us then as he does now, and so did mistress too, about the necessity of being born again, telling us that mankind were all sinners, and doomed after death to everlasting punishment; and then he used to tell us so plainly and beautifully about the love of God to a guilty world, as it is shown in the atonement, death, and resurrection of his Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour; but it all made no impression upon me, until I was taken very ill; and then, when I thought I was dying, how did my conscience accuse me of neglecting the instructions of my pious parents, of time misspent since I had been in service, and of neglecting the good counsels of our master and mistress! For some days I was truly miserable. Mistress used to come and read a little to me: but for a long time I couldn't think God would have mercy upon me. I could not see how he could punish sin, and yet forgive me, until the Lord blessed my kind mistress's instruction, so that I found all I wanted in Christ Jesus. He had fulfilled the law which we have all broken, had satisfied divine justice, and I was enabled to rest on the full atonement of our Saviour Christ. My troubled mind at length found a "peace that passeth understanding," through the blood of his cross, and I was enabled by faith to wash in the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Now I can say that "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth." Yes, Mary, I've reason to thank God, indeed, that I ever came into a pious family.

Mary. Well, Cook, all that you say, I dare say is very true, and very good: I think I shouldn't mind if I were as good as you; but I don't think so much religion is necessary. One may be good enough, and go to heaven, without taking so much pains as you seem to do about it. For my part, I intend to enjoy life while I can; and when I am going to die, why, then I may make my peace with God: and, if I can do that, why, I don't think it matters whether I live in a religious family or not.

Cook. O, Mary, Mary! you must know better than to think you can "make your

peace with God," as you call it, in your own way, and at any time you think proper. The conversion of a sinner is very different from what you think. And another thing, Mary, God may take you away suddenly, before you have made up your mind *when* you will "make your peace" with him. You know people do die suddenly, and die in their sins too: and Christ has said of those who die in this manner, "Whither I go," (that is, to heaven,) "ye cannot come." You remember Susan Jones, who died after two days' illness: I heard that she died very unhappy. While she was ill, she was frequently crying out, "O that I had sought the Lord while I was in health! but now it is too late." I was told that she appeared to die without hope. So that you see religion is not of such little consequence as you think.

Mary. Well, I can't make myself religious, I suppose.

Cook. No, Mary; the change of the heart is the work of God, by the means of his Holy Spirit. But if you believe what the Bible says, that, "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;" that is, unless we are so much changed in our feelings and views of ourselves and of God, we cannot expect to reach heaven: if, I was going to say, you do believe this, you must know that it is only God can "make you religious;" but if you believe that you cannot enter heaven without this change, and you would but look into the Bible, you would find that "God giveth his Holy Spirit to them that ask him." So that if you did but feel how important it is to become a Christian, and would pray to God to teach you, you would not be long before the Lord would create this great change in you. He is waiting and willing to be gracious, and loves to hear and answer the prayer of the sinner who repents.

Mary. I'm sure I should never know so much as you do, Cook: there is too much in religion for me to learn.

Cook. The best thing for you would have been to have remained in this house, and to have asked the Lord to bless to you the instructions which master and mistress are so kind as to give us. I am sorry on this account, that you are going to leave. I hoped you would have found some good from what you have heard here. I am very much afraid that at Mr. Egerton's you will learn to care even less about religion than you do now. I don't mean to say that you will see anything that is bad there; but you know that it is not a pious family: so that, as you won't have the privileges you have here, you are very likely to mix up with the gaiety and carelessness of those around you. It is not an easy thing, even for a Christian, to serve God in a family where religion is not made the chief concern; and it is not very likely that any one who does not care about religion is likely to seek the Lord, while surrounded with the pleasures of the world.

Mary. Well, Cook, I'm very much obliged to you for the good advice you have given me, and begin to think that, perhaps it would have been better if I had stayed here; but, however, what's done can't be undone. I must go now. I shall often think of you when I'm gone.

Cook. I shall not cease to pray, Mary, that the Lord may open your mind, and reveal to you, by His gracious Spirit, all the truths I have been talking to you about. And when you are gone, do try to think of these things. —*Servant's Magazine.*

ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.

Our blessed Lord speaks expressly to you, when he says, "Be not eye-servants, as men-pleasers." That is, doing before the face of your master or mistress what you know would please them, but when they are absent, and God alone is witness of your actions, you do that which you would not do before their faces. You doubtless have read of Gehazi, who was wont to do Elisha's bidding faithfully, but when he coveted the Syrian's gold, he thought his master would never have any knowledge of his deed; but it was revealed to Elisha, and with Naaman's riches he had to endure, an undesired property, a loathsome disease. I felt induced to make a few remarks to you especially, who are intrusted with the care of infants, from seeing lately, with grief, the manner in which a company of nurses executed the trust reposed in them by their unsuspecting employers. While walking out with the children, they were employing their time in quarrelling among themselves, and using language improper under any circumstances, but more particularly in the hearing of children, whose ears are ever open to catch the conversation of others. Now, my dear friends, is it a small thing for you to be put in trust of little immortals? They will learn your language, whether good or evil; and your conduct now, will have an impression on their growing years. You will have to stand one day at the bar of Him who has witnessed each act of your life on earth. O, then, live now as unto the Lord, and not to yourself. Let not your wages be your only concern, but the present and future happiness of the lambs of Immanuel's flock.

When you take an infant in your arms, think of its great value in the Saviour's eyes, when he poured out his life-blood on the tree to save it from the flames of hell. If you wish to meet a smiling Judge at the last day, take care to secure his favour now; and remember that without the renewing grace of the Holy Spirit, you cannot live honourably in the eyes of either your earthly

or heavenly Master. Seek a new nature, and God will bestow it upon you; for he "waits to be gracious."

And, in conclusion, my dear friends, take courage; rest in Jesus: and if your employers are ungodly persons, you may win them to Christ by your consistent conduct. The joys of heaven will recompense you, and their anticipation will sweeten the trials of your earthly lot. That these words may prove of service to the readers, is the earnest prayer of the writer. N. S.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, TO MR. THOS. WRIDE.

At the Conference of 1785, the number in society stood 53,839, including 1,408 on the Missionary stations. Permission was granted to build twenty-five chapels. Kingswood collection amounted to £649. 16*s.* 9*d.*; the Preachers' Fund to £471. 12*s.* 1*d.*; and the Yearly Collection to £899. 14*s.* 4*d.* A letter was addressed by Mr. Wesley, "To Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and the Brethren in North America," giving an account of "the state of the Societies," in that quarter of the globe, and appointing the two brethren thus named as "joint *Superintendents* over the brethren in North America, and also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey, to act as *Elders.*" In this letter there are several nice points touched; and, though Mr. Wesley had prepared a "Liturgy" for the Preachers in America, yet he evidently was taking some strides from diocesan Episcopacy, as opposed to the system which he was compelled to establish. The Preachers who had been one year on trial were allowed to subscribe to the Preachers' Fund. Mr. Wesley declared that no power which he ever enjoyed was given up by the "Declarative Deed;" and the Preachers signed a document, declaring that they desired Mr. Wesley, at the last Bristol Conference, without a dissentient voice, to draw up a deed which should give a legal specification of the phrase, "The Conference of the people called Methodists;" that the mode of doing it was left entirely to his judgment and discretion; and that they approved of the *substance* and *design* of the deed, which was thus executed and enrolled by him. The quarterly fasts were pressed upon the people. It was deemed improper to sell books on the Lord's day, to talk of worldly things, to employ a hair-dresser on the Sabbath, to send children to a dancing-school, and for persons who kept boarding-schools, to admit a dancing-master into them.

We give the following:—

"*London, Nov.* 8*th*, 1785.

"Dear James,—I suppose James Byron is now in the Circuit, as he set out from Thirsk on the 3d instant. He is [an] amiable young man; at present full of faith and love. If possible, guard him from those that will be inclined to love him too well. Then he will be as useful a fellow-labourer as you can desire. And set him a pattern in all things.

"I am, dear Tommy,
"Your affectionate friend and brother,
"J. Wesley.

"*To Mr. Thos. Wride,*
"*at the Preaching-house, in Norwich.*"

"James Byron," being the person present in Mr Wesley's mind, and respecting whom he was about to write, he commenced with his Christian name instead of that of Mr. Wride; and not having, in all probability, read the letter over after having written it, he permitted it to pass as it here stands. This was the first year of Mr. Byron's itinerancy; at least, so it appears, from the chronological list of Preachers, published by Mr. Myles; but as he was coming from the Thirsk Circuit, he must either have travelled in it a little previously to the Conference, or, after having spent a few weeks in it, on the event of his Conferential appointment, been removed to Norwich at the request of Mr. Wesley, either as an additional Preacher, or in the place of one of the Preachers whose name stands on the Minutes, and whose names unitedly were, Thomas Wride, T. Jones, and J. M'Kersey.

"*London, Nov.* 17*th*, 1785.

"Dear Tommy,

"Deal plainly, and yet tenderly, with James Byron, and he will be a very useful labourer. But none can be a Methodist Preacher, unless he is both able and willing to preach in the morning; which is the most healthy exercise in the world. I desire that none of our Preachers would sing oftener than twice at one service. We need nothing to fill up our hour.

"In every place where there is a sufficient number of believers, do all you can to prevail upon them to meet in band. Be mild; be serious; and you will conquer all things.

"I am, dear Tommy,
"Your affectionate friend and brother,
"J. Wesley.

"*To Mr. Thos. Wride,*
"*at the Preaching-house, in Norwich.*"

Again:—

"*London, Dec.* 14*th*, 1785.

"Dear Tommy,

"Have patience with the young men, and

they will mend upon your hands. But remember! soft and fair goes far. For twenty years and upwards, we had good morning congregations at Norwich; but they might begin at six till Lady-day. I desire brother Byron to try what he can do: better days will come.

"I pray, let that doggerel hymn be no more sung in our chapel. If they do not soon come to their senses at Norwich, I will remove you to Colchester.

"I am, dear Tommy,
"Your affectionate friend and brother,
"J. WESLEY.

"Be mild! Be serious!
"*To Mr. Thos. Wride,*
"*at the Preaching-house, in Norwich.*"

The third letter furnishes a specimen of Mr. Wesley's high-church prejudice giving way, in stooping to the use of the term "*chapel*" as applied to one of his own "preaching-houses." We have a good deal of his own mode of proceeding in the sentiment, "Soft and fair goes far." And we have here, too, something like a key to the "doggerel verses" in a preceding letter, respecting the use of which we were in some measure puzzled: the "hymn," so called, seems to have been a composition sung by the leaders of the choir, without the consent of the Preacher, and to put a stop to which, Mr. Wride appears to have sought the authority of Mr. Wesley.—*Weekly Paper.*

POETRY.

SONNET AND ACROSTIC

ON THE LATE REV. SAMUEL BRADBURN.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."—*Shakspeare.*

S o wondrous were thy talents, O my Sire,
A nd so eccentric all thy acts, that they
M ay well despair who would thy mind portray,
U nveil the cause of that mysterious fire
E nshrined within thy noble breast, whose rays,
L ike lurid lightning, flash'd in sudden blaze,
B right, withering, in the momentary glare:
R elapsing instantly to mildest light,
A nd eager passion's ruin to repair!
D id human voice e'er urge the soul to flight
B eyond the snares of sin, to CHRIST, like thine,
U nrivall'd eloquence, all but divine!
R ecalling strains that *died with thee*, were vain;
"N ever, O never, shall we see thy like again!"

Marske. SOPHIA COOKE ROGERS.

ON THE WISDOM AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

"All thy works do praise thee."

JEHOVAH'S skill and goodness too,
Around, beneath us, are display'd;
The green below, above the blue,
And crimson sunset in the shade.

The bud, the blossom, and the flowers,
The rich fruit pending, on the trees;
Yon silvery lake, descending showers,
As well the merry humming-bees;
The ivy climbing round the tree,
The golden corn afloat in field;
"These are Thy works," and, full of Thee,
They pleasure and instruction yield.

The hills around, too, firm and high,
Remind us of the mighty God;
Whose presence is for ever nigh,
Whose truth for ages past has stood.

And sooner azure blue above
Shall change with virgin green below;
Or radiant Sol from centre rove,
And all his system overthrow;

And sooner shall the flowers appear
Before the bud, or after fruit;
And yonder lovely lake, so clear,
Cause poet's harp, that's strung, be mute;

And sooner shall the old oak twine
Around the slender ivy-plant;
Bees, birds, gold corn, and lowing kine,
Cease feelings of delight to grant:

Yea! sooner shall the hills remove,
And all creation fade away;
Than God forget to cheer and love
The man that trusts him day by day.

No! no! he's pledged us in his word,
"My kindness never shall depart;"
My peace I always will afford,
To him who loves with constant heart.

Our "God is love," his book declares,
And nature's language is the same:
E'en for the humble moss he cares,
Though worshipp'd by angelic flame.

And if our Father condescends,
To us, a fallen race, to show

Such beauties, notwithstanding sin's
Dire nature, ravages, and woe;

O what will burst upon the sight
Of God's dear servants, when they leave
This vale of tears, and yonder bright
And beauteous world above perceive!

What must there be where he reveals
His face before the great white throne;
And all along sweet Canaan's fields
The saints do ream, their labours done!

C. H.

Ardwick.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BALM OF GILEAD.

Reference is supposed to be made to this important gum in the following passages of holy writ:—Gen. xxxvii. 25; xliii. 11; Jer. viii. 22; xlvi. 11; li. 8; Ezek. xxvii. 17. It is curious, that the tree producing the precious balsam, or balm of Gilead, is not a native of the country where we have the first accounts of its being gathered in sufficient quantity to become an article of commerce. It has nowhere been found wild, except on the African coast of the Red Sea, as far as Babelmandel. Its produce is named as an article of merchandise, in the book of Genesis, without any observation whatever; but it is probable that the plants which Josephus says the Queen of Sheba presented to Solomon may have stocked the gardens of Jericho, between twenty and thirty miles from those of Gilead, and in a climate and soil more favourable. We may conclude (says Lady Calcott) from the care taken of these gardens, from the constant opinion that one of them, at least, was planted by Solomon, and from the knowledge possessed by the Greeks and Romans that they were the peculiar property of the Kings of Judah, how precious the balm was. Jeremiah instructs us in its healing properties, when lamenting the miseries of Israel. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" And again, he mourns the woes of Egypt and Babylon, because they are such as the balm even of Gilead cannot cure.

The road by which the balsam reached Greece and Rome is pointed out by Ezekiel,

who says that Israel and Judah supplied the markets of Tyre with it, and the merchants frequenting Tyre carried it, of course, further west. So highly prized was this balsam, that, during the war of Titus against the Jews, two fierce contests took place for the balsam-orchards of Jericho, the last of which was to prevent the Jews from destroying the trees, that the trade might not fall into the enemy's hands. The gardens were taken formal possession of as public property; an imperial guard was appointed to watch over them; and the Emperors increased their size, and endeavoured to propagate the plants. This care has, however, been unavailing: not a root nor a branch of the balsam-tree is now to be found in all Palestine. Twice was the curiosity of the Roman people gratified by the sight of a balsam-tree exhibited in triumph in their streets. The first time was when Pompey returned from his conquests in the East, and Judea first became a Roman province: and the last time was, after a lapse of one hundred and forty-four years, when the spoils of the temple of Jerusalem were borne in triumph through the imperial city; and, as a sign of the subjugation of the whole country, the precious balm-tree was one of the objects exhibited with pride by Vespasian.

Centuries have passed by since the very names of balsam of Judea, and balm of Gilead, have been forgotten. The substance, however, is still eagerly sought for in Egypt and the East, under the name of balm of Mecca. It appears to have been one of the great objects of Hasselquist's oriental travels to procure some unadulterated balsam of Mecca. This he was enabled to do at Cairo; but he complains much of the fraudulent mixtures in its stead. He never obtained a sight of the plant. Bruce was more fortunate. He saw it in some valleys of Arabia. The most considerable grove, or garden, of balsam-trees, is in a recess in the mountains between Mecca and Medina, near a place where Mohammed fought one of his severest battles. He, sensible of the advantage of possessing the precious grove, at once took possession of it, and asserted, even in the face of his companions, that the trees had sprung from the blood of such of the Koreish as had died there. The bark is smooth, shining, and of a whitish grey colour, with brown blotches. The leaves are of a white green, and grow in threes and fives. The flower is insignificant, and generally grows three together, though it is rare to find more than two berries near each other. The greatest quantity of the balsam flows from the wounded bark. The twigs, after boiling, are sent to Venice, when they enter into that heterogeneous compound, Venice treacle.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN MILNER.

(*Concluded from page 55.*)

On one of these occasions the Clergyman came to John when he was delivering his message, and pulled him off the chair on which he stood. He also hailed poor John down the street, holding him fast by the collar of his coat, threatening him with a place in the stocks. John occasionally interposed a word or two, and said, "Sir, are you not ashamed to use a poor old man so ill?" But no notice was taken of these more gentle remonstrances; and something having caught the attention of the Clergyman, John espied his opportunity, and, putting his mouth almost close to the Clergyman's ear, cried in a voice like thunder, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead." This operated like the electric stroke of a torpedo; and the Clergyman loosed hold of his victim, and let him depart in peace. After any persecution of this sort he used to console himself by saying, he hoped that the warning he had given would sink in the conscience.

At another village this good man took his stand on the outside of the church-wall, and commenced singing a hymn as the people were coming out of church. After some time the Clergyman, who was a Magistrate, ordered the Constable to go and pull the Preacher down, take him out of the parish, and dismiss him, with the injunction not to return. John went very quietly with the Constable to the parish boundary, where he was not so passive in receiving his dismissal, and, being by far the stronger man of the two, he laid hold upon the Constable, held him fast, knelt down on the highway, and prayed for him, for the Clergyman, and the poor sinners in the parish. He then went home in peace. But if in this summary way it was thought a troublesome man was to be got rid of, the parties little knew the temper of the individual they had to deal with; for the next Sabbath John was at his post again, and a very similar scene was gone through. The Constable was seized by John, held fast on the highway, and compelled to hear his prayer a second time. Opposition always added a fresh stimulus to John Milner's zeal. He considered his work a battle for the Lord of hosts, and therefore would never be the first to quit the field. On the third Sabbath afternoon, John was under the churchyard-wall, trying to blow the ram's-

horn for his Master, and warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." When the Constable was again ordered to pull him down, he remonstrated, and told his tale of being held fast, &c. "Why then," said the Clergyman, "go and bring him to me." Well pleased with the change, the Constable, whose conscience seemed to have been touched a little, took John to the house of the Rector. There sat his Reverence, when in entered the Constable with his prisoner. Whatever was the anger of the Judge, the man in custody was as calm as a summer's evening. "I tell you," said the Clergyman, "you shall not preach here; we want no such people as you; and I order you to quit this village, and never to return." "Will your Reverence please to hear me?" said John. Permission was granted, and he proceeded: "Sir, I lived till I was near forty years of age, one of the most ignorant and wicked men in all the country. I never went either to church or chapel; hardly knew whether I had a soul or not, or whether there were either God or devil, heaven or hell; but by hearing the preaching of the Methodists I was convinced that I was a sinner, converted to God, and made a new man. O Sir! religion has made me so happy, I want everybody to be like me. I don't come here to oppose you, Sir; but simply because I thought there might be some poor ungodly men in this place who are as ignorant, wicked, and unhappy as I was, and that they might believe what an old man could tell them about the goodness of God in sending Christ into the world to save them; and how happy religion would make them."

John spoke the simple language of his heart. And it was not in vain. The Clergyman was considerably moved: he dismissed John, therefore, with kind words, and told him he might go and do all the good he could.

Bent upon new and untried paths, John was rather eccentric in his movements, and therefore went for several successive years to Doncaster races, to warn the ungodly sinners who assembled there. His friends remonstrated with him on the impropriety of this step, as one in which he was not likely to do any good; but he considered it his duty, and no consideration could induce him to deviate from it. The Magistrates several times gave orders for his apprehension, and lodged him for a few days in prison. At first they were disposed to be severe; but on learning his character, they became more lenient. Indeed when he was first taken up, under the pretence of creating a riot, by collecting a crowd around him, and was examined in the court-house, one of the Magistrates threatened him that if he came there any more to preach, they would send him to the Wakefield house of correction. "Gentlemen," replied John, "I am seventy years old, and if I should lie in Wakefield jail seventy years, they would have an end; but if any of you gentlemen on the bench get to the wrong place, you will never get out again." He then knelt down to pray for them. "We'll have none of your prayer here," said a Magistrate. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "if you do not pray, you will be lost."

When taken down the street in Doncaster to prison, it was generally with holy triumph on John's part. He told the Magistrates, "Gentlemen, you permit rogues, bad people, ballad-singers, and evil men to cry lists of the running horses, and all sorts of gamblers to come, and take no notice of them; but won't bear one old man to tell you the truth." "However," said he to the writer, "the last time I was in prison, one of the Magistrates came and ordered me a very good bed, and I had plenty to eat and drink; and the jailer was very kind to me."

On inquiring what made the Magistrates so angry with him as to put him in prison, he replied, "The High-street in Doncaster on a Sunday afternoon is like a fair, and all the blacklegs, gamblers, and gentlemen from every part of the country are out with their cards and betting-books, and you hear them saying, three to one on such a horse; and five to one; two to one, &c. So I cried at the top of my voice, (and it was an awfully loud one,) 'A thousand to one! a thousand to one! a thousand to one! you Sabbath-breakers and gamblers, &c., are all on the highway to hell-fire.'" And this he kept repeating; and then quoted other pointed passages of Scripture.

The fruit of this good man's labours will be known in that day when the Lord will reward every man according to his work.

The latter days of John's life were eminently peaceful and happy. He was only ill a week before his death. When his old master Mr. Clarke asked him, if he felt the love of God in his heart, he replied, "Yes; and it does not visit me as a transient guest, but has abided here in my heart many a year." He then exclaimed, "I have fought the good fight of faith, and am going to receive a crown of glory! Yes! I know I am." He died July 25th, 1824, aged seventy-nine years and eleven months.

On the Sabbath after his death, Mr. Samuel Clarke, in whose employ he had been engaged so many years, preached his funeral sermon in the open air to a very large congregation. His text was, "The memory of the just is blessed." Mr. Clarke said, in the course of his sermon, that he thanked God he ever knew John Milner; and that during the last thirty years of his life he had never seen him in any temper or frame of mind but he wished to be in the same when he came to die.

Such was the life and death of this humble and devoted cottager. His reputation for deep piety was established; and his character was respected among all classes throughout

the neighbourhood of his residence. Any smile occasioned by his eccentricities was followed by the declaration, "But John is a very good man."

He sometimes attempted a little versification, and composed the following, which he desired might be put on his tombstone, in Maltby churchyard:—

"John Milner was, before his death,
A crier in the wilderness.
His form of crying was to say,
'Turn, sinner, from your evil way:
Repent, believe, your sin's forgiven;
And you and he shall meet in heaven.'"

Sheffield. THOMAS HARRIS.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM COTTLE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.

AT this time I was invited to meet Mr. Coleridge with a zealous Unitarian Minister. It was natural to conclude that such uncongenial, and, at the same time, such inflammable materials, would soon ignite. The subject of Unitarianism having been introduced soon after dinner, the Minister avowed his sentiments, in language that was construed into a challenge, when Mr. Coleridge advanced at once to the charge, by saying, "Sir, you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." We looked in vain for a reply. After a manifest internal conflict, the Unitarian Minister very prudently allowed the gauntlet to remain undisturbed. Wine he thought more pleasant than controversy.

Shortly after this occurrence, Mr. Coleridge supped with the writer, when his well-known conversational talents were eminently displayed; so that what Pope affirmed of Bolingbroke, that "his usual conversation, taken down verbatim, from its coherence and accuracy, would have borne printing without correction," was fully, and perhaps more justly, applicable to Mr. C.

He said he had recently had a long conversation with a Unitarian Minister, who declared that he could discover nothing in the New Testament which in the *least* favoured the divinity of Christ, to which Mr. C. replied that it appeared to him impossible for any man to read the New Testament, with the common exercise of an unbiassed understanding, without being convinced of the divinity of Christ, from the testimony almost of every page.

He said it was evident that different persons might look at the same object with very opposite feelings. For instance, if Sir Isaac Newton looked at the planet Jupiter, he would view him with his revolving moons, and would be led to the contemplation of his being inhabited, which thought would open a boundless field to his imagination: whilst another person, standing perhaps at the side of the great philosopher, would look at Jupiter with the same set of feelings that he would at a silver sixpence. So some persons were wilfully blind, and did not seek for that change, that preparation of the heart and understanding, which would enable them to see clearly the Gospel truth.

He said that Socinians believed no more than St. Paul did before his conversion: for the Pharisees believed in the Supreme Being, and a future state of rewards and punishments. St. Paul thought he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. The saints he shut up in prison, having received authority from the High-Priest; and when they were put to death, he gave his voice against them. But after his conversion, writing to the Romans, he says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

He then referred to the dreadful state of the literati in London, as it respected religion, and of their having laughed at him, and believed him to be in jest, when he professed his belief in the Bible.

Having introduced Mr. Davy to Mr. C. some years before, I inquired for him with some anxiety, and expressed a hope that he was not tinctured with the prevailing scepticism since his removal from Bristol to London. Mr. C. assured me that he was not: that *his* heart and understanding were not the *soil* for infidelity.

In the corroboration of this remark, an occurrence might be cited, from the Life of Sir Humphrey, by his brother, Dr. Davy. Sir Humphrey, in his excursion to Ireland, at the house of Dr. Richardson, met a large party at dinner, amongst whom were the Bishop of Raphoe, and another Clergyman. A gentleman, one of the company, in his zeal for infidelity, began an attack on Christianity, (no very gentlemanlike conduct,) not doubting but that Sir H. Davy, as a philosopher, participated in his principles; and he probably anticipated, with so powerful an auxiliary, an easy triumph over the *cloth*. With great confidence he began his flippant sarcasms at religion, and was heard out by his audience, and by none with more attention than Sir Humphrey. At the conclusion of his harangue, Sir H. Davy, instead of lending his aid, entered on a comprehensive defence of Christianity, "in so fine a tone of elo-

quence," that the Bishop stood up from an impulse similar to that which sometimes forced a whole congregation to rise at one of the impassioned bursts of Massillon.

The infidel was struck dumb with mortification and astonishment; and, though a guest for the night, at the assembling of the company next morning at breakfast, it was found that he had taken *French leave*, and at the earliest dawn had set off for his own home.

ANECDOTES.

THE EAGLE AND CAT.

THE circumstance represented in our woodcut at the head of this article, is the following:—

One of those eagles with which the more northern parts of Scotland abound, was observed by the artist who made a sketch of the transaction, and also by some hay-makers in an adjoining field, to alight in his downward course, in the vicinity of a neighbouring farmyard, and in a few moments, the king of the birds was again beheld ascending, having made captive a fine but unlucky cat, and was in the act of conveying poor Grimalkin to his eyry. The suddenness of the capture, and her present unusually perilous situation, rendered poor puss for some time a passive prisoner. This, however, did not continue long. The eagle appeared, to the spectators, to betray symptoms of uneasiness; for puss had extricated herself from the claws of the victor, and was now the aggressor, and seizing the bird by the throat, inflicted some deadly wounds on the neck and head of the eagle, which caused it rapidly to descend to the earth, lifeless.

Pussey was uninjured, and, after looking round, and giving herself a shake or two, returned to her former haunts.

POPERY.

THE ASCENT OF THE HOLY STAIRCASE AT ROME.

I NEVER in my life saw anything at once so ridiculous and so unpleasant as this sight: ridiculous in the absurd incidents inseparable from it, and unpleasant in its senseless and unmeaning degradation. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad

landing. The more rigid climbers went along this landing on their knees as well as up the stairs; and the figures they cut in their shuffling progress over the level surface no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch, and cut in where there was a place next the wall! And to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day) hoisting himself, unlawfully, from stair to stair! There were such odd differences in the speed of different people, too. Some got on as though they were doing a match against time: others stopped to say a prayer on every step. This man touched every stair with his forehead, and kissed it: that man scratched his head all the way. The boys got on brilliantly, and were up and down again before an old lady had accomplished her half-dozen stairs. But most of the penitents came down very sprightly and fresh, as having done a real, good, substantial deed, which it would take a great deal of sin to counterbalance; and the old gentleman in the watch-box was down upon them with his canister while they were in this humour, I promise you.—*Pictures from Italy.*

THE POPISH PRIEST OF REDDITCH AND THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS:

OR, POPISH LOGIC IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

THE accompanying paper on Popery was written by the Roman Catholic Priest in this place, and given to two Wesleyan Methodists, to whom he sent to explain something which he had understood they objected to in one of the Popish catechetical books. I thought it descriptive of the gross ignorance of the Papacy, and therefore copied it from the manuscript of the Priest. SPECTATOR.

Redditch, Dec. 15th, 1847.

I MUST save my soul, gain heaven; religion teaches me how.

That religion for me that will make my salvation secure; in other words, *the safest religion for me.*

Catholic religion is the safest: compare it with any other, and see quickly that it is so.

1. It is the oldest; *this looks well.* It is the strictest; *the thing for me.* It has *all* that any other religion has of good, and *something more.*

This is what I want. Let a Methodist or Protestant become Catholic, he will *add* something. Let a Catholic become Methodist, he will have to take away something.

The Catholics are more numerous far away than any other; there must be something good in the religion.

2. It is the safest; thus,—

(1.) Confession safer than no confession, even if it do no good.

(2.) Communion safer than no communion; if our Saviour be not present, no harm done.

(3.) Praying to saints safer than not praying, even if it do no good.

(4.) Praying for (?) dead may do good, can't do harm; therefore safer to pray than not.

(5.) Fasting is safer than not fasting.

On every point the Catholic is on the safe side; *therefore* I ought to be a Catholic; *therefore* I will be a Catholic; for I will save my soul. (!!!)

TABLE-TALK.

SOMNAMBULISM.

ALTOGETHER, the most interesting case of somnambulism on record is that of a young Ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bourdeaux, is given under the head of "Somnambulism" in the French *Encyclopædia.* This young Ecclesiastic, when the Archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition the Archbishop betook himself several nights to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations:—The young man used to rise, to take paper, and to write. Before he wrote music, he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black he filled in after he had completed the whole. After finishing the sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other: on one occasion he had to substitute the word *adorable* for *divine;* but he did not omit to alter the preceding "*ce*" into "*cet,*" by adding the letter "t" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the Archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed-cake that he had sought for he ate approvingly; but when, on another

occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spat it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers, when he was writing, he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript itself lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections and introduce the amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

JOHN O'GROAT'S house, a memorable place in the parish of Cannisbay, in this county, perhaps owes its fame less to the circumstance of its local situation at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which inculcates a useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John O'Groat, (supposed to have been originally from Holland,) arrived in Caithness with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in Caithness. These brothers bought some land near Duncansby head, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, establishing an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedency, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John O'Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had hitherto enjoyed owing to the harmony which existed among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel amongst themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them and expel them the country; he, therefore, conjured them by the ties of blood and mutual safety to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future at their anniversary meetings. They all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time John O'Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagonal figure, with eight doors, and placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle. The next meeting took place: he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance the harmony and good humour of the company were restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House; and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intention and sound judgment which gave it origin.—*Caithness Chronicle.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

DEATH OF WESLEY.—MARCH 2d.

MONDAY, Feb. 28th, 1791, his weakness increased. He slept most of the day, and spoke but little; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up in the care of the societies, the glory of God, and the promotion of the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once he said, in a low but distinct manner, "There is no way into the holiest, but by the blood of Jesus." He afterwards inquired what the words were from which he had preached a little before at Hampstead. Being told they were these, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich;" he replied, "That is the foundation, the only foundation: there is no other." This day Dr. Whitehead desired he might be asked, if he would have any other Physician called in to attend him; but this he absolutely refused. It is remarkable that he suffered very little pain, never complaining of any during his illness, but once of a pain in his left breast. This was a restless night. Tuesday morning he sang two verses of a hymn: then, lying still, as if to recover strength, he called for pen and ink; but when they were brought, he could not write. A person said, "Let me write for you, Sir. Tell me what you would say." He replied, "Nothing, but that God is with us." In the forenoon he said, "I will get up." While they were preparing his clothes, he broke out, in a manner which, considering his

extreme weakness, astonished all present, in singing,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures!"

Having got him into his chair, they observed him change for death. But he, regardless of his dying body, said, with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those who cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest tongues." He then sung,

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,—"

Here his voice failed. After gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done all." He was then laid in the bed, from which he rose no more. After resting a little, he called to those who were with him to "pray and praise." They kneeled down, and the room seemed to be filled with the divine presence. A little after, he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried into the chapel." Then, as if he had done with all below, he again begged they would pray and praise. Several friends that were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down again to prayer, at which time his fervour of spirit was manifest to every one present. But, in particular parts of the prayer, his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when one of the Preachers was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God were about to take away their father to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his servant the means of propagating and establishing in the world, such a degree of fervour accompanied his loud Amen, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of the petitions. On rising from their knees, he took hold of all their hands, and, with the utmost placidness, saluted them, and said, "Farewell, farewell!"

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and soon after, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us." Being told that his brother's widow was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her, as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. On his lips being wetted, he said, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies. Bless the Church and King; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" At another time he said, "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace." Then, pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called those present to prayer; and, though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before-mentioned, he could only utter,

"I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning, the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him; and the last words he was heard to articulate were, "Farewell!" A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God, this beloved Pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord.

He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and had been sixty-five years in the ministry. His death was an admirable close to so laborious and useful a life.

At the desire of many of his friends his corpse was placed in the New Chapel, and remained there the day before his interment. His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it.

March the 9th was the day appointed for his interment. The Preachers then in London requested that Dr. Whitehead should deliver the funeral discourse; and the executors afterwards approved of the appointment. The intention was to carry the corpse into the chapel, and place it in a raised situation before the pulpit during the service. But the crowds which came to see the body while it lay in the coffin, both in the private house, and especially in the chapel, the day before his funeral, were so great, that his friends were apprehensive of a tumult, if they should adopt the plan first intended. It was, therefore, resolved, the evening before, to bury him between five and six in the morning. Though the time of notice to his friends was short, and the design itself was spoken of with great caution, yet a considerable number of persons attended at that early hour. The late Rev. Mr. Richardson, who now lies with him in the same vault, read the funeral service in a manner that made it peculiarly affecting. When he came to that part of it, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear Brother," &c., he substituted, with the most

tender emphasis, the epithet Father, instead of Brother, which had so powerful an effect on the congregation, that from silent tears they seemed universally to burst out into loud weeping.

INSCRIPTION ON HIS COFFIN.

JOHANNES WESLEY, A.M.
Olim Soc. Coll. Lin. Oxon.
Ob. 2do. die Martii, 1791.
An. Æt. 88.

The discourse, by Dr. Whitehead, was delivered in the chapel, at the hour appointed in the forenoon, to an astonishing multitude of people; among whom were many Ministers of the Gospel, both of the Establishment and Dissenters. The audience was still and solemn as night; and all seemed to carry away with them enlarged views of Mr. Wesley's character, and serious impressions of the importance of religion.—*Watson's Life of Wesley.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Ackroyd, Mrs. W.,	Friendly,	Sowerby-Bridge,	39	Nov. 14th, 1847.
Ainsley, Mr. John,	Witton-Gilbert,	Durham,	44	Nov. 11th, 1847.
Baker, Mrs.,		Chester,	66	Dec. 13th, 1847.
Ball, Mr. John,		Sittingbourne,	75	Nov. 30th, 1847.
Bate, Mr. John,	Sittingbourne,	Chatham,	75	Nov. 30th, 1847.
Bibby, Mr. Richard,		Preston,	80	Nov. 17th, 1847.
Bone, Emily,		Holt,	25	Nov. 16th, 1847.
Brunskill, Mr. John,	Stonesfield-street,	Eighth London,	87	Nov. 16th, 1847.
Cordeux, Mr. Thomas,	Leonard-street,	First London,	83	Nov. 15th, 1847.
Dean, Mrs.,		Birmingham,	70	Dec. 3d, 1847.
Elliott, Mrs.,	Harrington,	Whitehaven,	70	Nov. 3d, 1847.
Evans, Mrs. Edmund,	Coedtybach,	Dolgelly,		Nov. 5th, 1847.
Exton, Mr. Barnabas,	Newport,	Isle of Wight,	60	Nov. 8th, 1847.
Felvus, Mrs. Richard,		Sheffield, East,	41	Dec. 6th, 1847.
Frankland, Mr. John,	Bradford-Moor,	Bradford, East,	70	July 16th, 1847.
Gibson, Mr. Benjamin,		Dublin,	34	Oct. 8th, 1847.
Gill, Mrs. Sarah,		Addingham,	49	Aug. 24th, 1847.
Gill, Catherine,		Ramsay,	75	Oct. 26th, 1847.
Hartley, Mr. James,	Calverley,	Bradford, East,	84	Sept. 23d, 1847.
Hartley, Mr. Samuel,	Calverley,	Bradford, East,	45	Nov. 2d, 1847.
Hayes, Mr. Adam,		Sheffield,	31	Nov. 10th, 1847.
Hayes, Mrs.,	Frodsham,	Northwich,	94	Nov. 30th, 1847.
Haygarth, Mrs.,	Garsdale,	Kendal,	37	Nov. 9th, 1847.
Hill, Mrs.,	Clarence-street,	Liverpool,	87	Dec. 4th, 1847.
Holland, Mrs.,	Southwark,	Fourth London,	66	March 18th, 1847.
Jackson, Mrs.,	Rawmarsh,	Rotherham,		Sept. 24th, 1847.
Jones, Mr. John,	Great-Torrington,	Bideford,	30	Oct. 4th, 1847.
Jones, Mr. John,		Wrexham,	47	Oct. 22d, 1847.
Jones, Mrs. John,	Ramsbury,	Hungerford,		Nov. 18th, 1847.
Kelly, William,	Sulby,	Ramsay,	75	Sept. 24th, 1847.
Kelly, Mrs. Mary,		Glasgow,	67	Dec. 2d, 1847.
Kirkup, Mr. William,	High-Conside,	Shotley-Bridge,	56	Nov. 26th, 1847.
Lott, Mr. John,		Hastings,	53	Dec. 11th, 1847.
M'Clelland, Mr. John,	Bonbridge,	Tandragee,	33	Nov. 13th, 1847.
Martin, Mrs.,		Redruth,	86	Nov. 11th, 1847.
Naylor, Mrs.,		Doncaster,	71	Sept. 16th, 1847.
Ozanne, Mr. James, sen.,	New-place,	Guernsey,	76	Nov. 15th, 1847.
Remmington, Miss,		Coleraine,	27	Nov. 21st, 1847.
Smith, Mrs. Ann,	Ramsbury,	Hungerford,	62	Nov. 22d, 1847.
Spencer, Mr. Edward,	Brough,	Appleby,	78	Nov. 27th, 1847.
Stone, Harriet,	Bloxwich,	Walsall,	24	Dec. 7th, 1847.
Timbery, William,		Shepton-Mallett,	95	Nov. 11th, 1847.
Walker, Mrs. Frances,		Leeds,		Sept. 7th, 1847.
Wear, Jonathan,	Kettlewell,	Grassington,	68	Dec. 4th, 1847.
Westcott, Mr. William,	Hoxton,	First London,	23	Nov. 26th, 1847.
Wilson, William, Esq.,	Retreat,	Whitehaven,	64	Nov. 13th, 1847.
Woodhall, William,		Durham,		Sept. 23d, 1847.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1848.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

MANY years since, when I was quite a youth, I resided for some months with a gentleman to whom I was partly given in charge by a widowed mother; and who, therefore, claimed to exercise some authority over me. He was a person of very agreeable temper, and was reputed to be a remarkably clever man of business. He was just beginning the world on his own account, and had the prospect, so far as outward appearances indicated, of brilliant success. One Sabbath-morning he asked me to assist him in a matter of business which, he said, would not admit of delay. I pleaded the sacredness of the day, and the danger of displeasing God, and advised him to postpone the matter until Monday. This he said he either could or would not do, and repeated his demand upon my assistance, putting it now, however, in the form of a command rather than of a request. I saw it was a moment of peril,—that my eternal destiny might probably turn upon the issue of the trial; and silently lifting up my heart to God, I replied in great fear and trembling, but with firmness and explicitness, "I *cannot* do what I *know* will be displeasing to God." Never shall I forget the fearful outbreak of scorn and enmity to which this refusal gave occasion. The habitually good-tempered man seemed, for a time, transposed into a very fiend, and uttered words not to be repeated, both against me and my God. He declared that such narrow notions were unsuited to the present constitution of society, and pronounced me incurably infatuated and lost to all hope of worldly advancement. My course in life was at that time undecided; but I had just tasted the Saviour's love, and was willing to risk all for His Name's sake. I repeated my refusal, and here for the time the affair ended.

Years passed over; and God, who had brought me to choose Him in my youth, had not forsaken me. I was now one of the Ministers of a large and beloved flock in the town of Sheffield; the father of a precious little family; and had daily cause to bless God for that gracious providence which had watched over both me and mine.

One morning a message was sent up to the study, that a person wished to see me below. On coming down I beheld a pale-faced, hunger-stricken looking man, with clothes that had once been respectable, and an address which was out of keeping with his present appearance, and betokened better days. Judge of my surprise when, in the squalid, destitute-looking being before me, I recognised the active, energetic, and sprightly gentleman, who, on the occasion above referred to, had lectured me on the worldly folly of keeping

holy the Sabbath-day. Unhappy man! though born and bred like myself in Scotland, where he had been taught better things, he had continued to desecrate the Sabbath; preferring his own carnal wisdom to the revealed will of God. But who ever hardened himself against God and prospered? A blight had come upon him. He was now reduced to absolute beggary; and the youth whom many years before he had endeavoured to frighten out of his allegiance to the Lord of the Sabbath, by the terror of worldly ruin, was able both to feed and to clothe him, and tenderly but faithfully to remind him of what he had said against the law of God; and to testify, after years of trial, that godliness was indeed "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is," as well as "of that which is to come." "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Bristol. JOHN MACLEAN.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1848.

(*Continued from page* 70.)

2. FEEBLE in themselves and unsupported by human aid, "*God gave them*" wherewith to meet every exigence in their various trials and dangers. Most amply had they from him "help in time of need." His gracious eye was upon *them*, when all hearts in Jerusalem trembled at the murderous shout of the victorious army; when the walls were being thrown down, and the temple, the gates, and the palaces were in flames; when the naked wailing captives were driven forth from the land of their fathers, before their enemies' swords; when, worn down and dejected, they entered within the proud walls of Babylon, were torn in tender age from their parents and guardians, and placed as slaves in the hands of "Ashpenar, the master of the eunuchs." Now especially "God cared for them," and "numbered" and preserved those "hairs of their head," which the fierceness of the "burning fiery furnace" afterwards could not "singe." O it was His presence, the presence of "the Lord God omnipotent," who kept alive and unhurt praying Daniel that long night in the den of ravenous "lions," and that shielded his believing brethren when they "walked" unburnt "in the midst of the fire." The Son of God was there, their eye of faith was fixed on Him, and He commanded the fire not to burn them. They felt His infinite power supporting them; walked the bottom of the "fiery furnace" as the "way of pleasantness;" breathed the curling terrific flame as the air of the balmy breeze; and shouted the praises of Jehovah amidst the roar of the element. In every fiery trial that *we* have yet to pass, so may our God uphold and support *us*.

3. But our attention must be more particularly fixed on that expression of the divine goodness which is here named:—"God gave them *knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom*." He gave them all sorts of mental acquirements; enriched them abundantly with stores of useful and ornamental knowledge. This was what they wanted to give them the honour of distinction in that relation in which they now stood to the magicians and wise men of the court, as well as to qualify them for the elevated stations in society which they were destined to fill. By this eminence of mind and learning they acquired great power and influence; for "in all matters of

wisdom and understanding that the King inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." This teaches us that the improvement of the mind, and the acquisition of general knowledge, is not to be neglected; especially not by the young. It is acceptable in God's sight, and will help them to adorn their religious profession, and spread the exalted principles of "their most holy faith;" as well as otherwise help them to promote their own legitimate interests. In this way it is that we may expect godliness to become, in its full sense, "*profitable;*" having the promise of *the life that now is*, as well as that which is to come. Many persons not wanting in religious sincerity, but wanting a little more "knowledge and skill" in their respective callings in life, have, in various ways, brought themselves and the church of God into disrepute; exemplifying in their own persons a sad contrast to "these four children." Let him that readeth understand; and blame not others for the faults which belong only to himself.

4. It is said that "*God gave*" this knowledge and learning to the Hebrew children; but let us inquire *how?* Knowledge, and learning, and wisdom, are doubtless, in every way, God's good gifts; but they are not His *gifts* in the same sense as comeliness of person, and privileges of birth. God favoured them in the calibre of their mental capacity, in the opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and particularly assisted them to attain and retain those parts of wisdom and learning, to which they directed their proper attention. This acquirement was not the direct intimation from heaven, requisite to the "understanding of visions," or the spirit of inspiration necessary to foretell distant events, (departments of knowledge in which *Daniel* was so highly favoured,) but rather the distinct and orderly, the comprehensive and accurate conception of those various objects of thought, and subjects of inquiry, open to the attention and investigation of all men. Although the language of the text *does* warrant our concluding that, in different ways, God greatly favoured the acquisition of "knowledge and learning," it does *not* warrant our concluding that their vast and rich mental stores were laid up for them by the hand of God, without their own personal effort.

Now this *effort to attain knowledge*, by divine assistance, is the duty of all God's people. Every believer, old and young, rich and poor, in every stage of his pilgrimage, should bear in mind the divine injunction, "Add to your faith, *knowledge*." The thoughtful and sincere Christian, seeking true mental improvement, seeking that "knowledge good for the soul," good for personal holiness and real usefulness in life, and anxious not to be misled or retarded in the pursuit of it, may conceive himself, with the Bible in his hand, placed in the midst of various concentric circles; circles of books and means of knowledge *within each other*. The most important class of books and means is the first or nearest circle; the next in importance is the second; those worthy to occupy the next place form the third; and so on, in regular succession, till we reach that circle in which is deposited the fruit of that "*tree of knowledge*," which God has forbidden to man. And now, while the anxious inquirer makes that Book, which the God of light has put into his hands, the first object of his attentive study "all the days of his life," let him attend to the means for attainment of the various knowledge taught by men *in the order of the circles around him*. If time and opportunity will admit of it, let him attend to everything "fit for man to know;" but if not, let him not voluntarily remain ignorant of the hidden "treasures of wisdom and knowledge" contained in one or more of the *nearest circles*, to pay an unreasonable and disproportionate attention to a class of subjects and means of knowledge in the sphere of the lowest quality. Let him not neglect *rich* mines of "gold, silver,

and precious stones," for very *poor* mines of the most inferior of the metals, and things still inferior to the lowest of them. There are before us the means of sacred, of useful, of ornamental, of trifling, of hurtful knowledge: let our wisdom appear in our working at those mines of knowledge which will enrich us, and not at those which will not repay the outlay. Certain parts of the stores of knowledge are labelled, "Hard to be caught, and when caught good for nothing;" others, "Ye cannot bear them now;" and others, "Touch not, taste not, lest ye die." These belong to some of the circles lying in the *more distant* parts of the field; but as there are *enticing walks* radiating from the centre to every point of the heavens, bisecting all the circles of knowledge, to attain "knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom," we must needs blend with our diligence, *self-denial*. We must not drop our Bible for human productions; slight the Book of God, to honour the books of men. And in our attention to the innumerable themes taught by men, let us not be guided by a *blind* inclination, and corrupt *taste;* and thereby neglect the religious for the secular, the useful for the ornamental, nor the truly ornamental for the merely amusing, the trifling, the injurious, and the destructive. While we know, then, that some branches of knowledge are required for our eternal safety; some for the honour of Him, whose image we bear; some for our personal peace; some for usefulness to our family, to the church, and to the world; some for the embellishment of mind; some for the gratification of mental taste, or as a relaxation from toil; and while we profess to be the followers of him who is "the light of the world," profess to be the haters of darkness, and the friends, lovers, children of light;—let us, who are of that branch of the church called "Methodist," on whose quarterly token of membership is inscribed this quarter, "*knowledge, learning, wisdom*,"—let us, I say, be examples of *diligence* in acquiring knowledge from books, men, and things; and at the same time evince to all that, in our ardour for the principle of general knowledge, we "guide our pursuit with *discretion*." C.

Kingswood.

THE POET'S MEANING.

When Sir J. Malcolm performed his first mission to Persia in 1800, one of the itinerant poets who swarm in that country came fifty miles from the capital, to welcome him. Being told, with a view of putting him off, that the Ambassador could not comprehend his lines, and had, moreover, no taste for poetry, he replied by the following story:—

"When the Affghans had possession of Persia, a rude Chief of that nation was Governor of Shiraz. A poet composed a panegyric on his wisdom, his valour, and his virtues. As he was taking it into the palace, he was met by a friend at the outer gate, who inquired where he was going. His friend asked him if he were insane, to offer an ode to a barbarian who hardly understood a word of the Persian language. 'All that you say may be true,' said he; 'but I'm starving, and have no means of livelihood but making verses. I must therefore proceed.' He went, and stood before the Governor with his ode in his hand. 'Who is that fellow,' exclaimed the Affghan Lord, 'and what is that paper which he holds?' 'I am a poet,' said he, 'and the paper contains some poetry.' 'What is the use of poetry?' said the Chief. 'To render great men like you immortal,' he replied, making at the same time a very profound bow. 'Let us hear some of it.' The poet, on this mandate, began reading his composition aloud; but he had not finished the second stanza, when he was interrupted. 'Enough,' exclaimed the Governor: 'I understand it all. Give the poor man some money: that is what he wants.' As the poet retired, he met his friend, who again commented on

the folly of carrying odes to a man who did not understand one word of them. 'Not understand!' he replied: 'you are quite mistaken! He has, beyond all men I ever met, the quickest apprehension of a POET'S MEANING.'"

THE BACKSLIDER'S DEATH-BED.

Extracted from Barr's "Recollections of a Minister."

"Do you feel," said I to the dying woman, "more comfortable in your mind, in the prospect of death?"

"I do not," she replied.

"Then have you no hope that God will, for the sake of Christ, restore you to the joys of his salvation?"

"No!"

I then endeavoured to point her to Jesus; and exhorted her again to venture on his atoning blood. I repeated several of the promises of God to backsliders, in which he has declared his willingness to receive them graciously, and to love them freely. I also called her attention to some examples recorded in the sacred oracles, to whom those promises were verified.

"Alas!" she sighed, "I am an awful exception. I fear the Lord has given me up to the hardness of my heart. I cannot feel, as I ought to feel, the burden of my sins."

"But did you not feel your need of a Saviour, when you sent for me to converse with you about him; and to encourage you to seek him afresh?"

"I did feel it, and I still feel it; but he will not regard so vile a sinner as I have been."

"But hear his own language: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!'"

"Ah! those promises are not for me. There was a time, when I might have secured the favour held out to backsliders. But the opportunity is gone for ever. In my former illness, when brought to the brink of the grave, I vowed, and promised my God, that if he would spare my life, I would, immediately on my restoration to health, repair to his house, and there express my sense of his goodness. I declared, in the face of heaven, that the subsequent period of my existence should be devoted to him. But I fled to a *ball*, from the presence of the Lord; and ever since, I have been living according to the course of this world. My days are numbered,—eternity is at hand,—and I have not a glimpse of hope to cheer my departing spirit."

Then, with a look and emphasis which pierced me to the soul, she exclaimed, "O! Mr. Barr, never forsake the Lord; for if you do, you will feel a hell kindled within your breast, as I feel at the present moment!"

I then knelt down by her bedside, and fervently wrestled with God on her behalf; and, soon after, took my departure. Alas! poor Ellen! I never saw her more.

Such is a brief history of Ellen. Lovely and happy in the morning of life, but wretched and hopeless in its decline.

I have seen the death-bed of the weeping *penitent*, while his stifled groans and dying cries for mercy have ascended to the throne of grace; and have rejoiced with him, when the Saviour has whispered in his ear, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." I have seen the death-bed of the *Christian*, when, in the very precincts of glory, he has cried out in an ecstasy, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But never shall I forget the *backslider's* death-bed, when the expiring Ellen exclaimed, "Never forsake the Lord; for if you do, you will feel a hell kindled within your breast, as I feel at this moment!"

TRACT-DISTRIBUTORS ENCOURAGED.

At a meeting held in Wesley Chapel, in the Nottingham North Circuit, February 1st, 1848, one of the speakers related the following striking incident, illustrative of the beneficial results of tract-distribution. A distributor, in going round his district, not receiving an answer at one of the houses, the door of which was fastened, passed on, supposing there was no one at home. He was afterwards, however, strongly impressed with the idea that he should return, and knock again, in order fully to satisfy himself whether the family were from home or not. He knocked much louder than before, and continued so for a few minutes, when a wretched woman, with haggard countenance, came down stairs and opened the door, having a rope in her hand. "You have just saved my life," she exclaimed: "I took this rope up stairs to commit suicide, but you have diverted me from it." "Thank God," said the tract-distributor, "for this merciful interposition! If he had not sent me to your door, you might now have been in hell." He gave her suitable advice; and it is hoped that he may not only have been instrumental in saving her from temporal but also from eternal death, emphatically called in Scripture "the second death."

The object of the writer, in sending this to the "Miscellany," is twofold: first, to add another instance to those already published of the utility of tract-distribution; and, secondly, to encourage tract-distributors in their "work of faith and labour of love." The Spirit of truth says to tract-distributors, as well as to Ministers of the Gospel, "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." J. P.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF MOORISH JUSTICE.

A poor woman at Zehra possessed a small spot of ground contiguous to the royal palace of Alkalem the Second.

The Caliph, being desirous to extend his gardens that way, made proposals to the old woman to dispose of her land for a sum of money; but she continuing deaf to every argument employed to induce her to part from the inheritance of her forefathers, the head-gardener took by force what she refused to yield to entreaty.

The woman, in an agony of despair, fled to Cordova, to implore the succour of Ibn Bechir, the chief Cadi of the city. This Magistrate immediately mounted his ass, taking with him a sack of extraordinary size; and presented himself before Akalem, who was then sitting in a magnificent pavilion, on the very ground in question. The arrival of the Cadi, and the appearance of the wallet, surprised the Sultan. Bechir having prostrated himself, intreated the Prince to allow him to fill his sack with some of the earth they were then upon. This request granted, and the bag full, the Cadi desired him to lift it on his ass. This strange demand was still more amazing than the rest: however, the Caliph consented; but, upon putting his shoulder to it, could not help complaining of the excessive weight of the load. "Sir," replied the Cadi, "this bag, which you find so heavy, contains but a very small portion of the earth which you have unjustly taken from a poor woman: how, then, do you expect to be able, at the day of judgment, to support the weight of the whole field you have had so little scruple of usurping?" Far from being incensed at this audacious rebuke, the Caliph generously acknowledged his fault, and ordered the land to be restored to the proprietor, with everything he had caused to be erected upon it.

THEOLOGY.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered in the Wesleyan-Methodist Chapel, Delph, on Sunday evening, November 21st, 1847.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. BAMBRIDGE.

(*Concluded from page* 73.)

SURELY, then, man ought to be religious: no one who is acquainted with all this can entertain any doubt on the matter. God expects you to be religious: you are aware he does; you know that he has made provision in order thereto. Are you then as he wishes, what he requires, such as you know you should be? We fear many of you are not; we dare not, cannot presume that you are. Like the rest of the irreligious world, you try to escape from the obligations of piety; to excuse yourselves from the practice of religion; to show that there are strong and weighty reasons why you should not become now what you ought to have been long ago. Alas for your infatuation! When will men of reason act rationally? One would expect, considering the richness of the Gospel salvation, the unbounded liberality of the provision, the free, unfettered invitation, that men would be in haste to be saved; that no intelligence would be more welcome to them than the news of pardon procured and offered freely; that with impetuous eagerness, and strong desire, they would fly on the first announcement to accept the proffered boon. But, ah! the reverse is the fact. Of nothing do they think so little or so meanly; to nothing are they so inattentive; they treat the whole matter with contempt, or at least slightingly, and are almost offended with any person who should call their attention to it. They count him an enemy who tells them the truth; and call him the disturber of their souls who bears to them the Gospel message. If we play the softest, tenderest lays, they are not charmed; if by persuasion we seek to woo them, they do not yield; if we reason with them, they do not submit: with the utmost obstinacy they persist in rejecting the Gospel. Even if we succeed in convincing them of the importance and necessity of a religious life, we gain nothing practically; for though the mind assents to what we prove, the heart refuses to yield. If, by pushing them with close reasonings, we gain important and even criminating concessions, we are but where we were; for they add, "Go thy way for this time, and at a more convenient season I will call for thee." Either they refuse at once; or they defer. Many who would not like to say, "We will never be religious," nevertheless have no hesitation in saying, "We will not be religious now."

Into this class, perhaps, we must put many of the young persons now present. You are not, and are not intending to be, religious now. To you then let us further address ourselves, and ask, Why will you not come to the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, at once, without further delay? We invite you in his name, and by his command, to the Gospel feast, to the Redeemer of your souls. Will you come now? Many of you never came to him; you know him not, nor do you love him. He is a stranger to you: yet he invites, entreats you to come. It is a pity, nay more, it is a shame and a crime, that you have stayed away so long: you have increased your guilt in not coming sooner. But will you come now? Are you prepared to yield to be saved now? What say you? Let us hear the reply. "We are too young yet to be terrified with religion. It may do very well for old people, who can find no pleasure but in gloomy, melancholy things; but in us it would be greatly out of place: it would bring a dark cloud over our sunniest day. We cannot now come: for the present you will please have us excused."

And is this what you have resolved to say? is this the reply you wish returned to Him who has invited you? have you gone no further yet? Whence have you learned that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," joy in the Holy Ghost, a knowledge of sin forgiven, the salvation of the soul, is terrific? Terrified by religion, indeed! you know better, though you thus speak. The testimony of the universal church, past and present, declares it to be the only real antidote to terror; and you cannot prove that testimony false. Religion allays, and never excites, terror. With it men have met the greatest foes, the direst calamities, the sorest trials, undaunted; and you would meet them as they did. Recall to your

minds the death-bed scenes which you may have witnessed or read about; and say who were more terrified, the religious or the irreligious? Compare the death of Voltaire with that of John Wesley; the death of any irreligious, worldly man with that of the humblest believer in Jesus; and you will soon discover on which side the terror lies.

If we are to look at the dying moments of men to discover the truth of their principles, and are to form our estimate of things by the exhibitions then made, we are sure it will be found that not religion, but its opposite, is the great terrifier. At the side of the dying man's couch we learn much; we often make important discoveries; secret things there come to light, and many a sad tale is told. Men are serious in death, if they never were previously: that is no time for trifling. If ever courage is needed, it is when an individual is entering the dark valley, and feels the cold, icy hand of the King of terrors laid on his warm, throbbing bosom. Many a stout heart has quailed here. Yet who is not aware that some of the most feeble and timid, who were believers, have, in such circumstances, been totally free from all fear and anxiety; and even possessed of a peace, joy, rapture, to which they had never before attained? The valley, usually dark, seemed light to them; the passage, stormy to others, was pleasant to them; they seemed rather as going to a feast, than to the grave; rather preparing for celebrating nuptials, than going to the cold embrace of death. With faltering voice, and quivering lips, when half dead, by a sudden and final effort, as if to prove that there is no terror in a stingless death, they have shouted victory, and boasted of triumph.

Religion terrific? Never! Sin, not piety, makes dying terrible. If this be all, if you only fear being terrified, you may safely come to Jesus: indeed the only way to avoid terror is to come to him. Are you never terrified now you are without religion? Are you sure that terror never haunts you? Is it a perfect stranger to you? Can you meet trials, and not be terrified? Can you feel calamity overwhelm you, and not be terrified? Can you be afflicted, and not be terrified? Can you think of death, the awful judgment, the flaming world, the angry God, the lost heaven, the yawning hell, the wreck of hope, the possession of black, eternal despair, and not be terrified? You know, and so do we, you have often been filled with terror; horror and trembling have taken hold upon you; dismay and anguish have seized your spirit. What was the matter with you? how did you feel in this particular, when, in that affliction which brought you to the gates of the grave, as you lay groaning with pain, writhing in agony, you spoke of a mother's prayers, a father's counsels, a Sabbath-school Teacher's solicitude, as of so many spectres of murdered privileges which haunted your spirit; when you sent for some friend to pray with and for you; when so great was your distress that you were pressed to the very verge of desperation? Had terror nothing to do with that? But by what were you terrified? Tell us; would you not have given a world, if you had possessed it, to be in the favour of God at that moment; if religion did not seem the only desirable thing; if a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins was not the great want of your soul; if you were not afraid of death, terrified beyond endurance at its approach, because you were unfit for heaven, and you knew the rest? What filled you with terror? The consciousness that you had no religion, and, consequently, that you were in the highway to ruin. You felt it a dreadful thing to appear before the bar of Him whom you had neither served nor loved: you were frightened at the idea of meeting an angry God.

Such were your impressions once, such your views: what has altered them? Only the false persuasion that danger is more distant now that it was then. Were you this moment to be seized with some violent disorder, so as to be in immediate apprehension of death, your terror would return: did you know that you would certainly die to-morrow, you would be filled with alarm. It is evident, therefore, that not religion, but the want of it, terrifies. Who can prove that death is distant from any of us; from even the thoughtless youth now urging this excuse? This very night some one here may be called away into eternity; death may be entering this place to mark and hew down some barren, leafless trunk; already the axe may be lifted to strike the blow. Thoughtless youth, to thee perhaps he comes: the word may have gone forth; the decree have been given; justice may at length have said, "Cut it down, it is both fruitless and noxious; let it no longer cumber the ground." See, see, he comes, he comes! with hasty strides he comes; he approaches fast; he draws near, nearer,

yet nearer; his very steps are heard; he is almost here. Another hour, and the blow may be given; thirty minutes, and he may strike; in fifteen minutes the axe may fall! How knowest thou that he will tarry so long? What may happen to one may befall the whole: we have no certainty of another moment's life.

Once more, then, let us speak to you; once more lend your ears to the offer of mercy; once more listen to the Gospel message; once more we invite you. In our Master's name we say, "Come, for all things are now ready." Will you come? will you come now? will you come this moment? O, we entreat you, listen; we beseech you, yield; your life, your salvation depends upon your coming. Again, we ask, will you come? We await your answer. Stay, thou insulted Saviour; allow these young persons a little longer space; bear with them yet awhile; let not thy anger wax hot against them; bid the executioner delay the stroke, at least till they have yet one more opportunity of obtaining thy favour. Young men, young women, boys and girls, we implore you, "Come, for all things are now ready." Now decide to be the Lord's. This is a solemn moment; this is an awful transaction. You may be accepting or refusing religion for ever: this one act may seal your eternal destinies. Answer to God whether or not you will accept the Saviour now.....

Well, what have you said? how have you determined? what has been your decision? With God we leave you now; the future will tell of this hour; eternity will show the fruits, the issues, of this service.

Perhaps we shall never speak to you all again. This voice may soon be silent in death: if so, take yet with you, as our last message, one more invitation to the Saviour, "Come, for all things are now ready." O come, come!

We shall meet again. Where, and how? Perhaps one of you is the victim, and we may never see you more till we meet before the Judge. As you go from this place, disease may assail and confine you to the bed of death. That smiling face, now ruddy with youth, may soon be blanched by death; that sparkling eye may soon be dimmed with the film of the dying; that strong and beauteous frame may soon be deposited in the noisome grave. The present may be your last service; the last time you will attend the means of grace; the last offer of salvation you will ever have. If then we are not to have you as hearers again, if our next meeting is to be in eternity, take home with you this one invitation, and be persuaded not to trifle with it, "Come, for all things are now ready; come to the Saviour; come now."

There is no improbability in the supposition that some here will never enter the house of God again until they are borne thither on the bier. Who knew or thought the last time Lucy Broadbent was at chapel, that she would so soon be in eternity? She appeared as likely to live as for some time past: the least danger was not apprehended either by herself or her friends. Yet, ere that day fortnight, she was numbered with the dead. "How many fall as sudden, not as safe!" What probability was there on Sunday evening, November 7th, that Mary Brierly had seen her last Sabbath-day? She was then as hearty as any young person present, and more so than many. In two days she had passed into the world of spirits: on Monday night she was burnt, on Tuesday she died. Why may not we be seized with inflammation? How do we know that some accident will not soon deprive us of life? What has occurred to others may occur to us. "We know not what a day may bring forth." Our only safety lies in preparation for an event which will certainly happen, and may happen soon.

You wish to be excused, do you? What, yet wish to defer? O foolish people, and unwise! Excuse you because you fear being terrified? No, no: we love you too well; we are too much concerned for you to allow of that. You shall never be excused with our consent. Have you excused yourselves from being made happy; from preparation for heaven; from doing and being that for which you were born? O no; certainly not. We cannot excuse you; the angels of God, whose whole employ is religion, will not excuse you; the sainted parent, who wept and prayed for you while in the vale, will not excuse you; none of the redeemed in glory will excuse you; common sense, conscience, the Bible, will not excuse you. You cannot be excused for endangering your souls; for refusing to be pious; for rejecting the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Come, then, delay no longer; yield to be saved by grace; accept the offers of mercy; come unto the Gospel feast; sit down to the table spread with the richest delicacies, and nothing shall terrify you.

BUSINESS AND PRAYER.

If a professed disciple would not have his secular business become as a millstone about his neck to drown him in perdition, he must be a man of prayer; he must daily secure spiritual communion with God. If he suffer his business to consume his time and spirits so as to deprive him of opportunities for prayer, reading the Bible, and real communion with God, he must decay in piety, and his service of mammon eat up his service of God. No one who believes that God answers prayer, will think of omitting either secret or family devotion for want of time, even when business is unusually urgent. Which is worth most to you or your family,—an additional half-hour of your own unblessed labour, or the blessing of God on your efforts, won by spending that half-hour in pleading with him in prayer? The plea of want of time is essentially atheistical: none should urge it but those who regard prayer as an empty mockery that never receives an answer from the Lord. Let the day begin with communion with God, let the disciple pass the whole day in the spirit of prayer, and all its duties will become spiritual duties, and all its scenes be inscribed with "Holiness to the Lord."

But this must be real communion with God, and not mere formal prayer. Many morning prayers are a sort of paying compliments to the Most High. A Frenchman, it is said, visited his chapel in Paris to say his daily devotion; but he found no Priest in attendance, and the building undergoing repairs. He walked up to the altar, laid his card on it with a low bow, and withdrew, well satisfied with the homage he had paid to the Lord. It is to be feared that too much of the morning prayers of the closet and the family is little more than laying a card upon the altar; a complimentary presentation of respect. But nothing less than such communion with God as touches the heart and draws forth its earnest desires, can be any safeguard to us in the busy scenes of the day. Hence it were well if every Christian would make and keep the resolution by which some have been profited, to have so many seasons of prayer, and continue them so long as to keep the heart in a tender and lively spiritual frame, so as never to leave the closet without some meltings of the heart, some sensible manifestations of God's love.

This point may be best enforced by the words of a devoted disciple of Christ. He said to me, with great earnestness and simplicity, "I have made a discovery this summer which I regard of great value. I used to defer my morning's devotions till after the first work of the morning. But this summer, immediately on rising, before doing aught else, I pray; and I pray *till I feel God's presence.* Then I do my task till breakfast, when I find my heart warm and ready to engage with interest in family prayer. At noon the hay wants turning; but I push off to spend a season in prayer; and the heart having become warm in the morning, it needs but little to restore its fervour, and I am soon at work again with a lively sense of God's presence. When all is done I look back on a day spent with God, and give thanks for all his mercies, commending myself to him. And now," he added with the greatest animation, "I can commend this plan to all Christians. It has carried me through haytime and harvesting, and in the busiest of all I have had as much enlargement of heart and spiritual joy as ever in my life."—*N. E. P.*

WAITING UPON GOD.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him."—Psalm lxii. 5.

You must not only come to God to seek,—you should come with the expectation of finding. The spirit and life of prayer in faith lieth more in expectation than in mere asking: unwise Christians let out the life-blood and vital spirits of prayer, when they let their expectations languish. Here is a common but unregarded error in the Christian's exercise. When they set their face to pray, they make some conscience of searching out their wants; they labour to improve that sight to the raising of fervent desires for a supply of them: if they yet go thither, to take in a sense of the fulness and freeness of that grace where their help is; yet how rarely are they careful to raise up expectations of that helping grace! What means Christ's frequent answer to men, "As thou hast believed so be it done unto thee:" "According to your faith so be it done unto you?" (Matthew viii. 13; ix. 29.) Is it not to tell us that he measures out his bounty to men according to their believing expectations from him? "Jesus saith unto Martha, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe,

thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (John xi. 40.) Our way is, if we could see the glory of God, then we would believe. Christ's way is just the contrary: we must first believe, and then we shall see the glory of God. We say, if the Lord would glorify himself in performing his promises, and in hearing our prayers, then we would believe strongly. But this is inverting of Christ's order. Martha was a believer in Christ, and expressed faith several ways. It appears in the joint message she and her sister sent to Christ, "Behold, he whom thou thou lovest is sick." "Now Jesus," it is said, "loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." A blessed family, and few like it: all loved of Christ, and doubtless lovers of Christ. But they built more on his love to them, than on their love to him, like humble and wise believers. "Martha said unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Her sister Mary said the very same. It is likely none ever died in Christ's presence while he was on earth: he cured all that employed him. "But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask, God will give it thee." Here was some faith. When Christ pronounced that "her brother should rise again," she acts faith as to the doctrine of the resurrection: "I know that he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day." When Christ goes on in preaching himself, and asks her of her faith, she answers bravely, "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." A confession this like Peter's. (Matthew xvi. 16.) What then was wanting in this good woman? Why does our Lord put such an *if thou wouldest believe*, to one that did believe so much and so well? Because, notwithstanding her faith in Christ's person as the Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, notwithstanding her faith in his power, yet in this instance of the raising of Lazarus she expected nothing. When Christ bids them take away the stone, she put in a kind of objection or demurrer, saying that he had been dead four days. She that believed Lazarus should rise at the last day, could not believe that he should rise after death had held him but four days! Such is the very nature of unbelief, or of weak faith in true believers: they can, or rather think they do, believe greater and harder things, when not much tried about them, better and more easily than smaller or easier things that their faith is called to a present exercise about. Let all Christians, in all their approaches to the throne of grace, behold this as written on the open gates to His throne, and hear it proclaimed by Him that sitteth on it, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Some believers are apt to think that a trembling, fearing frame is fitter for them, and that raising expectation of good from God will prevent or hinder humility, and lying low before the Lord. But they are quite mistaken that think faith and humility are inconsistent. A pleader for, and expectant of, grace, for grace's sake, is an humble believer, and the right courtier at God's throne.—*Traill.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEFENCE.

One of our correspondents writes:—"In Moffat's 'Labours and Scenes in South Africa,' he gives the following incident, which, to my mind, speaks volumes in favour of peace principles. It scarcely needs a comment. If the restraining influence of practical godliness be so great on the minds of a band of previously disappointed savages, who had nothing to obstruct their success, had they made their preconcerted attack, when, and under what circumstances, can we reasonably declare it unavailing? Rather let us prove that we believe in the protecting presence and power of our heavenly Father, by daring to obey the injunctions of his inspired servant: 'Recompense to no man evil for evil.' 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' Speaking of Mosheu's people, he says, 'The little Christian band had met, on a Sabbath morning, with the people in the centre of the village, to hold the early prayer-meeting before the services of the day. They were scarcely seated, when a party of marauders approached from the interior, whither they had gone for plunder, and not having succeeded to their wishes, had determined to attack this Coranna village on their return. Mosheu arose and begged the people to sit still and trust in Jehovah, while he went to meet the marauders. To his inquiry what they wanted, the appalling reply was, 'Your cattle: and it is at your peril you raise a hand to resist.' 'There are my cattle,' replied the Chief, and then retired and resumed his position at the prayer-meeting. A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then all kneeled in prayer to God, who only could save them in their distress. The sight was too sacred and solemn to be gazed on by such a band

of ruffians. They all withdrew from the spot, without touching a single article belonging to the people."

RELIGIOUS DELUSION.

Upon whom is it that God sends strong delusion that they may believe a lie? We may answer the question negatively. It is certainly not upon those who with docility sit at the feet of Jesus, to learn the truth from his lips; neither is it upon those who, in the exercise of a humble and devout spirit, distrust themselves, and place exclusive reliance upon the aid of God's Spirit. We might as well doubt the faithfulness of God, as doubt the exemption of such from the influence of fatal error. Neither, ordinarily, is it upon such as have, in early life, been well trained in the ways of God; nor on such as have carefully used the means of informing and enlightening their own minds on the great principles of religion. All, however, who have visibly become members of the church of Christ, have not these characteristics. Many are ignorant of the first principles of the oracles of God, and manifest entire indisposition to remedy the defects of their education. With the means of instruction within their reach, they are averse to reading, and it is no marvel that the uncultivated soil of their minds should soon be overrun with weeds, and that they should be driven about by every wind of doctrine. Others unite themselves with the church under a sudden impulse or gust of feeling, of which they can give but little rational account, and it is not remarkable that the next gust should drive them from the shore into the boundless deep. Some, too, are puffed up with pride and self-conceit, and imagine that they know all things, when, in fact, they know nothing as they ought to know; and it is upon these, and such like persons, that Satan makes his most successful assaults, and beguiling them, places them in that position in which God suffers them to be deluded so as to believe their own lie.

Every age has had its victims of delusion; and few, perhaps, have had more than the present. Not to speak of Popery, and its great congener, Puseyism, we have the same deluding spirit under other and minor modifications, such as Mormonism and Millerism. There are, also, what we might term sporadic cases, not sufficiently numerous or similar in all their symptoms, to constitute an epidemic, but yet of fearful character, as tending to prove the diseased state of the subject, and calling for prompt remedies to prevent the spread of the malady. To two such cases of recent occurrence we refer for illustration. A correspondent of the "New England Puritan," writing from Avon in Michigan, adverts to a case of this kind, which it might be supposed was too shockingly impious to deceive any one who possessed enough rationality to be entitled to the name of man. Still, it has proved contagious. A monster lays claim to the character of Christ in his second advent. He has fitted up a room, which he calls the *sanctum sanctorum*, where he sits in assumed dignity; his followers are required to "put off their shoes" when they approach him; and yet these miserable people, who thus worship an impostor, were once members of Christian churches! Another case, and perhaps still more recent, is introduced in a letter received by us from Ohio, signed by the name of the individual who believes himself to be the witness, a leader and commander to the people, and who authoritatively requires all the Ministers of religion to aid him forthwith in entering the capital of the nation, to assume the command-in-chief of the people, and to introduce the millennial era. That the man is earnest in his belief that he is called to act under a divine commission, to execute judgment, and to establish the kingdom of God, is evident from the whole tenor of his letter. Whether he has yet gathered followers, we know not; but we should not be surprised that he had. There is no scarcity of those who are willing and ready to become victims of every new delusion. These are things not to be laughed at, but to be mourned over. Parents should train up their children in the fear and knowledge of the Lord, and the Ministers of religion should give renewed energy to their efforts to instruct their flocks, that they may be delivered from every snare of the devil.—*Presbyterian.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD EXEMPLIFIED IN RELATION TO MR. H. ERSKINE.

WHILE he lived at Deyburg, in Scotland, after his ejection, he and his family were often in great straits. Once in particular, "the cruise of oil and the barrel of meal" were entirely spent, so that, when they had supped at night, there remained neither bread, meal, flesh, nor money in the house. In the morning his young children cried for their breakfast, while their father endeavoured to divert them, and to encourage himself and his wife to depend upon that Providence which "feeds the young ravens when they cry." While he was thus engaged, a countryman knocked hard at the door, and called for some one to help him off with his load. Being asked by Mr. Erskine where he came from, and what was his errand, he said that he came from Lady Raeburn, with some provision for Mr. Erskine. He was told he must be mistaken, and that it was more likely to be for another Mr. Erskine who lived in the town. He replied, No, he knew what he said; he was sent to Mr. Henry Erskine; and cried, "Come, help me off with my load, or else I will throw it down at the door." The sack was then taken in, and, on being opened, was found to be filled with flesh-meat and meal! This occurrence greatly encouraged Mr. Erskine to depend on his bountiful Benefactor in future difficulties.

At another time, at Edinburgh, he was so reduced that he had but three halfpence in his pocket; when, as he was walking in the streets, not knowing what course to take, a man, in a countryman's dress, came to him, and asked if he were not Mr. Henry Erskine. He told him he was, and asked his business. The man replied, "I have a letter for you;" which he delivered to him, and he found enclosed in it a sum of money, with these words written, "Sir, receive this from a sympathizing friend. Farewell." Mr. Erskine, desirous to know who his benefactor was, invited the man to go into a house just by, and take some refreshment. When they were by themselves, he inquired, with some earnestness, who it was that had sent him. The man told him, that secrecy was enjoined him, and therefore he desired to be excused. Mr. Erskine, however, still continuing to ask him further questions, that he might guess from what hand this seasonable relief came, the man desired him to wait a little till he went out of doors:—he went out, but he returned no more; and, to his death, Mr. Erskine could never learn who his benefactor was.

At another time, being on a journey on foot, his money fell short, and he was in danger of being exposed to difficulties in consequence, when, happening to put his walking-stick among some rushes, he heard something tingle at the end of it, and, on stooping down, he found two half-crowns, which served to bear his charges home.

Now what is the language of all these incidents? Is it not loudly this, that there is a God that judgeth in the earth; that his eyes go to and fro among the sons of men; that they fix with peculiar complacence on those who give up to him and for him their all in this world; and that he is not unfaithful to forget their labours and sufferings in his cause? Infidels (even those who would usurp the name of philosophers) have introduced into their system, a *chance*, an assemblage of circumstances fortuitously concurring to induce certain favourable events. If any one of the facts above collected had stood by itself, or one of them only had happened in the course of a century, we might perhaps be excusable in seeking no higher for its cause than to such a fortuitous concourse. But when they press in a crowd on our observation, all exhibiting succour opportunely afforded to objects deserving of divine protection, surrounded with difficulties which seemed to require divine interposition, the thought of chance or accident must be banished from our minds. The evidence in favour of a particular Providence is then cumulative; and so forcible, that our reason must determine the man who resolves these events into an accidental concurrence to be infinitely more credulous than the man who thankfully discovers in them the finger of God.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE WORLD.

A Father's Reply to a Friend who asked permission for his Daughter to go into the amusements of the world.

MY DEAR——, WE received your letter last evening, and perused it with no little attention, as it came from one for whom we have always cherished a tender regard, and one upon whose feelings it would be deeply painful to us rashly or needlessly to inflict a

wound. Having maturely and prayerfully considered your urgent request, we hasten to return an answer by the first mail.

Serious and weighty objections stand in the way of our compliance. Our daughter —— is a member of the church of Christ, sustaining a consecrated relation to God and his people. A solemn vow, imposed in baptism, rests upon her, to be and to do what we know is infinitely reasonable and proper, as well as unspeakably to her own present and future well-being. We have taken the resolution, "that as for us and our house, we will serve the Lord;" and that, as far as in us lies, we will "virtuously bring her up to lead a godly and a Christian life;" and while we pray that she may "not be led into temptation," we shall be chargeable with flagrant inconsistency not to do what we can to keep her out of temptation. Mingling in the scenes of which you speak, we conscientiously believe, would be a violation of solemn vows, a trifling with high obligations, and placing her dearest interests in the greatest peril.

Among other things specified in the baptismal vow, that of renouncing the *vanities* of the world is not the least important. Is there anything which so perfectly answers to the designation of *vanity*, yea, *vanity of vanities*, as the fascinating and exciting scenes into which you would fain introduce our daughter? Believe me, my dear friend, when I say that these worldly amusements are a subtle device of our grand enemy, to render a course of neglect of God and heaven so attractive, as to spread a charm over it, and to make the youthful mind so satisfied and content, as to shut out all serious regard for infinitely better things,—that this is their pernicious tendency, observation and experience confirm beyond all doubt. The ardent lover of these pleasures cannot be a lover of God, and the joys of his salvation. They are called *innocent*; but can that be *innocent* which robs God our Maker of the supremacy in our affections, which tends to make its deluded votaries satisfied with dreams and shadows, and defrauds them of the unspeakable sweetness and blessedness of communion with Christ in spiritual devotion, and of the full fruition of heaven hereafter.

You say "there are some communicants who indulge in these things:" that is true, but that does not make it right. It only affords sad evidence that they are pursuing a course which will, no doubt, plant their dying pillow with thorns. It also confirms the truth of what the great Redeemer taught, namely, "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord!" to whom he will reply, "Depart from me; I know you not." We can scarcely believe that our daughter really desires to mingle in the scenes of which you speak, as it would increase the obstacles to her becoming a joyful and a happy Christian, and endanger more seriously her eternal interests; *yet* if she does, (as you would fain believe,) we love her too tenderly to think for a moment of giving our consent.

Permit me to assure you that on becoming a "new creature in Christ Jesus," you will participate in joys and pleasures infinitely preferable to all you have ever found in the gay party or the festive dance. With best wishes, and fervent prayers that you may live to the honour and glory of Him who died to redeem and save you, and at last enter upon the eternal joys of the heavenly state, I subscribe myself yours, affectionately and truly.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY ASHFORD.

"There grew a lily in the vale,
Bedeck'd in robes of snowy white;
Long did its balmy scent exhale,
Long did its modest hue delight.

"That flower, alas! untimely doom!
Now here reclines its wither'd head;
Divested of its virgin bloom,
Its leaves despoil'd, its fragrance fled."

DURING the summer of 1817, the inhabitants of Birmingham, and many of the neighbouring parishes, were thrown into a greater excitement than had been experienced in those localities for several years. This excitement was occasioned by the afflictive intelligence, that an interesting young female, of the name of Mary Ashford, who was well known in the neighbourhood, had been brutally maltreated and murdered near the village of Erdington. At that time I was residing in Birmingham; and though thirty years have rolled away since that fatal occurrence, I have not forgotten the feeling of horror and disgust which this diabolical act produced on all classes of society; nor the intense interest which universally prevailed to bring the murderer to justice. Such was the general sympathy which the fate of the unfortunate girl had awakened, that for many weeks this affecting subject formed the principal topic of conversation.

Mary Ashford was the daughter of a respectable farmer, who resided in a populous village, beautifully situated between Birmingham and Sutton-Coldfield. When I was yet a boy, I remember having seen her on many occasions in the Birmingham

market, which she frequently attended for the purpose of selling butter, eggs, and poultry. She was much respected by her neighbours, and greatly esteemed by those who were more intimately acquainted with her. On the 27th of May, in the year 1817, she attended a ball, which was held at an inn at Erdington, only a moderate distance from her father's house. When the festivities of the evening had terminated, having no personal friend or relative present, a young man from Castle-Bromwich, of the name of Abraham Thornton, who was well-known in the neighhood for his libertine principles, offered to conduct her home. She availed herself of his services, and they left the inn together. On the following morning, however, the corpse of Mary, which presented marks of brutal violence, was discovered, lying in a shallow pond, at the edge of a field, about a mile from the inn. As Thornton had promised to see her home, and being the last person seen in her company, suspicion of course rested upon him, as being the perpetrator of the barbarous deed. He was accordingly apprehended and lodged in the county-gaol. During the trial, which took place at the next Assizes, the most intense and extensive interest was felt throughout the country. But as no direct proof of guilt could be adduced against the prisoner, except what was considered to be strong *circumstantial* evidence, he was acquitted. This verdict was by no means satisfactory to the county; nor, indeed, to the country at large; so that, by the advice of the Counsel for the prosecution, the case was referred to the Court of King's Bench, in London, and it was not till the 16th of April, in the following year, that the proceedings were brought to a final close. The Judges, on that day, pronounced their opinion that "this was a case in which, by law, as it at present stands, they were bound to give the defendant the right of trial by battle." The Counsel for the plaintiff, in consequence, declined to make any further prayer to the Court, which ordered the discharge of the appellee.

A few years since, I had occasion to visit the neighbourhood, where the circumstances which gave rise to these proceedings had occurred. On a beautiful morning in spring, I resolved to take a solitary walk to the churchyard at Sutton-Coldfield, where the remains of poor Mary had been laid. The sun had nearly attained its meridian, and was gilding the "old grey tower" of the church, with its resplendent beams, when I entered, through a little gate, this depository of the dead. I love to saunter in a country churchyard, and to gaze upon the rising hillocks which mark the "sleeping beds" of those who once, perhaps, had acted a conspicuous part on the busy stage of life; or to read the "uncouth rhymes" graven on the stones, many of which cannot fail to procure the "passing tribute of a sigh."

On this occasion my thoughts reverted to the past. During the many years that had elapsed since I last rambled through this place of sepulture, how many of the villagers, some of whom I had known in my boyish days, and whose cheeks were then crimsoned with the flush of health, were laid in the silent grave! How many of these had since returned to this spot; yea, but to tarry here; to occupy the home appointed for all living; to lie down and sleep, undisturbed by winter winds, or summer storms; unawakened by the chime of the church-going bells when they summon hither the Sabbath congregation; or by the voices of those they loved in life, who pass by their lowly graves, already, perhaps, forgetful of the "form beloved" so recently deposited there!

I, too, must die; and the glorious sun, in whose beams I have so often rejoiced, will shortly shine on the turf that covers my cold remains. O may I be found ready when the final summons shall arrive! May this immortal spirit be purified in the blood of Christ, from the last vestige of inbred corruption, and "pass through death triumphant home!"

In the midst of these solemn thoughts which I had been indulging, while wandering through the churchyard, I at length discovered the spot which I was so anxious to see,—the resting-place of Mary Ashford. Over her premature grave a tomb-stone had been erected, on which was engraven the following pathetic inscription: —

"As a warning to female virtue,
And a humble monument to female chastity,
This stone marks the grave
Of MARY ASHFORD;
Who, in the 20th year of her age, having
Incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement
Without proper protection,
Was shamefully ill-used and murdered,
On the 27th of May, 1817.

Lovely and chaste as is the primrose pale,
Rifled of sweetness by the passing gale:
Mary, the wretch who thee remorseless slew,
Avenging wrath, which sleeps not, will pursue!
What though the deed of blood be veil'd in night,
'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'
Fair, blighted flower! the muse that mourns thy doom,
Rears o'er thy murder'd form this warning tomb."

These affecting lines were written, I believe, by the late Dr. Booker, Vicar of Dudley.

A consideration of the particulars contained in this inscription, may suggest a few serious thoughts, no less profitable than instructive.

"She repaired to a scene of amusement." I have always regarded public places of amusement as irrational, vain, and foolish. They furnish no incitement to the cultivation of virtuous principles; but present innumerable temptations to inflame the animal

passions, and to demoralize the mind. Whether we include, under this head, the theatre, the ball-room, the tavern, the card-table, or those fashionable scenes of depravity, which of late years have so thickly risen up, especially in the vicinities of large towns, under the specious appellation of "tea-gardens," as all these places are generally the resort of the thoughtless and profane, they open a "broad and flowery avenue to the bottomless pit." By seeking amusement in such places, what multitudes of the young, of both sexes, whose previous inclinations had been partially regulated by just and proper notions of Christian rectitude, have been led imperceptibly into a love of sinful pleasure; till, by a gradual process, they have been eventually schooled in the hellish principles of infidelity! The conversation, the company, the alluring scenes which they have witnessed, by exciting their criminal desires, have unfitted them for serious meditation, created in their minds a love of sensual enjoyment, and initiated them into all the mysteries of iniquity! The rage for such immoral pleasures, in this day of luxury and dissipation, is a melancholy proof of our degeneracy from the simplicity of the Gospel; and highly reproachful to a nation professing the Christian religion.

Remember, my young friends, it was in a ball-room that Mary spent the last evening of her life. And can you imagine that in the midst of the noise and merriment, the roar of laughter, and the glow of spirits, excited by the music and the dancing, that her heart was right with God? Were recreations such as these, adapted to the case of one who might strictly and literally have exclaimed, during the pauses of the dance, "There is but a step between me and death!" And were such amusements calculated, in the eleventh hour of her existence, to qualify her immortal soul for the pure enjoyments of heaven? Would the recollection of these scenes awaken in her youthful bosom any pleasing sensations, any godly emotions, when, unable to resist the strength of the murderer's arm, she felt that her hour was come?

The memorial on her tomb also states that she was *unprotected*. "She incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement without proper protection." Had she availed herself of the protection of her friends, the personal danger to which she was exposed might have been less; but the sin of repairing to such a place, at her tender age, for the sole purpose of amusement, will not admit of any excuse. Such a proceeding was obviously at variance with the precepts of Scripture, where the young especially are cautioned against conformity to the world. But she went *unprotected:* therefore her reputation was in greater danger. The company who frequent such places, are not in general the persons to whom a young and unprotected female may look with confidence for succour. The very individual to whose care she committed herself at the close of the dance, is supposed to have been the violator of her person, and the destroyer of her life!

As a sincere friend to the young, I would wish them to be constantly on their guard against the alluring snares which lurk under the mask of feigned esteem. Their tender minds are too susceptible of passions which may, if inordinately indulged, prove their ruin. They are also too ready to put the most favourable construction upon outward appearances, which, in many cases, are fallacious. Chastity does not consist in insensibility to the passions, or freedom from them, but in their right government. The pleasure which is derived from subduing an inordinate desire, or denying an impetuous appetite, is infinitely greater than any which may be derived from sensual gratification.

But it is often pleaded on behalf of youth, that theirs is the season of pleasure, the spring morning of enjoyment: hence they easily persuade themselves to believe that there is no harm in visiting places of amusement; or in joining convivial parties, where they can spend their evenings in social mirth. Thus thousands have reasoned, till the love of pleasure has so far predominated over their reason, that they have steeled their hearts against the truth as it is in Jesus. Relaxation from study, or from business, is not only allowable, but necessary for the young. But those relaxations are not to be sought in the society of the ungodly, or amidst scenes of folly and dissipation, or in those synagogues of Satan, where many a hopeful youth, by forming fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, has sunk deeper and deeper into sin, till, having filled up the measure of his iniquities, he has become fitted for destruction.

The only rational mode of seeking substantial happiness, is to aim after the possession of true religion. It is this which gives the "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." On this subject, many young persons have formed the most erroneous opinions. They have mistaken the real nature of the Christian religion, by clothing it with gloom and melancholy. It has thus become unamiable in their eyes. Did they but *feel* its power in their hearts, did they but live under its hallowing influence, they would experience its ennobling joys! Its very nature is social, kind, and cheerful; and its tendency is to make the soul uniformly happy. It leads to enjoyments which are pure and lasting; and teaches its followers to "rejoice evermore," as well as "in everything to give thanks."

My young friends, receive the word of exhortation. Break off, at once, all connexion with evil-doers. Relinquish those

scenes of amusement which present so many excitements to sin. Cease to do evil; learn to do well.

"Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens, all exerts."

"Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day, when for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God." Therefore, watch, pray, believe. Let the morning of your life be spent in laying up treasure in heaven, and in seeking a meetness for its never-ending enjoyments. Make the Scriptures your daily study, and the rule of your conduct. And if persecuted by the enemies of the cross, be not afraid: greater is He that is for you, than all that can be against you. Thus you will receive the testimony of a good conscience; and God, even our own God, will give you his blessing.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LLAMA.

CAMELUS GLAMA, or llama, the South American camel-sheep, has an almost even, black, small head, fine black eyes, and very long neck, bending much, and very protuberant near the junction with the body; in a tame state, with smooth short hair; in a wild state, with long coarse hair, white, grey, and russet, disposed in spots; with a black line from the head along the top of the back to the tail, and belly white. The tail is short; the height from four to four feet and a half; the length from the neck to the tail, six feet. In general the shape exactly resembles a camel, only it wants the dorsal bunch. It is the camel of Peru and Chili; and, before the arrival of the Spaniards, was the only beast of burden known to the Indians. It is very mild, gentle, and tractable. Before the introduction of mules, they were used by the Indians to plough the land; at present they serve to carry burdens of about one hundred pounds. They lie down to the burden; and when wearied no

blows can provoke them to go on, and nothing but caresses can make them arise. Their flesh is eaten, and is said to be as good as mutton. The wool has a strong disagreeable scent. They are very sure-footed, and are, therefore, used to carry the Peruvian ores over the most rugged hills and narrowest paths of the Andes. They inhabit that vast chain of mountains through their whole length to the Straits of Magellan; but, except where these hills approach the sea, as in Patagonia, never appear on the coasts. Like the camel, they have powers of abstaining long from drink, sometimes for four or five days: like that animal, their food is coarse. In a wild state they keep in great herds in the highest and steepest parts of the hills; and while they are feeding, one keeps sentry on the pinnacle of some rock: if it perceive the approach of any one, it neighs; the herd take the alarm, and go off with incredible speed. They outrun all dogs: there is no way of killing them but with the gun. They are slain for the sake of their flesh and hair; for the Indians weave the last into cloth. The huanaco, the arcucanus, and the vicuna, so nearly resemble this animal, that they by no means merit a separate description.

THE MAGPIE AND THE PICKLED COCKLES.

A CERTAIN notable housewife had observed that her stock of pickled cockles was running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook had noticed the same serious deficiency: "she couldn't tell how, but they certainly had disappeared much too fast!" A degree of coolness, approaching to estrangement, ensued between these worthy individuals, which the rapid consumption of the pickled cockles by no means contributed to remove. The lady became more distant than ever; spoke pointedly, and before company, of "some people's unaccountable partiality to pickled cockles." The cook's character was at stake: unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation upon her self-denial, not to say honesty, she, nevertheless, felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end. One day the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping his beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained, the thief detected. Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation, "O, you've been at the pickled cockles, have ye?" Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a year. At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of the astounded visiter, "O, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?"—*The Ingoldsby Legends.*

THE EAGLE.

IN the book of Deuteronomy we have a beautiful and animated allusion to the eagle, and her method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight, in that sublime and highly mystic composition called Moses's Song; in which Jehovah's care of his people, and method of instructing them how to aim at and attain heavenly objects, are compared to her proceedings upon that occasion. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him." (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.) The Hebrew lawgiver is speaking of their leaving their eyry. Sir H. Davy had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of an eagle after they had left it. "I once saw a very interesting sight above the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. The two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of the mountain in the eye of the sun: it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise till they became mere points in the air, and were, both parents and children, lost to our aching sight." What an instructive lesson to Christian parents does this history read! How powerfully does it excite them to teach their children betimes to

look towards heaven and the Sun of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither, more and more, on the wings of faith and love; themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example.—*Kirby.*

SAGACITY OF THE CROW.

A FEW days ago the attention of several persons was excited at St. Ives by an unusual noise made by a crow which had built her nest and hatched her young in the chimney of an uninhabited house near the Wesleyan chapel, in that town. On examination, it appeared that a cat had discovered the young birds, and was trying to dislodge them; but every time puss put her head into the chimney, the crow pounced upon her hinder parts, and then flew off to a neighbouring chimney. The crow, perceiving that she was unable singly to put the enemy to flight, flew to the tower of the church, and brought seven others, which proceeded to assail the cat in the way before described, until she was so severely wounded as to be obliged to retreat, minus pretty much of her fur, and bleeding profusely.—*West Briton.*

PELICANS.

IN the evening we see them pursuing their laborious course to repose. Standing at the door of Bluefields, which from a slight elevation commands a wide prospect of the beautiful bay, I have often watched in the evening,—while the sun, sinking among his gilded piles and peaks of cloud on the horizon-sea, leaves the air refreshingly cool and balmy, and the dying sea-breeze scarcely avails to break the glassy reflection of the surface,—the straggling flocks of pelicans, from a dozen to forty or fifty, passing slowly along over the shore. On such occasions, they manifest a decided tendency to form long continuous strings, like ducks. When the flocks are beating for fish, or sailing round and round on the watch, there is no such arrangement, but all circle in a confusion equal to that of the planets of the Ptolemaic system. Yet at any time of the day, in taking a lengthened flight, whether shifting their locality, or slowly sweeping over the sea, they usually take a lineal order. In flying thus in lines, I have been struck with the unity which they manifest in their motions: the flight is performed by alternate intervals of heavy flappings, and sailing on outstretched motionless wing; and the resumption or suspension of the one or the other state is regulated by the leading bird of the line. For example, the first begins to flap; in an instant the second begins, then the third, then the fourth, and so on, with perfect regularity of succession; and neither ceases till the first does, and then only each in his own turn. That this does not depend on the period of each motion being constant, is shown by the fact, that the duration of either state is very varying and arbitrary. If a bird be following the same course, near at hand, but not within the line, he does not regard the succession at all, but governs his own motion. The pelican, on alighting on the water to swim, brings his feet, which before had been stretched out behind, into a standing position, and, as it were, *slides along the surface* for several yards before he swims.—*The Birds of Jamaica.*

THE LOCUSTS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

OF the multitudes of the incomplete insect, or larva, of the locust which at this time infested this part of Africa, no adequate idea can possibly be conceived without having been an eye-witness. For the distance of ten miles on each side of the Sea-cow river, and eighty or ninety in length, an area of sixteen or eighteen hundred square miles, the whole surface of the ground as far as we could see, might literally be said to be, or to have been, covered with them. They had completely destroyed every green herb, and every blade of grass; and had not the insulated reeds of the river afforded subsistence for our cattle, our journey must here have ended for want of food. To the southward, where these swarms had already been, the traces of their route appeared as if the surface had been swept by a broom, or as if a harrow had been drawn over it. In coming to the first troop, the waggons, as usual, drove right through them, when they rose up on each side like a cloud, and the horses crossed the group in a gallop. Those that escaped from being crushed, immediately squatted down again. They swarmed in thousands into our tents to devour the crumbs that fell on the ground. The present year was the third of their continuance in this part of the colony. Their last departure, with its result, is described as rather singular, and it was confirmed by the inhabitants of the lower part of the colony. All the full-fledged insects were driven by a tempestuous north-west wind into the sea, and afterwards thrown back upon the beach, where they formed a bank, three or four feet high, between the mouths of the Bosjesmans river and the Beeka, a distance of nearly fifty miles; and our present company assured me, that when this mass became putrid, the stench was sensibly felt in several parts of Sneuberg. —*Sir John Barrow's Autobiography.*

THE DOG FISHING FOR SALMON.

MAN is not content with employing his own ingenuity in capturing this delicious fish. He calls to his aid the sagacity of the

dog, which we find becomes by practice as expert a fisher as his master. Numerous instances of this are on record. The following are well-established facts. In the work by the Rev. William Hamilton, an interesting account is related of the assistance afforded by a water-dog to some salmon-fishermen when working nets in shallow pools. The dog takes his post in a ford where the water is not very deep, and at a distance below the net. If a salmon escapes the net, the fish makes a shoot down the river in the direction towards the sea; the dog watches and marks his approach by the ripple on the water, and endeavours to turn the fish back towards the net, or catch him. If he fails in both attempts, the dog then quits the water, in which the pace of the fish is too fast for him, and runs with all his speed down the bank to intercept the fish at the next shallow ford, where another opportunity and a second diverting attempt occurs. A clever poacher, at Totnes, allows that he has killed many salmon in the night, on the Dart, by setting a trammel-net at the lower end of a pool, by sending in a dog at the upper end of it, which dog he had trained to dive like an otter. The fish, as soon as the dog dived, immediately dashed down the stream, and were taken in the net at the lower end of the pool. The Earl of Home, in a letter to the Earl of Montague, dated 10th of January, 1837, relates the following history of a Newfoundland dog which belonged to his uncle. He knew the Monday mornings as well as the fishermen themselves, and used to go to the mill-dam at Fireburn mill at that time. He there took his station at the opening of the dam to allow the salmon to pass, and has been known to kill from twelve to twenty salmon in a morning: the fish he took to the side. A process was instituted against the dog. This case was brought before the Court of Session, and the process was entitled, "The Earl of Tankerville *v.* a Dog, the property of the Earl Home." Judgment was given in favour of the dog.—*Soltaire's Fly-Fishing.*

HUMMING-BIRDS.

WHEREVER a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, may these little things be seen. In the garden, or in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about; of all sizes, from one that might be mistaken for a different variety of bird, to the tiny hermit, whose body is not half the size of the bees buzzing about the same sweets. The blossoms of the inga-tree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rosinhas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load, the day long. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport, with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off, like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then starting off leisurely, they skim along, stooping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowrets. Often two meet in mid-air and furiously fight, their crests and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we saw them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed often to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes. Again and again would they renew the attack, until their anger had expended itself by its own fury, or until the apathetic bee, once roused, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field.—*Voyage up the Amazon River.*

OUR SERVANTS.

AN INFIDEL'S SERVANT.

THE Abbé Baruel, in the account he gives of the closing scenes of Diderot's life, tells us that he had a Christian servant, to whom he had been kind, and who waited upon him in his last illness. This servant took a tender interest in the melancholy situation of his master, who was just about to leave this world without preparation for another. Though a young man, he ventured one day, when he was engaged about his master's person, to remind him that he had a soul, and to admonish him in a respectful manner not to lose the best opportunity of attending to its welfare. Diderot heard him with attention, melted into tears, and thanked him. He even consented to allow the young man to introduce a Clergyman, whom he would probably have continued to admit to his chamber, if his infidel friend would have suffered the Minister to repeat his visits. Let us be encouraged to attempt good under the most unpromising circumstances, and, in our different stations, to remember we are commanded to labour for the welfare of those with whom we are connected.—*Servant's Magazine.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

COPY OF A LETTER OF THE LATE REV. J. ENTWISLE TO HIS GRANDSON J. ENTWISLE DALBY.

Haxton, June 8th, 1838.

My dear Joseph,

It affords me great satisfaction to hear from your dear mother that you are in good health, that you are very comfortable in your situation, and that you are happy in your soul. The Lord be praised for all these mercies. I assure you that your happiness increases mine. I trust while I live I shall have joy in you. Let me earnestly recommend you to cleave to God with full purpose of heart. Your *first* concern should be to secure the peace and prosperity of your soul. Then everything else will go on well. You will not be "slothful in business *if you* are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A few things I would especially recommend to you, grounded on Prov. iii. 6, which you know is my motto: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." 1. Keep up a spirit of habitual devotion to God, doing everything heartily as unto the Lord. 2. Improve your vacant time by prayer, reading, and meditation. 3. Attend all the means of grace according to your opportunities; and *especially* improve your *Sabbath-days*, &c. 4. Pay a conscientious regard to your master's interest. Do not take, *even for religious purposes*, any portion of his time. *Nor even take for your own* use even a sheet of paper, or the *value* of a pin, without his consent. I do not suspect you, my dear Joseph, of any inclination to dishonesty; yet Satan is not dead, and temptations may be present to your mind. 5. Always be respectful to Mr. and Mrs. Turton, and kind and obliging to all about you. Endeavour to make yourself agreeable in the family; appearing, and in reality being, always content with such things as you have. In this way you will be happy *in yourself*, and useful in your station. About forty years ago, Mr. Marris, of Roundhay, went to Manchester, and was in a draper's shop. He was a pious youth, and by *his holy living* and consistent behaviour he was the instrument of the conversion of Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst; and, if I mistake not, ten or twelve of the family. God blessed him in all respects, and he is now in glory. I should like to receive a letter from you in a week or two. Tell me how you are in health, in your soul, what you are reading in your vacant hours, and *everything* else respecting yourself. Also inform me how the work of God is going on in Leeds.

And now, my dear Joseph, I commend you to the special care and protection and blessing of Almighty God. Honour Him, and He will honour you.

Your aunt and cousin unite in love with
Your affectionate Grandfather,
Joseph Entwisle.

To Mr. J. Dalby,
At Mr. Turton's, Briggate, Leeds.

BIOGRAPHY.

ACCOUNT OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

"A respectable man" is a conventional phrase; and, almost universally, the world talks of "a respectable man" as one who moves in the higher or middle classes, who is wealthy, or, at any rate, "well to do;" who has a certain position in society, wears broad-cloth, is honest and honourable, or thought to be so, does a good business, or boasts a profession; or enjoys his green acres, or is a gentleman at leisure. The world, by common consent, excludes from this fraternity, the labourer or artisan, who toils with hard and soiled hands, and who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. The world judgeth by the outward appearance. This is not the true test. We have had the honour of association with as fine spirits as the world ever knew, enshrined as they were in a rough casing, and clothed in fustian. One of this order, who belonged to the true nobility, whose mind, and character, and living stamped his respectability, we notice.

John Williams was born we know not where. Who were his immediate ancestors we never heard. The circumstances attending his early life are also lost in oblivion. There is no record of him or his family in the Herald's College, or elsewhere, that we know of. Enoch was the seventh from Adam, and John Williams was certainly about the two-hundredth. Both were distinguished men; for they walked with God. More than this the world cannot say of its mightiest and best. John Williams had arrived at man's estate when we first knew him. He had then a wife and three children; was a stone-

mason's labourer, earned eighteen shillings a week, something less in hard times, lived in a very humble dwelling, was a Methodist, and a self-denying, godly man, and zealous of good works. No hero this for a romance.

According to the Catechism, he did his duty in that sphere of life to which God had been pleased to call him. A great thing to say of every one. His labour was manual, and he seemed to have great faith in hard work. He fairly and honestly earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He never uttered, we believe, a word of complaint, nor was there ever seen upon his modest manly face a scowl at the hardness or humbleness of his lot. On the contrary, he rejoiced that he had work to do, and had strength to do it. He had a fine flow of spirits, and a heart ever gushing forth gratitude to God for his mercies. This lightened labour. Never, in my experience, have I met with so happy a Christian: he could see good in everything; and, like David, was blessing the Lord at all times. His cheerfulness, and sobriety, and faithfulness, made him valuable to his employers; and he was retained by the same firm for many years.

He was a man of the purest benevolence. It is wonderful how much the poor help their poorer brethren; sharing with them their plain and scanty meal, and in offices, by day and night, of kindness and sympathy. John Williams was ever ready with his help and services; and has denied himself absolute necessaries, that he might feed the hungry, and succour the destitute. With a gentle and tender spirit he could enter into the feelings of the wretched, and minister to the mind diseased; and watch by the bed, and console and pray with the forsaken plague-stricken, from whom hope had well-nigh gone. Selfishness and he were utter strangers. In him was illustrated that fine Christian sentiment, "No man liveth to himself." That truest of bravery, "continuance in well-doing," was a marked feature of his life. He was "against example resolutely good," and reproved sin with energy, yet with a sincere regard for the offender, which disarmed offence. His whole bearing was frank, open, honest, thoroughly English, and Christian. He made many friends, who loved and respected him. The high style of character he maintained abroad, he carried with him to his home. This was his sanctuary after the toils of the day. His feet never strayed into the haunts of sin or folly, so freely encouraged by the class of workmen to which he belonged. Nor did he associate with club, or clique, or party, for any unwise or political purpose. He dwelt apart from these ignoble strifes which so often draw their votaries away from God, and family, and duty. Home! that magic word, was filled with delightful associations to him. His was the abode of peace and content; and the genial influences of his happy spirit made it a palace. His wife was worthy of him; and she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

It was perhaps the best, that she had a rather large measure of Martha's household thrift. She was a true saint, and yet kept at home and managed her own house well; and we hope she may be forgiven the profound anxieties that weekly engaged her careful attention, to make her husband's wages provide all things necessary for their support and respectable appearance. She did this, and kept out of debt, and had still to spare for the charities and generosities of her husband. My friend was throughly a Bible Christian. He searched into God's book as for hid treasure. He devoutly and reverently bowed to its dictates, and his whole character became moulded and fashioned after its divine teaching, and the gentle and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. Here was the secret of his excellence. He had never been taught in the schools. With prayer and pains he had sought wisdom of God; and liberally had he received. He had sat so humbly at the feet of Jesus, and drunk in so earnestly the blessed words which fell from the lips of his Lord, that he had grown up in likeness to his Master, and become a disciple indeed.

That man cannot be mean or ignoble who thus holds fast by the word of life. How sublime and ennobling to hold daily fellowship with Patriarchs, and Apostles, and Prophets, and Martyrs, and Confessors; men, the wisest, the greatest, the best, that have figured in this world's history; who being dead yet speak; and to visit in the records of the sacred page, the hallowed scenes of former glories, and to become familiar with mighty events that have moved the world, giving their lasting influence to all time!

"We stand in amazement at the blessed power of transfiguration which the Bible possesses for the human intellect. And yet we are not amazed; for the Bible is the voice of God, and the words of the Bible are words of God; and he who will give himself up to them, and will feed upon them, and love them, and dwell amidst them, shall have his intellect and his soul transfigured with glory and blessedness by them."

There were no startling incidents in the life of John Williams. He stands forth one of a noble army of righteous men, who have, by the instrumentality of Methodism, been rescued from the ruin and defilement of sin; and from extreme poverty and degradation, to newness of life. And this life, adorned by the graces of the Holy Spirit, and marked by heroic virtues, and a burning charity, has made proclamation of the truth amongst the masses not otherwise to be reached. These regenerated men in whom the Gospel has been the power of God to salvation, are the epistles of a true church; the sign and

seal of a covenanted succession to the Apostleship in that church, and, by whatever name called, Christ's own "sacramental host."

"The short and simple annals of the poor," of the pious poor, afford no wonderment to the vulgar curiosity and wild extravagance of the lovers of life as it is not. Their career escapes such observation. In our popular literature we have had too much of "low life," raked from the foulest kennels, detailed with unblushing effrontery, and emblazoned with artistic skill. We are sick with disgust at the attempts, by men of talent, to degrade the poor, and all classes, by exhibiting to their gaze, in false colours, the deeds and daring of the most depraved and vile. Why drag such from their dishonoured graves? Why steal from the gibbet the thief, and murderer, doomed to infamy by a less enlightened age, to become the heroes of romance in this? Thus to bewitch and pervert our youth, is of all crimes the most criminal. If illustrious examples from humble life are wanted, you may find Howards there, and Pascals, and John Fletchers, and Hampdens, and Cowpers, whose principles, and qualities, and virtues would give dignity to a dukedom:

"A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature."

Of John Williams, whose memory is still fragrant to many who could estimate his worth, we have to say he died as he had lived. His record is on high.

"His God was with him in the final hour,
His final hour brought glory to his God."

Salford. D.

POETRY.

"HE MUST REIGN."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE fount is open'd, from whose streams
Celestial life and knowledge spread;
The sun is risen, whose radiant beams
Restore the sick, and raise the dead.

Shall aught their glorious current check,
Till earth with moral verdure glows?
Till they her arid deserts deck
With blooming Eden's deathless rose?

The strong archangel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring spans the vault of heaven.

Shall aught oppose his boundless flight?
Aught dim with clouds his flaming scroll?
No; not till truth, with holy light,
Shall visit every heathen soul:

Not till blest peace shall spring to birth,
Till hatred sheathe the useless sword,
Till all the nations of the earth
Become the kingdoms of the Lord.

COME TO THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

COME to the house of mourning,
Thou who art young in years;
Come feast upon "the joy of grief,"
The smiles that burst through tears:
For there 's a chaste delight in woe,
To noisy mirth unknown;
And all our purest bliss below
In briny tears is sown.

Come to the house of mourning,
Thou in the prime of days,
Whose heart has felt the stings of grief
Amidst life's chequer'd ways:
The young, the bright, the beautiful,
Are vanishing away;
And they demand a passing tear:
Then here thy tribute pay.

Come to the house of mourning,
Thou of the hoary hair;
Whose leaf is sear'd by death's keen blast,
Whose wither'd trunk is bare:
Here let my spirit plume its wings
For brighter worlds than this:
Come sow in tears of sorrow, then,
To reap eternal bliss!

THOMAS RAGG.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

O! MOURN not her whose soul has flown,
Far from its mouldering house of clay,
Spread its bright wings, and upwards gone
To realms of day.

Here, for a while, in depths conceal'd,
Lay the bright gem of truth and love:
Sparkles it now, in light reveal'd,
In heaven above.

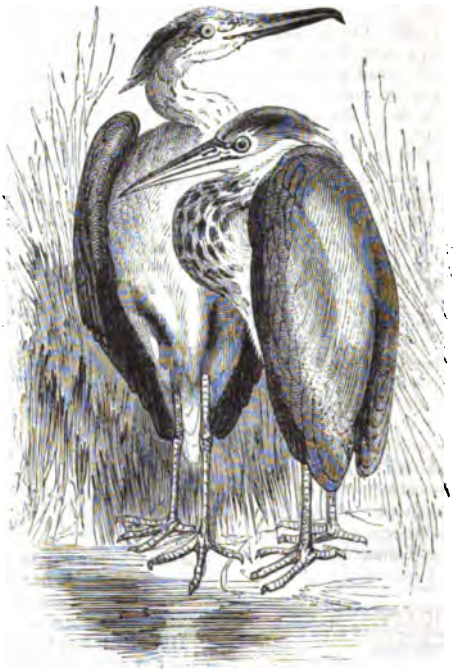
Spake not her tongue a parting word?
Lisp'd not her lips a faint farewell?
—She sings such strains nor ear hath heard,
Nor tongue can tell!

"Mourn not the dead!" the loud winds say,
"Damp not *this* tomb with sorrowing tear;
Though fast the lifeless flesh decay,
All is not here.

"Soon to its home, on yonder shore,
Shall this vile dust in glory rise;
Hear the loud trump; triumphant soar,
To reign with God for evermore,
Beyond the skies."

Dublin. THOMAS MILLS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE HERON,

Or, the *anaphah* of Lev. xi. 19; Deut. xiv. 18. The original is a disputed name of an unclean bird, which has been also translated kite, woodcock, parrot, and crane. For the *first* of these, see *glede*, (Deut. xiv. 13,) an obsolete name for the common kite; the *second* is rare, and only a momentary visiter in Palestine; the *third* surely required no prohibition where it was not a resident species, and probably not imported till the reign of Solomon; and as to the crane, we have already shown it to have been likewise exotic, making only a momentary appearance, and rarely in Syria, where it is commonly represented by the African species (*grus virgo*) of crane. If the Hebrew be derived from *anaph*, "to breathe short," or "to sniff through the nostrils, an irritated expression," the most obvious application would be to the goose; a bird not, perhaps, otherwise noticed in the Hebrew Scriptures, though it was constantly eaten in Egypt, was not held unclean by the Jews, and, at some seasons, must have frequented the lakes of Palestine. The heron, though not so constantly hissing, can utter a similar sound of displeasure with much more meaning: the common species (*ardea cinerea*) is found in Egypt, and is also abundant in the Hauran of Palestine, where it frequents the margins of lakes and pools, and the reedy water-courses in the deep ravines, striking and devouring an immense quantity of fish.—*Kitto.*

ANECDOTES.

THE GARDENER AT WALMER.

We must not forget the garden, abounding in flowers not rare nor *recherché*, but rich, luxuriant, and abundant; and the pride of the lawn, a noble lime-tree, which the Duke declares is the finest in the world, and which, just bursting into flower when we saw it, will now be flinging its luxuriant aroma far and

wide. Still less must we forget the gardener,—the Duke's own especial gardener, for so he certainly is,—a fine, portly, healthy, happy, handsome, elderly man. He was at the battle of Waterloo, and his regiment was disbanded afterwards; and the Duke, for reasons good, doubtless, proposed to him to take the situation of head-gardener at Walmer. He demurred,—as much as a true soldier could presume to do at the decree of his commanding officer; for, by his own especial declaration, he did not know a moss-rose from a cabbage; but the Duke was peremptory, and he could but obey orders. "But now," he said, "I get on pretty well." "And like it?" "O yes." "But suppose war were to break out, should you be a soldier again?" "Why, that would depend on the Duke: if he said I must go, of course I must." "But how did you manage when you first came here?" "Why, as well as I could; but I was rather awkward." "Perhaps you studied hard; read a good deal?" "No, I did'nt read at all." "You looked about you then?" "Why, yes, I did." "And you get on very well?" "Why, yes, but I'm plagued sometimes: the names of the flowers puzzle me sadly." "And what does the Duke say to that?" "O, I have him there; for he does'nt know them himself."—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

PLANS OF ESCAPE FROM ST. HELENA.

Count Montholon describes two projects of escape for Napoleon, which have not been previously divulged:—"Several vessels arrived from India and the Cape, and almost all the officers of these vessels obtained permission to be presented at Longwood. It was on this occasion that Captain —— availed himself of the opportunity to place his services at the disposal of the Emperor, and offered to conduct him wherever he pleased. He said that this feeling was inspired by his strong indignation at the conduct pursued by the English Government, and, above all, at that of Sir Hudson Lowe; an indignation, he added, which was shared by all classes in England, with the exception of a few private friends of the Ministers. The Emperor listened with the kindest interest to this noble and generous offer, but refused to accept it. It was about the same period that one of the officers of the garrison conceived a plan of escape, the success of which was almost certain. His plan was to reach the shore at a point of the coast opposite to James-Town, which was guarded merely by a post of infantry: small boats alone could approach the shore at this place, but a boat well provided with rowers would have been sufficient to enable the fugitives to reach the vessel appointed to receive them. This point was only an hour's walk distant. But whether the Emperor at this time had relinquished all idea of desiring to escape, or whether he doubted the sincerity of the offers which were made to him, or the possibility of their success, he refused to accept them."

LORD HILL AT WATERLOO.

Sir Digby Mackworth, who was on the staff of Lord Hill, has kindly communicated what he witnessed of his General's efforts at the grand crisis of the day. "He placed himself," Sir Digby states, "at the head of his Light Brigade, 52d, 71st, and 95th, and charged the flank of the Imperial Guard, as they were advancing against our Guards. The Light Brigade was lying under the brow of the hill, and gave and received volleys within half pistol-shot distance. Here Lord Hill's horse was shot under him, and, as he ascertained the next morning, was shot in five places. The General was rolled over and severely bruised, but in the *mêlée* this was unknown to us for about half-an-hour. We knew not what was become of him; we feared he had been killed; and none can tell you the heartfelt joy which we felt when he rejoined us, not seriously hurt." When the tremendous day was over, Lord Hill and his staff again re-occupied the little cottage they left in the morning. His two gallant brothers, Sir Robert Hill, and Colonel Clement Hill, had been removed wounded to Brussels: the party was, nevertheless, nine in number. A soup made by Lord Hill's servant from two fowls was all their refreshment after hours of desperate fighting without a morsel of food. Lord Hill himself was bruised and full of pain. All night long the groans and shrieks of sufferers were the chief sounds that met their ears. It was to them all a night of the greatest misery. The men whom the nations of Europe were about to welcome with acclamations, and to entertain in palaces, could only exchange sigh for sigh with each other in a wretched cottage. Such is war, even to the winners. May a gracious God soon make it cease in all the earth! . . . . In reading the various accounts of this battle, it is curious to observe the discrepancies as to the time it commenced. Lord Hill has, however, settled this point. On arriving in London, the autumn after the conflict, he passed his first evening at the house of his friend Lord Teignmouth. "Can you tell me," said Lord Teignmouth, "at what time the action commenced?" Lord Hill replied, "I took two watches into action with me. On consulting my stop-watch after the battle was over, I found that the first gun was fired at ten minutes before twelve."—*Life of Lord Hill, by Rev. E. Sidney.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS IN INDIA.

My house is called a bungalow, which I chose as being the most economical. A bungalow is a thatched cottage, with only one ground-story. The floors of the rooms are not made of wood, but a sort of cement which looks like stone. The house stands in the midst of a large field, called a compound, which belongs to me; and the servants' dwellings are scattered around. I have a flower and kitchen garden, fowl-house, and place for goats, kitchen, stable, cowhouse, and a banyan-tree. The pathways through the grass are of fine gravel, and the hedges are composed almost entirely of aloes and cactuses, mixed with a very sweet-smelling flowering shrub, and here and there a bamboo, which is a most beautiful tree, resembling a very tall weeping-willow. The sensitive plant grows wild about the compound, and bears a very pink flower resembling that of red cloves. The banyan-tree is abundant here. Each branch projects stalks downwards, which take root in the earth; and after a few years one tree resembles a cluster, and covers a large space of ground. I have several aloes in my garden which are just flowering. They have thrown up a straight stalk about twenty feet high. A large cactus is now in bloom. It is about ten feet high, and each stem or leaf is thicker round than my leg. This kind bears a very beautiful large white flower, which opens only at night. In my kitchen-garden are the mango, the plantain, Indian corn, pine-apple-trees, and many others. Carpets are not used here, but the floors are covered instead with India matting. In each room is a punkah, which I have before described. We procure water for drinking from a large tank or pond; and, as we cannot purchase meat, I have provided myself with thirty-five ducks, sixty fowls, four goats, and three kids, which last are almost ready to eat: the goats we shall keep for their milk. The Judge made me a present of a beautiful fawn of the spotted deer, which is becoming very tame. I am just going to join a mutton-club. Four persons enter into partnership, and agree to keep a small flock of sheep; one of which is killed twice a week, and then each partner is provided with a quarter of mutton, and each in turn has the liver, heart, and head. A gentleman yesterday sent me four guinea-fowls, and another has promised me six pigeons as soon as I have a place to keep them in. I have just begun to make a collection of insects, snakes, and butterflies and moths, of the most beautiful kind. The chameleon is very common, and changes its colour according to the temper it is in. I [illegible]h is generally of a brilliant green; but if its anger be roused, it becomes covered with large black spots, and when hungry with white spots. These are the only changes in its colour I have as yet observed: but I have seen others yellow; others, again, black, with yellow spots. It is said that each chameleon has ten different variations of colour. There is to be seen here a light-brown lizard, called the blood-sucker, which is constantly running about the walls in the rooms. Whenever we take up a paper or a book, we are sure to find two or three cockroaches under it; not such cockroaches as you may see in England, but great ones, three or four inches long. The grasshoppers come into the house in great numbers, and grow to an uncommon size. You may hear them chirping half a mile off. The ants, of which there are three sorts, are a great nuisance. Every house swarms with them; and unless the legs of tables, drawers, &c., are kept constantly standing in jars of water, they attack the dinner-cloths, and in fact everything they can reach: 1st, there is a very small red ant, whose bite causes a very hard red swelling, which continues very painful for some days; 2d, a great black ant, about the size of an English wasp, which bites, but does not sting; 3d, the white ant, rather larger than the common English ant, which come in a swarm, and in one night will devour a table or a shelf-full of books. You may come down in the morning and find your table and books apparently all right, but no sooner do you touch them than they all crumble away to powder.—*Acland's Manners and Customs of India.*

THE LATE KING WHEN LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

I am aware that many stories were at one time afloat about the rude and uncourteous demeanour of the Duke of Clarence. It may have been so in the early part of his life, considering the vicious education that a youth, at that time, was likely to receive, in common with his companions of the cock-pit, which was not always much improved by a step to the quarter-deck. It is possible that his Royal Highness may have brought with him on shore some portion of such rude qualifications. But, be that as it may, it is well understood, that from the date of his marriage with the amiable Princess Adelaide, (now the Queen-Dowager,) the meekness of her disposition, and the suavity of her manners, produced the best possible effects on her husband. And I may add, that no one was more conscious than was his Royal Highness of the very defective system of education in a ship of war; and he often spoke to me concerning the

method to be adopted for its improvement, which I know he would have followed up, had he remained longer in the Admiralty. This improvement was in fact shortly after instituted, when the general taste for education began to spread through all classes of society. The introduction of suitable books into the navy, to form what is called the Seaman's Library, was the first step; this was followed by the appointment of well-qualified instructers to all ships of the line and frigates, mostly Chaplains or young men from college: so that officers now, while in pursuit of their professional studies, may at the same time acquire or keep up a knowledge of the classics and mathematics; and seamen's schoolmasters were appointed to all ships, for the instruction of the crews. The result has been, not only that the improvement of the officers of the British navy is most conspicuous in point of knowledge, but the seamen also in propriety of conduct, and decency of manners, within the last twenty or thirty years, so as to keep pace with that progress among the civil classes of society, which the general system of education has had the effect of producing. How very different was the condition of the officers of the navy when Prince William Henry was sent on board the Prince George at the age of thirteen!—for sent he was; the good old King declaring that his son Henry should work his way to promotion from a midshipman, in the same routine as the most friendless youngster in the fleet. He served under Lord Keith, Lord Hood, and Lord Nelson, and was engaged in several actions. When Don Juan de Langara was brought a prisoner on board the Prince George, and was told that a smart young midshipman, whom he had observed very active at his duty on the gangway, was a Prince of the blood, a son of King George III., "Well," he said, "may England be mistress of the sea, when the son of her King is thus engaged in her navy." The extraordinary difference—I may venture to call it improvement—that has taken place in the condition of naval cadets, midshipmen, mates, or by whatever name these young non-commissioned officers may have been designated, is very remarkable, compared with that in the days of his Royal Highness. The numbers of youngsters—many of them sons of the first families—who were in H.M.S. Lion, on her voyage to China with Lord Macartney, had no comforts, much less luxuries, at their mess-table. Of this I had personal experience, as Lord Mark Kerr, Lord William Stuart, and two or three others of that ship, were not satisfied if I did not sometimes descend to the bottom of the ship, on Saturday evenings, to drink to "sweethearts and wives." A bit of cold salt beef and biscuit, with a can of grog, was frequently their repast; the only light a tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a black-bottle, and a parcel of chests serving for seats: the scantiness of their meal was owing to our having no communication with any land on the homeward voyage, except St. Helena, which had nothing to spare; yet these young gentlemen made no complaint, but all were as cheerful and happy as mortals could be. Two thumbed and torn books constituted their library,—"Robinson Crusoe," and "Roderick Random;" and they had not the benefit of either Chaplain or naval instructer: two of these youngsters mentioned, when in command, were not inferior to the best officers in the service. From forty to fifty years after this, I visited the midshipmen's berths in several ships of war. I found them comfortably and neatly fitted up, a display of good earthenware and table utensils, and also a small service of plate; a library of books for information or amusement; generally a Chaplain, and always a naval instructer, and sometimes both. These, however, were ships in harbour; but the foundation was here laid for a comfortable mess at sea. I have mentioned the kind and friendly disposition of the Lord High Admiral; indeed I am not aware of his ever having given offence to any one; and he was particularly attentive to naval officers. Once, however, after he came to the throne, I was not a little mortified to witness a severe reproof-giving, in a full levee-room, to a distinguished flag-officer and most amiable and sensitive nobleman, Admiral Lord de Saumarez. Sir Richard Keats was a particular and early friend and favourite of King William, who, on his death, decided on distinguishing his funeral by inviting a great number of naval officers, and six flag-officers to bear the pall, one of whom was Lord de Saumarez. From some cause or other he failed to attend. On the first levee-day that his Lordship made his appearance at court, the King upbraided him before the whole assembly; and connected the name of Keats with that of De Saumarez in such a way, as to wound his sensitive mind far more deeply than the reproof for his absence. I was waiting in the lobby, when his Lordship came down, and, approaching me in tears, told me how he had been treated, and said he should never recover it; that the King would not listen to his excuse, which was a valid one. I observed to him that the Duke of Clarence, when at the Admiralty, was occasionally thrown off his guard and hasty, but was soon pacified; and my advice to him would be, to ask, the following morning, for an audience, and to request him to accept your apology, and permit you to explain. He did so, and was quite delighted with the manner in which he was received.—*Sir J. Barrow's Autobiography.*

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE FORDS OF JORDAN.

We sat for a considerable time on the banks of the river, where we also breakfasted, and discoursed and conversed with one another about the Scripture references to this celebrated stream, and the valley through which it flows, all of which references are minutely accordant with all that is known of its character. When it is said that "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, *before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah*, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar," (Gen. xiii. 10,) it is hinted that this was not the character of the plain in the days of Moses, a great part of it being then desolate, and, in the absence of streamlets of water, incapable of culture, as at the present time.

"Fords," or passages of the Jordan, contiguous to Jericho and other places, are sometimes mentioned; and there are several places now found at which the river, when not particularly flooded, is still passable, though with some difficulty, by men and animals. The general depth and rapidity of the river, showed us the necessity of such a miracle being performed for the passage of the two or three millions of the Israelites, as is mentioned in Joshua, when the "waters which came down from above stood and rose up on an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho." (Josh. iii. 16.) This miracle seemed to us more than ever possessed of magnitude, and well calculated to bring about the effect ascribed to it, "that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty." (Josh. iv. 24.) Looking to the depths of the banks of the river, we clearly saw, as has been frequently noted, that they could not have been overflowed, either during the winter rains, or the melting of the snows on Hermon or Lebanon, or the rise and fall of the winds in the northern lakes of the river, in the sense in which the valley of the Nile is overflowed by the annual rise of that river. According to the Hebrew, it is merely said that the "Jordan *fills* all his banks;" a form of expression agreeing with present appearances. That of old, as now, however, the rise of the Jordan extended to the thickets on its lowest bank, is evident from the language of Jeremiah, alluding to the dislodgment of the fierce lion from his covert: "Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan against the habitation of the strong." (Jer. xlix. 19.) Such a rise in the river would not be inconsiderable, especially to those called to pass through the violence of its stream. "If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" (Jer. xii. 5.) The thickets in the days of Elisha seem, as at present, to have been close to the river; for "when they came to Jordan they cut down

wood; but as one was felling a beam, the axe-head fell into the water." (2 Kings vi. 4, 5.) The river-bed must have then, as now, been deep; for the Prophet wrought a miracle to recover this implement. The discolourment of the waters of the Jordan, from their action against their clayey banks, seems generally to have been known at this time, or Naaman, the Syrian, would not have asked, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" (2 Kings v. 12.)—*Lands of the Bible.*

POPERY.

AMUSEMENTS OF A POPISH PEOPLE.

THE barbarous and ungraceful mirth of the Lisbon carnival was not altered in the least for the better this year, but considerably for the worse. The elegant and imaginative resources of this period consist in several thousands of people pelting each other for many successive days with beans, rotten eggs, dead rats, soot, and water. The streets during the past week have been strewn with beans, which, if not thus squandered, might have afforded a meal to every poor person in the metropolis. Dead and even live rats have been let down from windows at intervals upon the heads of the passengers. From my balcony I reckoned twelve dozen of eggs which were flung within a few hours on the Sabbath before Lent. The walls were all plastered with the yolks, where they did not decorate Lisbonian noses. Many young fellows of taste poured dozens of them in succession into the windows of their *namoradas*, an odd way of bringing them into subjection to the "matrimonial yoke." In a central street, a man thus foolishly engaged, lost his balance while intruding his boisterous mirth upon the passengers. He had stretched out too far in flinging a handful of beans, fell into the street from an upper window, and was killed on the spot. The unfortunate man was the father of a numerous family of children, whom he has left in the greatest distress. It is to be hoped that Government will take measures to suppress next year the orgies of the carnival both here and at Oporto, which have latterly risen to a shocking excess, and are irreconcilable with the slightest pretensions to civilization. A club of young men, resembling that *Thunder Club*, of which Gonzales Bravo was a leading member at Madrid, traversed the streets of Lisbon for the three days preceding Ash-Wednesday, accompanied by servants carrying baskets of eggs, and even followed by *seges*, or hackney-cabs, in which were other basketfuls of these disgusting missiles, and indulged themselves with the Hottentot amusement of flinging them with all their force at the windows and balconies as they passed along. It is impossible to describe the hideous appearance which the walls and windows of the metropolis, thus plastered, presented. The contemptuous waste of food was illustrated by a barbarous indifference to the appeals of human distress; and one young sprig of nobility, while in the act of removing in a basket from a *tenda*, or chandler's shop, all the eggs which it contained, to be used as missiles, was implored by a beggar woman for a solitary copper, which he refused. In addition to the loss of life which I have already recorded, I am informed that the life of a woman was sacrificed through a fall, occasioned by her stepping back in fright, upon seeing one of these Bayards firing at her. Many ladies of respectability had eggs burst full in their faces, and one was seriously hurt on the temple. Others who ventured in the streets upon the early days, had live rats and mice let down by strings on their bonnets and shoulders. A gentleman on horseback, in passing through Silver-street, the Cheapside of Lisbon, was pelted with an orange, when his horse became violently restiff, and, instead of assisting him to quiet the animal, scores of people pelted him with oranges, eggs, and potatoes. For the honour of Portugal, even of Europe, (for in that quarter of the globe it is still set down,) I trust such scenes will never be repeated.

TABLE-TALK.

MIMICKRY, A DANGEROUS TALENT.

MR. BUCK, in his "Anecdotes," tells us of a young man, a candidate for the ministry, who, possessing a talent for mimicking the tones of other men's voices, indulged it; and the consequence, after a while, was, that he was unable to speak without falling into the imitation of some other person. And when he became a Preacher, this unhappy habit so pursued him, than he no sooner began to preach than he set his audience to laughing;

in consequence of which he was under the necessity of abandoning the pulpit. The writer recollects the case of a young man, who, in mimickry, excelled all he ever knew; and, as he was preparing for the bar, it was expected that he would make a great figure as a speaker. But the fact was, that by the constant indulgence of his propensity for mimickry, he lost his own natural voice and manner, and, when pleading at the bar, seemed to the audience not to be in earnest, but to be speaking to raise a laugh; which proved to be a great obstruction to his success. There is also an unconscious imitation of the tones and manners of others, against which young men should be on their guard. Persons are frequently accused of imitating some admired speaker, when they are conscious that they never designed any such thing; nevertheless the imitation is real. Upon this principle, all the members of a family have the same peculiar drawl or intonation, which they have undesignedly acquired; and on this principle the tone or brogue of a whole province or nation is recognised as soon as it is heard. Some persons possess an uncommon susceptibility of imitating the sounds which they hear. We recollect a Preacher in whose tones we could, in one discourse, trace the imitation of three distinguished Preachers whom he had been accustomed to hear; and yet it is more than probable that he never designed to imitate any one of them. Artificial tones are much more easily imitated than those which are perfectly natural. Every human being, as he has organs of speech of his own, so he has a voice that is natural to him, and no other voice is. And what is wonderful, every hearer can instinctively judge whether a sound emitted from the organs of speech is natural or artificial; not, indeed, so as never to be deceived; but so that in most cases he can determine the fact without much danger of error. In the cultivation of the voice, care should be taken not to destroy the natural expression: let all improvement be grafted on this as its stock. — *New-York Observer.*

RATTLESNAKES AND ASH-TREES.

It is a curious fact, perhaps not generally known to those unacquainted with this reptile, that it has a great aversion to a white ash-tree. Strike it with a twig of this tree, and the rattlesnake becomes convulsed. And with such a wand in his hand, a person may travel through the habitations of this venomous reptile without fear of molestation. The Indian, aware of the virtues of this tree, strews his couch and his wigwam with its leaves, and the hunter fills his boots and pockets with them. A gentleman, who formerly was in the habit of hunting in the Pequakett country, gives the following illustration of the effect of the white ash upon the rattlesnake:—"On returning from their traps one day, one of the party caught a rattlesnake, and brought it alive into the camp. It was immediately proposed to experiment with him. Accordingly a winnow of leaves was gathered together in the form of a circle; a segment of the circle being composed entirely of the leaves of the white ash; the remaining part of the leaves of the maple. The rattlesnake was placed within the circle, which was fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The rattlesnake, in great fear and trembling, retreated towards the maple-leaves; but here the experimenters met him with their ash-twigs, and he was glad to stop his course, and laid down his head in quiet submission. After this had been essayed for some time, the segment of maple-leaves was set on fire, and the hunters retired to watch the effect. The rattlesnake raised his head towards the burning leaves, coiled himself for a throw, gave his shrill rattle, and, plunging into the flame, escaped from the circle."—*Manchester (United States) Democrat.*

SEASONABLE COMFORT.

INSECTS IN THE WEST INDIES.

The Rev. Sydney Smith gave the following lively account of the swarms of insects and reptiles which infest our West Indian colonies:—"Insects are the plague of tropical climates. The *bêterouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has its own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Everything bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescrip with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen of eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological host to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzle; to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures; to our old British constitutional cough, sore throats, and swelled faces."

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF A WIFE.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass, when a woman who really can converse will thus beguile the time! But, on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dulness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there; the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirit to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next! Welcome, thrice welcome, is the often-invited visiter, who breaks the dismal dual of this scene. Married women are often spoken of in high terms of commendation for their personal services, their handiwork, and their domestic management: but I am inclined to think that a married woman possessing all these, and even beauty too, yet wanting conversation, might become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" in the estimation of her husband; and, finally, might drive him from his home by the leaden weight of her uncompanionable society. I know not whether other minds have felt the same as mine under the pressure of some personal presence without fellowship of feeling. Innocent and harmless the individual may be who thus inflicts the grievance, yet there is an irksomeness in their bodily presence almost intolerable to be borne; and in proportion to the estimate we form of real society and companionship, and sympathy of feeling, is the dread we entertain of association with mere animal life in its human form, while nothing of its fellowship of feeling is experienced.—*Mrs. Ellis's Women of England.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

GOOD FRIDAY.—April 21st.

This day commemorates the sufferings of Christ, as a propitiation for our sins. Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its most ancient and general appellation; the name of Good Friday is peculiar to the English Church. It was observed as a day of extraordinary devotion. Buns, with crosses upon them, are usually eaten in London, and some other places, on this day at breakfast. St. Peter's church at Rome is most superbly illuminated on this night.

The superstitious procession, on this day, at Barcelona, is thus described by the Rev. Joseph Townsend, in his "Journey through Spain." "In every church," says he, "I found two images, as large as life, distinguished from the rest as being stationary, and the more immediate objects of their devotion; the one representing Christ as taken from the cross, the other the Virgin in all her best attire, pierced by seven swords, and leaning over the recumbent body of her Son. Behind these images, a theatre with colonnades, supporting a multitude of wax tapers, dazzled the sight, while the ear was charmed by the harmonious chaunting of the choir.

"More than a hundred thousand persons all the morning crowded the streets, hurrying from church to church to express the warmth of their zeal, and the fervour of their devotion, by bowing themselves in each, and kissing the feet of the most revered image. Most of the spectators were natives of the city; but many upon such occasions resort to Barcelona from the adjacent villages, and some from distant provinces.

"Towards the close of day the pageant appeared, moving with slow and solemn pace along the streets, and conducted with the most perfect regularity. The last supper of Christ with his disciples, the treachery of Judas, attended by the Priests, together with the guards, the flagellation, the crucifixion, the taking from the cross, the anointing of the body, and the burial, with every transaction of the closing scene, and the events subsequent to the passion of our Lord, were represented by images as large as life, placed in proper order on lofty stages, many of which were elegant, and all as highly ornamented as carving and gilding, rich silks, brocades, and velvets, with curious embroidery, all executed by their most skilful artists, could render them. No expense was spared either in the materials, the workmanship, or the wax lights, which, with the most splendid profusion, were consumed upon this occasion. Each of these stages was supported on the shoulders of six men, who were completely hid by a covering of black velvet hanging round the margin of the stage, and reaching nearly to the ground. This procession was preceded by Roman centurions, clothed in their proper armour, and the soldiers of the garrison brought up the rear. The intermediate space was occupied by the groups of images above described, attended by eight hundred burgesses, clothed in black buckram, with flowing trains, each carrying a flambeau in his hand. Besides these, one hundred and fourscore penitents engaged my more particular attention. Like the former, they carried each a flambeau; but their dress was singular, somewhat resembling that of the blue-coat boys of Christ's Hospital in London, being a jacket and coat in one, reaching to their heels, made of dark brown shalloon, with a bonnet on their head, like what is called a fool's-cap, being a cone

covering the head and face completely, and having holes for the eyes. The design of this peculiar form is to conceal the penitents, and to spare their blushes. These were followed by twenty others, who, either from remorse of conscience, or having been guilty of more atrocious crimes, or for hire, or with the mistaken intention of adding to the common fund of merit for the service of the Church, walked in the procession barefooted, dragging heavy chains, and bearing large crosses on their shoulders. Their penance was severe; but, for their comfort, they had assigned to them the post of honour: for immediately after them followed the sacred corpse, placed in a glass coffin, and attended by twenty-five Priests, dressed in their richest robes. Near the body a well-chosen band with hautboys, clarionets, French horns, and flutes, played the softest and most solemn music. This part of the procession wanted nothing to heighten the effect."—*Time's Telescope.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Adnitt, Mr. Joseph,		Northampton,	66	Dec. 22d, 1847.
Bennett, Ann,	Whaley-Bridge,	Buxton,	17	Oct. 9th, 1847.
Bentley, Miss Sarah,		York,	80	Dec. 25th, 1847.
Biltcliffe, Mr. W.,		Denby-Dale,	88	Dec. 13th, 1847.
Blott, Mr.,		Higham-Ferrers,	51	Aug. 24th, 1847.
Bottoms, Robert,	Whaley-Bridge,	Buxton,	20	Nov. 18th, 1847.
Bushell, Miss Eliz.,		Dover,	38	Nov. 5th, 1847.
Cooke, Mr. Nathaniel,		Nottingham,	78	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Dieuaide, Miss E.,		Southampton,	65	Nov. 28th, 1847.
Elliott, Mrs.,		Bury, Lancashire,	75	Dec. 24th, 1847.
Field, Miss Louisa,	Skelmanthorpe,	Denby-Dale,	16	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Fishlake, Mr. Robert,	Quidhampton,	Salisbury,		Dec. 26th, 1847.
Fletcher, Mrs.,		Stroud,	67	Dec. 30th, 1847.
Fry, Mr. Edward,	High-street,	Birmingham,	38	Dec. 26th, 1847.
Garstang, Mrs.,	Knolls-House,	Salford,	54	Dec. 16th, 1847.
Gloyne, Mrs.,		Wakefield,	71	Nov. 11th, 1847.
Hallett, Mrs. Charles,	Salt-lane,	Salisbury,	75	Dec. 22d, 1847.
Harrison, Mr. Jacob,		St. Alban's,		Dec. 20th, 1847.
Haworth, Mrs.,	Peterhead,	Aberdeen,	31	Dec. 7th, 1847.
Hayes, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Sheffield,	62	Jan. 2d, 1848.
Holroyd, Mrs.,		Tunstall,	71	Dec. 27th, 1847.
Hurley, Mr. James,		Hereford,	57	Dec. 27th, 1847.
Jackson, Mr. William,	Emley,	Denby-Dale,	76	March 13th, 1847.
Johnson, Martha,	Ecton,	Northampton,	57	Nov. 6th, 1847.
Malvern, Mrs. S.,		Southampton,	47	Aug. 19th, 1847.
Meek, Mrs.,		Preston,	69	Dec. 31st, 1847.
Miller, Mrs.,		Newcastle-on-Tyne,	77	Dec. 24th, 1847.
Munday, Mrs.,		Gosport,	47	Dec. 20th, 1847.
Neath, Mrs. Sus.,	Eve-hill,	Dudley,	73	Dec. 23d, 1847.
Palmer, Mr. Joseph,		Belper,	59	Nov. 15th, 1847.
Pooke, Mrs.,		Second London,		Nov. 17th, 1847.
Procter, Mr. Joseph,		Barnard-Castle,		Dec. 24th, 1847.
Ripley, Mrs. Sarah,	Tackwith,	Knaresborough,	82	Nov. 21st, 1847.
Sayer, Sarah,	Whaley-Bridge,	Buxton,	57	Oct. 19th, 1847.
Sayer, Albion,	Whaley-Bridge,	Buxton,	64	Nov. 18th, 1847.
Shillito, Mrs.,	Preston,	Patrington,	79	Oct. 17th, 1847.
Smart, Ketch,		Northampton,	32	Nov. 21st, 1847.
Smith, Rev. Robert,	Baptist-Mills,	Bristol, North,	79	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Steed, Mary Ann,		Northampton,	17	Dec. 3d, 1847.
Stewart, Mr. Thomas,		Hexham,	88	Dec. 18th, 1847.
Street, Ann,	Whaley-Bridge,	Buxton,	24	Oct. 3d, 1847.
Walmsley, Mrs.,		Sheffield,	73	Dec. 26th, 1847.
Willoughby, Robert B.,		Northampton,	17	Dec. 18th, 1847.
Withers, Mr. Jason,	Whitchurch,	Andover,	74	May 31st, 1847.
Woodall, Mrs.,		Abergavenny,	66	Dec. 24th, 1847.
Woolsey, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister,	Barton,	55	Jan. 15th, 1848.

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MAY, 1848.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. VI.

THE MONUMENT OF MERCY.

A MINISTER, on returning home from a religious service in the country, was informed by his family that, during his absence, a person had called to request him to visit a neighbour who had been taken dangerously ill; and that there was little hope of her recovery. The invitation excited his surprise, having no acquaintance with the afflicted; not so much as a neighbourly recognition having been given by either party. For a season he hesitated, not altogether arising from the fatigue he felt from his walk and labour, but there were other considerations pressing upon his mind. The afflicted one was considered to be a disreputable character; at least, there were those around her who thought she ought to have entered into the state of matrimony. It is true that the inference of charity led to the hope, that a person, in other things so well conducted, and of such apparent respectability, must be supported by a consciousness of a secret marriage, which it was not thought proper to make public; a kind conclusion, honourable to that charity which "hopeth all things." In this instance, however, it was not borne out by fact. While these and similar thoughts were passing in the mind, another messenger arrived to repeat and urge the request for an immediate visit. Hesitation yielded to the conviction of duty, that the servant of Him who objected not to benefit one who had been a "city sinner," should not withhold any ministerial service from the vilest of the vile, when there was an opportunity of promoting their spiritual welfare by calling them to repentance, and directing them to the willing Saviour.

On entering the chamber, he saw a female, apparently about thirty-five years of age, evidently suffering from strong internal pain, which was only surpassed by intense agony of mind. Her anxious looks manifested that she was sensible not only of bodily danger, but also of misery beyond the grave. The terrors of a guilty conscience were roused, and the thought of eternity filled her with dread and horror. Such words were spoken to her as were fitting the circumstances of her state; and prayer was offered to the Father of mercies for compassion and lengthened patience, that there might be opportunity for humiliation and repentance, and application to the only Saviour. On parting, an earnest desire was expressed that the visit should be speedily repeated; and a promise to that effect was as readily given.

The following day found her relieved from violent bodily pain, but still in great distress and terror of mind. The Minister being with her alone, he availed himself of the opportunity of informing her he was not ignorant of her past life; and expressed a hope that she was sensible of its sinfulness, and that the remembrance of it was the occasion of sincere sorrow. He also thought it proper to put pointed and searching questions to her, to ascertain whether her concern of mind arose from her danger as a sinner; whether, connected with it, she hated sin, as being offensive to a holy God; and whether (as she had no prospect of recovery to manifest in life the sincerity of her penitence by forsaking that conduct which had been dishonourable to her character as well as dangerous and even destructive to her soul) she could make a solemn appeal to God, the Searcher of all hearts, and say, that He knew that she loathed herself on account of it, and, if she did recover, she would break off all intercourse with the companion of her former transgressions? To these inquiries, solemn and apparently truthful replies were returned, to the effect, that the thought of death, and the scriptural knowledge she had, that death in her state must be followed by eternal death, had awakened her mind to a sense of her awful condition, and hatred of her former ways, which she had always been sensible were wrong, though she had from circumstances been led captive by them. These confessions warranted the Minister to direct her mind to those promises of grace which the most guilty, being truly penitent, might, through the merit of the Saviour, plead and claim to be fulfilled. Christ was set before her in his willingness to receive, and in his ability to save, crimson-stained sinners.

Before the visit was repeated, the visiter, to his surprise, learned that the afflicted one was a reputed Papist, but had such misgivings respecting that corrupt system, that she had refused to allow the Priest to be sent for, and would have no one but a Protestant Minister to direct her in the work of salvation. This discovery was named to her in a subsequent interview, when the Minister observed to her that he had nothing to do with her former opinions; that, having found her a guilty, alarmed sinner, he must deal with her according to the direction of the Scriptures, which declared there was only one Mediator between God and man, even Christ Jesus; and that Christ was the only Saviour; and that all who came to him must come by faith in his atoning blood, would they find the forgiveness of their sins. These sentiments were listened to with attention, and admitted to be correct; and in that way she was willing, yea, desirous of approaching her offended God. Indeed, it appeared evident that she was not a stranger to the Protestant Scriptures; that, notwithstanding the life she had lived, she had been in the habit of consulting them. This the Minister was delighted to learn; so that, instead of combating Papistical opinions, he dealt with her on Protestant grounds, and according to those principles she was fully willing to be guided by him. She felt that she was a lost and undone sinner, ready to perish; and that there was nothing in her former faith, separated from Christ as the only Saviour, that could afford her any help, or offer to her any hope of divine mercy. Having come to these conclusions, she was fully prepared to trust in Christ, and in Christ alone. In leading her to a saving acquaintance with that Saviour, the Minister was assisted by several Christian friends who took deep interest in her state, and found pleasure in conversing with her and praying for her. Contrary to all expectation, the violent symptoms of her sickness abated, and for a few days there appeared hope that she might recover; but it was pleasing to observe, that the prospect of health did not abate her prayerful concern for the mercy and favour of God. These expectations were soon cut off, and she again took to her bed, from which she was never to rise in life. Disease made certain but slow progress, affording time for reflection and prayer. Nor was this

time granted in vain; for it pleased God, in answer to the supplication of his contrite abased creature, to show her his salvation: she laid hold on Christ, and found redemption in his blood. Now horror and fear departed, and peace and comfort filled her soul. When questioned on the subject, she gave a satisfactory account of the change she professed to experience; a profession supported and confirmed by her subsequent enjoyment and manifestation of the fruits of righteousness. Affliction, keen and most distressing, was borne with unruffled patience; and composed confidence in the merit of her Lord led her to contemplate her approaching end without any misgiving of mind respecting her safety. To employ her own words, she had never been assailed with temptation to doubt the reality of what God had done for her. Indeed, among the many the Minister who witnessed her state had visited, during a long life, no one gave to his mind greater satisfaction of the work being genuine. Nor was it the mere manifestation of the evidence of a gracious work for a few days, but for weeks of lingering, painful suffering; yet no murmur was heard: in calm serenity she possessed her soul, desiring to depart, yet willing to stay; that in her, and by her, grace might be manifested; delightfully speaking of the goodness of God, so that one well observed, that her language and sentiments were more like the experience of the matured Christian, than of one just plucked as a brand from the burning.

During these weeks repeated attempts were made to induce her to send for the Priest. These she firmly resisted: she had found what no Priest could give, the forgiving mercy of God through the intercession of his dear Son; and in the possession of this pearl of great price she was fully satisfied, yea, joyful in the Lord her God, and in the night season was heard to praise him. The closing scene drew near: of it she was sensible, and death was hailed as a friend that would free her from bodily pain, and introduce to the possession of undying life. Expressing a strong desire to commemorate the death of her Redeemer by partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, the Minister, fearing from her early training she might have erroneous views of that great transaction, endeavoured to impress her mind with the truth, that the sacrament was not sacrificial in its character, but a commemorative act, calculated to be a blessed ordinance of grace to the godly communicant, but not the procurer of grace. Fully participating in these sentiments, it was administered unto her, and was found to be a season of great solemnity, especially honoured with the divine presence. A few hours before her departure, after the Minister who had attended her had been commending her soul to the Lord, she looked at him with a peculiar expression, and said, "I shall shine." It was observed, "As a monument of mercy." "Yes," she repeated, "as a monument of mercy I shall shine."

The night before her death, those who watched in the chamber, thinking she was not capable of noticing them, unguardedly spoke of her former life, and repeated a sentiment said to have been uttered by the person who had drawn her from the path of rectitude: she lifted up her hands, and meekly observed, "When mine ears close to the language of earth, they will open to the language of heaven."

The morning of the day dawned on which she was to enter the regions of the blessed. It was evident that the power of the destroyer was strong upon her, and that the hours of the last conflict would be very limited. At this period, in obedience to the stern command of her father, the Priest was sent for. He came in great haste, and under strong perturbation of mind. On entering the house, he deported himself in a way anything but becoming a professed Minister of peace in the abode of the dying. He inveighed against the interference of the Protestant Minister with a person of another

faith; charged the Protestant neighbours with exercising an undue influence over her weakness; declaring that, had she been attended by good Catholics, she would not have forsaken the religion in which she had been trained. When allowed the opportunity of speaking, he was respectfully informed that no such influence had been employed; that from the first she had refused to consent for a Priest to visit her; and that, at her own request, a member of her own family had been the inviting messenger to the neighbouring Minister. This was disputed by him; and his contention continued so long, that her last moments were graciously preserved from being disturbed by the sight of his person, or by the sound of his voice; for as he was in the act of ascending to the chamber she expired. On coming to her bed, he felt for her pulse; it had ceased to beat: he then exclaimed, "Why, she is dead! it is of no use to send for me." Happy soul! Disappointed Priest! Thus was his wrath overruled for good. Had he gone immediately into the chamber of the dying woman, her final moments might have been agitated by extorted confessions, or anathematizing denunciations; but while he delayed, to contend with others, her redeemed spirit escaped to its rest with God.

Manchester. N.

VERY EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION.

"God moves in a mysterious way."

S. D. was the child of praying parents. They lived in a small town in one of the western counties, and were noted for their fervent, consistent piety; but in the flower of their age, by an inscrutable providence, they were both snatched away by death. In the prospect of quitting the perils of the church militant for the anthems of the church triumphant, they committed their darling child to God. Bequeathing him their dying benedictions, they left him an orphan in the world. He was brought up in attendance on the ordinances of God's house; and he became a member of the congregational choir; but, like too many others, he drew near to God in singing his praises with his lips, while his heart was far from Him. He was carnal, he knew not God; "sensual, not having the Spirit," he was untaught by the God of his parents, and walked not in their ways. Years were passing away, and the marriage step was contemplated; for he had given his affections to a young female, also of the choir, and also unconverted. Just now he had an impressive dream, in which he imagined some one told him that he must immediately repent, for his time was short and his days were numbered. The night following, returning home from the house of his young friend, and alone, he heard a voice directing him to turn aside from the ordinary road. There he heard most transcendent music, and received solemn admonition and instruction from agencies unseen. He was reminded of his dream; and commanded to attend there again alone the following night, at a given hour, and for a specified purpose. He was there at the time, and the promise was fulfilled. Awful views were given him of the punishment of the lost, and further admonition added, accompanied by singing a well-known hymn. He was directed to come once more for a view of heaven. This was given the following night, with the intimation that, if he repented, he should have the happiness of seeing his father and mother there. On this last occasion he was invited to join in singing with the invisible host. He did so, having the impression that *he was joined by his parents in the exercise.* The gracious result of this truly marvellous occurrence was the conversion of the young man, and, through him, the conversion of the young female. They are since married in the Lord, and are now consistent members of the church.

His own narrative of the matter, given me at the time in writing, is as follows:—"As I was coming home from N— to M— on Thursday night, December 28th, ——; something whispered in my ears when I was near Mr. A.'s house, and told me to walk a little way up the road on the left hand. I did so; and heard singing. The singing was more melodious than anything of the kind I ever listened to. I looked all around in every direction, but could perceive no person from whom the sound came. This delightful music seemed to proceed from many voices. The hymn sung was the twenty-ninth in Wesley's Collection, beginning with,

'Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God.'

When the singing was finished, I heard a voice saying, 'My dear young friend, you dreamed last night that you were going to die shortly; and so you will if you go on in your wickedness. Like a flower you shall be cut down, which in the morning groweth up, and in the evening is cut down and withereth. This you shall feel, if you do not repent; but if you repent, your time shall be lengthened.' I was told that I must come there alone the following night at nine o'clock, and I should then have described to me what sort of a place hell was. Accordingly on Friday night, at nine o'clock, I was there; when a voice said, 'Well, my young friend, you are come to hear me describe hell to you.' Hell was then described in terms more awful than I had ever before heard; and I was told that I was then going fast to that horrid place; or, rather, that I had already one foot over the dreadful gulf, and that it was only for the other to slip, and I should be shut up there for ever, where the 'worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched.' It was added, 'In a short time you shall surely go there, unless you repent.' I was now directed to return home, and read the fifth and sixth chapters of Revelation, and the one hundred and sixty-eighth of Wesley's Hymns. The first four lines were sung:—

'Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?'

At the conclusion the voice said, 'Meet me here to-morrow night at nine o'clock precisely; and I will describe heaven to you, and show you what sort of a place it is.' Saturday night I was nearly five minutes after the time appointed. In consequence of this, at some distance from the spot I was accosted by some one unseen, and told to make haste, or I should be too late. When I arrived, heaven was explained to me in a manner the most beautiful; and I was then told, that, if I repented of my sins, I should go to that blessed place, and there, in those happy regions above, *I should meet my father and mother*. I was now directed to pray for the forgiveness of my sins; and assured that, if I did so, Christ would grant it to me. The fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was mentioned, and I was told to read it when I got home. I was then informed they were going to sing a hymn which I well knew, and that I must sing with them. They then sung; and I knew the tune, and sung with them. It was the hymn which begins with,

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.'

As I left the place to return, they seemed to accompany me, and I sung with them all down the road homeward; *having at the time an impression on my mind that my father and mother were walking just before me.*"

From this time S. D. became a decidedly religious character. He immediately joined the society; and I was not a little interested in interrogating him respecting his knowledge of repentance, and in delivering to him the usual note of admission, together with the young person to whom he was engaged. The contrite tears were flowing; but I waited for the testimony of maturer fruit in a case so fraught with the marvellous. Ere long they both obtained remission of sin, and bore testimony to it with soundness of speech that could not be condemned. Several years have since elapsed, and they continue to give evidence of sincere Christian profession. I have questioned S. D. repeatedly, and at intervals of years between; but his tale is simple and unvarying. It was known at the time to multitudes of persons, and admitted as a fact that could not be gainsaid; and, as a known fact, does it not attest that that God who "has made his wonderful works to be remembered," has herein *come out of his place to save a soul from death?* and does it not *encourage praying parents* to hope for the salvation of their children if they live and die in faith respecting them?—*Communicated by a Wesleyan Minister.*

OLD OAKS.

On the west side of Clipstone Park, county of Nottingham, stands "the Parliament Oak," so called from a tradition of two Parliaments having been held under it:—the first by King John, in 1212; who, whilst hunting in the park with his Barons, received intelligence of the revolt of the Welsh, and hastily assembled his followers under it, and held a consultation:—the second by Edward I., in 1290. It is in a state of ruinous decay; and yet it may stand for several generations to come.

In Welbeck Park, same county, stands another venerable tree, bearing the name of "Green-Dale Oak." It is supposed to be upwards of seven hundred years old. Its circumference at the base was thirty-three feet, and its branches covered a space equal to seven hundred square yards. In 1724 a *coach-road*, upwards of ten feet in height, and six feet three inches in width, was cut through its trunk; and the then proprietor of the estate used to drive through it; of which there are several paintings in the neighbourhood, forming signs to public houses. It is in a state of great decay, having but one branch to crown its head; which, however, yields a good supply of acorns, which are carefully gathered and planted each year by direction of his Grace the Duke of Portland. Great pains have been taken to preserve this splendid monument of antiquity, by numerous props clasped with iron bars; and, in some places, there are patches of lead, forming an artificial bark, to protect it from rain.

Near at hand there is another tree, likewise of oak, one hundred and eleven feet six inches high, containing four hundred and forty solid feet of timber, and of the computed weight of eleven tons. This is termed "the Duke's walking-stick." J. R.

PROFANITY REBUKED:

REMARKS ON AN ARTICLE IN THE "CHRISTIAN'S PENNY MAGAZINE," FOR MARCH, ENTITLED,

"THE RIGHT OF PLUNDER VINDICATED;

"Being Chap. xxix. of the Acts of the Apostles, lately added for the upholding of Church-rates, &c."

For many years I have been accustomed to cast my eye over the periodical works which issue from the press of this country, especially such as are of a religious character; and have often derived both instruction and pleasure from their diversified contents. Occasionally I have been disappointed, having met with an article on an important subject, concerning which I was anxious for information, and have found that it was written by an incompetent scribe, who had a better opinion of his abilities than he ought to have had, and would have shown a more just discretion by abstaining from the use of the pen. I have sometimes also been grieved by outbreaks of intolerance and of hostile feeling; different bodies of Christians misrepresenting each other's principles, and maligning each other's reputation, in defiance of the divine authority, which enjoins upon them, as ever they would obtain mercy in the day of the Lord, to speak evil of no man, and always to cherish towards one another a spirit of forbearance and of holy love.

But I confess that never, in the course of my periodical reading, (now continued for nearly half a century,) did I meet with an article that seemed to me so reprehensible as that which appears on page 71 of "The Christian's Penny Magazine, and Friend of the People," for the present month, and entitled, "The Right of Plunder vindicated." This article acquires a tenfold malignity from its insertion in a professedly "Christian" publication, which is "*issued by the Congregational Union of England and Wales;*" and therefore has the direct sanction of a large portion of the evangelical Dissenters of Great Britain. Its design is to expose the exaction of Church-rates, as unchristian: a subject concerning which, I conceive, religious people may innocently differ, and which they may therefore freely discuss. For the abolition of this impost, peaceful and constitutional means may be lawfully employed by those who think it may be superseded with advantage; but in the case of which I complain, a most offensive and, as I conceive, sinful use is made of the Holy Scriptures. The writer professes to supply an *additional chapter* to the inspired book of the Acts of the Apostles; and has imitated the style and manner of the sacred writers, for the purpose of exposing Churchmen to contempt, and Church-rates to execration.

Against this vile parody I enter a solemn protest, in the name of all that is holy and spiritual in religion. One of the greatest blessings that God has bestowed upon his church and the world, next to the gift of his Son and of his Spirit, is the holy Bible, which claims to be his own word, and that upon evidence which all devout Christians feel and profess to be every way convincing. A considerable part of that sacred volume is presented in the form of narrative, with the characteristics of which the children of God are all supposed to be familiar; and here is a writer who, to provoke the laughter of fools, profanely caricatures the sacred page, and mocks the Holy Ghost, by placing words and expressions which He dictated in a ludicrous connexion. Such is the importance which God himself attaches to the Scriptures which he has given, that he has closed the sacred canon with a tremendous malediction upon every one who shall dare to make any addition to them. I would ask, Can men innocently sport with this malediction? or, is such a threatening a fit subject for a joke? The publication of the article which has called forth these remarks, is worse than playing with the beard of Jupiter: an instance of levity in which a Heathen would have trembled to indulge. Let the man

who has done this thing argue for or against Church-rates as he may be inclined; but let him beware of "tempting the Spirit of the Lord" by turning the language of inspiration into burlesque.

I confess that nothing short of ocular demonstration could have convinced me that so respectable a body of Christians as the Congregational Dissenters of England and Wales, would be parties in the propagation of a composition with which a respectable infidel would blush to connect his name. Suppose a man to have stood by the side of our blessed Saviour, when he delivered his Sermon upon the Mount, and to have repeated, with ludicrous additions of his own, the words of truth and mercy as they fell from the lips of God's incarnate Son, so as to produce general merriment among the people; would any one have supposed this buffoon to be a disciple? Or suppose a man to have exercised a perverted ingenuity by mimicking the thunders and the trumpet of Sinai, when God announced his law to the world; would the congregation of Israel have amused themselves with his cleverness, or have indignantly pelted him with stones? In these supposed cases we might perhaps recognise a greater hardihood and daring than the writer in "The Christian's Penny Magazine" has exemplified, because he practises his profanity in secret; but the principle of action is the same in all. Alas! for the "people" of England, if her cheap publications are to be the vehicles of such trash; and if Christians are to do the work of infidelity, by teaching the children of Sunday-schools, young persons, and the labouring classes generally, to laugh at the language of the Holy Ghost, and make the inspired records of salvation a jest-book!

A few years ago, I remember, there was in London a Society for the Suppression of Vice, which rendered good service to the cause of religion and morality, by prosecuting the writers and vendors of immoral books, and especially of blasphemous parodies. Pray, Mr. Editor, is that Society now in existence? and if it be, what is the address of its Secretary?

March 18th, 1848. AN INDIGNANT FATHER.

A FURTHER REBUKE, BY A NONCONFORMIST.

"THE Christian's Penny Magazine, and Friend of the People," is issued by "the Congregational Union of England and Wales." Every member is interested in whatever concerns that Union, in everything adding to or detracting from its principle or influence. I have felt this; and have therefore taken the liberty of expressing to you the painfulness which oppresses my mind at finding in "The Christian's Penny Magazine" what I consider as highly derogatory to the Christian name, and which—if the tendency, of which it is an earnest, be not checked—may lead us to inconsistencies bordering on profanity, if we have not already touched the verge of what is profane in the publication referred to. Parody and punning are the lowest specimens of wit, and are practised only by the very low in thought and fancy. This is true in regard to their general exercise. If so, it is more than true when the pun and parody relate to scriptural subjects. We would scorn the man who would parody our words; and what should be done then to him who would parody the word of God? This, as we think, is done in this Number of "The Christian's Penny Magazine." Is it come to this, that the "Congregational Union" shall issue parodies on the word of God, which, however they may make unbelievers laugh, must make Christians mourn! We have read a parody on Scripture, "issued by the Congregational Union," but for which the "Editor is responsible," (a beautiful way of shifting responsibility,) in which there is everything to condemn, and nothing to applaud. It is an extract for which whoever is "responsible" they seem to have forgotten that they are responsible to God for the manner in which they employ their powers to bring the Scriptures into contempt or irreverence. We feel keenly the humiliation created by such things; and we hold it right that the cause of the lowering of the tone of the feeling of sacredness in relation to the word of Scripture should be openly, honestly, and fully denounced as pertaining to and influencing individuals, and not as reflecting the feelings of them who compose the "Congregational Union."—*From the "Universe."*

THEOLOGY.

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BINNS.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for awhile: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you, that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—Luke xviii. 1—8.

The state of widowhood is one of peculiar destitution and sorrow, and doubtless on this account the Lord has taken the widow under his special care and protection. Jehovah loves to commiserate the afflicted, to help the helpless, and to befriend the destitute: hence it is declared, "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation." The Lord not only sympathizes with her in her sorrows, but will maintain her rights, and avenge her wrongs; for the greatest maledictions are threatened against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the fatherless, and the widow.

Under both the Law and the Gospel we find special attention enjoined in behalf of the widow. In tithing the land, the widow and the fatherless were to be assisted. In seasons of feasting and rejoicing, the widow and the fatherless were to participate. The law appointed, under certain circumstances, that the brother of the deceased husband, or the nearest kinsman, should marry the widow. The Gospel also made provision for destitute widows, and appointed the church to "honour widows that are widows indeed."

As a fact worthy of our attention, we may observe, that no class of persons are more distinguished in the Scriptures for piety and devotedness to God; no class of individuals are more highly honoured of God; no class exhibit stronger faith, or more decided piety; and no class shine with greater lustre as the saints of God, than the widows of the Old and New Testament.

Who was it that had the honour of sustaining Elijah during the famine in Israel? Not the pious and devoted Obadiah, who had fed "a hundred of the Lord's Prophets by fifty in a cave;" not any of the nobles of the land; but a poor devoted widow of Sarepta sustained him, and was herself miraculously supported; for "the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, till the Lord sent rain upon the earth." She received a Prophet in the name of a Prophet, and received a Prophet's reward.

It was an oppressed but devoted widow whose cause God espoused, when the creditors were about to take away her sons for bondsmen: the Lord so increased her pot of oil, that she was enabled to pay her unfeeling creditors, and to live on the surplus.

Anna, a pious and holy widow, who "served God with fastings and prayers night and day," coming to the temple at the circumcision of Christ, "spake of him to all that looked for redemption in Israel."

It was a widow, a poor widow, who cast two mites into the treasury; and although there were those who "were rich, and who cast in much," yet the Saviour, who knew the motives of this widow, and her limited means, declared that she "had cast in more than they all, for all they have cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

When at the city of Nain, the Saviour's compassion was greatly excited. "They carried out a dead man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And he said unto her, Weep not: and he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still; and he said unto him, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak: and he delivered him to his mother."

It is a widow that is introduced before us in the text, as furnishing so remarkable an instance of importunate and successful prayer. The fact is honourable to her memory, and a credit to her class.

I. REMARK ON THE CHARACTER AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE JUDGE.

1. *He was an unjust Judge.*—Injustice is despicable in any, but especially in a Judge. The high office and responsible duties of a Judge ought to be a guarantee for his being a man of intelligence, impartiality, and justice. There ought to be associated with the office moral virtue, civil honour, and uncompromising integrity in all things. As the law is the prototype of everything that is just, and right, and equitable; so the character and conduct of the man who is called to administer it ought to be inwardly and outwardly, privately and publicly, in accordance with that law. The very idea of a Judge implies that he is to be just, and that he is to administer justice. In ancient and modern times, amongst Jews, Christians, and Heathens, it has always been considered a pre-requisite that a Judge should be just, and that he should administer the law equitably. In the discharge of his duties he is to know no party, no friend, no enemy; but is to deal impartial justice to all, but especially when called upon to do so to the weak and the suffering. This man was an "unjust Judge," a disgrace to humanity, and a dishonour to the judicial office.

2. *He "feared not God, neither regarded man."*—He had no reverence for his Maker, and no pity for his fellow-creatures. He was an infidel and a tyrant. He was as destitute of humanity as of religion. When a man fears not God, we are not surprised at finding any degree of impiety attached unto him, or any kind of sin practised by him. We look in vain for anything virtuous, ennobling, tender, or good, in any person who fears not God. Where the fear of God is wanting, you have no guarantee that he will be just to his fellow-men. And yet there are degrees of humanity and approaches to propriety of conduct in those who fear not God in the strictest sense of the phrase. Religion exerts an indirect influence on those who do not embrace it. It softens the asperities of human nature, ameliorates the severities of human conduct, raises the tone of public morals, and thus by its example and expressed opinions it restrains and regulates the conduct of many that fear not God. But the Judge before us seems to have outraged all the feelings of humanity, all the restraints of public opinion and example, and all the influence that his high and important office ought to have imposed upon him. His conduct to this widow speaks volumes as to his character, and gives him an unenviable notoriety.

II. GLANCE AT THE CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF THE WIDOW.

1. *Her situation as a defenceless widow gave her a special claim to the attention and interposition of this Judge.*—As Judge he was appointed to administer justice to all; all within his jurisdiction have a right to claim and to receive it at his hands; he could neither refuse justice, nor be indifferent to this request, without compromising his character and disgracing his office. She was not only a defenceless, but an oppressed and suffering, widow; and hence she came to this Judge, "saying, Avenge me of mine adversary." What was the particular wrong this widow had suffered from her adversary, we are not informed: doubtless it was some instance of grievous injustice and oppression; for her request was not exactly that conveyed by the word "avenge;" had she sought only revenge, she could not have been approved and commended of the Lord. But her request was, Do me justice upon mine adversary. She asked no more than justice at his hand: this all have a right to, but especially the widow. She had no husband to protect her, and apparently no friend to plead her cause; and, therefore, she came to a properly-constituted officer, not to ask a favour, not to sue for some display of goodness or compassion, but simply to ask justice; which as a man he ought to have done to her, and which as a Judge he was bound to administer to a defenceless widow. But he turns a deaf ear to her entreaties, is altogether regardless of her case, and treats her with inhuman neglect.

2. *Notice her importunity.*—She evidently knew something of the Judge's duties, the strength of her own claims, and of the value of importunity. His office was a public one; he bore the sword, and possessed a delegated power from "the Judge of all the earth;" and if all in his province were to fear him, they in their turn had all claims upon him. She knew the value of importunity; and it is her importunity, and the value of importunity in prayer, that is the great lesson of the parable. She perceived that, notwithstanding the strength and justice of her claims, she could prevail nothing on this ground; and although the Judge was bound to do her justice, she had no encouragement here. There was one ground of hope; and with a decision and earnestness that were a credit to her

understanding and her heart, she resolved to use it to the utmost extent,—that ground of hope was importunity; and hence she was perpetually reiterating in his ears this unwelcome, this annoying, plea, "Avenge me of mine adversary; avenge me of mine adversary."

Observe her success, and the ground of that success.—Not from tenderness or justice in the Judge, not from the righteousness of her own claims, but from sheer importunity. At length, he said within himself, "Though I fear not God nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Here then we have this important fact established, that a fallible man, a wicked man, an "unjust Judge," is induced to do an act of justice from importunity alone. This poor widow obtained redress, was successful in her plea, and bore away the blessing, as the result of importunity.

Let us mark the fact attentively: it will be of great service to God's people. There are times in every Christian's life when the heavens appear as brass, and when their prayers appear to rebound and find no acceptance. Satan will probably suggest that "prayer is a useless exercise, that it is breath spent in vain, and that God is too much engaged to attend to our supplications; and that, consequently, it is altogether useless for us to pray." This is the very time when importunity is to be exercised, and when we are to remember, for our encouragement, that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

III. NOTICE THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH THE PARABLE SUGGESTS.

1. *An overwhelming proof that God will hear and answer prayer.*—There are several points of strong contrast which it is important to observe. For your encouragement, remember the difference in the two characters addressed. The one is a fallible creature, the other is the infallible Creator; the one is a needy man, the other the self-sufficient God; the one an unjust Judge, the other "the Judge of all the earth, who will do right;" the one a morose and unfeeling mortal, the other an affectionate and benignant parent. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" It were announcing a part and only a part of the encouraging fact to say, that God is willing to hear and answer prayer. God is waiting to be gracious, ready to forgive, and predisposed to grant our supplications. There is everything in the divine nature and character to encourage us to pray. He is infinitely beneficent, compassionate, and loving. Or, as his ineffably glorious name imports, he is "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." Infinitely happy and blessed in himself, he seeks to distribute his bounty and to dispense his blessings with a lavish hand: "He is good, and doeth good. Loving to every man, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Your Father which is in heaven maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." There are types of his still greater bounty in the bestowment of spiritual blessings on his people. But it is important for us to observe that while his benignity leads him to lavish temporal blessings upon many who never pray, yet spiritual blessings are only to be obtained by prayer. Spiritual life is only to be sustained by faith and prayer. "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

The necessity of earnest prayer is perfectly consistent with God's infinite willingness to bless us.

(1.) It is important that our need of spiritual blessings should be powerfully felt. In proportion to the intensity of our want and feeling on this subject, in the same proportion will be our appreciation of spiritual blessings.

(2.) These feelings and wants must be embodied in prayer, and expressed to God. Not that the Lord is ignorant of our state and wants, but he will have us thus to make known our requests unto him.

(3.) It is God's appointed method of communicating spiritual good to man. All the promises of Scripture are made to character, and prayer is one essential quality of that character; and the great design of this parable is to teach us to pray, to encourage us to pray, and to stimulate us to pray. For "he spake this parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." There is everything in the divine character to encourage us to pray. Who begets in you the desire to pray? God. Who gives

you the power to pray? God. Who hath recorded all those "exceeding great and precious promises" contained in the Bible? God. And then remember the unnumbered answers to prayer recorded in Scripture, experienced by the church, and realized in your own life from time to time. May it not be said of prayer, in some sense, as it is said of faith, that it hath "wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire." Prayer hath restrained the rains of heaven; and, when a guilty people were sufficiently chastised, it hath brought the fertilizing showers upon the ground. It is the key that unlocks the storehouse of divine grace, and appropriates all the treasures of eternal salvation. Prayer hath brought pardon, and peace, and spiritual life to every child of God on earth, and victory and glory to every saint of God in heaven.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer."

2. *There is much in the character of those who do pray: they are God's "elect."*—In the case before us, the Judge and the widow might be strangers to each other, and there was nothing in the circumstances of the widow to operate upon the mind of an unjust Judge. The very reverse of all this is the case between God and his people. They are "his elect," his "chosen." Elect is a designation of God's people. It also marks the work of God in electing to eternal salvation all that repent and believe the Gospel: they are "elected unto God through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." They are also "giving all diligence to make their calling and election sure." "Elect," or "chosen," sometimes signifies the most excellent, the chief, the most precious. "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious." They are God's children; those who have been pardoned and adopted into the divine family, those who are "partakers of the divine nature," those who love him supremely, or are seeking so to do. They are his "jewels," his "chosen." They that touch them, touch the apple of his eye. He excites them to pray, encourages them to pray, for the express purpose that he may hear and answer their prayers, and glorify his own name in saving their souls.

(*To be continued.*)

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

It is in my attempts to realize by an effort of conception the unseen God, or any of his characteristics, that I feel oppressed by the impotency of nature's deadness and nature's blindness; though perhaps even in the greatest stupor of my spiritual faculties there is the fittest opportunity for the exercise of a greater than ordinary faith. . . . Let me believe in the midst of heaviness. Let me believe in the dark. . . . The most clear and satisfying view I can attain of my relationship to God, is that of my dependence; its entireness, its intimacy, and the consequent subordination of the creature to the Creator. I never have such a feeling of closeness to Him as when I reflect that I altogether hold of his will; and that as clay in the hands of the potter, so have I been made and moulded by Him whose hands did fashion me at first, and whose right hand continues to uphold me. Many attempts have I made to obtain more adequate notions than I possess of the Deity; but there is none in which I better succeed than when I aim at an intense recognition of the subject and filial relation in which I stand to him when simply regarded as my Maker. It is not on the strength of any remote or recondite contemplations that I expect to grow in faithful acquaintance with him, but by the stepping-stone of such thoughts as might be apprehended by babes; but still which neither babes nor philosophers will apprehend to any practical effect till the Spirit brings them home. O give me more and more to feel that all I have and all I am is from Thee, and so as that each gift and each faculty may be consecrated to Thee back again!—*Dr. Chalmers's Sabbath Exercises.*

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

The Law was not the science of salvation, it was only the elements (Gal. iv. 3) or alphabet of it; and in the Gospel this alphabet is composed into a most glorious system of divine knowledge. But as the alphabet is nothing of itself, unless compounded into syllables, words, sentences, and discourses; so the law, taken by itself, gives no salvation: it contains, indeed, the outlines of the Gospel; but it is the Gospel alone that fills up these outlines.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

A FREE communication on the subject of religious experience is of great importance to the spiritual prosperity of religious communities. Perhaps no persons enjoy it more than members of the Methodist societies. Class-meetings and lovefeasts afford them such valuable specimens of experimental conversation as lead them to prize the social hour as one of vast importance to their religious improvement. Reiterated conversations in these meetings produce a habit of introducing, and a facility in expressing, the workings of the Spirit, the temptations of the wicked one, and the interpositions of Providence, on more common, but not less proper, occasions. These remarks were, I think, practically illustrated by a narrative which I received some time ago, in a conversation of but a few minutes with a female member of your society; which, as it displays, in an extraordinary manner, the superintending providence of God, I shall relate as accurately as I can, for insertion in your Miscellany.

"As early as I can remember anything," said she, "I lived in the workhouse at ——, in Gloucestershire. I used to inquire very anxiously about my parents, and by some means discovered that my mother was alive, and resided in London. I then conceived an inexpressible wish to see my mother, and thought I would do or suffer anything if I could but find her; which I had little doubt of accomplishing, if I could once get to London. The desire and hope of reaching London, and seeing my mother, I can truly say, were uppermost in my mind for some years. When I became about ten years old, I determined, one day, that I would try to find London; and as I knew that the great road through the town led thither, I resolved to set off. Accordingly, without any money, and even without my bonnet, I commenced my journey, knowing nothing of the distance, nor of the hardships of travelling. I walked about two or three miles, when a woman, dressed like a gipsy, asked me where I was going. I said, 'To London, to see my mother,' and inquired if I was in the right way. She said I was, and, as she was going there too, she would take me with her. I was mightily pleased with this offer, and walked cheerfully along, and soon arrived at the town of C—, through which we passed. We had not gone much farther when we met a gentleman on horseback, who eyed us very closely; but, without saying anything, rode on. This gentleman soon after met a return post-chaise, and, stopping it, informed the driver that he had just met an old woman with a child, whom he strongly suspected she had stolen; and, giving the driver a piece of money, he desired him to try to separate us. When the chaise overtook us, the man pulled up his horses, and entered into conversation with us. He asked where I was going. I said, 'To London, to see my mother.' 'O then,' said he, 'I dare say you would like to ride: come, get in.' He opened the door of the chaise, and in I stepped; when he again closed it, got upon his seat, and drove off, leaving the old woman to pursue her journey alone. O the divine goodness, thus to deliver me from a life of beggary and wretchedness! When the chaise arrived at ——, the driver did not know what to do with me: he, however, went and told the landlady, his mistress, of the affair. She gave me some food and lodging, and next morning sent to inform Mrs. ——, a charitable lady who lived in the town, of the case. The lady came to the inn, and questioned me about my journey. I still answered, 'I am going to London, to see my mother.' She then talked to me of the impropriety of leaving home, and said it was impossible I could find my mother; and added, that if I would go to her house, I might do little jobs with the servants, till she could somehow dispose of me. As I began to think there was no chance of getting to London, I gladly went with her, and soon found myself so comfortable that I almost forgot my mother. My mistress was so well pleased with my services that she wished to keep me as a servant in the house, and I lived with her several years. At last we separated, and, as I was qualified for the situation, I went to live with Lady W—, with whom also I continued several years. Here grace seconded the kindness of Providence, and I became acquainted with divine things. After a time I married, and came hither to live. I have now a good home and every earthly comfort; and, thanks be to God, I have an interest in the blood of the covenant, and am connected with a people whom I love. God has done much for me. I hope I shall live to his praise, and dwell with him for ever."

The simplicity with which this interesting story was delivered affected me much. I knew the relater of it too well to doubt its truth. I could only admire the wonderful displays of that Providence which

> "Watches every number'd hair,
> And all our steps attends."

E. B. L.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

FOR WHAT IS A MOTHER RESPONSIBLE?

She is responsible for the nursing and rearing of her progeny; for their physical constitution and growth; their exercise and proper sustenance in early life. A child left to grow up deformed and meager, is an object of maternal negligence. She is responsible for a child's habits, including cleanliness, order, conversation, eating, sleeping, and general propriety of behaviour. A child deficient or untaught in these particulars, will prove a living monument of parental disregard; because, generally speaking, a mother can, if she will, greatly control children in these matters.

She is responsible for their deportment. She can make them fearful and cringing, she can make them modest or impertinent, ingenuous or deceitful, mean or manly, clownish or polite. The germ of all these things is in childhood, and a mother can repress or bring them forth.

She is responsible for the principles which her children entertain in early life. For her it is to say, whether those who go forth from her fireside shall be imbued with sentiments of virtue, truth, honour, honesty, temperance, industry, benevolence, and morality; or those of a contrary character, vice, fraud, drunkenness, idleness, covetousness. These will be found to be of the most natural growth; but on her is devolved the daily, hourly task of weeding her little garden, or eradicating those odious productions, and planting the human heart with the lily, the rose, and the amaranth, that fadeless flower, emblem of truth.

She is, to a very considerable extent, responsible for the temper and disposition of her children. Constitutionally they may be violent, irritable, or revengeful; but for the regulation or correction of these passions, a mother is responsible. She is responsible, in a high degree, for the intellectual acquirements of her children; that is, she is bound to do what she can for this object. Schools, academies, and colleges open their portals throughout the land; and every mother is under heavy responsibilities to see that her sons and daughters have all the benefits which these afford, and which their circumstances will permit them to enjoy.

She is responsible for their religious education. The beginning of all wisdom is the fear of God, and this every mother is capable, to a greater or less degree, of infusing into the minds of her offspring.

OUR SERVANTS.

USEFUL HINTS TO SERVANTS.

CAUTIONS TO BE OBSERVED ON APPLYING FOR SERVICE.

When you are about to apply for a situation, never inquire into the character of it at a chandler's shop, a public-house in the neighbourhood, or of some char-woman or laundress that has attended the family; for these may be prejudiced persons, and give the family a bad character, merely because they do not deal with or employ them: but make your inquiry of one or two respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood. In this inquiry you need not be too particular: it should be confined to the general usage of servants by the family; how long servants have generally continued with them; and whether they are people of fair and moral character. Should you neglect to make these inquiries, you may possibly engage yourself in a place in which you may be denied necessary food; or your master or mistress may be whimsical and capricious people, always changing their servants without sufficient reason; or their character and conduct may be of a description that will prevent, or, at least, render difficult, your obtaining a respectable future service. And here it is necessary to caution you as to the parties from whom you obtain information of vacant situations. "If sent from a common registry office, or by strange women," says that sensible man, the Rev. Mr. Watkins, and it may be added by strangers of all kinds, "to a place in a court, or suspicious private house, ask the character of the family at some respectable shop before you hire yourself. In hiring yourself to strangers, if *they* should be *uncommonly* civil, *you* should be *uncommonly* cautious. Public-houses, or common lodging-houses, are dangerous situations; for when you quit them, recollect that their character will be no recommendation for a new service. No respectable person will take a servant from such places. It is also deserving of your serious recollection in your inquiries after service, that 'it is a fact well-ascertained, that many females, totally unconscious of their danger, have been hired from *common* registry offices, as

servants, by keepers of houses of bad character, for no other actual purpose than the moral ruin of young women.' *

"Many decent-looking but wicked women are also employed, even in the street, to find out and strongly recommend young girls to places as servants. By this horrible deceit, many artless females are unawares drawn into disgrace, disease, and hasty death!" We have heard more than one instance where an innocent, unsuspecting girl has been decoyed into one of these houses, by receiving information of a place from wicked women who infest the streets of London, and are constantly on the look-out to mislead and seduce to their destruction, thoughtless and inexperienced young women. Remember, that if you once allow yourself to hold a moment's conversation with these fiends in women's attire, you will find it difficult to escape out of their snares. Shun them, therefore, as your greatest enemy, and do not suffer yourself to be ensnared by their deceitful professions of serving you, and their fine attire; nor repose more confidence in strange men offering to procure or recommend you to a place. The safest plan to adopt, is to inquire of some respectable tradesman in the neighbourhood where you have lived, and of whose character you have some knowledge; or to apply to the office of the Servants' Home, established by the Committee of the Female Aid Society, for the benefit of servants. Indeed, this is the surest, the most respectable, and the least expensive mode, as you will be provided gratuitously with a place, and will have an opportunity of obtaining precise information respecting the character and disposition of your employer.—*Servants' Magazine.*

* A circumstance of this kind occurred a short time since. A young woman had been hired at a common registry office, by the keeper of a house of this description, which was situated in a respectable neighbourhood, as her servant. The character of the house had been misrepresented. The loss of her character so preyed upon the mind of this young woman, that she attempted to drown herself, but was providentially rescued, and taken before a most humane Magistrate, who sent for the Secretary of the Female Aid Society, and the young female was admitted into the Penitents' Home.

THE DUTIES OF BOYS AND APPRENTICES TO THEIR MASTERS.

1. *Be strictly honest.*—You are allowed free access to your master's property, because he believes you to be honest. Make it, therefore, a matter of conscience, whatever be your circumstances, never to *steal or pilfer* the least article of property belonging to your employers.

2. *Beware of wasting or damaging any part of your master's stock.*—Be quite as careful of everything you use, as if it were your own. Never spoil or waste anything by carelessness, or countenance others in doing so.

3. *Be diligent at your business.*—You will do the best work when you are the most active; and it is for your own advantage to form habits of industry. Never *saunter* over any job you have in hand.

4. *Be exact in observing the hours of labour.*—It is as wrong to rob your master of the time which you ought to devote to his service, as it is to rob him of his property.

5. *Avoid eye-service.*—Do not act the hypocrite, but work as hard and behave as well in your master's absence as you would if he were present.

6. *Be faithful to your employer's interest.*—Never injure his reputation or credit by circulating evil reports, but always consider your own interest as identified with his.

7. *Be determined to excel in your business.*—If you neglect this now, you will find the loss as long as you live. Be studious, and make yourselves fully acquainted with the principles of your own trade, and spare no pains to become perfect.

8. *Cultivate every moral excellency.*—Without these, your mechanical attainments will avail you little. Avoid bad companions; shun the public-house; never taste intoxicating liquors; be dutiful to your parents, and kind and good to all.—*The Family Economist.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM THE LATE REV. JAMES M'KEE TO MR. COOKE.

Dublin: Stephen's Green, South, March, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER COOKE,

THOUGH I cannot write long, nor with ease, yet, as Sabbath next will be your love-feast in Blue-Stone, I wish to send you a few lines.

My freedom and delight when preaching my first sermon at your Blue-Stone lovefeast, and during the other service, cannot soon be forgotten by me. Now, though absent in the body, yet will I be present in spirit; and the God of all grace can make me, in answer to prayer, a partaker of your holy fellowship, and fill me with all the heavenly feelings of a lovefeast. The salvation which I preached to others was the daily comfort of my own soul when in health: sickness came, worldly prospects disappeared, death came forth with

all its solemnities, as a vast eternity spread beyond; then serious self-examination took place. Thank God, my faith was that which purifies by Jesu's blood; the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, and my hope made me not ashamed. But, alas! though right in principle, I found great deficiency in attainment. I wanted a stronger faith, more abundant love, and more lively hope. Blessed be God! I got all I needed by asking in my Redeemer's name. All fear of death is gone; my peace of mind is constant; no murmuring against God has escaped my lips; no fault-finding with his chastisement has dwelt in my heart; my desire to be useful, even in affliction, is increased, and my views of heaven are clearer and more satisfactory. God's people are praying for me, and I desire them to pray on. My High-Priest is pleading, and the Spirit is helping my infirmities. Easily exhausted on my knees, my God draws near; and it is with me generally, "Ask and receive." There is here too much about myself; but I thus write only to recommend the greatest good that man can enjoy in time or eternity, namely, Gospel salvation. May, then, we tell the sinner its value, show the penitent where he may find it, and unfold to the careless believer the loss he sustains by not enjoying it in all its fulness. May God grant you a good meeting. Remember me affectionately to all the brethren.

JAMES M'KEE.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF WESLEY.

"Mors janua vitæ,
Sed melioris, erat."

THERE is a melancholy pleasure which irresistibly comes over the spirit in visiting the tombs of men whose names have become illustrious on the page of history, and in lingering near the graves which contain the ashes of the "pious dead." On such occasions we become more deeply impressed with the conviction of our own mortality; and a variety of emotions, correspondent to the solemn scenes, are involuntarily awakened in our minds. Our blessed Lord, while sojourning in this vale of tears, did not refuse an invitation to visit the tomb of his friend Lazarus: he even wept over it.

It was in the summer of 1827, during the first year of my ministry, that I paid my first visit to the tomb of the sainted Wesley. It stands in the little burial-ground behind the City-road chapel, which sacred edifice he had erected about fourteen years previous to his decease. The chapel itself is a beautiful structure, and may well be regarded as a model for a place of religious worship. It does not indeed excite the attention by its sculptured pride, or massive grandeur. Here are no imposing decorations to attract the eye of the lover of arts; no storied windows, or fluted columns; no painted glass, or gilded roof. It is a plain, chaste building, in every way consonant with the religion of Jesus, to whose service it has been consecrated.

But to return from this digression. With sentiments of the highest veneration for his character, I now stood before his tomb. Here lay the mortal remains of one of the greatest (certainly one of the most *useful*) men of his age. Though his lamented death had taken place many years before I saw the light, yet his name and character were associated with my earliest recollections. I had worshipped in places where he had held forth the word of life. I had read with profit and delight his expositions of divine truth. I had associated myself with the Connexion which bears his name. And I had now become his son in the Gospel of our common Lord. And while bending over his tomb, I pensively exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

There can be no doubt that the departure of this Apostolic Minister was severely felt by the religious world at large; but how much more deeply by the members of his own community, those whom he had been instrumental in reclaiming from the kingdom of Satan! That earthen vessel which contained the heavenly treasure by which their souls had been so often refreshed, was broken; that heart which had yearned over them with the tenderest emotions, had ceased to beat; and those eyes which beamed with kindness and benevolence, were dimmed in death! Such a bereavement, however, was not to be regarded as an object of wonder, as if some strange thing had happened to them. He had already attained the extraordinary age of eighty-eight years. And what man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Ministers under the Gospel are no more exempt from dying than were the Priests under the law. "Your fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?"

In the case of this venerable man, it was to be expected that a life so holy, so devout, so uniformly spent in promoting the interests of the Messiah's kingdom, should be favoured with a glorious and triumphant close. Nothing could exceed the interesting scene which the

death-bed of Wesley, exhibited to his friends. "He had a vigour and elevation of mind, which nothing but the belief of the divine favour and presence could inspire. This threw a lustre round his infirmities, changed his bed of sickness into a triumphal car, and made his exit resemble an apotheosis rather than a dissolution."* He appeared to have *conquered* death, rather than to have *suffered* it.

On finishing his course, he felt a peculiar satisfaction, arising from the conviction that he had not laboured in vain, or spent his strength for nought; and rejoiced with joy unspeakable that God had made him instrumental in bringing souls to Christ. And why should he not rejoice? When the foundations of the earth were laid, the morning stars sung together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. When the temple of Solomon was finished, there was rejoicing among the people; and when it was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, there were shoutings of great joy, and cries of *Grace, grace unto it.* And should not the Christian Minister rejoice, on beholding fruit of his labours, in the conversion of souls, who will be the crown of his rejoicing, when the frame of nature is dissolved, and the heavens shall be no more?

It is highly encouraging to us who remain, to know that the example of this eminent Minister still lives. His pious instructions are not buried with him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. Though he rests from his labours, his works follow him. It behoves us, therefore, to make a practical improvement of what we have heard and seen; and to labour diligently in our several stations, knowing that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

While these thoughts were passing in my mind, a venerable-looking stranger, respectably attired, entered the little cemetery. He appeared to have arrived at the age of threescore and ten. As he directed his steps to the tomb near which I was standing, I had an opportunity of examining his countenance. It was pale, but exhibited a benevolent expression; and I felt instinctively pre-possessed in his favour.

"I presume, young man," said he, on

* See Watson's Life of Wesley.

approaching, "you have come to see the tomb of Mr. Wesley."

"Yes," I replied; "having heard and read so much of the founder of Methodism, I have felt peculiarly interested in paying a visit to his grave."

"Then well may I. You are young, and cannot of course have known him. I was acquainted with him for several years; and I bless the Lord that ever I heard the sound of his voice. *He was my spiritual father.*"

"Then you have for a long time experienced the power of inward religion."

"O yes! ever since I was twenty-four years of age. At that period, I went to hear Mr. Wesley, more from a feeling of curiosity than from any higher motive. Every word of the sermon came home to my heart; and I then felt my wretchedness as a sinner. For several weeks I had no rest. The wrath of God was heavy upon me, and I thought myself lost. At length while he was preaching from one of the promises of the Gospel, I was enabled to cast myself upon the mercy of God, through faith in a crucified Saviour. And though I entered the chapel that evening with the feelings of a condemned criminal, I left it a pardoned sinner, rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free. Blessed be God! although five-and-forty years have rolled away since that never-to-be-forgotten evening, I am still upon the Rock."

"Then your hope of glory brightens as your earthly sun declines?"

"I am now an old man, and cannot expect long to be a sojourner upon earth. But my prospect of heaven is bright and cloudless,

> 'My hope is full, O glorious hope
> Of immortality.'"

"I have no doubt you feel much pleasure in visiting the spot where the remains of your spiritual father are deposited."

"I feel a mournful pleasure. I do not often cry; but when I gaze upon that tomb, I can scarcely restrain my tears. O Sir! I loved him as a father; and I hope soon to see him in a brighter world."

"Were you present at his funeral?"

"I was; and never shall I forget the day. Though it was early in the morning when his remains were committed to the tomb, a great number of persons were assembled. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave. It was literally moistened with the tears of his friends, as if it had been all night in the dew. But there was one circumstance which rendered the occasion peculiarly affecting. The service was read by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, one of the old Preachers, and who has since been laid in the same grave. When he came to that part of it, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' he was quite overcome by his feelings, his lips faltered, and with a tremulous voice he substituted the word *father*. This produced such a powerful effect on the persons assembled, whose eyes were already filled with tears, that they simultaneously burst into loud and bitter weeping. I never witnessed anything like it."

I had now spent some time in this retired place of sepulture; and as the sun was lingering in the west, announcing the approach of evening, I bade farewell to my aged companion, and left the spot, highly gratified with my visit to the tomb of the venerable Wesley, and with this interesting interview with one of his old disciples.

Mr. Wesley was peculiarly fitted for the great work to which, by the providence of God, he was called. He possessed many advantages which are rarely blended in the same person. He had a copious invention, a penetrating judgment, a faithful memory, and an uncommon capacity for distinguishing the difference in things. These natural endowments he cultivated by much reading and study. Indeed his mind was capable of the closest application; and he seldom felt dismayed by the numerous obstacles he had to encounter. Beside these mental qualifications, he was also favoured with a strong and vigorous constitution. So that his physical labours were indefatigable; and he was enabled to surmount many difficulties, under which a less vigorous frame would necessarily have sunk. His biographer states, that he preached upwards of forty thousand sermons, and travelled nearly three hundred thousand miles.

His early friend and coadjutor, the Rev. George Whitefield, was considered the more popular orator, and was so fascinating in his style, as almost to wield his audience at will. But he was more limited in his sphere of operation; being more anxious to promote a revival of religion in the country, and to save souls, than to become the head of a new sect. The apostolic Wesley was in every way more qualified to be the founder of a numerous society, and to perpetuate his usefulness by the formation of the Methodist Connexion. At the time of his death, the number of members in connexion with him in Europe, America, and the West Indies, was 80,000. Many persons who were inimical to the spread of scriptural Christianity, had vainly thought (and doubtless their *wish* was in that thought) that Methodism would die with Mr. Wesley; that the system would be buried in the grave with its founder. But such was the extraordinary success which attended the labours of his successors in the ministry, that in the year 1839, (the first centenary of Wesleyan Methodism) the number of members was found to be no fewer than 307,068 in Great Britain; 26,383 in Ireland; 86,727 in the Foreign Missions; and 692,341 in America.

Thus, though God buries his workmen, he carries on his work.

But I cannot conclude this hasty sketch, without making a few observations to the *young*; as it was for *their* instruction chiefly that these chapters were undertaken.

1. The example of this great man, whose praise in the Gospel is throughout the churches, is highly worthy of your imitation. Tread in his steps. Walk by the same rule; mind the same things. You may never become as *great* as Mr. Wesley, but you may become as *good*. You may not rise so high in the scale of literature and science, nor shine so brightly in the array of human intellect; but you may be equally skilled in the science of Christianity; and shine with equal beauty in the kingdom of your Father. I entreat you, be followers of him as he was of Christ. Follow his faith, his patience, his zeal. Imitate his holiness of life, by which he was made happy on earth, and qualified for the enjoyment of heaven.

2. Live for eternity. Here you have no continuing city. This is not your rest. "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the field." You are young, but you may die soon. You may be suddenly visited with some fatal distemper; or cut down in a moment by the irresistible stroke of death. Therefore watch and be sober. The venerable Wesley is dead. His splendid talents, his burning zeal, his love for souls, gave him no security against the shafts of death. But there is a voice heard from his tomb. Let it speak to your hearts. "Work while it is day; for the night cometh, when no man can work. There is neither wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave, whither thou goest." Consecrate your youth to God; and persevere to the end. Then, when the deeds of heroes are forgotten, and oblivion places his foot upon the achievements of Monarchs, you will shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN ELLIS.

John Ellis was a native of Bressingham, in Norfolk, in the Diss Circuit. In early life he was favoured with such a degree of that fear of God which is the "beginning of wisdom," that he was graciously preserved from the course which commonly marks the period of youth. He was never known to utter a falsehood; and on one occasion, being suddenly betrayed into the use of profane language, his soul became so burdened and distressed that he feared he should lose his reason. When a young man, he removed to Barningham, in the same Circuit, in which place he lived about twenty-five years; and there ended his days, full of peace.

Being observed by one of our friends as a steady man, and a hearer of the word preached in the Wesleyan chapel, he was invited to attend a class-meeting, where he was instructed in the ways of God more perfectly. He received counsel with humility; and laid to heart what he felt and knew to be in harmony with the only standard given to us in matters of such moment,—the word of God. He sorrowed after a "godly" sort, and God, for Christ's sake, was graciously pleased to send into his heart the promised testimony of the Holy Spirit, by which he cried, "Abba, Father;" a privilege in which he lived until the day of his death. Subsequently he realized in himself, and exhibited in his life, those evidences or fruits of his relationship with God, which we are taught to regard as the offspring of the Spirit's dwelling in us. (Compare Gal. iv. 6, and v. 22.)

As a child of God, his walk was even and consistent. He not only held fast his confidence without wavering, but increased in knowledge and piety. Holiness of heart and life were his aim, in the pursuit of which he was diligent; always endeavouring to subordinate the affairs of the world to the "one thing needful." He was careful about what are often designated "little things;" and this class of professors are generally found to rise high in spirituality. He appreciated the word of God, a portion of which he daily read upon his knees. "His delight was in the law of his God."

In his family he was circumspect and devout, not only in presenting the morning and evening oblation of praise and prayer, but also in his endeavours so to conduct himself and impart knowledge, as one that felt the high degree of responsibility connected with his position as the head of his family. For this his dear partner and children have to thank God. One of his daughters, in a note to the writer, says, "My dear father was surpassed by few Christians for humility and patience."

In the house of God he loved to worship. He was not among that larger class of professors in the present day, whose late and irregular attendance on the social and public ordinances of religion on the Sabbath and during the week so painfully and certainly indicate the absence of that state of mind, beautifully and forcibly set forth in various parts of the holy Scriptures, and particularly in the Book of Psalms. The subject of my memoir, when in health, was in his place, and at his post. Distance, weather, and other little things were not insuperable objects to him, who "loved the habitation of God's house." With him it was,

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below."

In the Sabbath-school he took an active part, and steadily and perseveringly manifested his strong attachment to those invaluable institutions, which, in the present day, in some places, are left to a great extent in the hands either of persons having no religion, and belonging to no church, or to those who can only be regarded as having a knowledge of the first principles of religion. Our deceased brother continued in his work, although some time before he was called to his reward, others, more competent in a mental point of view, were interested and engaged with him in these nurseries, rearing tender plants for the church. At one period the Sabbath-school at Barningham became so reduced in number that thoughts were entertained of abandoning it altogether; but John Ellis declared he would never despair as long as one child came for instruction. Since that time, there is not only an efficient school on the Sabbath, but also a considerable number of children receiving regular instruction in the week.

As a Leader in the society at Barningham he stood high in the estimation of his brethren, the members of his own class, and the society at large. While he cherished a lively and warm affection for those placed under his care, he faithfully discharged his important trust.

In this way he also carefully and conscientiously watched the interests of his earthly master, in whose service he lived many years, and by whom he was deservedly esteemed. He appears to have had always in view the admirable apostolic injunction, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." On one occasion, when his employer was leaving home, he was heard to regret the absence of his faithful servant, in whom he felt he could confide on all occasions, observing, "All is right when John is at home."

Having viewed him in life, sustaining its varied offices, and discharging its duties with a view to the glory of God, we now come to his closing days. His affliction was protracted, and at times very severe; but he not only confided in God, but rejoiced in the furnace. At one period he was removed to Bury hospital, where it was hoped he might receive permanent benefit. Here he was very happy in finding some two or three disciples, with whom he held sweet counsel, and enjoyed from God great support and consolation. On several occasions after his removal to his own clean and quiet home, he has been heard to remark, with considerable feeling, on those seasons of visitation when in this public institution. He praised God much in his affliction that he was delivered from those severe temptations of Satan of which he had been the subject when in health. God graciously preserved his servant when in extreme sufferings. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." His weakness of body was indescribable; but his "cup run over," as he was accustomed to say. Indeed it was a privilege to see and to hear him. Previously to his admission into the "dark valley," he exclaimed, "Happy, happy; I am almost home." So lived and died this servant of the Lord Jesus. "The memory of the just is blessed."

MEMOIR OF UNCLE BENGEY,

OF KERLEY, CORNWALL.

Benjamin Jennings, or, as he was more commonly called, "Uncle Bengey," was born in the year 1771, at Bell, in the parish of Gwennap, Cornwall, of poor but pious parents. His father died when he was eleven years old, and his mother when he was fifteen. After the death of his mother, Benjamin went to live with his brother, and subsequently with a sister, who was a Methodist; and by her instrumentality he was brought amongst the Lord's people. He joined the Wesleyan society when about nineteen years old; and in fourteen days after, found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and was enabled to approach God with filial confidence, "crying, Abba, Father."

Soon after his conversion, his faith was severely tried. His brother-in-law, with whom he lived, was offended with his Methodism, and insisted upon his renouncing it or leaving his house. He chose the latter alternative, and left; believing that it was better to suffer than sin. His brother-in-law, however, was shortly after brought to God, sent for him back, and they ever after lived in peace and charity, until death, for a season, interrupted their union.

About twelve months after Benjamin had joined the society, he was appointed the Leader of a class; and for a long course of years discharged the duties of this office with credit to himself and great profit to those who from time to time were placed under his care.

He subsequently married, and "in the Lord;" and his wife, for upwards of twenty years, met in his class.

In 1796 Benjamin was admitted on the Local Preachers' Plan; and for forty-five years laboured in this work with zeal, fidelity, and acceptance. His talents were not great; but his deep piety, earnest zeal, and great simplicity and benignity gained for him the esteem of all who knew him. He cheerfully travelled long journeys, and often conducted three services in the day; for "the love of Christ constrained him."

Once, when on his way to preach at Tuckingmill, he fell down, and broke his arm; but, nothing daunted, he rose and went on, holding his broken arm in his other hand, till he reached the chapel, when he ascended the pulpit, and then, resting his broken arm on the side of the pulpit, conducted the service, and afterwards walked home, a distance of several miles.

Benjamin, it is believed, never lost his sense of God's love after he once obtained it; but continued to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," until he happily experienced that "the blood of Jesus Christ," God's Son, cleanseth "from all sin." And his "conversation" was agreeable to his profession; for it was "in heaven."

He firmly believed the Methodist doctrines; and he approved and maintained our discipline. Hence, when our societies were agitated by erring men, men who were "given to change," he remained steadfast, always esteeming it a high honour to have a name and a place with "the people called Methodists."

After a time his constitution, which was naturally strong, gave way; and the infirmities of age became apparent; but he retained his accustomed cheerfulness, and bore his afflictions with patient submission to the will of God. The writer of this sketch, who was then in the Truro Circuit, in which for some years Benjamin resided, visited him several times during his affliction, and never without being edified by the "gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." It was no common privilege to be with him; for God was with him. A short time before his departure he was heard to say, "By faith I claim the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as my God." To the last he continued to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ" cleanseth "from all sin;" and that he was going to be "for ever with the Lord."

At length the Master called for him; and on the 10th of January, 1841, he fell asleep in Jesus, aged seventy years, having been a consistent and useful member of the Wesleyan society upwards of half a century.

His mortal remains were carried to his burial by the Local Preachers, devout men, who loved him as a father; and were followed by many hundreds of persons, who "made great lamentation over him." The writer of this account improved the solemn event to a large and deeply attentive congregation, by a sermon from Acts xiii. 36. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." "May my last end be like his!" Amen.

JOHN SMART.

POETRY.

THE EXECUTION;

OR, THE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

[The facts related in the following little poem, I believe, are well known. They have been inserted in some of the standard works of the day. I heard them also related by an eminent Clergyman, some years since, in a sermon to young persons.]

TRELAWNEY was a charming boy,
And early learn'd to pray;
He loved his school, and loved his book,
And kept the Sabbath-day.

No idle words defiled his tongue,
No anger fill'd his breast;
Of all the boys that form'd the school,
Trelawney was the best.

His father soon fell sick and died,
And all his toils were o'er;
And then his mother wept and sigh'd,
For she was very poor.

Trelawney, helpless and forlorn,
Was now to labour sent;
And when the factory-bell had toll'd,
With joyful haste he went.

From morn till night, from year to year,
He toil'd the hours away;
But, ah! his youthful heart had learn'd
In error's paths to stray.

The hopes that cheer'd his early years
Had wither'd, and were crush'd;
The voice of peace, that soothed his breast
In infancy, was hush'd.

The vile companions of his toil,
With unabated zeal,
Had taught his tongue to curse and swear,
His hands to rob and steal.

Enlisting in the army, now
A soldier he became;
And soon to foreign climes was sent,
And triumph'd in his shame.

Midst dangers, deaths, and warlike deeds,
Some years he pass'd in Spain;
And when the war was o'er, he saw
His native land again.

But vicious habits, early form'd,
Had strengthen'd with each year;
And reckless of his future weal,
He urged his mad career.

No more inclined to toil for bread,
A life of theft he tried;
Till justice stopp'd his wicked course,
And all his plans destroy'd.

Behold him in his gloomy cell,
In melancholy mood;
No friend to cheer his bleeding breast;
No voice to whisper good.

In life's bright spring, his doom is fix'd,
No power his life can save;
Condemn'd to meet a felon's fate,
To fill a felon's grave.

The morning breaks, the crowds advance,
The mournful sight to see;
The scaffold is erected high,
Inspiring sympathy.

The knell is floating on the gale,
And now the struggle's o'er;
Trelawney yields his spirit up,
And breathes on earth no more.

O had religion's sacred light
Still beam'd upon his heart;
Had early precepts taught his mind
To choose the better part:

A pillar in the house of God
Trelawney might have been;
Hope then had crown'd his life with smiles,
And cheer'd its closing scene.

Let all who read this tale of truth,
Of wicked boys beware;
Nor listen to their sinful words,
Nor in their pleasures share.

J. T. Barr.

LINES ON SOL. SONG v. 1.

"Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

Come, ye whose hearts are set
On Christ your sovereign Lord;
Come, and unlock the heavenly gate,
Come to his bounteous board.
Unlock the gate by faithful prayer;
Come to his board, for life is there.

Vile, helpless, and undone;
A world of sinners sigh,
Beneath their ponderous burdens groan,
And weep, and gasp, and die.
He pities them, and from on high
Pours light, and life, and liberty.

"Ye dying sons of men,
To you my bowels move;
Come, taste the purchase of my pain;
O drink my pardoning love!
Health, life, and peace flow from my side,
Nor earth, nor hell, can stem the tide.

"Bow to the lowly brink,
And banish wrath and fear;
Gaze on the crystal flow, nor shrink
From what is mirror'd there.
Drink, drink of the transforming flood;
And rise renew'd, and meet for God.

"Ye longing, striving saints,
Who pant for holiness;
I love to hear your ceaseless plaints;
Your faith secures the grace.
Drink freely, boldly drink, and prove
The perfect liberty of love.

"Come ye, who long have moved
Beneath my power, and smile;
I know your works, I have approved
Long, long your righteous toil.
Drink light, and strength, and joy; and then
Come ye again, and yet again.

"Ye who, like silver tried,
Wait the decisive hour;
Drink, and the final test abide;
Drink, drink for evermore.
And find me from the 'chilling wave,'
The Lord omnipotent to save."

Samuel Wray.

TEARS OF LOVE.

I saw her watch the child,
While peacefully he slept;
And, O, full oft he sweetly smiled,
But yet the mother wept.

She pray'd the child might dwell
With saints in heaven above;
And as she pray'd, there swiftly fell
The tears of love.

Aliquis.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.

The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather than a benefit. The action by which

their splendour is outspread, has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues; his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustling from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.—*Couch's Illustrations of Instinct.*

THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years ago, fish became very scarce. Emboldened by the famine, and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion, one of them found the outer door of a house open, and entered it: the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt it; but burnt his nose. He folded his arms around it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast, to crush it; but this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor animal, now brought the neighbours to the spot; and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, whenever anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him "the bear and the tea-kettle."

AN ELEPHANT'S RESENTMENT.

A very fat man went to see a collection of animals at North-Shields, the other day. Having crammed his pockets with apples, he, for diversion, suffered himself to be plundered of them by the elephant. The animal made a clean sweep, and did not leave a single apple in his pocket. He, however, invited the creature to plunge his proboscis a second time into his pouch. The invitation was accepted; but, there being no fruit, and elephants not understanding jokes, the indignation of the animal was at boiling-point. Seizing the huge individual by the coat, the creature at once hoisted him ten feet from the ground: an awful example for men who presume to joke with elephants. The coat could not sustain the ponderous weight, and the fat man fell to the ground. He was but little hurt, and he quickly scrambled off to a safer distance.

ATTAINING FOOD.

Dermam quotes Olaus, in his account of Norway, as having himself witnessed the fact of a fox dropping the end of its tail among the rocks on the sea-shore, to catch the crabs below; and hauling up and devouring such as laid hold of it. On our own sea-coast, rats also have been known to add a new dish to their dietary by taking crabs; though it is not easy to imagine how the capture is effected, and certainly it is not by angling with the same pensile organ. On the credit of several persons, however, it is known that rats have skilfully employed their tails in drawing oil through the narrow neck of a jar, when unable to reach it in any other manner. Mr. Murray observed a dormouse to dip his tail into a dish of milk, and then carry it, smeared with the fluid, to its mouth; and similar ingenuity has been witnessed in its conveyance of water, when the little creature could not otherwise obtain a supply. The modes employed by dogs of different races, in capturing and devouring the crab, and especially that pugnacious species, the velvet crab, (*portunus puber,*) well illustrate the experience which has become propagated in the breed, over the ignorance of the uninitiated. On the first discovery of the prey, a terrier runs in to seize it, and is immediately and severely bitten in the nose. But a sedate Newfoundland dog, of my acquaintance, proceeds

more soberly in his work: he lays his paw on it, to arrest it in its escape; then tumbling it over, he bares his teeth, and seizing it with the mouth, throws the crab aloft: it falls upon the stones, the shell is cracked beyond redemption, and then the dainty dish is devoured at his leisure.—*Couch's Illustrations of Instinct.*

HATCHING FISH.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known, and extensively practised, in China; as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect, with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Martin's China.*

LADANUM.

This name is not to be found in our translation of the Bible; but the best biblical critics and botanists are convinced that the word rendered "myrrh," in two passages of the book of Genesis, should have been translated ladanum. (Gen. xxxvii. 25; xliii. 11.) This drug is a sweet-scented gum-resin, exuding from the cretan cistus, the ladanum cistus, and some other varieties. Of this resin Herodotus says, that it was found sticking to the beards of goats, and that the Arabs mixed it with various aromatics; and, indeed, that it was ladanum with which they perfumed themselves in common. By the time of Dioscorides, it had been discovered that the gum exuded from the young branches of the cistus, upon which the goats browsed; and the people of Syria and Crete availed themselves of the discovery to procure the perfume in greater quantity than the combings of the goats' beards afforded. They made use of whips with broad leather thongs, and, by passing these over the shrubs, they wounded them sufficiently to gather the juice without destroying them; and, after drying the whips in the sun, the gum was carefully scraped off. Still further

improvements had been made before Tournefort travelled. The whip has assumed a more convenient form. To an instrument much like a garden-rake, they attach, in place of teeth, a double row of broad leather thongs, and thus sweep off the exudation, which is always most plentiful about sunrise. Nor do they neglect the most ancient collectors of ladanum; for the beards and coats of the goats are still most carefully combed for the sake of the gum.

But, though ladanum was chiefly valued by the early Arabs as a perfume, it was not neglected as a remedy for some complaints, as we learn from Hippocrates. The narcotic drug which Helen infused into the wine, to cheer and revive Telemachus and his companion, when they arrived at the house of Menelaus, seems to have been opium, or the hardened juice of the poppy. This precious drug, an antidote to the pains of grief and anger, Helen had received in Egypt, from Polydamna, the wife of the Priest Thone; for Egypt teems with drugs. Many of these were native, many imported from Arabia, and by Arabian caravans, or ships, from the farthest isles of the East, whence they found their way to Greece, and passed for the productions of Egypt and Arabia without question. The greater portion of liquid *laudanum* consumed in this and other countries, is, in fact, tincture of opium. But the gum-resin ladanum is much employed, with a mixture of frankincense, beat up with oil of mace and oil of mint, as a strengthening plaster; at the same time it soothes pain, and often procures sleep, not less than

"That nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."
—*Lady Calcott.*

ACELAPHÆ, OR JELLY-FISHES.

THROUGHOUT the immeasurable expanse of waves that encircles all this globe, sharing the already crowded drops of water lavishly, these stars of ocean have been sown in microscopic myriads; a living milky-way. Partly from their small size, but more from their extreme transparency, they escape all observation by day-time, nor can they be seen by the microscope, so perfectly translucent are the bodies; but as the night reveals the stars of heaven, so does the darkness bring to light these living luminaries, else invisible; contrasting, as it were, with those above, and silently repeating the great truths they tell;—

"To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

But let us dwell a little longer on the contemplation of the sparkling beauties of the sea, if but to estimate, as far as our imagination can, the extent of this department of creation. It has been calculated, by navigators every way entitled to respect, that, at some seasons of the year, when the *acalephs* swim near the surface, and of course their phosphorescent light is most conspicuous, at least thirty or forty thousand must exist in every cubic foot of the sea-water! that through this mass of life, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, the vessel ploughs her rapid course, nor finds the slightest diminution of their numbers! We leave the reader, then, to draw his own conclusions, and exclaim, with an old writer, "Surely if the sky has stars, so has the sea likewise!"—*Natural History of Fishes.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

HURRICANES IN BARBADOES.

I WAS then (August 12th and 13th, 1830) in the island of St. John's, and resided at Emmaus, one of the Moravian stations on that island, when the gale commenced with great fury: it turned to the south-west, and a well-barricaded door of the house, which was strongly built, was forced in by the blast. This gave me the opportunity of rushing on to the terrace, which faced Crux-Bay and the ocean. The scene which presented itself to my eyes was awfully sublime. Black masses—whether they were clouds, or of a more solid nature, I could form no idea—rested on the bay; the sea, lashed into foam, seemed to strike against it; and flashes of vivid fire descended as it were from heaven, and were instantly engulfed in the sea. The next moment they appeared from beneath the white foam, and apparently ascended towards the sky, met by other masses hovering above. The howling of the storm, and a peculiar noise, as if it were the rumbling of thousands of chariots, struck me with surprise and awe. The blast carried with it numerous small pebbles, which struck with some force against my face. It is strange that during these moments Schiller's description of Charybdis flashed across my mind, and appeared realized before me. My kind friend the Missionary forced me into the room. I am sure the time which elapsed from the moment the door was blown in, until the time when it was fixed again, was not ten minutes; nevertheless, the quantity of water which was blown into

the room had perfectly covered the floor. It must have been mostly sea-water, as the floor was covered with the efflorescence of salt next morning. The height to which the foam of the sea is carried during a hurricane is astonishing: we must, however, remember that the rotary motion of the blast would contribute in some measure towards this. It cannot be supposed that the gyrations act only on the surface of the water: they ascend, following their rotary motion, and no doubt carry by gyration the sea-water in their course. During the severe gale which touched Tortola in 1831, I was residing with the late President Donovan, at St. Bernard's, a hill, the summit of which is about one thousand feet above the sea: the dwelling-house, however, is at an elevation only of nine hundred and twenty feet. The day after the gale, the leaves of the trees and plants in the garden which had remained became black, from the contact with the sea-water spray: indeed the trees appeared

"As when heaven's fire
Has scathed the forest-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath;"

and the rain-water in the cistern and vats, which was to be used for domestic purposes, was rendered brackish. During my exploring expedition in Guiana, I observed in the valley of the river Wenamu the ravages of a whirlwind, which for the distance of several miles had perfectly cleared a belt of five hundred yards wide of all trees, and thrown them down with their heads towards all quarters of the compass: a rather steep hill, about five hundred feet in height, had opposed its course; but the belt continued in the same direction up the hill as in the valley. The course was from north-west to south-east, and the angle which that line formed with the hill-side was about twenty-seven degrees. It only continued for a short distance downwards on the opposite side, and from thence I could not trace it any farther. —*Schomburgh's History of Barbadoes.*

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY A LADY.

One of the guides, named Mitchell, described to us, with great zest, the adventure of a French lady, called by him a demoiselle, and supposed to be nearly forty years of age, who, about five years ago, came to Chamouni with a determination to ascend Mont Blanc. The difficulties were represented to her as much too great for encounter, and especially by one who did not appear strong and robust, though in good health. She persisted, however, at all hazards, and an unusually strong and numerous party of guides and attendants were accordingly provided to accompany her. It was in the month of August; the weather was remarkably favourable; and there were two other parties, one of a Polish gentleman with five guides, another of an English gentleman with six, and the French lady with eight. They all kept distinct and separate from each other; the Pole first, the Englishman next, and the French lady in the rear of all. Long before they reached the Grand Mulets, the first halting-place in the ascent, and where it is usual to sleep out in the open air or in a tent on the first night, the lady fainted repeatedly from fatigue and dizziness, and could only be restored with great difficulty, by repose, and an occasional draught of wine. Whenever she recovered, her only answer to all the remonstrances of the guides was, that she must be got to the summit at all hazards. They would then proceed a little further, and, seeing her again droop, they would urge her again not to proceed, as in all probability she would die, and they would then have to answer for her life. Still she persisted in being taken to the top of the mountain, dead or alive. They accordingly fastened a rope round her waist, and, a man holding her on each side, she was literally dragged up a great portion of the way. On reaching the summit she swooned again; but, on recovering, she asked for wine, and first drank a bumper to the health of the young Count of Paris, and then another to the health of her guides; after which she requested them to form a square, and caused herself to be lifted on their shoulders, where she remained for some minutes, and, waving her handkerchief in the air, exclaimed, "*Vive la Belle France!*" boasting that she had now been higher up above the earth than the native of any other country in Europe at least! The descent was of course less fatiguing than the ascent; but the lady became at length so helpless, by excitement and exhaustion, that it was necessary to take the greatest care to prevent her falling asleep; and the anxiety of her guides for her safety continued to increase all the way, till they landed her once more in bed at the hotel in Chamouni.—*Belgium and the Rhine.*

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.

The following singular and interesting anecdote, which evinces in an eminent degree the kind and charitable disposition of the late King, has been communicated to us from a quarter that leaves no doubt of its

accuracy. A short time ago, the Curate of an Irish church in the metropolis wrote to his mother in the north of Ireland, desiring her to come to London, for the purpose of teaching him the Irish dialect, of which he was ignorant, in order that he might be able to instruct the Irishmen in a particular part of the metropolis, where they are very numerous. His mother not having the means of performing so long a journey, and being anxious to oblige her son, wrote a letter to the King, appealing to His Majesty's benevolence, with this superscription,—"To the King, London." The letter reached its destination; and being put into the King's hands, His Majesty, having made the necessary inquiries, and satisfied himself of the accuracy of the representation, very generously gave twenty-five guineas, which were forwarded for the mother in Ireland, through Lord Melbourne. The son mentioned the fact, without divulging the name of the family, in a sermon which he preached on the death of His Majesty.—*Brighton Gazette.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR JAMES MACDONNELL.

A FRIEND has related to us an anecdote, illustrative, not only of the high opinion entertained by his Grace of this distinguished General, but of the delicate generosity displayed by Sir James to a non-commissioned officer of his regiment. Some three years ago, the Duke of Wellington was waited upon at Apsley-House, by two gentlemen, who announced to him, that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British army, they had called for the purpose of handing to his Grace a cheque for that amount; being fully satisfied that, in so doing, they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The Duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money; alleging that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his Grace's visiters earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded; promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time they again made their appearance at Apsley-House. The Duke received them with great courtesy; but assured them that he had found it a more difficult task than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that, if they had no objection, he would make his selection from the battle of Waterloo; that being the last, the greatest, and most important action of the war. This point being adjusted, his Grace proceeded to state, that Hougomont having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended, not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major-General Sir James Macdonnell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James Macdonnell; and having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his Grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day, the French troops rushed upon Hougomont with such irresistible force, that the gates of the farm were burst open, and, for a moment, the fate of the position appeared doubtful; when a powerful Serjeant-Major, of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards, the French were driven back with great slaughter; and the fate of Hougomont was decided. Sir James added, that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant soldier who assisted him at so critical a moment in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept the £500, and divide it with Serjeant-Major Fraser; to whom he accordingly paid £250 of the money.—*United Service Gazette.*

HOWARD.

HE has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts: but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity.—*Edmund Burke.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PARTRIDGE.

We find only two allusions to this bird in the holy Scriptures. The first occurs in the history of David, when he expostulates with Saul concerning his unjust and foolish pursuit: "The King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." (1 Sam. xxvi. 20.) The other is in the prophecies of Jeremiah: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." (Jer. xvii. 11.)

There are not less than four species of this bird, all of which were abundant in Palestine. They feed more on insects, larvæ, and worms, than on seeds; and none of the species having a perfect hind toe, that reaches the ground, they run fast. These characteristics are of some importance in determining whether they were held to be really clean birds, and consequently could be the *selav* of the Israelites, which our versions have rendered "quails." The bird depicted in our woodcut is the red-legged partridge, and is inferior in delicacy to the common one of that name. The expostulation of David with Saul, when he says, "The King of Israel is come out to seek a flea," &c., is perfectly natural; for the red-legged partridges are partial to upland brushwood, which is not an uncommon character of the hills and mountains of Palestine. *Koria*, (from the Hebrew word *kara*, to call,) sitting on her eggs, and not hatching them, (Jer. xvii. 11,) we conceive alludes to the liability of the nest being trodden under foot, or robbed by carnivorous animals, notwithstanding all the care and interesting manœuvres of the parent to save it or the brood; for this genus is monogamous, nestles on the ground, and both male and female sit, and anxiously watch over the safety of their young.

The manner in which the Arabs hunt the partridge and other birds, affords an excellent comment on the complaint of David, to his cruel and unrelenting Sovereign; for, observing that they become languid and fatigued after they have been hastily put up two or three times, they immediately run in upon them and knock them down with their bludgeons. It was precisely in this manner that Saul hunted David: he came suddenly upon him, and from time to time drove him from his

hiding-places, hoping at last to render him weary of life, and find an opportunity of effecting his destruction. When the Prophet says, "The partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not," the male seems to be understood, because the verbs are masculine, and the verb *yalad* in the masculine gender cannot signify "to lay eggs."

The red partridges of France, says Buffon, appear to differ from the red partridges of Egypt; because the Egyptian Priests chose for the emblem of a well-regulated family, two partridges, the one male, the other female, sitting or brooding together. And by the text in Jeremiah, it seems that in Judea the male partridge sat as well as the female. But while the incubation of other birds, which are by no means so attentive, is generally crowned with success, the hopes of the partridge are frequently disappointed by circumstances already noticed, which he can neither foresee nor prevent.

POPERY.

THE POPISH CREED.

THE following Creed, called the Nicene Creed, is held by the Church of England, being acknowledged in her Articles and embodied in her Book of Common Prayer. The substance of it is also contained in the Standards of the Church of Scotland, and in the Confessions of all the other Reformed Churches:—

"I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible:

"And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God; begotten of his Father before all worlds; God of God; Light of light; very God of very God; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; and was made man; and was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead, whose kingdom shall have no end.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Lord and Giver of life; who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who with the Father and Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the Prophets. And I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church; I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen."

This Creed was settled by the Church at the Council of Nice, in A.D. 321.

In A.D. 381, at the great Council of Constantinople, it was solemnly received and adopted.

In A.D. 431, an attempt was made by some, at the great Council of Ephesus, to alter this creed; but when it was read, the Council decreed as follows:—

DECREE OF THE COUNCIL OF EPHESUS.

"These things having been read, the Holy Synod decreed that it should be lawful for no one to profess to write or to compose any other form of faith than that defined by the holy Fathers, who, with the Holy Ghost, had been assembled at Nice.

"But those who shall have dared to compose, or to profess, or to offer, any other form of faith to those wishing to be converted to the acknowledgment of the truth, whether from Paganism or from Judaism, or from any sort of heresy, that these, if they were Bishops or Clergymen, that the Bishops should be deposed from their episcopacy, and the Clergy from their clerical office; but that if they were laymen, they should be subject to an 'anathema.'"—*Mansi*, vol. iii., p. 1362.

Again, in A.D. 451, the great Council of Chalcedon, in like manner, acknowledged this Creed, and decreed as follows:—

EXTRACT FROM THE COUNCIL OF CHALCEDON.

"The Catholic faith delivered by the holy 318 Fathers (namely, at Nice), and by the holy 150 Fathers (namely, at Constantinople), also by the other most holy and glorious Fathers (namely, at Ephesus), we guard, and according to that we believe. The most Rev. Bishops exclaimed, 'No person makes any other exposition of faith. We neither attempt nor dare to do so. For the Fathers have taught, and in writings are preserved, those things which have been set forth by them; and other than these we cannot speak.'

"Those principles which have been set forth are sufficient: it is not lawful to make any other exposition."

Thus for 451 years the Creed of the Christian church, as stated by these three great Councils, was uncorrupted, and con-

tained nothing whatever but what was contained in the Nicene Creed.

In 1546, the great Council of Trent considered the subject; and the following was its decree:—

EXTRACT FROM THE THIRD SESSION OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT, FEB. 4TH, 1546.

"In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost:

"This holy œcumenical, and general Synod of Trent, lawfully assembled in the Holy Ghost, the same three Legates of the Apostolic See presiding in it, considering the magnitude of the subjects to be treated, especially of those contained under these two heads, the extirpation of heresies and the reformation of morals; on account of which chiefly it has been assembled; but acknowledging with the Apostle that it has not to wrestle with flesh and blood, but with spiritual wickedness in heavenly places: with the same Apostle it exhorts all and every one, in the first place, that they should be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; in all things taking the shield of faith, by which they can quench all the fiery darts of the most wicked; and that they should take the helmet of the hope of salvation, with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

"Therefore, that this its pious solicitude may have its beginning and continuance by the grace of God, it determines and decrees that before all things the Confession of Faith is to be premised, following in this the examples of the Fathers, who in their sacred Councils were accustomed to oppose this shield against all heresies, in the beginning of their actions, by which alone they both sometimes drew infidels to the faith, vanquished heretics, and confirmed the faithful.

"Wherefore it (the Council) commands that this Creed, which the Holy Roman Church uses *as that summary in which all who profess the faith of Christ necessarily agree, and that firm and on a foundation against which the gates of hell shall never prevail*, shall be read in those words in which it is read in all churches, which is as follows:"—

And then it recites the Nicene Creed, without one novelty or addition.

Here then we have a Creed received by the Church in 321;

Ratified by the Council of Constantinople in 381;

Confirmed again by the Council of Ephesus in 431;

Adopted by the Council of Chalcedon in 451;

Affirmed by the Council of Trent in 1546.

(*To be continued.*)

TABLE-TALK.

PLAN OF ESCAPE FOR NAPOLEON.

Among the various plans proposed to facilitate the escape of Napoleon from Rochefort, the most daring was that of Captain Ponét, of the "Medusa," which is now, for the first time, made public in Count Montholon's "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." The proposition of this second Curtius was as follows. He proposed, under favour of the night, to take the lead of the "Saale," to surprise the "Bellerophon" at anchor, to engage her at close combat, and to lash his vessel to her side, so as to neutralize her efforts and impede her sailing. The engagement might last two hours, at the end of which, the "Medusa" carrying only sixty guns, and the "Bellerophon" seventy-four, she would necessarily be destroyed; but, during this time, the "Saale," taking advantage of the breeze which every evening blew from the land, might gain the sea, and a sloop of twenty-two guns, and a ship's pinnace, which comprised the remainder of the English flotilla, could not detain the "Saale," which was a frigate of the first class, carrying twenty-four pounders between decks, and thirty-six pound carronades in her upper deck. Two circumstances were opposed to this heroic project; the refusal of Captain Philibert, of the "Saale," and the repugnance of the Emperor to sacrifice a ship and her crew to his personal safety. When no hope remained of escaping the vigilance of the English cruisers, and when the admission of France to the restoration had become inevitable, Napoleon, who had delayed to the last moment, had to choose between kindling a civil war, which he had previously refused; waiting to be arrested, which must inevitably have occurred in a few days; or surrendering to one of the Allied Powers. He resolved to trust himself to the English, and went on board the "Bellerophon."—*Athenæum.*

"THEY SAY."

"They say" tells me that which is not true, at least three-quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report

put in circulation, but this Mr. *They say* was the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just nowhere, he can never be found. Who said that Mr. E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a falling condition? Why, "they say" so. On what authority do they affirm that neighbour F. has been in bad company? Why, "they say" so. Is it a fact that Miss G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be? Why, "they say" so. Plague on this Mr. *They say;* he is half-brother to that Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief, and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving of respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "THEY SAY."

REMARKABLE DAYS.

THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL ASSASSINATED, MAY 11TH, 1812.

SPENCER PERCEVAL, the second son of John Perceval, the second Earl of Egmont, was born in London in 1762, and educated at Charlton, (the seat of his family,) in Kent, and at Harrow; then at Trinity-College, Cambridge, when he was removed to Lincoln's-Inn, where, after performing the necessary studies, he was called to the bar in Hilary Term, 1786. He commenced his professional career in the Court of King's Bench, and accompanied the Judges through the Midland Circuit. In Hilary Term, 1796, he obtained a silk gown, and became the leading Counsel on the Midland Circuit. He was soon after appointed Counsel to the Admiralty, and to the University of Cambridge. About this time a pamphlet which he had written to prove "that an impeachment of the House of Commons did not abate by a dissolution of Parliament," attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt, to whom he was introduced; and he determined thenceforward to direct his attention to politics. In April, 1796, he was returned for the borough of Northampton, and now endeavoured to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of policy; and he particularly devoted his attention to the subject of finance. In Hilary vacation, in 1801, at the formation of the Addington Administration, he was appointed Solicitor-General, on the resignation of Sir William Grant, who succeeded Sir Pepper Arden, afterwards Lord Alvanley, as Master of the Rolls. In Hilary vacation, 1802, he was promoted to the situation of Attorney-General, become vacant by the elevation of Sir Edward Law, created Lord Ellenborough, to the seat of Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He now practised only in the Court of Chancery. He retained his situation as Attorney-General when Mr. Pitt resumed the reins of Government, and continued to distinguish himself as a ready and staunch supporter of the measures of that great man. On Mr. Pitt's death, a coalition took place between the Fox and the Grenville parties, in which Mr. Perceval declined to share. This last-mentioned Administration was soon dissolved, in consequence of its failure on the Catholic Question. In the new Ministry which was formed in March, 1807, Mr. Perceval was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; in which high office he displayed great political talents, particularly in the settlement of the Regency; but unhappily he fell soon afterwards by the hand of an assassin. About five o'clock in the evening of the 11th of May, 1812, as he was entering the lobby of the House of Commons, he was shot by a person named John Bellingham, and almost instantly expired.

Mr. Smith, M.P. for Norwich, who was examined at the inquest, said, that, "On Monday afternoon, about a quarter past five o'clock, passing through the lobby to go to the House of Commons, he stopped to speak to a gentleman about the centre of the lobby, and while in conversation with him, he heard the report of a pistol. He immediately turned his head, and observed some conversation at the other end of the room. Several voices called out to shut the door, to prevent any person escaping. There might have been present in the lobby from thirty to forty persons. In an instant he observed a person rush from the cluster of people who were standing about the door, and come staggering towards him; he reached the spot where he was first standing, and then fell flat on his face on the floor. Mr. Smith walked round him, not immediately recognising his person, and not supposing he was mortally wounded; but observing he did not stir, he stooped down to assist him; and on raising his head, he perceived him to be Mr. Perceval. He then requested the assistance of a gentleman who was standing close to the body, and they carried him between them into the Speaker's Secretary's room. They placed him on the table,

he resting on their arms. He was not only speechless, but perfectly senseless: blood came from his mouth. He died in less than a quarter of an hour." The assassin was seized by General Gascoigne, M.P. for Liverpool, to whom he said, "I am the person who shot Mr. Perceval, and I surrender myself." On Friday, May 15th, the assassin, whose name was Bellingham, was tried at the Old Bailey, and, after a trial of eight hours, found guilty; and on Monday, the 18th, was executed.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Akerman, Mrs.,	Bromham,	Melksham,	81	Dec. 30th, 1847.
Bannister, Benjamin,	Star-lane,	Bourne,	86	Jan. 14th, 1848.
Buswell, Mrs.,	Cottingham,	Kettering,	74	July 25th, 1847.
Bate, Mr. John,		Sittingbourne,	75	Nov. 30th, 1847.
Beet, Mrs. W. J.,		Sheffield, West,		Jan. 16th, 1848.
Berger, Samuel, Esq.,	Homerton,	Eighth London,	37	Jan. 7th, 1848.
Boaler, Mrs.,		Worksop,	62	Dec. 30th, 1847.
Button, James,	Coleford,	Shepton-Mallett,		Nov. 18th, 1847.
Carvosso, Mrs.,	Kingswood-Hill,	Kingswood,	54	Jan. 15th, 1848.
Charrington, Stephen,	Crowland,	Peterborough,	50	Dec. 21st, 1847.
Cliffe, Mrs.,		Newark,	80	Dec. 31st, 1847.
Coverley, Francis, Esq.,		Bridlington,		Jan. 2d, 1848.
Day, Mr. Matthew,	Weston-super-Mere,	Banwell,	60	Dec. 20th, 1847.
Day, Mr. George,	Mansfield-road,	Nottingham,	27	Jan. 11th, 1848.
Demford, Mrs.,		Chipping-Norton,	37	Jan. 15th, 1848.
Freerson, Mr. S.,		Ripley,	97	Dec. 21st, 1847.
Forrest, Mrs.,	Dunham-Woodhouses,	Altrincham,	83	Jan. 3d, 1848.
Gordon, Alex., Esq.,	Belhelvie-House,	Dudley,	78	Jan. 7th, 1848.
Grayson, John,	Lower-Denby,	Denby-Dale,	72	Nov. 16th, 1847.
Harrison, Mr. Thomas,	Prudhoe,	Shotley-Bridge,	34	Oct. 3d, 1847.
Holden, Mr. John,		Haslingden,	83	Jan. 6th, 1848.
Holme, Mr. Henry,	Bilborrow-Cottage,	Garstang,	79	Jan. 5th, 1848.
Hopkins, Mrs.,	Ozzenga,	Denby-Dale,	38	Sept. 9th, 1847.
M'Kenny, Rev. John,	Sydney,	New South Wales,		Oct. 31st, 1847.
Manley, Mr. George,	Bedminster,	Bristol, South,	44	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Margetts, William,		Kettering,	24	Sept. 14th, 1847.
Mason, John, Esq.,		Bristol,	25	Dec. 30th, 1847.
Moore, Mrs. Ann,		Ripley,	65	Dec. 24th, 1847.
Mowat, Mrs.,		Towcester,	58	Jan. 13th, 1848.
Neale, Samuel,	Pytchley,	Kettering,	71	Sept. 28th, 1847.
Nelson, Mrs.,	Tintwistle,	Glossop,	66	Nov. 26th, 1847.
Oldham, Thomas,	Tintwistle,	Glossop,	26	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Oliver, Mr. Thomas,		Ballyshannon,	23	Jan. 14th, 1848.
Parsons, Mrs.,	Market-street,	Shrewsbury,	77	Jan. 5th, 1848.
Pearson, Rev. William,	Kilham,	Bridlington,	74	Feb. 14th, 1848.
Powell, Miss,		Doncaster,	21	Dec. 13th, 1847.
Ransfield, Mrs.,	Emley,	Denby-Dale,	87	Dec. 18th, 1847.
Ridley, Mr. John,	Tipton,	Dudley,	51	Dec. 16th, 1847.
Robinson, Mrs.,	Walkington,	Beverley,	57	Sept. 19th, 1847.
Rothwell, Mr. H.,	Haslingden-Grange,	Haslingden,	64	Dec. 15th, 1847.
Stephenson, Miss,		Allendale-Town,	19	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Stevenson, Mrs.,		Sevenoaks,	34	Dec. 8th, 1847.
Summersgill, Mr.,		Skipton,	33	Jan. 8th, 1848.
Taft, Rev. Zech.,	Sandiacre,	Ilkestone,	75	Jan. 7th, 1848.
Wareing, Martha,	Pytchley,	Kettering,	47	Nov. 8th, 1847.
Wilson, Mrs.,		Northampton,	21	Dec. 20th, 1847.

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AND

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JUNE, 1848.

DECISION OF CHARACTER EXEMPLIFIED.

In the year 1807, a young man, who had recently finished his term of apprenticeship, entered upon his first situation in the town of N——. He had previously visited some relatives who attended the Wesleyan ministry: his attention had been arrested; and he resolved thenceforth, that the Methodist chapel should be the sanctuary of his choice. He had no intention of uniting himself to the society; indeed, at that time he felt a strong aversion to taking such a step; but he had not sat long under a heart-searching ministry before he became fully awakened to a sense of his dangerous and sinful condition, and was led to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" He sought for Christian counsel, and the Leader to whom he applied bade him welcome to his class; but soon afterwards took an opportunity of telling him that, having consulted the Ministers and leading friends, he was under the painful necessity of refusing to receive him, as he was accustomed to serve in the shop on the Sabbath-day morning. The practice of doing business from seven to ten on the morning of that sacred day was then so prevalent in the town of N——, that a public bell was regularly rung at the latter hour to denote the time when the shops were to be closed.

This young man reflected deeply on the whole matter. He thought, at first, this sin rested with his employers, who required his services on that holy day, and with the public authorities who sanctioned the ungodly practice by the ringing of the bell; but again he thought, "I am not a child: I am not an apprentice. Is it not my duty to seek a situation where the commands of those I serve will not interfere with God's command?" He hesitated: he had become attached to the place and the family where he resided: he thought he would do what he could to remove the necessity for changing his situation. Accordingly, he wrote to the Mayor, remonstrating with him on the public sanction given to this act of Sabbath desecration. As might be expected, no notice was taken of his letter; and now, in the simplicity of his heart, he thought if the Bishop of the diocess knew, he surely would direct the Vicar to interfere in such a matter. He wrote to the Bishop; but receiving no reply, he felt the case was one of personal responsibility. So long as he hesitated he was unhappy, and could derive neither benefit nor comfort from the ordinances of religion. After much prayer, he resolved to leave his situation; and acquainted the managing partner with his intention, and the reason. He replied, the services of his young men were of as much use to him on the Sabbath morning, as on the market-day.

Nothing further transpired until the following Saturday evening, when he was sent for into the parlour, and his master inquired if he had any other reason for leaving; and being answered in the negative, he told him that he had resolved to relinquish the Sunday trade, and requested he would stay at home the following morning, and inform the customers that for the future the shop would be closed on the Sabbath. He stood amazed: he knew his master was a worldly, money-loving man; one who in grasping after business used any and every means to increase his trade. But God, who has all things and persons under his control, was pleased to make this act of personal decision the occasion of abolishing Sunday traffic in that house, and thus permitted his servant to retain the situation he had given up at his command. He continued in it for three years, enjoying the confidence and esteem of his employers, and there laid the foundation of his future course in life. Having tasted that the Lord was gracious, he began to call sinners to repentance, and was shortly after admitted amongst that body of Ministers with whom it has been his happiness to labour during the last six-and-thirty years.

Leeds. W. B.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1848.

"METHODIST!" a "Wesleyan Methodist!" what *is* he? "A Christian *in earnest*," says Dr. Chalmers. In earnest, it is presumed, to get rid of his sins, to forsake all for Christ. In earnest, for the assurance of pardon and adoption, for a clean heart and perfect love, for power to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks." In earnest, to "do good of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men;" good to his family, good to his neighbour, good to the church of Christ, good to his own country, good to all the world. In earnest, to get to heaven, to keep the world under his feet, to see all things with the eyes of Jesus Christ, to see them in the same light as seen from the throne of God. In earnest, to form a right estimate of "things eternal," of the worth of an immortal soul, of the infinite evil of sin, of the benefit conferred on men by the sacrifice of God's eternal Son; a right estimate of the importance of escaping from "everlasting burnings," of securing a glorious immortality, and of being "for ever with the Lord." In a word, *in earnest* to be a servant of God, a follower of Christ, a "burning and shining light" before the eyes of all men. It was doubtless a perception of this *fervour of spirit* in the Methodist character which induced the late Rowland Hill in one of his quaint moods, when preaching from a text which led him to speak of the Church as of a "great house;" and then, following out the metaphor, and assigning the rooms in the "house" to the different denominations, he said, "As for the Methodists, we shall give them the *kitchen*; for they *must have a good fire*." And never was the *Methodist fire* more needed in the church of God than at the present day.

> "O Thou who camest from above,
> The pure celestial *fire* to' impart,
> Kindle a *flame* of sacred love
> On the mean *altar of my heart!*"

"Methodist!" what is he? "One that lives according to the *method* laid down in the Bible," says the venerable Wesley himself, in his "Complete English Dictionary," published in 1753. And certainly the etymology of the word *Method-ist* rather points to *organisation*, than to the principle of *life*

that animates it. But the fact is, in the true Methodist character, or Methodist Christian, there are three distinguishing and prominent elements, as distinct, prominent, and necessary as three angles in a triangle; namely, justification by *faith*, devotional *fervour*, and living by *rule*. These leading characteristics answer to the merit of the atoning sacrifice, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the direction of the written word. The Methodist, if what his name imports, never takes his eyes from Calvary, never breathes without the Spirit, never moves without the Bible. The blood, the Spirit, the Word, these three, bear record in his favour. He knows what it is to *have* the "forgiveness of sins," to *be* "born again," and to *model* his life and conversation "according to the Scriptures." Hence Methodist *preaching* is the offer of a free, full, and present salvation; Methodist *experience* is continually to "joy in God through the atonement;" Methodist *discipline* is the "yoke" of Christ according to the "pattern seen in the mount." A Methodist, then, is a CHRISTIAN: no more, and no less. Not a Christian of so low a stature as to be unfit for the "army," but "up to the standard." Not a mere "*babe*," but a "*man in Christ Jesus*."

Let us now attend to the "quarterly" *text*. The words are,—"*Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.*" (Psalm cxix. 98.)

The *speaker* in these words, it is generally admitted, is David. It is supposed that he wrote this magnificent Psalm, so beautiful in form and so exquisite in matter, during the severe persecution which he suffered from Saul. This was an affliction "grievous" to be borne, but so sanctified to David, that it was probably the best and most profitable part of his life; profitable both to himself and to others.

The "*enemies*" of David were of two kinds, visible and invisible, men and devils. He was surrounded daily by men who eagerly sought to deprive him of his life. They hunted him "as a partridge on the mountains." It is not marvellous, therefore, that in some of his most trying and discouraging moments he should have been heard to say, "I shall now *perish* one day by the *hand* of *Saul*." "Truly as the Lord liveth, there is but a *step* between *me* and death." But David had also "enemies" invisible. We read that "Satan stood up" against him; and, alas! the stratagems of Satan were more successful and injurious, than those of Saul and all his armies. Satan proved in David's case, what he has proved in that of too many others; and that is, that even "great men are not always" prudent, not always "*wise*." Now *this* enemy of David is *our* enemy. For ever since the days of Job, and long before his time, "Satan" has been prowling about for mischief, "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." "Seeking whom he may devour," is his work. And to accomplish this, he has so spread his "wiles" and "devices," nets and snares, through time and space, as to endanger the safety of *every man*.

The "*commandments*" here spoken of, and which were so beneficial to David in combating with his enemies, is the revealed will of God. The nature and perfection of this is, in the 119th Psalm, expressed by the author in a great variety of significant terms. "It is," says Benson, "called the '*word*' of God, as revealed by him to us; his '*way*,' as prescribed by him for us to walk in; his '*law*,' as leading us to obedience; his '*statutes*,' as declaring his authority to give laws; his '*commandments*' or '*precepts*,' as directing our duty; his '*ordinances*,' as ordained by him; his '*righteousness*,' as exactly agreeable to God's righteous nature and will; his '*judgment*,' as proceeding from the great Judge of the world, being his judicial sentence to which all must submit; and his '*testimonies*,' as it contains the witnesses of God's will

and man's duty." Although it was but a small part of the book of God in its present completed form, which David was permitted to possess, yet was his esteem and love for it great almost beyond expression. "At thy word," says he, "I rejoice as one that findeth great spoil." "The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." "Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments." "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." "O how I love thy law!" "It is sweeter to me than honey or the honeycomb." *We* need the Bible quite as much as David; and seeing that we have now in it, in addition to the small and comparatively obscure portion which he had, all the Prophets who lived after him, together with all the writings of the Evangelists and the Apostles, as contained in the New Testament, revealing to us all "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ," what manner of love to this holy Bible should we possess! But with what confusion of face should we look to its blessed Author, if, on examination, we find that our love to the Scriptures really falls grievously short of that of David!

The great advantage which the Psalmist derived from the written word, was, it "*made him wiser than his enemies.*" There are three ways in which the Bible, used aright, makes men wiser than their enemies; nationally, ecclesiastically, and spiritually. 1. *Nationally*, or politically. David was now the *anointed*, and soon after became the *reigning*, King over a great nation, to which God himself gave a constitution, a standard of equity and right, to which King and subjects were required to submit. It was this which made them "a wise and understanding people;" for, in point of laws and statutes, it set them far above the grovelling condition of surrounding nations. And is it not wise in modern, as well as in ancient, time, to make divine revelation "part and parcel of the laws of the land?" In our own favoured, and comparatively happy nation, it is said to be so. Let us pray that it may so remain, and be made more and more evident to all the world: so shall Britain be ever "wiser than her enemies." 2. *Ecclesiastically*, or in matters which concern the church. The Jewish church was originally scriptural, or modelled expressly according to the "pattern" of God. And had not the Jews themselves, "with wicked hands," defiled and mutilated it, what a moral structure, temple of glory, "house of prayer," it would have appeared before the eyes "of all nations!" The Christian church, too, was at first scriptural and pure; but, committed into the hand of men, that which was destined to be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," soon became corrupted and distorted, and enervated and prostrated beneath the kingdoms of the earth. Yet even now, in our age of degeneracy, did every denomination that claims to be named after Christ, adopt as its motto, "To the law and to the testimony," and *act* upon it, it would soon appear that the God of the Christian church is still in the midst of her, and that she is both "wiser" and stronger than her "enemies." 3. *Spiritually*, or in our warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. To overcome all these, we have but to take to us "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." In the hand of him who has "mighty faith" in the Redeemer's blood, that declaration, "*Thus it is written,*" is a wedge that divides, and opens a way through, the densest columns of the "enemy;" and enables the Christian warrior to turn right and left, and "put to flight all the armies of the aliens."

"Earth and hell and sin shall yield,
To God's almighty word."

Let us then, in the "spirit of faith," keep to the word of God; and we shall

be able to see through "the wiles of the devil," "quench all his fiery darts," and quickly "bruise him under our feet."

Finally, David adds a reason why he was so benefited by the "commandments" of God: "*For*," says he, "*they are ever with me.*" Or, in other words, "I set the word of God daily before my eyes, and I make his will, as therein revealed, the constant study and guide of my life." This is the way to succeed in the Christian conflict. No wonder that the man who did this should find his "enemies," not only "all liars," but all fools too, or that *he* should be wiser than *they*. It is this attention to, affection for, and delight in, the written word, which confers on man the wisdom, goodness, and power to reflect the image of the Deity to the inferior creation beneath him, to the angels above him, and to his own species around him.

Is this text, and are these remarks, specially designed for Methodists? Then let their own rule, which bears on the point, be subjoined: "It is expected of all who continue in these societies, that they should *continue* to evidence their desire of salvation *by searching the Scriptures.*" Did David say the "commandments" of God were "ever *with* him," in his hand, his mouth, his heart? and did he thus become one of the wisest and greatest men upon earth? So let every member of the Methodist society continue to evidence his "desire" and hope "of salvation," by *continuing* closely and prayerfully to "search the Scriptures," from the beginning to the end of his pilgrimage. Thus shall "the people called Methodists" be "wiser than their enemies," ghostly and bodily; and the candid of all parties shall be ready to say of them, "*Surely this great church is a wise and understanding people.*"

C.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Proverbs xxix. 1.)

Example VI.

That God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner; that he is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish; are the true sayings of that word which is light and truth; sayings which have been confirmed by numerous examples from the period Adam's sin blighted the bliss of paradise, down to the present day. His forbearance with the multitudes who live for years abusing his goodness, insulting his mercy, and in rebellion against his government, is an indisputable confirmation of the truth. Every aged sinner is an evidence of the fact that judgment with the Lord is a strange work; that he delighteth in mercy. But no person, no character, is more confirmatory of God's reluctance to destroy, and disposition to save, than the spared backslider; the apostate from truth, righteousness, and obedience to the service and commands of God. None so insultingly offend him, none so flagrantly dishonour him; the guilt of no other character is so crimson and hateful in his sight. Still by enduring their contempt, their ingratitude, and their aggravated offences, year after year, he says, "How shall I give thee up?" manifesting a reluctance to do what sin deserves, as though there was a contest between mercy and judgment, justice and grace. Yet such has been, and still is, the divine conduct toward many. Thus did he show compassion and exercise forbearance to an unfaithful partaker of his grace belonging to a Christian church in one of the most flourishing and favoured seaports of the United Kingdom: favoured with rich and numerous Gospel ordinances, and the

faithful ministration of the word of life, the efficiency of which had been proved in the salvation of many, among whom was numbered this once holy, but alas! now transgressing, individual. Of the sincerity of his first espousals to Christ there could be no doubt; and his uniform walk with God, for a considerable period, was consistent and praiseworthy. His circumstances and qualifications were favourable to his appointment to be an office-bearer in that community of Christians to which he belonged; and his religious connexions were calculated to forward his progress in the attainments of piety, and establishment in the faith of the Gospel. But outward advantages, however valuable, will not avail, if the heart be allowed to wander from God; and this departure was permitted by him. In heart, long before it was prominently visible in the life, there was an estrangement from the Lord. This doubtless might be traced to the restraining of prayer, and neglect of watchfulness; for it is only in these that there is continuance and salvation. In life, however, it too soon became visible that power over sin was lost, and that sin again had dominion. To one vice he became a slave, and its pernicious effects were ruinous to his religious character; producing separation from church-fellowship, and ultimately the termination of life. The reproofs of those who loved him—loved him as a relative, as well as loved him as one with whom they had gone to the house of God, and had held holy communion—were disregarded. Listened to they might be; acknowledged to be deserved they doubtless were; but vital power was lost, and the warning to the ear sank not with effect into the heart. There were other monitors,—the inward voice of conscience yet unseared, and the outward voice of the Gospel ministry, which was regularly heard; for few could be more stated in attendance at the sanctuary. Happy for him, if, instead of continuing to "harden his neck," he had yielded to the warnings of the faithful word, and kindly influences of the striving Spirit; but sin continued to lead its slave captive, and God permitted him to be filled with, and destroyed by, his own ways. Having, one dark night, to cross a deep and rapid river, and being in a state of intoxication, when he landed he was not capable of guiding his steps. He staggered, missed the path, went over the side of the pier into the rolling stream. His fall into the water was heard; but no help could be afforded: his body was swept away in the current of the flood; and when recovered, life had been long extinct. Thus was this erring man suddenly destroyed: in this way he gave up the ghost. And where is he? Eternity must answer the solemn question. O that the living who have turned from the holy commandment delivered unto them, would lay it to heart, and make haste and delay not to return to Him from whom they have so deeply revolted; lest they also should "perish in their own corruption!"

Manchester. N.

ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY.

We learn from Chrysostom, that women and children had frequently the Gospel, in parts of the New Testament, hung round their neck, and carried constantly about them. The rich had splendid copies of the sacred writings, on vellum, in their libraries and book-cases; but as the art of printing was not known till many ages after, complete copies of the Scriptures were, of course, exceedingly scarce.

THEOLOGY.

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BINNS.

"AND he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for awhile: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you, that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—Luke xviii. 1—8.

(*Concluded from page* 140.)

3. *They cry day and night unto him, and he yields to importunity.*— God's people are a praying people; prayer is the element in which they live, it is the delight of their souls.

There is an apparent discrepancy between two expressions in the text. It is said, that God may "bear long with them," and that "he will avenge them speedily." The latter expression might have been rendered "suddenly." And as our Saviour had been foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, in the concluding verses of the previous chapter, it is supposed to have reference to the coming of the Roman armies to destroy Jerusalem, and to avenge the sufferings of the Christians upon their enemies, the unbelieving Jews. Jerusalem was spared for many years. The Lord bore long with that wicked city; but her destruction came suddenly, unexpectedly, and fearfully, at the last. The Lord may bear long with the enemies of his people, and for wise and gracious purposes may defer the visitation. Jacob had to wrestle all night, till the breaking of the day. Elijah prayed till his servant went to look toward the sea seven times. And Paul had to beseech the Lord thrice concerning the thorn in the flesh, ere he obtained an answer. But there is nothing in the divine conduct in these cases that shows an unwillingness to bless. Jacob was to be impressed with the evil nature of his past conduct to Esau, to have a striking display of the goodness of God, and himself to become a pattern of wrestling, agonizing, successful prayer. Elijah was to teach the idolatrous Israelites that God still hears and answers prayer. Paul's case was to instruct us in the necessity of earnestness and importunity in prayer. Our blessings are doubly blessed when obtained by importunate prayer. Grace is more highly prized when secured by repeated prayer: while it habituates us to prayer, it instructs us as to the character of God. If God delay the blessing, there is some important reason for it.

We may ask improper things, and God in mercy refuses to answer prayer. We may ask blessings that are proper in themselves, but which it would not be for our good to receive at that time, and the Lord may in mercy withhold them. We may not rightly estimate the value of the blessings we seek, and were we to obtain them easily, or at our first request, we might soon lose them, and presumptuously trifle with our Maker. But when these blessings have cost us an agony of prayer, and been obtained by much wrestling and importunity, we appreciate them highly, and watch over them with sacred jealousy. But while it is evident that God may bear long with his people, and for a season defer to answer them, yet Scripture and experience prove that he will answer them suddenly, suitably, and fully.

But the great lesson to be taught by this parable is, that God will yield to importunity; and consequently the value of importunity in prayer. Importunity prevailed for the man who went at midnight to borrow three loaves. It succeeded with the unjust Judge, where everything was discouraging, and everything was forbidding. "Hear what the unjust Judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you, that he will avenge them 'suddenly.'" Language cannot sufficiently express the divine willingness to bless, nor the unspeakable importance of prayer to the people of God. God will answer speedily, suddenly, a thousand promises, a thousand facts; and ten thousand saints are ready to confirm the truth of this statement. God will "avenge

his own elect," his praying, pleading, believing people.

IV. NOTWITHSTANDING THESE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DIVINE CHARACTER, AND OF THE POWER OF PRAYER, WILL MANKIND BE SO INSTRUCTED AS TO EXERCISE THAT FAITH WHICH JEHOVAH CLAIMS? "NEVERTHELESS WHEN THE SON OF MAN COMETH, SHALL HE FIND FAITH ON THE EARTH?"

1. *Is there that faith in the church which ought to characterize her in the nineteenth century?*—No! The present state of the church painfully demonstrates the want of importunate believing prayer.

The limited extent to which pure Christianity prevails in the world, the general inefficiency of its ordinances, the want of success in its labourers, and its unaggressive character, are subjects that ought to humble and affect every Christian mind. They are facts that ought to arouse the minds of Ministers and people. If ever there were a time when earnest, self-denying labour, and importunate, believing prayer were called for by the church, that time is the present. Her numbers are in several denominations decreasing, her ordinances are to a painful extent inefficient, her ministry is comparatively powerless, her members are immersed in secular pursuits and worldly speculations, the tone of her piety is low, her influence on the world is enfeebled, and her power with God is greatly impaired. It were strange if great prosperity were witnessed in such a state of things. O for some wrestling Jacobs, and pleading Elijahs, who will lay hold of God by faith and prayer; the language of whose wrestling and importunate supplications is, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!"

Importunate prayer is an index to the state of religion possessed by the church.

(1.) It is a proof that there is intense feeling on the subject, a feeling which sympathizes with the church: the members feel oppressed, and burdened, and humbled at the church's depression. Their spirits are deeply afflicted at the church's deadness; their souls are stirred to their very depths of emotion; they share in the church's affliction, and are miserable for want of success. The language of their heart is, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

(2.) Importunate prayer is indicative of sacred jealousy. When the church is low, God is dishonoured, his attributes and character, his ordinances and truth, his Spirit and word, his mercy and power, Christ and his mediation, the Gospel and its grace, are all dishonoured by the church when in a low and worldly state. The importunate Christian makes the case of the church his own; he is anxious to roll this reproach from her; and with all the intensity and agony of importunate prayer, he lays hold on God, and pleads with God on her behalf. He weeps between the porch and the altar, and cries, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the Heathen should rule over them. Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?"

(3.) Importunate prayer is expressive of holy zeal. The man that can thus pray will not be satisfied to pray only. He knows that effort, and zeal, and self-denying labours are required as well as prayer. Hence he is not only a praying man, but a laborious man; "instant in season, and out of season." He is diligent in his sphere, active in his day, discharging the duties of his station with fidelity, and doing all to the glory of God. He strives to be the "living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men." There is a happy consistency and a beautiful uniformity in his conduct. Christian in his spirit, exemplary in his walk, zealous in his labours, and importunate at a throne of grace, he is seeking to extend the church's interests, to establish her members, to make her radiant with light and holiness, to infuse the spirit of life and power into all her ordinances, to convert "souls from death," and thus to "hide a multitude of sins." The cry of his soul to God is, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

(4.) Where there is importunate prayer, there will be believing prayer. It is because the man has faith in God, that he repeats his prayer, and renews his petition at a throne of grace, after apparent neglects and repulses. Nothing but faith in God could sustain him in the struggle of importunate prayer. Hence what are these reiterated supplications and pleadings of the suppliant but the repeated efforts and struggling of faith to attain its object? This was especially the case with the Syrophenician woman. At her first request on behalf of her afflicted "daughter, that was grievously vexed with a

devil," the Saviour treated her with apparent neglect. "He answered her not a word." The disciples interceded for her, "saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Notwithstanding this repulse, "she came and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." This woman's conduct was characterized by two particulars,—*importunity* and *faith*. It was faith that sustained her importunity; and faith by importunity surmounted every difficulty, survived every repulse, and carried away the blessing. Brethren, "have faith in God." Faith by importunity will still succeed in behalf of our drooping, fainting, languid church. Faith in God would strengthen every grace, invigorate every acting power, employ every member, and, like a fresh infusion of life-blood into the system, would give a tone of health and freshness that would equally appal any enemies and cheer our friends. By faith in God, the church shall rise from her dormancy and apathy. By faith in God the church shall no longer appear weak, impotent, and uninfluential; she shall assume an aggressive character, assert her own rights and the rights of her God. She shall go forth from conquering to conquer; "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." That the church should be faint and languid is at once her sin and disgrace. She contains all the elements, the means, the agents, and the appliances for health and prosperity. Faith in God is her efficient remedy. For while it abases and humbles men, it honours God, reposes on God, and brings God into action. It prompts to importunity, sustains effort, and cannot ask in vain.

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, 'Let me alone!'"

2. *Is there that faith in the world which the revelation that God hath given of himself ought to produce?*—No! The world is practically infidel. The spirit that pervades the minds of worldly men, the manner in which business is transacted, and recreation pursued, painfully show that worldly men have not faith in God. In the prosecution of business, what practical infidelity! How few seek to honour God, or ever think of God, in conducting their trade! Hence what falsehood is employed, what fraud practised; what criminal speculation is adventured, and what unbounded grasping after wealth and power is exhibited! The means employed for the attainment of those objects are in accordance with the spirit they breathe, and the ends they seek to attain. They are unbelieving and sinful, dishonourable to man, and offensive to God.

In the recreations pursued, God is equally disregarded and insulted. "Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" In their recreations, how painfully is the sacred day of God desecrated! By some it is turned into a day of pleasure and amusement, by others into a day of business, and by a third party it is prostituted to the most profane and licentious purposes. A sordid cupidity on the one hand, and an insatiable desire for recreation on the other, threaten to sweep away the proper observance of the holy Sabbath. No wonder that God should have a controversy with us as a people, and chastise us for our sins as a nation. How happy might we be as a community had we faith, practical faith, in God; faith that would lead us to keep the commandments of God! "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

From the whole, we learn God's great willingness to bless his people, and to "avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him." Our hope for the church and the world is not in man, but in the living God, who made heaven and

earth; whose "eyes are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry."

Let us be humbled before God that we have prayed so little. We have said our prayers, rather than pleaded with God by the importunity of faith. Let us bow with contrition at the footstool of divine mercy, and seek grace whereby we may set out afresh, and live and labour in a manner becoming our great advantages. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

BEGIN AND END EVERY DAY WITH GOD.

(Psal. iv. 8; v. 3.)

Let prayer be the key to open the heart to God in the morning, and lock it against all his enemies at night. Let no Christian say he cannot pray; for prayer is as necessary to him as breath. Let none say they have not time for prayer: better take time from sleep, than want time for prayer. Think with yourself, "This morning may be my last morning, or this night my last night;" for certainly that morning cometh of which you will never see the night; or that night of which you will never see the morning. Let the conclusion of every day put you in mind of the conclusion of all your days, by the long night of death, which will put an end to all your work, and bring you to account and reckon with your great Master about it. O to lie down every night reconciled with him! O that we could lie down and leave our hearts with Christ; and compose our spirits, as if we were not to awake till the heavens are no more!

Since none knoweth what a day may bring forth, spend every day as if it were your last. Look on yourself as standing every day at the door of eternity, and hundreds of diseases and accidents ready to open the door to let you in. No doubt you have sometimes apprehended yourself nearer death than you think you are just now; yet it is certain death and judgment were never so near you as they are at present. We who stand every hour at the door of eternity, should spend our precious hours with the greatest frugality, seeing the work we have in hand is *soul-work*, and work on which eternity depends; and the time we have to do it in is very short, and cannot be recalled. This short life being only a passage to eternity, it should be spent as a continual preparation for it. Surely those who have immortal souls so near eternity, have other work to do than trifle away time in tippling, idle talking, gaming, and such diversions.

Sojourn in this world as travellers, keeping so loose from the world as to be able to pack up and be gone from it upon short warning. We have no continuing city nor certain abode here; therefore let us always be ready to arise and depart; and if we would be right travellers towards Zion, we must have Christ in our hearts, heaven in our eye, and the world under our feet. We must take God's Spirit for our guide, God's word for our rule, God's glory for our end, God's fear for our guard, God's people for our companions, God's praise for our recreation, God's promises for our cordials. We must make religion our business, prayer our delight, holiness our way, and heaven our home.

O Zion's travellers! distinguish yourselves from the men that dwell upon the earth! Let Christ always be precious to you; the word sweet; sin bitter; the world a wilderness; and death welcome. Let Christ's will be your will; Christ's dishonour your affliction; Christ's cause your concern; Christ's cross your glory; Christ's sufferings your meditation; Christ's wounds your refuge; Christ's blood your balm; Christ's presence your heaven; and so shall you come to his eternal joy.

Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Constantly adore Him.
Angel-trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of shining gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Through eternity the same.

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Answer we their heavenly lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest note in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

T. B.

DIRECTIONS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

1. Be thankful for what God has done for you. Isai. xii. 1.

2. Be as earnest now as you were in seeking pardon. Heb. vi. 11.

3. Live every moment by faith in Christ. Gal. ii. 20.

4. Do not make the piety of others your standard. Matt. xvi. 24.

5. Do not expect to be very happy, unless you are eminently holy. Isai. xlviii. 18.

6. Diligently and by faith seek entire sanctification. Heb. vi. 1.

7. Punctually and devotionally attend the ministry of the word. 1 Peter ii. 2.

8. Value the weekly prayer-meeting. Matt. xviii. 20.

9. Neglect not the communion of saints. Mal. iii. 16.

10. Make family worship interesting and profitable. Psal. cxviii. 15.

11. Have your stated times for closet prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

12. Daily and prayerfully read the Scriptures. Psal. xix. 7.

13. Never neglect a duty because you do not feel much. 1 Sam. ii. 30.

14. Maintain great tenderness of conscience. 1 Tim. i. 5.

15. Guard against pride in your dress. 1 Tim. ii. 9.

16. Avoid all lightness in your conversation. Eph. v. 4.

17. Be very careful in your choice of companions. Prov. xiii. 20.

18. Never parley with the great adversary. James iv. 7.

19. Be zealous for the salvation of souls. James v. 20.

20. Joyfully wait for the coming of the Saviour. Phil. iii. 20.

A FEW QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO ARE CEASING TO BE MEMBERS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THERE was a period when church-membership was accounted your duty and your interest. Has that duty ceased to be binding? Has that interest ceased to be valuable? Why are you now disposed to neglect that duty?—a duty God enjoins; (2 Cor. vi. 17;)—a duty the truly godly have, and will observe. (Acts ii. 41, 47; 2 Cor. viii. 5.) Why have you become careless about that interest?—the interest of your souls bought with the Redeemer's blood? (1 Pet. i. 18, 19;)—the interest of your souls in time and through eternity. (Rom. viii. 13.) Is hell less a place of torment, (Luke xvi. 23,) is heaven less desirable, now, than when your concern for your spiritual welfare led you to unite with the people of God? (Psalm xvi. 11.) Why are you ceasing to be church-members? Is it because you have changed your views concerning certain doctrines and forms of discipline, believed and maintained by the church you have had fellowship with? Then delay not to unite yourselves to that Christian community having sentiments in unison with those you now entertain. Seek among them the advantages church-communion affords. Do not jeopardize your salvation by attempting to walk alone. Christ has few, if any, solitary sheep. (Eccles. iv. 9, 10; John x. 9, 14.) Is it because a church-member has offended you? Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Forgive, as you expect to be forgiven. (Matt. xviii. 21, 22; Mark xi. 25, 26; Eph. iv. 32.) Will you refuse to enter heaven because some one may be there who offended you on earth? Is it because you have become lukewarm and indifferent? O consider how offensive that state is to God! (Rev. iii, 15, 16.) Is it because you have fallen from your steadfastness, being overcome of evil? Repent, and do your first works. (Hosea xv. 1, 2, 4.) Weep with Peter. (Luke xxii. 62.) Pray with David. (Psalm li. 1, 11, 12.) Return to God, as Israel did. (Jer. iii. 22.) Pray and ponder over the alarming truth, "If any man draw back," saith the Lord, "my soul shall have no pleasure in him." (Heb. x. 38.) Take the advice of a friend, and read with prayerful attention the scriptures referred to on this subject, so closely connected with your salvation. N.

COMING TO THE THRONE OF GRACE.

MAN in his natural state is in need of an entire renovation in his soul; and God has graciously and mercifully provided the means whereby the sinner may be converted, and every human being in existence be made partakers of a free and full salvation. Christ was the sacrifice, his death was efficacious: therefore, whoever comes to the throne of mercy in the true spirit of prayer and supplication, relying on the merits of the atonement of Christ, will receive an answer of peace. But when coming to the throne of grace, it should always be in a proper way, or prayer will be ineffectual and useless. We should first come with true repentance and deep contrition of heart; for God will

look upon that man who is of a broken spirit and contrite heart.

Sin always, in a greater or less degree, injures man, even in this world; and there are many who are now deeply bewailing the hurt they have done to themselves by it. It has brought them to poverty, taken away their reputation, and blasted all their worldly prospects: therefore, they are sorry, and deeply repent that they should have taken so unwise a part.

But the sorrow of the sinner when enlightened from heaven, is of a different nature, and from a different source. He sees that by nature he is a polluted creature, who has broken the commandments of God, set at nought the Saviour, and neglected the word of God. He sees the depravity of his nature, the aggravating circumstances of his crimes, and the imminent danger to which he is exposed in being the enemy of God and the slave of the devil. Feeling himself guilty, hell-deserving, and just on the brink of ruin, he cries, with the trembling jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" or, like the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He cries for mercy, and wrestles with God.

The Christian also has to mourn and come penitently, confessing his shortcomings and unfaithfulness both to God's glory and his own salvation; and with the Prophet Daniel, prays unto the Lord his God, and makes confession.

But penitence alone cannot save a man. We must also come with faith, that God through Christ will answer our petitioning. When a sinner is convinced, sees the error of his way, resolves to lead a new life, is indeed concerned for his soul's salvation, and is wrestling with God in prayer, if faith is not exercised, all is vain. Paul's answer to the inquiring jailer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Believe that Christ is now interceding for you, and that he is able, willing, ready, and waiting to bestow on you the blessings needed. "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." Unbelief is the fatal cause of man's ruin. It dishonours God, insults the Saviour, grieves the Spirit, darkens the mind, hardens the heart, and eventually leads the soul into the bottomless pit. No sinner can be saved but through Christ, who says, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive;" "According to your faith be it unto you;" "Thy faith hath made thee whole." With these promises let us be encouraged, and come also with boldness and perseverance; at the same time with sincerity and fervency. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, says, "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace." (Heb. iv. 16.) God sometimes sees proper to delay the answer of our prayer, to try the genuineness of our faith: therefore we are not to give up prayer, but take the advice of the great Apostle, "Continue in prayer." "Pray without ceasing." Christ put forth a parable, that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Then assuredly if we come with penitence, faith, perseverance, and sincerity, confessing the infirmities of our nature, bewailing the corruptions of the world, and expressing the desires we feel, the Lord will lift upon us the light of his countenance, renew the tokens of his love, apply the promises of his word, and communicate grace to help in time of need.

Spilsby. A. P.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

It is worthy of remark that *no genuine Christian perished* in the destruction of Jerusalem,—they all, previously to the siege by Titus, escaped to Pella in Cœlo-Syria. And it is as remarkable that *not one Jew escaped.* All either fell by the sword, perished by famine, or were led into captivity.

According to their own imprecation,—"His blood be upon us and our children,"—God visited and avenged the innocent blood of Christ upon them and upon their posterity; and they continue to be monuments of his displeasure to the present day.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

MAXIMS ON LIBERALITY.

He who is an almoner to God Almighty is highly honoured indeed.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

He who withholds the part belonging to the poor, steals more from himself than from them.—*Quesnel.*

The benefit of almsgiving is lost to the giver, when he does it with a grumbling heart.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

He who can and does not help the poor, is a disgrace to Christianity; and he who does not lend his hand for the support of the cause of God, is a worthless member of the church of Christ.—*Ibid.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

It is wise and good to mark the "ways of God upon earth," as traceable in his works of Providence. Some providences are mysterious, some gracious, some retributive. These various features of the providence of God were recently brought under my notice by a narrative of facts to which my attention was called in the way of ministerial duty. A few days ago I had to perform the solemn ceremony of committing to the silent tomb the remains of ——. I was told he was a collier, and a "wicked man." It appeared he was very daring, and strikingly profane. He was literally dashed to pieces by falling into a deep coal-pit. I was informed that his father, and other members of the family, had lost their lives in a similar way. Many, indeed, seemed to say, "It is a very surprising thing *that God so deals with this family!*" A few days afterwards I incidentally learned more of this matter; and truly "thereby hangs a tale!" Some sixty years ago, the father of the deceased was a man of vicious habits, and, like some others at that time in the neighbourhood, was capable of deeds of deep darkness. He had a desperate quarrel with L. Y., a fellow-labourer in "the pit," and secretly vowed deadly revenge. Knowing at what hour L. Y. was to descend to his work, he resolved on his destruction by cutting the rope, (the colliers at that time descended singly,) in such a manner that it might appear as if parted by accident, when he should reach a certain distance below the surface. Accordingly at the given hour he repaired to what is termed, "the wheel-house," where the rope is coiled, and with wicked hands made the infernal arrangement to accomplish his purpose. At this moment L. Y. was asleep in bed in his own house, and his wife watching the clock to call him to go to his work at the proper time. When near the exact period that she should have called him, she fell asleep, and did not again awake till nearly *two hours after time.* Hastening then to the coal-pit, he found, to his utter consternation, that in consequence of his over-sleeping, another man was directed to descend in his stead, the rope had snapped, and the man was killed. L. Y., although then living without God, was so struck, as well he might be, with this kind and overruling providence, that he became an altered man. His marvellous escape from death in the coal-pit, and from death and destruction in "the bottomless pit," led him to think on his ways, and turn his feet to the testimonies of God. He was savingly brought to the knowledge of the truth, joined the Methodist society, became a laborious and useful Local Preacher, and, after some forty or fifty years' zealous and consistent Christian profession, he died in the Lord. At a Coroner's inquest held on the body of the poor man, a witness swore she saw —— coming out of "the wheel-house" not long before the accident occurred; but the evidence adduced to the jury (although it was plain the rope had been cut by some one) not being deemed sufficient to convict him, he escaped human justice. His conscience, however, troubled him, and after the lapse of many years, being in a severe illness, and smitten with the horrors of death, he acknowledged he was guilty of the act. He recovered, and was suddenly called to his account at the bar of God, by *falling into a coal-pit:* and it is remarked that untimely deaths have since attended several members of this family. *Mysterious* was the providence which took from the earth, in such a way, the man who descended in L. Y.'s stead. But in this, as in a thousand other daily occurrences, there is no doubt on the mind of the true believer in his Bible that "the Judge of all the earth did right," and that all things will be clearly seen when we "shall know hereafter" what we "know not now." *Gracious,* very gracious, was the providence of God toward our brother L. Y., whose valuable life was purchased by the death of this man. While "one was taken," "the other," the heir of future salvation, "was left;" left to "be a blessing," by becoming "a vessel of mercy," and "the light" and "salt of the earth." *Retributive,* fearfully retributive, is the providence which followed —— and his offspring. It is written, "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth;" and again, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked;" and again, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon their children." Then let all the earth "stand in awe, and sin not." ********.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

Of the mother of Wesley it is difficult to speak without panegyric. Singularly clear and commanding in intellect, she seems to have rivalled her son in her transparent sense of truth. In her powers of

mind, we may best compare her with Mrs. Hutchinson, whose strong intellect raised such unwonted commotion amongst the fathers of New-England. Her prudence and equanimity must have been most admirable; for we read that her husband, having observed that she did not say *Amen* at the prayers for King William, questioned her upon the subject, when she admitted that she had never done so, not regarding him as King. "Whereat he was so greatly enraged that he mounted his horse and rode away, declaring he would never live with her as a husband while she held to that opinion." The good woman busied herself with the household, and fled to the throne of grace; but, strongly attached to her husband as she was, we read of no imbecile complaints or misgiving, or any change of political sentiment. Susanna Wesley was not the woman lightly to adopt or yield an opinion: she had known too well the sturdy arrogance of the man she loved, and his steady exercise of familiar authority, to hazard collision upon this essential point, and therefore had for years kept a submissive silence; but he at length detected the absence of her voice in the *Amen* of the household, and demanded the cause. She confessed the truth, and the stout advocate for political reform rode away, as we have seen.

Fortunately King William died at the end of the year, and Samuel Wesley returned to his noble-minded wife; for the founder of Methodism as yet was not, and he was to be the first-fruits of this re-union.

It will be seen from these things that the family was made up of no ordinary materials. The fine matronly woman, who gave nineteen children to the world, governed her household with wise yet energetic sway. In the absence of her husband, she was in the habit of sustaining prayer and the reading of the Scriptures in her own family, to which the neighbours, upon the Sabbath, begged admission, as at that time she read a sermon aloud, and went through with the services of the Church. This was reported to Mr. Wesley, and he wrote to her concerning it, desiring her to abstain from practices which were not in order in the Church, and unbecoming a woman. Hear her reply, given partly in the words of Southey:—

"As she was a woman, so was she also mistress of a large family; and though the superior charge lay upon him as their head and Minister, yet, in his absence, she could not but look upon every soul which he had left under her care, as a talent committed to her under a trust by the great Lord of the families of heaven and earth. 'If,' she added, 'I am unfaithful to Him or you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto Him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?' The objections which arose from his own station and character, she left entirely to his own judgment. Why any person should reflect upon him, because his wife endeavoured to draw people to church, and restrain them, by reading and other persuasions, from profaning the Sabbath, she could not conceive; and if any were mad enough to do so, she hoped he would not regard it. 'For my own part,' she says, 'I value no censure on this account: I have long since shook hands with the world; and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.' As to the proposal of letting some other person read for her, she thought her husband had not considered what a people they were: not a man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it; and would that edify the rest? And none of her own family had voices strong enough to be heard by so many. After stating these things clearly and judiciously, she concluded thus, in reference to her own duty as a wife:—'If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your *positive command*, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"—*Literary World.*

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing; still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity, and, if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil; thus verifying the old adage, that "idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to do it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet, which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want: in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—*Hints on the Formation of Character.*

PRAYING MOTHERS.

We lately noticed the conversion of Mr. Shires, of this city, the proprietor of three theatres. The editor of the Western Recorder, in publishing this, adds, "Shires, we know, has had a praying mother." Pray on, ye

mothers, that have erring sons: your prayers are not forgotten by Him who has power to bring the wanderers back.—*Western Christian Recorder.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FATAL CAREER OF A BACKSLIDER.

PART I.

"Alas, for the bright promise of our youth!
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken!
How soon we find that dreams we trusted most,
Are very shadows."

ONE of the most popular Local Preachers in the —— Circuit, was Robert ——. He was about twenty-one years of age when his name first appeared on the Plan. At that time, he was humble, pious, and zealously devoted to the cause of God. He was a young man of some promise, though his education had been much neglected, in consequence of being compelled, very early in life, to labour as a mechanic. He now filled a responsible situation in a mercantile house, and was much respected by his employers. His literary attainments were superficial; for his general reading was of that desultory character, which rather amuses the mind than improves the intellectual faculties. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, he was not destitute of talent. He possessed some redeeming qualities which rendered his public discourses attractive to the generality of his hearers. His language was chaste, and sometimes even eloquent; and as he was naturally voluble of speech, he experienced no embarrassment in giving expression to his thoughts. His voice, though not very powerful, was melodious in its tones. In addition to which, his appearance in the pulpit was graceful and prepossessing; and in his manner he was earnest and impassioned.

Had he continued humble as he was promising, discreet as he was zealous, his labours might have been extensively useful; and, doubtless, many converted through his instrumentality, and edified by his pious example, might have been the "crown of his rejoicing" at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he loved the voice of flattery; and soon became "puffed up" by the vain encomiums which were injudiciously heaped upon him. In attending his evening appointments, he frequently found multitudes, especially of young persons, who had walked several miles to hear him. To one who already entertained the most exalted views of his own abilities, this was highly gratifying. And when he had been engaged in the work for about the space of twelve months, he found himself raised to an elevation of popularity which would have excited in a pious breast sentiments of devout thanksgiving; but which in his case, only tended to flatter his self-complacency and pride.

What a vain creature is man! The very blessings which a gracious Providence sometimes lavishes upon him, instead of being acknowledged with fervent gratitude, and producing a corresponding sensibility of his utter dependence on the merciful Donor, are too often employed as instruments of rebellion against God. Thousands have been known to endure reproach and persecution with invincible courage, and even to bless the hand under which they have suffered. But seldom have we met with instances in which pride has not been fostered, and moral principle has not been relaxed, by the adulations and plaudits of an admiring multitude.

The preaching of Robert was not of a character to secure permanent attraction. His genius was too discursive. Declamation was substituted for appeals to the understanding; and rhetorical flashes supplied the place of sound argument. Hence, his sermons, which were generally lengthy, often betrayed a barrenness of that evangelical simplicity, which cannot fail, when accompanied by an unction from above, to affect the coldest heart. He aimed more at display than at edification; more to please the ear than to benefit the soul. And his intolerant spirit, which was becoming every day more impatient of control, disgusted many of his hearers. It was also evident that the vanity of his mind had produced a laxity in his moral deportment. An unbecoming levity in his general behaviour, both in the pulpit and in the family circle, was too apparent. So that the Ministers and leading men in the Circuit had occasion to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his conduct, by pointing out the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and the fearful consequences of indulging a spirit so contrary to that of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Happy for Robert had he profited by their advice! Happy if their instructions had induced him to retrace his steps, and to make a fresh surrender of himself to God! But his proud spirit could ill brook the reproofs of men whom he ostentatiously regarded as inferior to himself in talent. Finding that

his popularity had declined, and that most of his *quondam* admirers had deserted him, he tendered his Plan, and dissolved his connexion with the society.

Thus his descent from the giddy eminence to which the embryo of promise had raised him, was accelerated by his own imprudence; and in that fearful descent were extinguished his early hopes.

From this period the life of Robert presents a series of crimes and atrocities, of troubles and privations, the contemplation of which cannot fail to affect the reader with mingled feelings of pity and abhorrence. May they also awaken in his bosom a determination, by the assistance of divine grace, to abstain from those hateful vices which paved the path of the youthful backslider with unnumbered sorrows, and which facilitated his progress to an untimely grave.

St. Paul says, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." Never was this apostolical injunction more scrupulously observed than in the case of Robert. Every effort was made to reclaim him, every expedient adopted to induce the wanderer to return to his Father's house. But neither prayers, nor entreaties, nor even tears, prevailed. He was resolved to "walk in the ways of his heart, and in the light of his eyes," reckless of a future judgment.

Liberated from the ties which bound him to a religious community, and influenced by the counsel and example of the worthless characters with whom he began to associate, he threw off all restraint, and embarked in a career of sinful pleasure which, in a short time, embarrassed his circumstances, and undermined his constitution. At length, owing to his dissolute habits, his employers, who had been uniformly kind and liberal towards him, discharged him from their service. Being thus destitute of the means of support, he quitted his native town; and, with scarcely sufficient covering to screen him from the wintry blasts, literally begged his way to the nearest seaport on the southern coast. Here he succeeded in obtaining a situation; but his idle habits again gaining the ascendancy over him, he was dismissed at the end of one month. He applied to several other persons, and from each obtained temporary employment; but still pursuing his intemperate course, the door of each was successively closed against him.

Wandering as a vagrant, he now depended for support on the casualties of the day. Scantily were his wants supplied; and on many a bitter night, cold and hungry, having no lodging, and no means of procuring one, he would wander along the beach, or lay himself down at the foot of some beetling cliff, exposed to the fury of the winter sky, and essay to slumber, amidst the roar of the angry billows.

Unsupported by the principles of religion, and bowed down by an accumulated weight of sorrows, he felt himself unable to contend with the difficulties which were thickening around him. Life became a burden; and he more than once contemplated putting a period to an existence which was becoming more and more intolerable. But his knowledge of the theory of religion gave him too much reason to apprehend that such a dreadful expedient, instead of terminating his sufferings, would only plunge him into deeper and irretrievable misery.

In one of his peregrinations through the town, he met with a poor fisherman, to whom he disclosed his destitute condition. "You seem deplorably poor, young man," said the fisherman: "have you any objection to sell oysters for me? I will remunerate you according to the number that you dispose of."

"I have no objection," replied Robert: "anything rather than starve."

An agreement was then entered into; and the fisherman furnished him with a basket containing a small quantity of his ware, promising a fresh supply when needed. He then directed him to the different public-houses in the neighbourhood, where he would be likely to secure customers; and Robert, with a heavy heart, at once entered on his new employment.

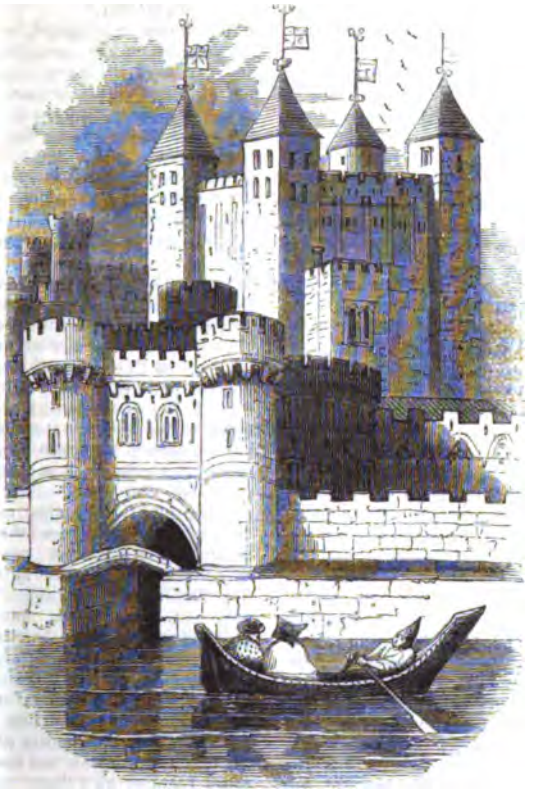
Such, my young readers, was the menial office to which the unhappy young man was compelled to submit, in order to procure the necessaries of life. Such was the humiliating vocation of one who was formerly a welcome guest at the tables of the rich, who was flattered and caressed by a large circle of admirers, and who might now have moved in a sphere of respectability and honour had not his rebellious spirit hurried him to degradation and ruin.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

THE TOWER OF LONDON,

AS IT APPEARED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

This celebrated monument of antiquity stands on the northern bank of the river Thames, at the eastern extremity of the city of London, and occupies the brow of that noted eminence called Tower-Hill; the spot on which so many distinguished persons have fallen by the axe of the executioner. It



seems probable, from its situation, that the Tower was originally designed rather to defend the maritime approach to the capital, than for the purposes to which it became appropriated in after-ages. Considered in the present day as a place of strength, there can be attached to it but little importance: but when viewed as the scene of many of the most important events in our history; regarded as one of the ancient palaces of our Sovereigns; or contemplated in its character as a state-prison, it excites, as a building, a degree of unrivalled interest.

It has been a common opinion that the Tower owes it foundation to the Romans, or at least, that its site was once occupied by a fortification, whose origin is attributed to that brave and enterprising people; and this idea, though unsupported by historical evidence, or by any local discovery of a satisfactory nature, has been confidently adopted by men of rank, and of literary reputation. The authority, however, of many of our early writers on subjects of antiquity must not be received without careful examination; for they appear too frequently to have indulged in hypothetical calculations, instead of being guided solely by plain and unalterable matters of fact; their zeal was not sufficiently tempered by experience, or their ardour was too great to admit of that cool and patient investigation which will allow no favourite notion to implant itself, unless founded on a basis that cannot be overturned by a future inquiry.

Dr. Stukeley, in his account of Stonehenge, tells us that the Tower of London was erected about the time of Constantine the Great; and in his Itinerary there is a plan of the city as it is supposed to have existed in the time of the Romans, in which a considerable fort is represented as standing on the site of the present citadel. Other writers also favour the opinion that a fortress was constructed here before the extinction of the imperial sway in Britain; and in 1778, Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, in describing to that learned body some antiquities which were found within the walls of the Tower, in the

latter part of the preceding year, stated that the Tower of London was undoubtedly the capital fortress of the Romans; it was their treasury as well as their mint; in that place, therefore, were deposited whatever was necessary for the support of their establishment, and the payment of their troops.

The woodcut at the head of this article represents the Tower as it stood in the fourteenth century, the tower of St. Thomas, and the Traitor's Gate, through which all state-delinquents were taken, to be immured in durance until set free according to course of law, or the caprice of the ruling powers. Our space will not allow any just return of the individuals who were thus inducted, and paid the penalty of the law, as it was then interpreted. Although the opponents of the Reformation lost some of their influence by the attainder and death of Catharine Howard, there was now no one left, after the fall of Cromwell, who had sufficient authority to screen the Protestants from destruction, or defend their Church from danger. The statute of the Six Articles still had effect; and the rigorous manner in which it was enforced, brought many religious persons to the stake, and among them was that celebrated martyr, Mrs. Anne Askew, who was racked in the Tower, and subsequently burnt in Smithfield, A.D. 1546.

This lady, who was of an ancient and considerable family in Lincolnshire, possessed great natural talent, aided by a degree of learning uncommon to her sex in the age in which she lived; but having been unhappily married, contrary to her own inclination, to a violent Papist, she was driven from her home, and went to London, where the singular devotion of her life brought her under the notice of those advocates of superstition who disgraced human nature by their cruelties, and have left the blot of infamy on their names. She was charged with having in conversation denied the corporeal presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist; a doctrine which was zealously upheld by the Clergy at that bigoted and superstitious period; and thereupon she was committed to prison, and several times examined before the Lord Mayor, and Bonner, Bishop of London; but she answered all their questions with so much acuteness and learning, that she often surprised and confounded her persecutors. After this she was liberated on bail, but in a short time was again taken into custody; and, after undergoing two very long and severe examinations before the Council at Greenwich, she was sent to confinement in Newgate; where she wrote some devotions and letters, which show her to have been a woman of most extraordinary parts. She was at last tried at the Guildhall by the Commissioners appointed under the Act of the Six Articles, and condemned to suffer in the flames; but, before the execution of this horrible decree, she was conveyed to the Tower, where she was again examined by some of the Council, with the view to extort information concerning the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Hertford, and some other ladies, who were suspected of favouring her opinions; but when it was found that neither promises nor entreaties could draw from her any confession whereby those persons might be brought under the lash of persecution, the prisoner was taken into a dungeon, and stretched upon the rack; and we are informed that Sir Richard Rich, and Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the Chancellor, were not only present, but assisted in increasing her tortures. All, however, could not prevail; and notwithstanding that their severity deprived her of the use of her limbs, she bore her sufferings with the same fortitude and resignation that finally supported her at the stake. She was shortly afterwards carried to Smithfield, and there consumed to ashes, together with three other persons, for the same cause, in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the Lord Mayor, and a vast concourse of people who had assembled to witness the barbarous spectacle. For more full particulars respecting the martyrdom of Mrs. Askew, see "Martyrologia; or, Records of Persecution," by the Rev. John S. Stamp, vol. ii.

OUR SERVANTS.

SHORT HINTS FROM A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER ON GOING TO SERVICE.

TRUTH will always command esteem even from those who would at times wish you to violate it. Never tell a lie even to hide a fault.

HONESTY is indispensably essential to the character of a good servant, and it is as much violated by wasting another's goods as by pilfering.

CLEANLINESS must be manifested both in the person and in all your work; and all under your care. Slut is not a very enviable title.

INDUSTRY shines more in a steady and regular attention to your duties than in all the hurry and bustle you can possibly be in.

MODESTY. Avoid all vulgar, unchaste, or

immoral sayings and actions, not even by a smile or look countenance them in others.

MILDNESS in the manners and language engages the affections of superiors, softens their temper, and quiets their rage. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

TATTLING brings many servants into difficulties; therefore never talk of matters connected with the family you live with, even to the most intimate acquaintance.

HUMILITY, in reference to your abilities or acquirements, will pave the way to improvement; whilst assurance and self-conceit will entirely block it up.

KINDNESS to fellow-servants, and helping them when you can, will be a great pleasure in reflection, and induce them to help you whenever you may need it.

TEMPER. Mankind differ in nothing more than in their tempers. Our study should be to curb the evils of our own, and bear with those of our fellow-creatures.

REPROOF is apt to enkindle a feeling of resentment; therefore never reply under the influence of such a feeling, but lift up your heart in prayer for divine help.

ACQUAINTANCE. Let them be few, and chosen not for their flippancy or finery; but rather associate with such as manifest plainness, seriousness, and sound sense; whose company will be profitable.

RELIGION alone can give consolation and support under the trials of the present life: it is within the reach of, and may be enjoyed by, servants as well as masters or mistresses. May it be yours. Amen.

POETRY.

THE PATRIOTIC WOLVES.

A FABLE.

"Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame
If men in morals are the same?"

[This Poem was written in the beginning of December, 1792, when the *agents of France*, and those *seditious societies*, falsely styling themselves, "*The Friends of the People*," threatened the subversion of our happy constitution; and so far proceeded in the dissemination of their pernicious principles, that it was found necessary to summon the Parliament, in order to provide for the safety of the country.]

HAIL, happy isle! Britannia, hail!
The pride and glory of the main!
No foreign foe dares thee assail,
But may expect to wear thy chain.

Fair land of liberty and peace!
Where science lifts her laurell'd head;
Whose wealth and commerce still increase;
Whose fields supply thy poor with bread:

Long may thy Monarch wear the crown!
His foes be to destruction hurl'd!
Long may'st thou flourish in renown,
The dread and envy of the world.

But shall thy own ungrateful sons
Abuse their Sovereign's gentle sway;
And, headed by a race of *Huns*,
Conspire their country to betray?

Say, must the land be drench'd in blood,
Their broken fortunes to repair?
Or, like the viper's poisonous brood,
Shall they their mother's vitals tear?

To what can all this frenzy tend?
Must every realm the rabble own?
Must Britons to this monster bend;
And even Justice quit her throne?

You think those patriots are sincere;
But to my fable lend an ear.

Once on a time, the wolves complain'd
Their liberties were much restrain'd
By shepherds, who the flocks attend,
And from their ravages defend.
On this a general council 's held,
To settle matters of the field;
Some plots to lay, some laws to frame,
The better to secure their game.
A shaggy sage, with hoary hair,
Was now desired to take the chair;
When, like the Jacobins of France,
The' assembly open'd all at once.
It was, no doubt, at any rate,
A most tumultuous debate;
But all at this one object drive,
While shepherds lived, wolves could not thrive.
At last, the *præses* sternly bawl'd,
"Silence!"—and thus to order call'd:
"Do you debate as monkeys dance?
Are all upon your legs at once?
Shall wolves be as absurd as men?
Cease, babblers, to disgrace the den!
The talkative are ever weak:
Be swift to hear, but slow to speak.
Would you but patiently attend,
This is the plan I recommend.
It seems by all to be agreed,
That while the flock securely feed
Under the faithful shepherd's care,
We're like to have a scanty share.
For gratitude, we may suppose,
Will make the sheep adhere to those
On whose protection they depend;
And each the other must defend.
We're likelier to succeed, of course,
By secret wiles than open force.
Last night, while musing on my bed,

A project struck me in the head,
Which, if it happily succeed,
The sheep and shepherds both shall bleed.
'Tis this, in short:—I would advise,
That twenty* of us in disguise,
In sheep's attire completely clad,
Straight join the flock; excite the bad,
And those who burn with vain ambition,
To riot, tumult, and sedition;
Their minds with dark suspicion fill
Of plots; and play our game with skill;
Make them against their guides conspire
With us to set their huts on fire;
Assert their right to life and health,
And institute a Commonwealth;
Yet, still to common sense appeal;
And, under the pretence of zeal
For freedom and the public good,
Deluge their fertile fields with blood.
The swains remove, assume the sway;
The sheep are then an easy prey."

Scarce had he well concluded, when
So pleased the project, that the den
With plaudits rung, "Agreed! agreed!"
And so forthwith it was decreed.
Thus twenty Senators were named,
Of those for craft and valour famed,
Who now, disguised with greatest care,
Straight to the harmless flock repair.
So like they look'd, so meek they seem'd,
And from their eyes such kindness beam'd,
So close their black intent they keep,
You'd swear they were good, honest sheep.

Our heroes now, where fortune led,
Industriously the poison spread,
They talk'd of rights, of ropes, and chains,
Of tyrants, and oppressive swains,
And everything which could provoke
To tumult the deluded flock.
The simple, undesigning race,
Who know their friend but by his face,
Without suspicion took the bait,
And, like all fools, deserved their fate.
At last, when all the rabble seem'd
Ripe for revolt, and it was deem'd
High time this spirit were suppress'd,
A veteran thus the flock address'd:—

"Twice seven summers clothed in green,
Twice seven winters have I seen;
In hot, in cold, in moist, in dry,
And all the weathers of the sky,
(I speak it with a grateful mind,)
I've found the shepherd ever kind.
See with what care the flock he tends,
And from the prowling wolf defends;
In winter shields us from the cold,
In summer nightly guards the fold.
The enemy that dares annoy,
His guns or faithful dogs destroy;
And, should a thief invade our cot,
If caught, he's either hang'd or shot.
Does not then gratitude demand
That by the shepherd we should stand,
To whose solicitude and care
We owe what happiness we share?
That these lean rogues may cut and carve,
Shall we our benefactors starve?
Or, for our happiness and peace,
Refuse the tributary fleece?
You talk of tyrants: let me say,
You'll never know a milder sway.
We 've liberty to search for food,
As far as liberty is good.
There may be tyrants, who disgrace
Their nature, and abuse our race:
But, sure, our master's more humane,
Who never did his honour stain.
His glory is his flock's increase;
With this it rose, with this shall cease.
Our laws, which reason bids revere,
The guilty only need to fear.
For know, our heedful shepherd awes
His flock by long-establish'd laws;
Laws which, if rightly understood,
Prevent our harm, ensure our good.
Thus objects of our shepherd's care,
What fleecy nation can compare
With us, so ruled, by such a swain?
The happiest flock that crops the plain!
Should we desert him, we would find,
(So unresisting is our kind,)
Before another year revolves,
The flock a prey to ravenous wolves.
Beware, my children, sires and dams,
The plots of these seditious rams:
Well may you know them by their gape,
They're wolves—in every thing but shape."

He paused—the wolves with fury burn'd,
And thus their orator return'd.

"Base sycophant! I know thee well;
For this you hope to wear the bell,
Or fatten in a favour'd place,
In token of your shepherd's grace.
But, on the ruins of our name,
Why would you raise your future fame?
Or, deaf to reason, dare disgrace
The friends of freedom and your race?
To this assembly I appeal,
If every bleater does not feel
An inclination to be free.
If I am right, friends, follow me!"

The wolves filed off, and, in their train,
Ten thousand bleaters void of brain.
Confounded at the simple crew,
Our ram stood by the' enlighten'd few.

"My fellow-subjects!" he replied;
And was proceeding, when thus cried,
In utmost wrath, the subtle knave:

"I doubt not, Sir, but you are brave:
In argument you show your skill;
I'll butt you, Sir, for what you will.

* This is nearly the number of assassins which were sent over from France. They were said to be nineteen. The round number is used here for the sake of the verse.

A flock!—no, I disdain the name,
And marvel sheep can be so tame,
Thus to submit to any power
That struts on two, or walks on four.
But come, my friends, (he never fights,)
Assume, assume your natural rights;
Those sacred rights our sires forsook,
And scorn the shepherd and his crook!"

He said; his colleagues in deceit
Applause and approbation bleat:
And next to them, in mischief bold,
The scum and refuse of the fold;
Who 'gainst the rulers of the state
Long entertained a secret hate;
Because, through dread of them they dared
Approach nor corns nor cabbage-yard,
Well knowing that all pilfering rogues
Are hunted by the shepherd's dogs.
At last, so loud became the noise,
There seem'd scarce one dissenting voice.
The loyalists lest they were strung,
Durst not presume to move a tongue.

The thoughtless cullies thus betray'd,
That instant was a motion made,
Henceforth to scorn the shepherd's care,
And a republic to declare.
It pass'd; nor think it odd because
The motion met with great applause.
Those who would wish at will to range,
Are uniformly given to change.
That fatal moment they decreed
That every malcontent should bleed;
The swain not only to disgrace,
But to exterminate the race.
Ne'er dreaming of their patriots' pranks,
They vote them an address of thanks,
And (what will now decide their fate)
Appoint them guardians of the state.

Rejoiced to find their plot succeed,
And now from all restriction freed,
Our patriots triumph in the change,
Determined to have sweet revenge.
Now they begin to show their pounce,
And every honest sheep denounce.
Their *ipse dixit* is the law;
And every wolf is a Marat.
The shepherd's friends are all proscribed,
Whose loyalty could ne'er be bribed;
But still the fattest and the best
Are more obnoxious than the rest.
At last, the wolves, to their surprise,
Threw off at once their fair disguise.
The sight of so much ready meat,
Created a desire to eat.
One dinner, sure enough, they got;
But that one dinner spoil'd their plot;
Their appetite outrageous grew;
With fury on the flock they flew,
And all without distinction tear.
The clamour reach'd the shepherd's ear:
He ran; or, as I hope to thrive,
They had not left a sheep alive;
In shorter time than this is told,
The massacre had thinn'd the fold.
Had not his faithful dogs to aid
His cause their best exertions made,
And those few sheep which yet remain'd,
Bravely the fierce attack sustain'd,
The swain himself, as he declared,
His hapless bleaters' fate had shared.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM THE LATE REV. R. TREFFRY, SEN., TO MR. W. HOTTON, PROBUS, CORNWALL.

City-Road, London, Jan. 4th, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I FEEL greatly obliged by the few lines you sent me last August, which I should have answered long ago, had not my time been very much occupied in managing this large Circuit, which is more important than any Circuit in which I have ever travelled. We have nearly three thousand members in it. In the City-road society alone we have more than one thousand members, and have sixty-six Preachers on our Plan. Among a few of our people we have a leaven of disaffection in operation; but generally we have peace and unanimity, and a striving together for the faith of the Gospel.

I feel thankful to God for a good degree of health; and, considering that this is my forty-fifth year of itinerancy, I am, if not a wonder unto many, a wonder unto myself. There are but three Preachers in the ranks of itinerancy who were Preachers when I commenced my course.

> "O to grace how great a debtor
> Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

It is forty-six years ago, I believe the 15th day of this month, since I first opened my commission in Probus chapel. I am glad to hear that you are doing well in your society. Whether I shall ever visit Cornwall again is uncertain; but should I come into your neighbourhood, I should rejoice to visit you. But, alas! how few should I find who knew me in my youthful days! What changes time makes! Well may it be said that "one generation passeth away, and another cometh." You say in your letter that you have been afflicted; yet you cannot, I should think, be older than I am. I sometimes now walk fourteen miles a day, preach twice, and give tickets to several classes. I write these lines in the room in which Mr.

Wesley died. Here that man of God studied and prayed, and from hence went to heaven. O for a portion of his spirit! My son lives at Penzance: his health is not good; he can preach but seldom; but he employs his time in writing, and, I hope, writing usefully.

Present my kind love to Mrs. Dabb, and your brother, and any of my old friends who may recollect me. May the Lord bless you all!

I remain, my dear Brother,
Yours affectionately,
RICHARD TREFFRY

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

DOG-SAGACITY.

A LADY, living in the neighbourhood of my own village, had some years back a favourite Scotch terrier, which always accompanied her in her rides, and which was also in the habit of following the carriage to church every Sunday morning. One summer the lady and her family were from home several weeks, the dog being left behind. The latter, however, continued to come to church by itself for several Sundays in succession, galloping off from the house at the accustomed hour, so as to arrive at the time of service commencing. After waiting in the church-yard a short time, it was seen to return quiet and dispirited home. The distance from the house to the church is three miles, and beyond that at which the ringing of the bells could be ordinarily heard. This was probably an instance of the force of habit, assisted by some association of recollections connected with the movements of the household on that particular day of the week. The same lady has communicated to me an anecdote, somewhat similar to the above, but more extraordinary. This related to a poodle-dog belonging to a gentleman in Cheshire, which it appears was in the habit of not only going to church, but remaining quietly in the pew during service, whether his master was there or not. One Sunday, the dam at the head of a lake in that neighbourhood gave way, so that the whole road was inundated. The congregation, in consequence, consisted of a very few, who came from some cottages close by; but nobody attended from the great house. The Clergyman informed the lady, that, whilst reading the Psalms, he saw his friend, the poodle, come slowly up the aisle, dripping with wet, having swum above a quarter of a mile to get to church. He went into the usual pew, and remained quietly there to the end of the service.—*Observations in Natural History.*

AUSTRALIAN FROGS.

IN form and size they resemble a very large English frog; but their colour is more beautiful than words can describe. I never saw plant or gem of such bright tints. A vivid yellow-green seems the groundwork of the creature's array, and this is daintily pencilled over with other shades,—emerald, olive, and blue greens, with a few delicate markings of yellow, like an embroidery of gold thread upon shaded velvet. And the creatures sit looking at you from their moist floating bowers, with their large eyes expressive of the most perfect enjoyment.—*Mrs. Meredith's Sketches of New South Wales.*

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

THE average age of cats is 15 years; of the squirrel and hare, 7 or 8 years; of rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived,—the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription:—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30; the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived; a tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

THE LOBSTER.

LOBSTERS are taken on various parts of our coast, particularly on rocky shores. From the southern and western coast of England a considerable number are constantly sent off to the London markets, by the South-western Railway from Southampton, and by the Great Western from Bristol; also by steamers from Guernsey and Jersey; and again from the coast of Ireland to Liverpool. From the coast of Scotland and

the Orkney and Lewis Islands, it is computed that not less than 150,000 reach the market at Billingsgate; but the principal supply is from Norway, whence we derive not less than 600,000. There is often in the season a supply at Billingsgate of not less than from 20,000 to 25,000 lobsters in one day. If we allow only as many to be eaten in the whole of England besides as in London, the multitude consumed in the course of a year is enormous. It is a well authenticated fact that the lobster, as well as the common crab, (*cancer pagurus*,) and several other species of crustaceans, not only shed their claws and other limbs in case of severe injury to them, but voluntarily. On being seized by one of their limbs, the captive member is left in possession of the captor, and, the animal escapes, leaving his arms on the field of battle; and it is also well-known to fishermen and other practical persons, that, in violent thunder-storms, they shoot their claws, and whole voyages are sometimes destroyed by this means. If time were given, new claws would be formed. It is a voluntary act, and does not injuriously affect the animal. I have heard the fishermen of Goran Havan say that they have seen in the summer, frequently, the old lobsters with their young ones around them; some of the young have been noticed six inches long. One man noticed the old lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, the young ones playing around her: she appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fisherman, and herself and young took shelter under the rock; this rattling, no doubt, was to give the alarm. I have heard this from several, some very old men, who all speak of this without concert, and as a matter of course; and they are men I can readily believe.—*Bell's British Crustacea.*

PILLARS OF SAND.

At one o'clock, says Mr. Bruce, we alighted among some acacia-trees at Waadi el Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert, from west to north-west of us, we saw a prodigious number of pillars of sand, at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they were coming in a few moments to overwhelm us; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck by a large cannon-shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of them ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me at that distance as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, mixed with a considerable degree of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying: the swiftest horse or fastest sailing ship could not carry me out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this riveted me as if to the spot where I stood, and let the camels gain on me so much in my state of lameness, that it was with difficulty I could overtake them. The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi el Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number, and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun: his rays shining through them, for nearly an hour, gave them the appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate: the Greek shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment; Ismael pronounced it to be hell; and the Tucorories said that the world was on fire. I asked Idiris if ever he had before seen such a sight. He said he had often seen them as terrible, though never worse; but what he feared most was that extreme redness in the air, which was a sure presage of the coming of the simoom.—*Bruce's Travels.*

THE EYES OF INSECTS.

There are some insects in which no organs of vision have been discovered; but in general they are not only very obvious, but present considerable variety in colour, form, position, and structure. They are generally sessile; and when, to give them a wider range, they are fixed, like those of many crustacea, on peduncles, those stalks are not moveable. The most usual number of eyes is two; but when it is needful that the insect should, at the same time, have the power of observing objects in the air and in the water, it is gifted with four eyes, as in the common whirl-gig, (*girinus natator*,) which may be seen performing its rapid revolutions in our ponds and streamlets. The eyes are sometimes simple; sometimes a number of simple eyes are collected together, and are then called conglomerate; but the most common kind is that which is termed compound. Such eyes, when seen under the microscope, appear to consist of an infinite number of convex hexagonal pieces. When separated and made clean, they are as transparent as crystal. Their number is extremely variable,

and cannot but strike the most indifferent with astonishment. "What would be thought of a quadruped whose head, with the exception of the mouth and place of juncture with the neck, was covered by two enormous masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass? Yet such is the condition of the organs of vision in the dragon-fly." In the common bee the same structure is not less apparent. The fiery eyes of many gad-flies, (*tabani*,) which present vivid bands of purple and green, are composed of similar lenses, and each eye contains nearly 7,000. The ant has 50 lenses; the house-fly 4,000; while above 17,000 have been counted in the eye of a butterfly, and more than 25,000 in that of a species of beetle. It is impossible to read the simple facts which science thus makes known, and not be struck with the complexity of structure shown in those diminutive creatures, considered with regard to only one of their senses, and its manifold functions. Nor can we hesitate for a moment to attribute to the beneficence of our common Creator the compensating contrivances by which the want of motion in the eyes is more than counterbalanced by the abundance in which these organs are bestowed.—*Patterson's Introduction to Zoology.*

THE KITE.

The kite is distributed over the greater part of Europe and Asia, and the northern districts of Africa. In our islands it appears to be less common than formerly: in Ireland it is not known.

"This bird," says Mr. Selby, "is proverbial for the ease and gracefulness of its flight, which consists of large sweeping circles performed with a motionless wing, or at least with a slight and almost imperceptible stroke of its pinions, and at very distant intervals. In this manner, and directing its course by the aid of the tail, which acts as a rudder, its slightest motion producing an effect, it frequently soars to such a height as to become almost inviaible to the human eye." Its appearance as it wheels over the farm-yard, with eyes intent upon the broods of chickens and ducklings, is by no means hailed with pleasure, either by the feathered dependants of the farm or the good man who owns them. The poultry set up loud cries of execration, the hens call their little ones beneath their wings, and chanticleer prepares for battle; the very dogs are roused, and the men shoulder their guns. Finding preparations made to receive him, the marauder generally

makes off; but if he happen to have captured a chicken before the alarm is given, he is almost sure to repeat his visit, and is oftentimes so successful as to destroy a whole brood.

Leverets, rabbits, and young game are also the prey of the kite; and it has been known to skim off dead fish, and other floating animal substances from the surface of the water, with the greatest address.—*Knight.*

THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

I WAS now to behold the greatest natural curiosity in this western world, and perhaps in any part of the world; and I came to it with the usual high anticipations of something that should fill the mind with profound astonishment and delight. I drew near to the verge of the bridge, and before looking down, took a seat on an overhanging rock from which the eye would take in the side of the bridge and the great gulf down to the stream below. Being fairly seated in comparative safety, I looked over into the chasm, and instantly sickened; so deep, so thrilling, so terrific was the sight. Withdrawing for a few moments to recover, I returned to the spot, and at a more respectful distance studied the scene. On this projecting rock stands a cedar-stump, at the very verge, and it is a common affair for thoughtless visiters to stand upon it; ladies sometimes twirling on its head, to show their foolhardiness and recklessness of life. At this point you have the best view from above; and you can here make yourself familiar with the face of the country, and the necessity for just such a bridge at this very pass. A ravine, with precipitous sides, to which dense shrubbery and even tall trees are clinging, strangely finding sustenance on the bare bosom of these perilous cliffs, is here to be crossed; and by a most remarkable provision of nature, an arch of one single stone is thrown over the dread abyss, resting on two piers of natural masonry that will doubtless stand unmoved till the last earthquake. There is no pleasure to be derived from looking down into this chasm: you cannot escape the thought that it would be an awful death to plunge headlong down these hundreds of feet upon that hard bed at the base; and you are quite willing to walk below, winding half a mile around the hill, that you may look up and enjoy the grandeur without feeling the terror of the scene. A rough and crooked walk soon brings us in full view of the arch, as it stands midway between earth and heaven, silent, beautiful, sublime. You pause instantly, and gaze upon it without a word. You do not wish to speak or be spoken to, while this object, of which you had no adequate image in your mind, rises higher and still higher as you behold, and wonder, and admire. Such descriptions, I am aware, appear to the reader as mere flourishes, and he sets them down to the natural proneness of travellers to indulge in the marvellous. But if you will bear with me, I will try to give you some facts by which you may judge of the fitness of the terms employed. Take the spire of the loftiest church in your vicinity: perhaps it is one hundred and fifty feet in height: if so, transfer it in imagination to this place, and let it stand under this bridge. The lofty spire *will not reach* to the under side of that magnificent arch! Take two churches still higher; let them be built up solid to the height of their respective steeples, and place them ninety feet apart; across the summits lay another, and you have then a bridge that will in some of its dimensions compare with the one before us. Do you now begin to feel the vastness of this stupendous work? From the upper surface of the bridge to the stream below, the distance is 215 feet; the bridge is 90 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 55 feet thick; solid, massive, motionless; on each side a single pier shoots up to that lofty height, and then one arch so light, so graceful, in the very form for beauty, to span so narrow a defile, an ellipse as perfect as if the engineer with scientific skill had planned and built it. Look at it, study it, admire it; it grows upon you, till you feel it is the handiwork of God. Never did this impression seem more real to me than when standing here. It ought to be a work of art. It is. A bridge should be the work of man; and when I looked at this, and saw how far its majesty, and strength, and beauty surpassed the loftiest conceptions and executions of human genius and power, I felt that the fingers of the Almighty fashioned it, and the impress of his mind and might was revealed in the rock before me. Now let us pass along still farther down, and stand beneath the overhanging arch. How insignificant are we by the side of this towering wall. Far above us that solemn lonely arch is resting, as it has rested since the world began; generations long since forgotten have trodden over it: worlds have been found and peopled while that solitary link has held these piers together; but there it stands, firm and unyielding, like the decree of Him who made it. Now we reclined upon the rocks, and looked up toward the heavens. The effect of this position which I had found so beautifully illusive at Niagara, was to hide all objects but the solid piers and the transverse arch which was thus raised to a height far above the reality. It seemed to be just under the sky, and the clouds swayed over it as if they would crouch on its breast: the sun poured its strength through the ravine, and made brilliant the cliffs and crags, while we quietly rested ourselves under the shadow of the great rocks, and adored the Maker of hills, and sun, and sky.

There was a mystery hovering over the scene that added to the sublime. Whence came this strange construction? Was it so from the beginning? Has some great convulsion of nature cloven the mountain asunder, and opened this deep ravine, through which this gentle rivulet winds its way, and murmurs softly and for ever? This is Jefferson's opinion in his "Notes on Virginia." Did a lake once lie beside this hill, through which the water found a course, and finally worked out this wide and mighty channel, leaving the crest of the hill as a bridge over the otherwise impassable gulf? This seems more natural to me than to suppose the hill to have been torn by an earthquake: such a cause might have made the gulf, but would it have left a bridge?—*New-York Observer.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN SMEDLEY,

OF SANDIACRE.

THE benefits of pious parentage and religious education are great; and happy are those young persons who enjoy and profit by them. Such were the privileges of John Smedley, the son of Mr. John Smedley, who has been for many years a useful Class-Leader at Sandiacre, in the Ilkeston Circuit. He was born at the above-named village, November 26th, 1824. Under the instructions of his pious mother he very early contracted a love for the word of God, and took great delight in reading the holy Scriptures; and, as far as he understood them, greatly admired the truths they contained. One day when he was very young, he came home from school, and exclaimed, "O mother, I have read such a chapter to-day that I shall never forget! I will read it again to you, mother." When he had read the chapter, he exclaimed, "O mother, what a book is this! They talk of this good book and the other good book; but there is no book like the Bible."

His attachment to the holy Scriptures grew up with him, and the effects were manifest in all his deportment. Being regularly taken to the house of God, the word preached had an impressive influence on his mind; and from a child he was serious and thoughtful, and was preserved from vices and follies that uninstructed children are too apt to fall into.

When about thirteen years of age, his mother invited him to accompany her to a band-meeting, on June 4th, 1838. The Lord was powerfully present, and much good was done; and many who then received spiritual benefit gratefully remember it to this day. At this meeting our young friend was greatly and deeply affected, and resolved to devote himself more fully to God, and seek with all diligence and earnestness the salvation of his soul.

He now commenced meeting in Mr. Doar's class; and we learn, from a record found subsequent to his death, that after meeting a few times, he found peace with God, and went on his way rejoicing. He was at this time a pupil in the grammar-school at Risley; and he states that at first he was the object of much ridicule to his schoolfellows; but by steady perseverance and consistent conduct this was overcome, and he was much respected by those who had been his persecutors.

Having a desire to be useful according to his ability, he became a Teacher in the Sunday-school. He was diligent and persevering in the discharge of the duties he had engaged to perform, until sickness prevented his further attendance.

A Bible Society being formed in the village, notwithstanding his youth, he was appointed to the office of Secretary; the duties of which he fulfilled with great satisfaction to all parties concerned, for four years. It is evident that he was very deeply impressed with the necessity of early piety: the papers above referred to contain many extracts and some original remarks on the subject, showing the duty, necessity, and advantage of obeying the injunction, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He took great delight in the means of grace, and was not an inattentive hearer of the word of God, but heard as for eternity; and that he might not be a forgetful hearer, he took down sketches of the sermons which he heard, with the text, the name of the Preacher, and the date of the day on which he heard them, many of which he has left amongst his papers. While this pious youth was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," he was "not slothful in business," but diligent in attending to the duties devolving upon him, and assiduous in his temporal employment. For some years, by his industry and the perquisites allowed him by his father, he obtained more than was needful to support himself; and having a little property to leave behind him, he gave it on his death-bed to his beloved mother, as an expression of his filial regard; out of the interest of which she intends to continue his subscriptions to the various charities to which he contributed while he

was living. It would seem, from many pieces he had written, that he was impressed with the expectation of an early grave: at least, he evidently saw the need of being prepared for such an event, as many pieces of verse and prose are found amongst his papers on the subject. He therefore applied himself with all diligence to be prepared for the coming of the Lord; and by the grace of God he was enabled to do so.

On the 4th of June, 1845, exactly seven years after his conversion to God, he ruptured a blood-vessel, which created great alarm in his family; and though at first they indulged the hope that he would rally, yet this soon proved groundless; for it was evident that the pulmonary organ was diseased. All attempts to check its progress were unavailing, and he rapidly sunk under this insidious disease. But from the commencement of his affliction his mind was preserved in peace, and calmly stayed on God; placing all his reliance on Christ, whose love he felt was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. A Minister visited and prayed with him on one occasion; and when he had retired, he said, "O mother, if I get better, and live to be an old man, I shall never forget that prayer." Being asked why; he replied, "Mr. —— said in his prayer I was in the Lord's hands; and they were tender hands, and would soothe me; strong hands, and would support me; safe hands, and would keep that which was committed to their care. O mother, I am in the Lord's hands. I am safe! I am happy!" In this blessed state of mind he continued to the end.

Though he suffered much from debility and pain, he was uniformly meek and patient: no murmur or complaint was heard from him. He could rejoice in the midst of suffering, being on the Rock. His faith supported him; being blessed with the presence, favour, and enjoyment of God, and the prospect of future glory in heaven. When all expectation of his recovery was gone, his father tenderly but faithfully told him that the medical attendant could give no hope of his restoration. He looked earnestly at him, and joyfully exclaimed, "All is well! all is well! I can say, with Paul, 'To live is Christ, and to die is gain;' and with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' And I feel the Lord loves me. I do not feel at present all those ecstasies of joy that some have felt; yet I feel peace, and a strong confidence in the Lord. I can say, as John Raworth used to sing, 'I am going to the land of Canaan.' I feel I am going thither."

In the commencement of his affliction he would in a cheerful manner call himself the Lord's prisoner; but in the latter part he longed to be free from the body, that he might be present with the Lord; saying, "It will be far better." Not long before his departure, his mother said to him, "Well, my dear John, I shall soon be with you, if I am faithful." Raising himself a little, he replied, "Well, mother, live the life of the righteous, and you shall assuredly die the death." His last words were, "Glory be to God, he always gives me patience. I am happy! I am happy just now! Praise the Lord!" Soon after this he sweetly fell asleep in the Lord, September 26th, 1845, in the twenty-first year of his age. Thus died John Smedley, a pattern of early piety, filial obedience, and zeal for God; and thus calmly terminated a short but useful life.

JOHN INGHAM.

MEMOIR OF MISS THIRZA BANBURY.

MISS THIRZA BANBURY was born in the parish of Launcells in the county of Cornwall, October 4th, 1830. She had the happiness to be born of pious parents, and in the morning of life to be subjected to moral discipline. Knowing the value and importance of religion themselves, her parents were solicitous to lead the thoughts and affections of their children from things which are seen and temporal, to things which are unseen and eternal; and under their parental care she was early in life carefully instructed in the first principles of religion. The good effects of their well-timed and repeated instructions were soon apparent. When very young, she discovered an amiable disposition; great reverence for God and divine things; and a dutiful, kind, tender, and affectionate regard for her parents. The follies and vanities of this world, by which so many are captivated, with her had no charms: she sought pleasures of a purer kind. By a strict regard to truth, abstaining from the appearance of evil, and following after those things which are "lovely and of good report," she gave evident proof that early in life she was the subject of serious impressions.

At an early period she was placed in the Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-school at Launcells, where, for her fidelity and progress in learning, she was much admired and esteemed by those from whom she received her instruction. She continued a constant attendant at this Sunday-school until she was first taken ill, and occasionally became Teacher of a class. It soon became manifest that divine impressions were sealed upon her heart by the finger of God, which never afterwards became erased.

In the commencement of the year 1848, she went to a day-school at Stratton; and being placed under the care of a pious female, she was often powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and began to manifest a more decided evidence of her conviction of the necessity of obtaining the remission of sins, through faith

in her atoning Saviour. After being at Stratton a few weeks, she was observed to withdraw frequently from company, and retire into a private room to express her desires before God, in frequent and fervent prayer. Being observed, at one time, weeping and mourning, she was asked the reason why she was in such distress; to which she replied, that she felt God was angry with her, and that she was a sinner. In this state of mind she attended the prayer-meetings held in the chapel; and for several evenings, protracted meetings were held in the house where she resided, and the presence of God was experienced by his people in a most remarkable manner; and during their continuance, she earnestly sought to obtain a sense of her acceptance with God. She continued in this state for several days, until one evening she remarked that she believed God would that night pardon her sins, and make her happy. She retired to rest in company with another female who had been brought into the liberty of God's children the preceding day; and during the early part of the night she continued to agonize with God for a sense of his favour. The hour of liberty drew near, and at about three o'clock on the following morning she was enabled to cast herself by faith on the Saviour of sinners; she felt that her sins were pardoned; she burst into tears of joy, and broke forth in praising God. She immediately awoke her companion; and on her inquiring the state of her mind, she acquainted her with the happy change that had been wrought within her.

Having thus tasted of the goodness of God, and having received the testimony of the Spirit to her adoption into his family, she was led to testify to his people that God had "power on earth to forgive sins;" and immediately united herself to the Methodist society at Stratton. She also began to read such books as were best adapted to her state, among which she met with Mr. Wesley's sermon on "Redeeming the Time;" after which she frequently rose at five o'clock in the morning for the purpose of reading and prayer.

She continued to grow in grace for some time, until she was seized with a violent attack of typhus fever, which ultimately proved fatal. She was very ill for several weeks, during which period she held fast her confidence in God, and appeared to be perfectly resigned to his will. The fever being very severe during the last few days of her life, she could scarcely express the state of her mind; but before she expired she was heard to articulate, "'Tis precious!" and shortly after breathed her spirit into the hands of God, on the 20th day of June, 1845, aged fifteen years. Among her papers a note was found sealed up, in which was written, "March 11th, 1845.—I found peace with God." Her death was improved by the Rev. John Harding, in Launcells chapel, from Job xiv. 14, to a large and numerous congregation.

GEORGE BEARD.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

SHITTIM-WOOD.

THE trees *shittah* and *shittim* occur in several parts of the book of Exodus, and indicate the kind of wood which was employed in making various parts of the tabernacle, while the Israelites were wandering in the wilderness. As a tree, it is of the middle size: the young branches are armed with twin-thorns, and the leaves are doubly pinnate. The elegant flowers hang among the leaves, like minute golden balls, spreading around a delicious odour. From the bark exudes the gum-arabic, so important in medicine, to the arts, and to our manufactures. The quantity of gum-arabic imported in 1841 yielded a net produce to the revenue of £3,454. The shittim-tree is mentioned also as forming part of the offerings referred to in Exod. xxv. 5, and xxxv. 7, 24. In Isai. xli. 19 it is mentioned as a tree worthy of planting. But considerable doubts have been entertained respecting the kind of wood or tree intended. It is evident that the wood must either have been brought to the coast of the Red Sea from Egypt, or some other country, or it must have been one of the few timber-trees indigenous in the desert where the Israelites wandered. This tree, with very trifling variety, is found from Upper Egypt (where Bruce saw it, and calls it *acacia lobbek*) to India. Hasselquist says the Arabs call the lobbek, *shittah*. Shaw met with it in the district of Mount Sinai under the same name; and says that, both there and in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea, the traveller finds little provender for his camels besides the leaves of the *acacia vera*. From the time of Theophrastus to our latest botanists, the wood of the *acacia vera* has been considered as incorruptible. Hence it was a peculiarly fit material for the construction of the ark of the covenant; having, besides, the recommendations of being hard and close-grained, so as to take an excellent polish, and that it was to be found on the very spot where the Israelites encamped, while the workmen and workwomen were employed under Moses in framing it. The passages in the book of Exodus where it is mentioned refer solely to its use as the material for the ark of the covenant. In the book of Numbers we find it forms the distinguishing part of the name of a place in the plains of Moab, the inhabitants of

which appear from the context to have been highly civilized, (Num. xxxiii. 49, 52,) and the Prophet Micah writes also of the same place. (Micah vi. 5.) But Isaiah, in his prophesying of the glorious changes that should take place when God should restore Israel, says, "I will plant the cedar, and the shittah-tree, and the myrtle;" thus reckoning it among the choicest trees, for beauty, strength, and fragrance. "The acacia-tree," says Dr. Shaw, "being by much the largest and most common tree in these deserts, (Arabia Petræa,) we have some reason to conjecture that the shittim-wood was the wood of the acacia, especially as its flowers are of an excellent smell; for the shittah-tree is, in Isaiah xli. 19, joined with the myrtle, and other fragrant shrubs."

POPERY.

THE POPISH CREED.

(*Concluded from page* 158.)

But in 1564, Popery published its new Creed, under the name of Pope Pius's Creed. After reciting the Nicene Creed, as above, it proceeds thus:—

"I. I most steadfastly admit and embrace Apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and all other observances and constitutions of the same Church.

"II. I also admit the holy Scripture, according to that sense which our Holy Mother, the Church, has held and does hold, to which it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures; neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

"III. I also profess that there are truly and properly seven Sacraments of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and necessary for the salvation of mankind, though not all for every one; to wit, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony; and that they confer grace; and that of these, Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders cannot be reiterated without sacrilege: and I also receive and admit the received and approved ceremonies of the Catholic Church, used in the solemn administration of all the aforesaid Sacraments.

"IV. I embrace and receive all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification.

"V. I profess, likewise, that in the Mass there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, there are truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together

with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a whole conversion of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation. I also confess, that under either kind alone, Christ is received whole and entire, and a true Sacrament.

"VI. I constantly hold that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.

"VII. Likewise that the Saints, reigning together with Christ, are to be honoured and invocated; and that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be held in veneration.

"VIII. I most firmly assert that the images of Christ, of the Mother of God, ever virgin, and also of other Saints, may be had and retained; and that due honour and veneration are to be given them.

"IX. I also affirm that the power of Indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.

"X. I acknowledge the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church for the mother and mistress of all Churches; and I promise true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, Successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"XI. I likewise undoubtedly receive and profess all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons and General Councils, and particularly by the holy Council of Trent; and I condemn, reject, and anathematize all things contrary thereto, and all heresies which the Church has condemned, rejected, and anathematized.

"XII. I, *N. N.*, do at this present freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved: and I promise most constantly to retain and confess the same entire and inviolate, with God's assistance, to the end of my life."

Now, let it be observed, that this is the NEW Creed; ours, that is, the Nicene Creed, is the OLD: theirs is, therefore, a mass of novelties, "hay, straw, stubble." Well then may Bishop Hall say, in his "Serious Dissuasive from Popery," "Let your authors gloze it as they list, Popery is but a young faction, corruptly raised out of ancient grounds. And if it have, as we grant, some *ancient* errors, falsehoods cannot be bettered by age. There is no prescription against God and truth. What we can prove to be erroneous we need not prove new. Some hundreds of years is an idle plea against the Ancient of Days."

The truth of God is and must be the same in all ages; the true Christians of 1840 doubtless hold the same doctrines as were held and preached by the Apostles, certainly the same as were held in the early Church in 321, in 381, in 431, and in 451, and were acknowledged to be true even by the Popish Council of Trent, in 1546. But he who dates his creed from 1564, who cannot show that such a creed was ever before held or recognised in the Christian Church, surely must know that his novelty is error. The old faith is the true faith; the new faith is the false. By the old faith, then, let Protestants, with God's blessing, abide; and pray for Papists, that they may be turned from their delusions, and may yet hear the voice of God against the Romish Babylon, calling to them, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities." (Rev. xviii. 4, 5.)—*Protestant Association.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MAGNA CHARTA SIGNED,

JUNE 15TH, A.D. 1215.

THE distinguished prosperity which England has long enjoyed, may, under Providence, be traced to her form of government and her free institutions. There was a period when a cruel, despotic, rapacious tyrant ruled her sons with a rod of iron: the unbridled licentiousness of King John, who neither feared God nor regarded man, drove his oppressed vassals to the necessity of resisting a career which threatened the annihilation of the last vestige of civil liberty. The Barons of England, galled by his yoke, met at the abbey of Bury St. Edmund's on Nov. 20th, 1214, under pretence of celebrating the festival of the patron saint. Having agreed on the demands they as a body intended to make of the King when he should hold his great council at the festival of Christmas, they individually advanced to the high altar and took a solemn oath to withdraw their allegiance should their claims be rejected, and to levy war against John till he should yield them what they considered to be their just rights.

Being at Worcester at Christmas, the King either hearing or suspecting the intentions of the Barons, fled to London, and shut himself up in the Temple. They instantly followed him: he dissembled, and craftily succeeded in putting them off till Easter. Meanwhile, with all possible secrecy, he made extensive warlike preparations to destroy this formidable confederacy, by garrisoning his castles, and hiring foreign auxiliaries. Having exercised great tyranny towards the Clergy, he did what he could to soften, conciliate, and gain them over. The Pope being recognised as the feudal lord of England, the King on the one hand, and the Barons on the other, sought his favour and protection.

The period fixed by the King having

arrived, on April 19th, the Barons assembled at Stamford, and proceeded to Brackley, attended by two thousand Knights, with their Esquires and followers. The King lay at Oxford, and sent, as his Commissioners, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earls of Pembroke and Warenne, to ascertain their demands. On hearing them read, he exclaimed, "They might as well have demanded my crown. Do they think I will grant them liberties which will make me a slave?" The Commissioners were remanded with fresh instructions and overtures; but the sturdy Barons treated them as mere evasions, and again pressed their demands. Pandulf, and Simon Bishop of Exeter, the King's advisers, urged the Primate to excommunicate the Barons: but Archbishop Langton declared that unless the King dismissed the foreign troops he would excommunicate them, and oppose them with all his power. As a last effort, John offered to refer the matter in dispute to the decision of umpires; four to be chosen by himself, and four by the Barons, with the Pope as the ninth. This also was refused by the Barons, who proclaimed themselves the army of God and his holy church, chose Robert Fitz-Walter for their Commander, and forthwith invested Northampton, then Bedford, and took possession of London on Sunday, May 17th; from whence they wrote to the Barons and Knights who still remained neuter, calling on them to join them, or expect to be treated as enemies "of the army of God and his holy church." This call was at once obeyed.

The King, alarmed by the loss of his capital, pretended to yield, and allowed the Barons to fix the day and place for a conference. On June 15th, this important meeting took place at Runnymede, a meadow situated between Staines and Windsor. On the one side stood the majority of the Barons and nobility of England, with Fitz-Walter at their head, and on the other sat the King, with eight Bishops, Pandulf, the Papal Envoy, and fifteen gentlemen, who attended as the King's trusty advisers. The instrument containing their demands was presented to him under certain conditions, suggested by his known perfidy. It was required that he should disband and send out of the kingdom every foreign auxiliary; that for two months the Barons should retain possession of the city, and the Archbishop of the Tower of London; that a Committee of twenty-five Barons should be appointed, with full power to decide all claims, in conformity with the charter of liberties; that every freeman should be at liberty to swear obedience to the Committee of Barons, and even to take up arms at their command; that if the King violated these conditions, the city and Tower of London should be detained, and war levied against him; and that he, Pandulf, and the Bishops should give a written promise never to obtain from the Pope any instrument to the prejudice of their concessions, nor to make use of any such instrument if obtained. This last they withdrew.

Their demands were moulded into the form of a charter, called, "Magna Charta," or, the great charter; which was duly witnessed and signed by John. The conclusion runs thus:—"Given by our hand, in the meadow which is called Runningmead, between Windsor and Staines, this 15th day of June, in the seventeenth year of our reign." On which the Barons and nobles who had "defied him" renewed their homage and allegiance: and he, on his part, took them again for his liege men, and granted them their former estates and honours.

The Barons left Runnymede in triumph; and to celebrate their victory over despotic tyranny, they appointed a tournament to be fought at Stamford, on the 2d of July: while the King, who dissembled his mortification in their presence, had no sooner left the assembly, than he burst into a paroxysm of rage, cursed his mother and the day of his birth, gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes, gnawed sticks and straws, and acted like a frenzied madman. Universal joy was diffused through the kingdom by the publication of this great charter. By its provisions the galling abuses of feudal superiority were checked, a new and healthy tone was given to legislation, and important benefits were secured to every class of the people, except those in a state of slavery. John spared no pains to repossess himself of his lost tyrannical power; the Pope annulled the charter; Kings perpetually strove to evade it; while the people held it fast, as the great palladium of their liberties. It underwent no less than thirty-eight ratifications before it obtained the force of law; which shows how much it has been detested by the Sovereigns, and prized by the people.

An *original* copy of this charter, in a perfect state, is still preserved in Lincoln Cathedral, which is said to be of superior authority to either of the two of the same date preserved in the British Museum. Among its important provisions may be mentioned,—that no taxation was to be imposed but by Parliament, except in the three cases of redeeming the Sovereign from captivity, making his son a Knight, or marrying his eldest daughter. No freeman to be dispossessed of his land, or imprisoned, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed, nor the Crown to press upon him, unless by the legal judgment of his Peers, or by the law of the land. Common pleas were not to follow the King's court, but to be held in some certain place. (Westminster.) Two Justices to be sent through every county four times a year; who, with four Knights, were to be elected by the county out of it, to hold the assizes; and disputes about land to be there tried. Earls and Barons to be fined only by their Peers, and according to their offence. Every widow to have her jointure and dower. All merchants might safely

come to England, go from it, remain in it, or travel through it, to buy or sell. Foreign merchants, if their country was hostile, might be arrested till it was known how our merchants were treated in the alien country. Every one might leave the realm, and return, saving his allegiance, except in time of war, and excepting prisoners and outlaws, and merchants of a country at war with us. Thus Parliaments, trial by jury, fixed tribunals, county assizes, protection of heirs, widows, lands, &c., were secured. By this charter, the tree of liberty was planted in England; and though many a storm has assailed it, during six hundred years, it still stands; while the governments of Europe have, one after another, flourished, withered, changed, or altogether passed away. Though here and there a distorted limb or bare branch may be seen, on the whole it retains its pristine sap and verdure; and if not disfigured or cut down by the rude axe of modern *Chartism*, it will, under the protection of Divine Providence, long continue to afford an ample and refreshing shade to the liberties of the descendants of those noble patriots, who, while mindful of their own freedom, took care that their children should not be slaves.

P. SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Agar, Mrs.,		York,	83	Jan. 25th, 1848.
Allen, Jos. W., Esq.,	Frederick-Place,	London,		Feb. 10th, 1848.
Armstrong, Mrs.,	Belle-hill,	Brookborough,	74	Jan. 28th, 1848.
Atkinson, Mrs.,	Wall-Close-House,	Knaresborough,		Feb. 3d, 1848.
Barker, Mrs. Mary,	Knaresborough,	Knaresborough,	83	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Bolton, Ann,	Hunslet,	Fourth Leeds,	75	Dec. 10th, 1847.
Bowers, Mr. Thomas,	Eastgate-street,	Chester,	51	Jan. 28th, 1848.
Briggs, Margaret,		Clitheroe,	71	Jan. 29th, 1848.
Browne, Rev. J. R.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Chester,	51	Feb. 2d, 1848.
Burton, Miss,	Negapatam,	India,	29	Jan. 1st, 1848.
Chapman, Mrs.,	Frumra,	Moira,	58	Jan. 16th, 1848.
Chapman, Mr. John,	Farnworth,	Bolton,	58	Jan. 25th, 1848.
Cosway, Mr. Richard,		Tiverton,	75	Jan. 19th, 1848.
Corke, Miss Ann,		Southampton,	22	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Cousin, Mrs.,	Addingham,	Addingham,	71	Jan. 26th, 1848.
Davies, Mr. John,	Bidford,	Evesham,	73	Dec. 11th, 1847.
Deery, Rev. George,	Wesleyan Minister,	Omagh,		Jan. 18th, 1848.
Edwards, Mr. John,	Sandbach,	Congleton,	74	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Fowkes, Mr. Benjamin,		Leicester,	37	Feb. 6th, 1848.
Gibson, Rev. Ralph,	Wesleyan Minister,	Coningsby,	55	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Greenwood, Mr. Thos.,	Wetherby,	Tadcaster,	35	Dec. 14th, 1847.
Guy, Mrs.,	Granby,	Bingham,	84	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Hepplewhite, Mr. W.,	Etherley,	Bishop-Auckland,	75	Dec. 17th, 1847.
Horswell, Mr. John,	Willing-Hall,	Walsal,	25	Jan. 19th, 1848.
Hughes, Mr. Hugh,		Carmarthen,	27	Jan. 12th, 1848.
Hulse, Sarah,	Edgley,	Stockport,		Jan. 21st, 1848.
Hunter, James, Esq.,	Compton-terrace,	Islington,	63	March 29th, 1848.
Huxley, Mr. James,		Hereford,	57	Dec. 27th, 1847.
Jewell, Mrs. Mary,	Timsbury,	Southampton,	65	Feb. 12th, 1848.
Jones, Miss Ann,	Newtown,	Montgomery,		Dec. 16th, 1847.
Kenworthy, Mr.,		Oldham,		Jan. 23d, 1848.
Kettlewell, Mrs.,		Pateley-Bridge,	75	Jan. 19th, 1848.
Letcher, Mrs. E. M.,	Bilson,	Forest of Dean,	31	Oct. 30th, 1847.
Matthews, Mrs. Jane,	Ballygawly,	Downpatrick,	70	Aug. 29th, 1847.
Moscrop, Mrs. Mary,		Bolton,	66	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Rowe, Mr. William,	Chelmondiston,	Ipswich,	51	Dec. 16th, 1847.
Russell, Mrs., sen.,	Mackworth,	Derby,	69	Dec. 14th, 1847.
Shrimpton, Miss Rebecca,		Redditch,	27	May 5th, 1847.
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Bishop-Burton,	Beverley,	40	July 10th, 1847.
Speers, Miss Jane,	Saintfield,	Downpatrick,	34	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Stephenson, Mrs.	Broad-gate Farm,	Beverley,	43	Dec. 3d, 1847.
Swift, Mr. James,		Second Leeds,	47	Oct. 6th, 1847.
Taylor, Mr. Joseph,	Deansgate,	Fourth Manchester,	60	May 27th, 1847.
Townsend, Hannah,		Lewes,	68	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Wood, Mrs. Mary,		Denby-Dale,	40	Feb. 4th, 1848.
Woodall, Mrs.		Abergavenny,	65	Dec. 24th, 1847.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JULY, 1848.

THE PERCEPTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

For man's sake the earth was "cursed;" and not only did that curse rest on external nature, but also on the inmost being of Him who was its Interpreter and High-Priest. The thoughts that stretched forward into infinity; the powers that comprehended the creating God; the affections that rested in supreme delight on the Eternal; the entire spirit, whose blessedness was erewhile in felt communion with Deity; upon all the blight descended. Physically, intellectually, spiritually, man is "far gone from original righteousness;" "the crown is fallen from his head."

It were natural to suppose that in this fearful wreck of order and happiness, there would be few traces left of primeval mental power. Yet, ever and anon from our fallen human nature burst forth gleams of glory that well might startle, had not revelation thrown its holy radiance on the page of time, unfolding the hidden grandeur of our being, and speaking in the very depths of our souls of an awful immortality. Our highest aspirations are not confined to earthly things; our holiest affections are not satisfied with earthly fellowship; we intuitively look forward to a period when our souls shall reach the goal of their loftiest desires, and our hearts glow with seraphic love and ardour in a clime where "change no pathway has." Had we no other proof of the goodness of our Creator, we might infer it from those powers which he has implanted in our nature, awakening within us the sense or perception of whatever is sublime or lovely, and impelling us to have sympathy with all the forms of beauty around us.

What the earth was in its Edenic state we know not; but if it be now only the wreck of its pristine magnificence, its glorious ruins attest a grandeur of which we can form but a shadowy conception. Enough remains to show forth the wisdom, and power, and love of the Creator, and his "complacency in the graceful, the beautiful, and the sublime;"* and enough to minister to that sense of beauty which he has himself implanted. The everlasting hills speak to us of his eternity. The wild flowers scattered over dale and woodland, look on us with loving eyes, as they would read us some lesson of hope and trust. The sparkling waters dash from rock and precipice, or fling their spray over concealed moss-tufts; and the green forests stretch far away before us with their leafy bowers and interlacing foliage. Why is it that we love to look upon them? Why do we long for the green shadow of the wood, or

* Dr. Harris.

delight to wander on the mountain-summits, inhaling rapture from the sights and sounds around us? Why do we rejoice in the "season of bursting leaves;"—in the life and luxuriance of summer;—in the glorious gorgeousness of autumn? Are we not taught,

> "By stars, and sunsets, and soft clouds that rove
> The blue expanse, or sleep in silvery light,
> That nature's God hath left no spot unbless'd
> With founts of beauty for the eye of love?"

And He who hath thus flung loveliness over every sight and every pathway, hath left, we might almost say, untouched in the breast of man a chord that thrills responsively to nature's harmony. Wherefore, but that he may read in the glorious works of creation the might of omnipotence, and the wisdom and love of an Almighty Father? That he may see in the material universe types of a spiritual, an eternal, being? That in things finite he may behold dimly and faintly, yet distinctly, shadowed forth, the Infinite?

"Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel." That Gospel has thrown a new glory over the face of creation; and in every adaptation of means to ends,—in every provision for the creatures' well-being,—in every sight of beauty,—we recognise clear and unchanging manifestations of the nature of Him who is the God of mercy. We see in all things the "reflection of his spiritual attributes;" and tracing him in creation, in providence, in redemption, we are constrained to say that "God is love."

Dudley. ADELINE.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. VII.

"THE NOBLE OF NATURE."

WITHIN the cycle of the year 1847, a Minister of the Christian faith, engaged in calls of pastoral care on the poorer members of his charge, had to pass through a densely-populated district of a large manufacturing town in Yorkshire. The appearance of the inhabitants, and the state of the interior of many of their dwellings, were indicative of extreme want and wretchedness; but the deep genuine spiritual experience of some of the inmates of these abodes of indigence, fully repaid the visits bestowed on them. As there was nothing in the way to their locality of an inviting character, any object of novel or external interest could not fail to excite attention; and, to the observing eye, in one of these excursions one was presented. A placard, of a glaring colour, covered with large letters, was posted on various walls, on which, in bold, prominent type, might be read the attractive sentence, "THAT NOBLE OF NATURE." The observer had read, both in sacred and profane history, of the noble in station, and even of certain Bereans who were noble in conduct; but this was the first time that he had heard of "the noble of nature." His studies and observations of nature, that is, the state of the natural man, had presented to him a condition and conduct the very reverse of anything that could be accounted noble. He had also been led to credit a statement, confirmed by every generation of men, of every country, without exception, that in the men of nature "there dwelleth no good thing;" and that, in their practice, "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." So that to hear of one so distinguished from the great mass of the human family as to be esteemed the "noble of nature," powerfully arrested his attention; and the more especially so, as the placard in this poor locality contained an invitation to a public dinner!! A

full perusal of this singular paper informed the reader, that the proposed dinner was to celebrate the anniversary, not of a noble Howard, a noble Wilberforce, or a noble Clarkson, those distinguished benefactors of mankind; but of that "noble of nature,"—THOMAS PAINE; to which festivity all admiring his principles were invited. Not being an admirer of the principles of the person thus designated, the Minister found no inducement to be one of the guests; but he was led to refresh his mind with the character and conduct, the life and the death, of a person pronounced to be one of nature's nobles. He remembered that when a boy, the name of Paine was not held in such esteem. He recollected in those days that there was a general cry, "Down with Tom Paine!" coupled with something like a prayer that the King might be saved. But since that period, he was well aware there had been what was called a mighty march of intellect; and that many of the opinions and maxims of his youth had been, by the rapid flow of mind, exploded as puerile and absurd, and incompatible with the grasp of the now expanded understanding of man. Yet, regardless of these conclusions, he could not give up the old notion that facts are always facts; and he was induced to examine what were the realities of the history of this "noble of nature." In so doing, he found, from authenticated records, that they were anything but those bearing the stamp of true nobility of principle or of action. He found, it is true, that, in early life, Paine was moral in his conduct, and a public professor of that religion he afterwards endeavoured to destroy; yea, the Minister himself had handled the very volume of sermons from which Paine was accustomed to read a discourse, when the congregation of which he formed a part was disappointed of their regular teacher. He found, also, that from the Christian faith Paine had apostatized, and employed his pen in the attempt to prove that the Bible of God was only the book of man, full of falsehoods, and unworthy of the belief of rational beings; and, further, that while he wrote to reform nations, he reformed not himself;—that his abandonment of the religion of the contemned Bible was not followed by an improvement of his personal morals; that the advocate of what he termed the "rights of man" set at nought all those rights in every relation of life, having been an unprincipled demagogue, a demoralizing writer, an unnatural son, a cruel husband, a vile drunkard, a base seducer, and an ungrateful friend. Nay, this pleader for the "rights of man" contracted debts he never designed to discharge; so that even his menial servant had to sue him for hard-earned wages. He wickedly induced the wife of one of his companions to forsake her husband, and live with him; he treated her with meanness and tyranny, and then abandoned her to wretchedness in a foreign land; being himself, at the same time, separated from his lawful wife, to whom he had promised succour and fidelity, even unto death. Then, in his person he was disgustingly filthy, and in his habits beneath the decencies even of the brute. Indeed, according to the description given of him by those who were personally acquainted with him, and even by one who was an "admirer of his principles," an artist might justly represent him with a carbuncled face, stained with fiery hue by daily intoxication; having a beard of neglected growth, with nails like bird's claws, growing round his toes nearly as far as they extended on the surface; standing in a tub of water, and a compassionate companion washing him from head to foot, to purify him from dirt; or, prostrate upon the floor, sprawling, swearing, and threatening to fight his black female servant, laid by his side, as drunk as himself; and then, at the bottom of this correct picture it might be written, *Ye admirers of his principles*, BEHOLD THE "NOBLE OF NATURE." Living the life of notorious infamy, he died the death of terror and misery. Fearing solitude, he screamed aloud if left for a moment alone, and re-

peatedly called on that God to help him whose name he had so blasphemed, and on Christ to befriend him, whose divinity he had denied, and whose character he had treated with malignity. Such was one of *nature's nobles!* a liberal inheritor of her debasing legacies. But how melancholy the thought, that in the nineteenth century any should be found, amidst the light and knowledge of Christian Britain, celebrating the birthday of such a monster of iniquity, such a notorious reprobate! To the personal application of the appellative employed there can be no objection; for if the concentration of all that is wicked and worthless forms the nobility of nature, Paine is entitled to the unenviable distinction of being one of the *most noble*, or rather *ignoble*, of nature's children!!

Manchester. N.

MY BIRTH-PLACE.

LOVELY spot! where I drew my first breath; where the beautiful stream meandered at the foot of the hill; where, in spring, on its banks, grew the wild flowers in endless variety and rich profusion; where the melody of the birds, in the copse below, invited me also to sing my great Creator's praise; where I loved to view the shadows of the clouds on the opposite rising ground, chasing each other in all their variations and fantastic forms to the very tops of the mountains. On such scenes I loved to linger.

The shadow of the hill-top house was a remarkable object, as it rose with the setting sun from the burn below, till the print of the house became as perfect on the opposite side, as if it had been engraven in brass; the tall trees giving beautiful effect to the scene; but as the orb of day descended half-way below the horizon, the perfect image began to decline, and when he sank to rest, the shadow was swallowed up in the universal shade.

Often did I sit on the top step of the peat-house, watching the last rays of the setting sun, till I felt, in some measure, the inspiration of the poet:—

> "Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees;
> The shifting clouds
> Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
> Attend his setting throne."

Where, in summer, the smell of the new hay awakened delightful sensations; where the wild strawberry and raspberry grew in abundance; where, at a short distance from my home, the foxglove displayed its various colours and beautiful tints among the fallen crags; and the bilberry overhanging the rocks above, often tempted me to climb, and partake of the delicious repast: where, in autumn, down the bank, the brown hazel-nut fell ripe from its husk: I gathered, I plucked from the bushes; I was delighted. Nor had winter fewer charms. The lofty mountains covered with snow, the rising sun gilding them with his golden beams, afforded exquisite pleasure. I hailed the time of the howling wind, and the drifting snow, and the ice-bound pools; I delighted in "the treasures of the snow, and the hoary frost of heaven, when the face of the deep was frozen." It was then I took my little sledge, and climbed to the top of the hill; and, with more than railway speed, soon reached the foot of the declivity. Sometimes the loud hollow blast during the night would create a little alarm; and especially in the morning, when we found ourselves imprisoned by the drifted snow.

> "In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
> Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
> Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
> Riding sublime."

To the reminiscences of my birth-place, and scenes of my boyhood, are added associations of a loftier and more ethereal character, which still linger on my memory: where, under my father's roof, I listened to the truths of God's

most holy word, to the voice of prayer, and to the pious instructions of my honoured parents. Often, under the paternal roof, our united voices were heard singing, "The Downfal of Babylon," "The barren Fig-Tree," "The Dying Christian," and "Thou soft-flowing Kidron," till we felt as if translated into the climes of bliss, and in the act of joining "the full chorus that gladdens the skies."

G. R.

THE EXILES' FUNERAL AT SEA.

It was a beautiful day. The sun, almost vertical, streaking the waters with his golden rays, caused the deep blue wave to assume an amber dye. All was solemn and still. Our gallant bark was alone on the wide expanse of waters, and looked like a thing of life, as she slowly glided through the deep, under the impulse of a light and gentle breeze. We sailed along about six knots an hour; the sea was smooth, and the ship steady.

Our decks were full of men; yet there was none of that bustle and life which they usually presented. Stillness reigned from stem to stern, broken only by the slight murmur of voices from the main-deck, or the ripple of the wave, as our ship pursued her course.

It was the Sabbath,—the day of rest. The exiles had put on their clean clothes, and the seamen all appeared in their Sunday garb. It was one of the first Sabbaths I had seen at sea: I mean the first which appeared like a Sabbath; for there had been hitherto very little of the quiescence which the Sunday on shore presents.

The sun, which had been scorchingly hot during the day, was descending towards the horizon. There was a bustle, and a mustering of men. The long-boat was speedily crowded, and the larboard-deck soon became thronged: each man held his Prayer-Book in his hand. The greatest solemnity pervaded the whole, while a look of expectancy was depicted on every countenance.

Suddenly there was a hush,—all was still! Then was heard the sound of footsteps,—not firm and regular, but as of men bearing a burden. The crowd on the main-deck divided; and as they fell back on either side, a number of sailors advanced between them, bearing on a grating the dead body of a poor lad who had that morning paid the debt of nature. Following them was another corpse, borne by a similar number of men, all dressed in white duck trousers, white shirts with the fronts and collars trimmed with blue braid, and straw hats with long black ribands.

The bodies were brought to the waist of the ship: one was placed at the gangway, and the other near it. Each corpse, as it lay stretched upon the grating, was covered with a flag, after being sown up in a hammock.

The steward knocked at my cabin-door, informing me that all was in readiness, and that they waited for me. I shall never forget the scene. All nature had clothed itself in loveliness, and there was nothing to mar the prospect but the solemn fact that death had been amongst us; that two of our number had left us "to return no more for ever;" and that we were now assembled to consign their bodies to the deep.

I moved forward from the cuddy to the quarter-deck, and took my stand by the larboard gun. Before me, on the long-boat, forecastle, and main-deck, the exiles were ranged; around me, and near the corpses, stood the ship's company; on the gun by my left hand stood the Captain; on my right, near the main-waist, the doctor and the officers of the ship and guard; while in a semicircle at my back the soldiers of the guard were posted.

As I commenced the service, every head was uncovered, and all was silent as the grave, save the ripple of the wave as we sped through the water, and the rattle of the rigging, as the wind blew rope or sail against

mast or spar. Nothing could be more solemn than the scene which presented itself, and it is impossible that greater attention or apparent solemnity could prevail. I read, as distinctly and solemnly as I was able, that beautiful, exquisitely beautiful, service for the burial of the dead. I felt as though I stood upon the threshold of eternity, and that its awful realities were opening up before me. I came to that part of the "burial service" when the body is lowered into the grave, and as I substituted the words, "We therefore commit their bodies to the deep," a heavy, sullen splash was heard; it caused an involuntary shudder; the corpse of our brother had sunk into the ocean, and we rapidly left the spot where the blue wave had closed over him. The second body had by some accident become entangled by a rope in the grating; and for a moment or two it hung suspended over the ship's side. It was soon freed,—a plunge, hollow and sepulchral—all was still; and I continued the service. I shall never forget it. I have often read of the burial of the dead at sea: I had officiated at one funeral before; but I could form no adequate conception of the scene. It cannot be described, and must be witnessed to be fully understood.

* * * * * * * * *

The sailor who had been buried was a fine tall lad, named G——. It appears he had been in delicate health for some time, and was by no means of a strong constitution. He was ill about a fortnight. On Thursday he became dangerously so, and was removed to the hospital, where I saw him frequently. The poor fellow was delirious nearly the whole time: when I spoke to him, he did not appear to understand me. He gradually got worse, and died at four o'clock this morning. G. L——, the other sufferer, was an exile, who had been for some time in a rapid consumption. I had seen him on the Saturday evening, when he appeared much better. He was fully aware of his danger, and manifested sincere penitence. We all expected his death, but not so soon.

The exiles were all mustered for church on deck. I had read the morning prayers, and was delivering a sermon, from Heb. ix. 27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." I had selected this subject on account of the sailor's death, and had nearly concluded the service, when the doctor was called away. As I left the desk, I walked towards the cuddy. I was met by one of the petty officers: "Poor L—— is dead!" said he. I was petrified; a cold shudder ran through my frame; I almost gasped for breath as I exclaimed, "Is it possible?" Alas! it was too true. While I had been preaching on the subject of death and judgment, death had claimed him for his prey, and he had been called into the presence of his Maker.

At six, P.M., their bodies had been yielded up to the deep, there "to be turned into corruption, until the resurrection of the body" at the last day, "when the sea shall give up her dead." JOHN C. SYMONS.

THE BIBLE.

THIS book—these sentences—these lines—yea, every word and letter, is, to me, infinitely more choice, more valuable than mines of gold, or hills of diamonds. This little book is heaven transcribed; a fair copy of glory drawn for human use; eternity abridged; Jehovah penned; immensity contracted to a span; invisibility exposed to view; that I may read divine perfection, and adore the Giver of the gift immense. The starry sky and this unwieldy world shall sink to one confused and general ruin; but this shall stand, eternally shall stand, coeval with Jehovah's throne and years.

THEOLOGY.

THE SPEECHLESS GUEST.

A SERMON,

BY THE REV. JAMES B. HOLROYD.

"When the King came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless." —Matt. xxii. 11, 12.

THERE is not anything more common than to hear people express a desire for future happiness. This desire would be highly commendable, did it arise from a right principle, accompanied with a corresponding line of conduct. But, alas! too many of those who express the desire are criminally indifferent about securing the important pre-requisites. In general, their desires for heaven will be found to arise more from a wish to escape the troubles of this life, and the punishment of sin in the eternal world, than from love to God, and spiritual and divine enjoyments. Whenever the inspired writers speak of heaven and its inhabitants, it is always accompanied with something expressive of the meetness of the latter for its enjoyments. St. Peter says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope;" and St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, says, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." That none will be admitted to a participation of its felicity but such as have obtained a qualification for its enjoyments, the contents of this parable abundantly confirm. In this parable the kingdom of heaven is compared to a marriage-feast, to which an indiscriminate number of guests were invited; and that all might appear in a dress suited to the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion, the King, as was customary, had provided for each guest a suit of apparel, that all might appear uniformly alike. By the wedding garment we understand, that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

The text will illustrate and confirm one general proposition;—that to appear in the eternal world without a suitable preparation, will be attended with consequences the most awful. The truth of this proposition will appear from the following remarks.

I. Because the provision made for, and the means employed by the Gospel to promote, this meetness for heaven have been rejected.

1. The condemnation of which the text speaks is unquestionably founded upon a rejection of the provision made in the Gospel, and the practicability of its means; to both of which the contents of the parable bear a decided testimony. The Gospel, considered as a system of truth, intended to develope to the human race the beneficence of God, may be regarded as having developed that perfection of the divine nature in a more glorious manner than had been by any former dispensation. The preceding dispensations brought the first dawnings, and some of the progressions, of light upon this subject; but by the Gospel was ushered in the broad day. It was with the unfolding of Christianity that the Sun of Righteousness arose. In the Gospel we have a graphic view of its extent and fulness. As to its extent, it knows no distinction towards persons, communities, or kingdoms; but grasps in its benevolent arms the whole family of man. As to its fulness, it bears a correspondence with, and is designed to meet, all the aggravated crimes and moral exigencies of the human race. The truth of these remarks is confirmed by the express command of our Saviour to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The provision of the Gospel will appear in all its plenitude when we consider who, and what, constitutes that provision; namely, our Lord Jesus Christ. It is to him, in that important capacity, that all the types and shadows, predictions and promises, of the Old Testament bore a direct reference. Christ in the atonement is the most prominent and indispensable part of this provision. "For he is the propitiation for our sins." And whose demerit, through sin, can exceed the merit of his death? Who is so deeply sunk in moral depravity, that his arm cannot reach to raise him up? Whose spots, wrinkles, and defilement, can surpass the efficacy of his blood? Can those of a wicked Manasseh? A persecuting Saul? A swearing, backsliding Peter? A village? town? city? country? empire? No; "not

for us only, but for the sins of the whole world!"

2. Christ, in the divine influences of his Spirit, forms a distinct part of that provision which is made in the Gospel. "For when the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." And whose darkness and ignorance are so great as to surpass his ability to enlighten, and his skill to instruct? What said the old African Chief, when he first heard the Gospel preached? "We have been living in the dark, like earth-worms; but now we come out of our holes, and see the light." He is that true light; and under his divine influence, "the people who sat in darkness have seen a great light."

3. The invitations in the Gospel are to the same effect. They confirm the fact that ample provision is made, and that God is graciously disposed to impart the same to all who will accept it. Hear him crying out, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Again, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

4. Christ in the promises of the Gospel; for in him all the promises are yea and amen. And whose wants are so great and numerous, as to exhaust their fulness? There is pardon for all manner of sin, purity of heart, the indwelling presence of God in the soul, eternal life in heaven; "all are yours" in Christ Jesus.

From this short but comprehensive view of the provision made in the Gospel, for the moral happiness of man, it plainly appears that not an individual of the human race need be destitute of the wedding-garment. Especially when we consider,

II. That the means of salvation, as laid down in the Gospel, are neither complex nor numerous; but clear, few, and practicable.

1. The whole is comprised in, repentance toward God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and obedience to the moral precepts of the Gospel. We admit that a compliance with these means may be attended with difficulties, but no impossibility. Here we remark, that by repentance we mean a change of mind producing a change of conduct. It is a godly sorrow for having sinned against God, evinced by a turning away from every known sin, and sinful association. Against a compliance with this first condition, will be powerful opposition from within by pride and shame; and from without, through example, persecution, and the influence of persuasion: but all these may be overcome; for, as the Lord told Paul, with reference to the thorn in his flesh, "My grace is sufficient for thee." By faith, we mean that belief in, and dependence upon, Jesus Christ as the only sacrifice for sin, and Intercessor with the Father, by which we obtain a personal interest in the blood of atonement, to the justification of the soul. The heart being made right, the effects will become apparent; for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Have you repented of your sins? believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you living in obedience to the Gospel precepts? If not, though the provision is abundant, and the means practicable, you have rejected both. And should the King now come, you will be found "speechless."

2. The confusion and distress experienced by the man without a wedding-garment, was the effect of neglected opportunities. He might have been furnished with everything to qualify him for the feast; but the means had been abused. The case of this man is the same as that of all who live under the Gospel will be at the last day who are not found ready.

3. The divine conduct in the distribution of rewards and punishments will be founded upon the strictest and most impartial justice. He will neither reward the unfaithful, nor punish for crimes that could not be avoided; but for what has been abused or rejected. If this view of the divine conduct be correct, what will be the end of a great number of professors of religion? However the Lord may deal with those who have never had a Bible to read, or the means of being instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel, or the way of salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; his dealings with us will be founded upon the privileges we have enjoyed, and will be executed with the utmost rigour and exactness. Where much is given, much will be required. We have read of the Saviour in the Bible; we have heard the way of salvation as marked out in the Gospel; the duty of prayer has been enjoined, and by some practised for a time. If the Gospel be hid, it is hid unto such. In addition to these ordinary means, some have been favoured with extraordinary helps. Pious parents, the prayers of faithful friends, remarkable interpositions of Providence, raised from a bed of affliction contrary to all expectation; the term of probation extended even to the eleventh hour; and

even then they have said, "Go thy way for this time." On this ground their condemnation is inevitable.

4. No substitute whatever can be found that will supply the place of this meetness for heaven. "Ye must be born again." All who believe the Gospel understand by the wedding-garment, a personal interest in Christ, a freedom from the guilt, power, and pollution of sin. This was experienced by many in the churches of Colosse and Ephesus; by the great multitudes before the throne; for they had "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." But, alas! what numerous substitutes have men, with the Bible in their hands, invented. Baptismal regeneration, ceremonial justification, piety and zeal of ancestors, the mercy of God. Can any or all of these form a successful substitute for the wedding-garment? "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

5. The want of this meetness in religious professors cannot escape detection. Specious pretences and mere appearances may pass for genuine piety in the church militant, but the appearance of such a character at the bar of God will instantly be detected, and at once terminate their ability to deceive. The veil will be removed, and the true character exposed to that light which maketh manifest. The all-penetrating eye of Him whose prerogative it is to examine the guests previous to their being admitted into the heavenly feast, will at once discover the least defect, which neither rocks nor mountains can hide. His fan is in his hand, and he will finally separate the chaff from the wheat; and then the heart-rending inquiry will be put to the formalist, lukewarm, fallen professors, hypocrites, and sinners, "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" "He was speechless." If the doctrine of a limited atonement were correct, he might have pleaded that no garment was provided for him; but the invitation was accompanied with the express declaration that "all things are now ready."

From the above it clearly appears that if any man be found destitute of a wedding-garment, the fault will be his own; and no attempt can be made to justify such conduct. "He was speechless."

HOLY PRAYER.

In order that our prayer may be holy, it is required of us, 1. That we pray with faith, and assurance that God for Christ's sake will hear us. 2. That we pray with fear and reverence of God. 3. That we pray with humility, and a lively sense of our own unworthiness to obtain anything at God's hands. 4. That we pray with a true feeling of our wants, and an earnest desire to obtain those things for which we pray. 5. That our affections be agreeable to the matter for which we pray. 6. That we purpose to use all good means for the obtaining of those things for which we pray.

In brief, these are the special properties of true prayer, 1. In faith, without wavering. (James i. 6.) 2. In truth, without feigning. (Psal. cxlv. 18.) 3. In humility, without swelling. (Luke xviii. 13.) 4. In zeal, without cooling. (James v. 16.) 5. In constancy, without fainting. (Luke xviii. 1.)

Whence we learn, that even they who are most frequent and fervent in this duty have need to pray to God to forgive their prayers, in respect of their own frailties and infirmities. (Isaiah xxxviii. 14, 15; Psal. lxxvii. 9, 10; xxxii. 3, 5.)—*Ussher.*

CHRIST A PROPITIATION.

"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."—Rom. iii. 25, 26.

The sacrifice of himself which Christ offered unto God, God accepted as a full and complete atonement for the guilt of the world. No doubt, *God* the *Father* might have refused a substitution, and insisted upon the very letter of the law, which required that "*the soul which sinned should die.*" However, he was graciously pleased to admit a substitution and commutation of persons. And in this, I would not say, he dispensed with the law, as some express it; but that he gave a more favourable interpretation of it, whereby, though he did not fulfil the very letter of the law, yet he fulfilled the spirit and intention of it. The law says, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Now, the meaning of this threatening is one of these two: either that the transgressor himself shall die; or that another, duly qualified, shall die for him. The legislator, who best understands the sense of his own law, interprets

the threatening according to the latter sense; which is very favourable to the transgressor, and, at the same time, quite consistent with the honour of the law. He is willing then to accept of a substitution; the Son is willing to substitute himself, and says, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." Accordingly he came, and died, and suffered even unto the death; and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands to such a degree, that the Lord is willing, for his sake, to be reconciled unto sinners, and to restore them into a state of favour and fellowship with himself.

Thus "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other." The law is not only satisfied, but it is magnified and made honourable; yea, more honourable than it would have been, supposing man to have stood without a breach until his trial was over. The righteous God,—his love of righteousness and his abhorrence of iniquity are most gloriously displayed: Satan is confounded and astonished, galled and tormented, while he beholds his plot upon the ruin of man absolutely disconcerted and defeated by God manifested in the nature of man.

It is observable that Satan prevailed against the innocent pair in paradise, not by an act of power, or the exertion of strength, but by an act of craft and subtilty; for Moses tells us, that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which God had made;" and, that the woman said unto the Lord, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Accordingly the Lord prevails against Satan, and takes the prey out of his hand by an act of infinite wisdom, holiness, and righteousness, not by a mere act of power; for then he needed not to have assumed the human nature. And this must be prodigiously mortifying to the proud apostate spirit of darkness. Had he fallen by an holy angel, he might have alleged that he met with his match, and so could not stand it; or had he fallen by the exertion of almighty power, he would still have boasted that he had put God to his utmost: but, that he should fall before the human nature, at which he had a particular spite; that he should fall before a man, a dying man, a crucified man, what shame and mortification was this!

In fine, God is glorified as the holy and righteous Governor of the world: Satan, the implacable adversary, the malicious accuser, the very firebrand of the creation, is shamefully defeated, baffled, and confounded; and poor man is restored into the favour and friendship of the Deity, which he had forfeited by his transgression. Well may we cry out, with the blessed Apostle, and the angels in heaven will very readily join in the exclamation, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"—*Boston.*

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

THE conception of education apart from religious instruction, cannot be realized in practice. It is quite true, that without giving religious instruction, you may teach a child reading, writing, arithmetic, and many things more; but, carry this system of lessons to what extent you will, it is not education. The process of education surely involves the formation of a child's habit of thought, manners, and morals; from which certainly it would not seem possible wholly to exclude religious elements of some kind. If lessons be one part of education, moral culture is another, and one quite as indispensable; and this necessity implies the communication of religious ideas, and the employment of religious motives. Conceive the total omission of these in the process, and to what result could it possibly be conducted? The universal conviction of that indispensable admixture of the religious element in education, is expressed in the uniform desire that schoolmasters should be good and religious men. If this desire arises in part from the feeling that such men will execute their office more faithfully, it arises in part also from the feeling that they will execute it in a better manner. Is it possible that a master, himself religious, can educate a child without perpetual inculcation of religious sentiment and application of religious motive? By what use of constraint or violence upon himself could he act at such habitual variance with his own character? We must have religious education, unless we make it a *sine qua non* to have teachers without religion. But teachers without religion are teachers positively irreligious, (for there is no neutrality in this matter,) and education in their hands must be irreligious too. There is no such thing possible, therefore, as a merely non-religious education: education must be either religious or anti-religious. Even those who cry out most loudly against teaching children religion, are within the scope of my argument. They are for repudiating

the Bible, and setting aside Christianity; but it is because they will have a higher morality than Christianity teaches, and draw from philosophy sublimer doctrines than the Bible contains. I demand, then, to be informed, why these sublimer doctrines and purer morals are not to be called religion? Whether the attributes of God be learned from David or from Plato, the respective sentiments are equally, I presume, "theological dogmas;" and being brought to bear upon the minds of children, tend equally to impress upon education a religious character. I repeat my assertion, then, that the conception of education, apart from religious instruction, cannot be realized in practice. To consent to an anti-religious education would of course be impossible; and there can be no other, unless it be a religious one.—*English Churchman.*

THE AWAKENED SINNER.

A SINNER by repentance is brought out of a state of insensibility, to one of sensibility. No sooner is a person awakened out of sleep, than he finds himself endued with the use of all his senses, powers, and faculties. He walketh abroad, and his eyes are blessed with a sight of the whole creation risen with him from the dead, and rejoicing in the glorious light shining upon it from above. He surveys that lovely variety which displays itself upon the face of the earth, and beholds the beauty and brightness of the firmament of heaven. But chiefly his attention is fixed on the ruler of the day, who gives life and comeliness to all things. His ears are entertained with the music of the birds of the air, who fail not with the sprightliest notes to salute the rising sun; and his nostrils are refreshed with the grateful smell sent forth, in the hour of its prime, from the ground and its productions. He is prepared to taste with delight the food afforded him by the bounty of God; and no part of his body is without the sensation proper and necessary for it. Similar to this is the alteration which takes place in the soul of the humble penitent, when at the call of God he awakes, and arises from the dead. If the light be sweet, and it be pleasant to behold the sun, sweet to the mind likewise is the light of life, and a pleasant thing it is to the eyes of the understanding to behold the Sun of righteousness, who bestows by his word that divine knowledge, that heavenly wisdom, which is then what material light is to the bodily organs of vision. Hereby the penitent believer is enabled to behold the wonderful works of the Lord, the mighty things he had done for his soul; having created the world out of darkness into his marvellous light. But, above all his works, he is led to contemplate and to adore the Author of them all; to look up steadfastly, with Stephen, into heaven, and see Jesus enthroned on the right hand of the Majesty on high, enlightening and enlivening all things by the glory of his grace.—*Bishop Horne.*

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

AMONG the special comforts which the children of God receive from the Holy Ghost, we find that He is in their hearts the PLEDGE of Christ's presence, John xiv. 16—18; the WITNESS of their adoption, Rom. viii. 15, 16; the GUIDE of their life, John xvi. 13; the COMFORTER of their souls, John xiv. 26, xv. 26; the SEAL of their redemption, Eph. i. 13, iv. 30; and the FIRST-FRUITS of their salvation, Rom. viii. 23.

And I may know that I have the Spirit, because He hath CONVINCED my judgment, John xvi. 8; CONVERTED my soul, Acts xxvi. 18, Isaiah lxi. 1; and, having mixed the word with my faith, Heb. iv. 2, is become as LIFE to quicken me, John vi. 63; as WATER to cleanse me, Ezek. xxxvi. 25; as OIL to cheer me, Heb. i. 9; as FIRE to melt and refine me, Matt. iii. 11.

And I may keep the Spirit, now that I have it, by nourishing the good notions and means of it, 1 Thess. v. 17—20; being fearful to grieve, quench, resist, or molest Him, Eph. iv. 30, 1 Thess. v. 19, Acts viii. 29; careful to be led by Him, and to show forth His fruits, Rom. viii. 1, 14, Gal. v. 18, 22.—*Ussher.*

CHRISTIANITY THE DIRECT AGENT IN SOCIAL REGENERATION.

CHRISTIANITY is the fundamental influence; that which supports all other means of ameliorating the condition of man; that which is the source of modern science, law, art, and education; that which suggests and inspires all the movements of philanthropy; and that alone which works a radical change in the character of a man, subduing his natural selfishness, and subjecting him to

the control of reason, conscience, and love. No human wisdom can devise a successful plan for harmonizing the interests of the human race, so that wars and fightings will not come forth from their lusts, and bring them "into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members," until "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" shall make them free. Oppression, violence, bloodshed, intemperance, licentiousness, crime, and cruelty in every form, will scourge the earth, so long and so far as the native character of man shall bear sway in the world. We look, therefore, to vital Christianity to be the harbinger of that age of order, peace, and social happiness that the world is reaching after not in vain. The reconciliation of individuals will reconcile nations. Defensive war will cease with the cessation of offences. No more innocent blood will stain the "new earth," when man himself shall become a "new creature" in Christ. Not only will the great fountains of human suffering—war, slavery, intemperance, and licentiousness—be dried up, but righteousness and truth, beneficence and courtesy, reigning in human hearts, and shining in all human intercourse, will leave no right unregarded, no want unsupplied, and no suffering unrelieved. This is not a vision of enthusiasm, nor a dream of philosophy. Were it not for the testimony of divine revelation, we should entertain no such expectations. With this encouragement, we can anticipate all that we have delineated. We can believe that science and art, civil government and education, will contribute, as handmaids of religion, an abundant supply for the temporal wants of man; and that religion, by its direct agency, will bring the race to the exercise of mutual forbearance and generosity. This is what is wanted, all that is wanted, and all that is consistent with a state of trial and preparation for a responsible existence beyond the grave.—*New-Englander.*

MISQUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." A smooth line of Sterne. Compare Isai. xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Drawn from the Episcopalian burial-service.

"Bread and wine, which the Lord has commanded to be received." From the Church of England Catechism.

That the Spirit "would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scripture is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." (Prov. xii. 10.)

"A nation shall be born in a day." "Shall a nation be born at once?" (Isai. lxvi. 8.)

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." (Prov. xxvii. 17.)

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth it." (Hab. ii. 2.)

"Owe no man anything but love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." (Rom. xiii. 8.)

In the following passages the Italics are not in Scripture:—

"There am I in the midst of them, *and that to bless them and do them good.*" (Comp. Exod. xx. 24.)

"That the word of the Lord may have free course, *and run*, and be glorified." (2 Thess. iii. 1.)

"Above all that we ask or think, *or are worthy to receive.*" (Eph. iii. 20.)

"With him is plenteous redemption, *that he may be sought unto.*" (Psal. cxxx. 7.)

Prayer that "what was sown in weakness, may be raised in power." (Comp. 1 Cor. xv. 43.)

"Neither hath it entered into the heart of man *to conceive* the things." Scripture: "Neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c.; "but God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit." (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.)—*N. Y. O.*

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

Charity.—Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbour; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbour if thou wantest faith to God: where they are not both together, they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.—*Quarles.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

EXPERIENCE OF A POOR BUT PIOUS WOMAN.

At a small village on the border of Derbyshire, resided an excellent though poor woman, named Anne Longstone. She was united with the first Wesleyan society in that place, and by persevering industry in a most laborious means of subsistence, she was enabled, by the blessing of God, to provide day by day for her actual necessities.

As though it were the intention of the Most High to demonstrate to the world how very small a part of man's life consists in the things which he possesses, this true disciple of Jesus was fed daily with food convenient for her, yet not knowing whence her next meal should come. Her sole dependence was on the faithful promise, "Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure;" (Isaiah xxxiii. 16;) and while her hands were busily employed in fulfilling her allotted task, her heart was ever found waiting upon God, believing that he would supply all her need until he should be pleased to call her to himself. She served the God of her mercies until she attained the full measure of her days, threescore years and ten; nor then did the promise of her heavenly Father fail. She hoped in his word, and proved his providential care to the end of her pilgrimage, which was as singular as it was glorious.

The calls of hunger pressing her to make ready a little food, she examined her stock of provisions, and found that, when brought together, it amounted only to a few potatoes. This scanty supply, however, appears to have been quite equal to her present desires. She sat down to make the accustomed preparation for her dinner; and a neighbour coming in at the time to inquire after her health, she exclaimed, "I feel that I am in the presence of God, and on the borders of heaven. This is all I possess; but my heavenly Father who sent me this, can supply me with more when I want it;" and added, "I am not well; but, thanks to the Friend of sinners, I can still sing his praise." Then, as if conscious that the hour of her departure was at hand, she began to sing those memorable lines:—

> "Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
> And in his arms shall lose my breath;
> O then, my happy soul shall tell,
> My Jesus hath done all things well!"

Her friend was deeply struck with the piety and fervour of this her last tribute of praise while on earth. Having concluded the strain, while her kind neighbour was gazing at her, and wondering at the mighty power of God over the natural depravity of the human heart, she had just time to receive her sinking frame into her arms, before the happy spirit took its everlasting flight to the throne of that God who had led her so many years through the wilderness of this world.

This venerable woman possessed the grace of God in her heart; his promise in her Bible; a circle of Christian friends who knew her worth, and with whom she could take sweet counsel; and a regular supply for her wants, which, if not amounting to thousands of gold and silver, was quite sufficient to excite the confidence of a child of God in a state of poverty. She had enough, and a few potatoes to spare.

"A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked." (Psalm xxxvii. 16.)

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE SUCCESSFUL MOTHER.

"O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—Matt. xv. 28.

Mothers, here is an example for you to imitate; here is encouragement for you under your trials; here is a mother who had a daughter possessed of the devil, grievously vexed. The case seemed desperate. The trial was of long standing; all her efforts had hitherto been in vain; her discouragements were many and great; she was a Gentile; she came forbidden: when she came, Jesus would not notice her; when she cried, "he answered her not a word;" her perseverance offended the disciples, and they said, "Send her away;" when the Saviour addressed her, his language appeared unkind, as though he had called her a dog; her application appeared to be useless, for he said, "I am only sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" but she would not be discouraged. She had heard that he was kind, and she believed it. She had heard that he never had refused any one who applied to him, and she believed it. She believed that he could help her, and no one else. She believed that he would help her, and therefore she persevered. And as she believed, so it was: when tried, she came forth as gold, and Jesus said unto her, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

Mothers, does not this woman's conduct reprove you? Is there no reason to fear that she will rise up in the judgment, and condemn many mothers? many professing mothers? Will she condemn you? You have children dear to you as hers was: yours also are possessed by Satan, for he is "the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience;" (Eph. ii. 2;) that is, in all unconverted children. No one can cast out Satan, and make your children the temples of the Holy Ghost, but Jesus: but he can; he daily does so in the instance of others. But do you feel for them as that mother did? Do you believe the danger they are in, as pointed out in your Bible? Do you believe them to be children of wrath, under the curse of the law, and exposed to all the terrors of the Lord? Do you apply to Jesus as though you believed this? Do you persevere as this woman did? Remember you have greater encouragement, you know more of Jesus than she did: you are invited by him; she was not; he bids you come to him. Are you burdened with the state of your family, and does your concern for their eternal welfare weary you? He says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." You have his promise, "I will in no wise cast out." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." You have also many encouraging examples. (Matt xiv. 34—36.) Hannah was heard for Samuel, Lois was heard for Timothy, and you will be heard for yours.

Mothers, does not your own conduct reprove you? If your child is sick, you send for the surgeon, consult the nurse, watch it by night and by day, sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense, that it may be restored again to health; but do you act thus in reference to the souls of your children, which are sick, and dying with the disease of sin? You have sat up the whole night to watch beside the couch of the sick body; but did you ever devote part of the night for the special purpose of seeking the salvation of the soul? You have suspended all other business to attend to the suffering body; but are you as ready to leave business, at times, to plead with God for the soul? You consider that you would not be justified, that your conscience would not acquit you, if you had left any likely means untried to restore bodily health; but have you tried all means, with the same care, concern, and promptness, for the salvation of the soul? And if not, how can you be justified, or how can your consciences acquit you? Consider this; consider it seriously, as before God; and the Lord make you consistent mothers.—*Rev. James Smith.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FATAL CAREER OF A BACKSLIDER.

PART II.

"The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
Notes of the death-march float upon the wind;
And stately steps are pacing round that square
With slow and measured tread: but every brow
Is darken'd with emotion, and stern eyes,
That look'd unshrinking on the face of death,
When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
The silent ring is form'd, and in the midst
Stands the deserter."

For the first time since his lamentable fall, Robert began now bitterly to bewail his apostasy from God. He had indeed long been awakened to a sense of his sins, by the miseries which they had entailed upon him. But those convictions were unaccompanied by repentance. No contrition of soul was felt; no tears of penitence bedewed his pallid cheeks; no desire to return to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul, had been breathed from his heart. *Now*, his agony of mind arose more from a review of his sinful practices than from the contemplation of his sufferings. And on several occasions, while strolling along the solitary beach, gazing upon the vast expanse of waters, or listening to the loud roar of the breakers, he would sigh for the return of those hallowing joys which once possessed his bosom. On those occasions, had he met with some pious Christian to take him by the hand, some devoted messenger of the cross, to whom he could with confidence reveal what was passing in his mind, his convictions might have been deepened, his desires for salvation strengthened, and the hapless wanderer might have again been directed to the Saviour of sinners. But the low calling which he was now compelled to pursue, was little calculated to further the progress of reformation. Most of his visits were confined to public-houses, to the tap-rooms of which his customers chiefly resorted. Thus mingling with the society of the intemperate, his convictions were often lost amidst the roar of the drunkard's song.

One evening, on entering one of these places, he found a party of soldiers, who had come to the town for the purpose of beating

up for recruits. It was at the time when war was ravaging most of the countries of Europe. The Sergeant of the company fixed his eyes upon Robert, and invited him to drink. He could not withstand the temptation, and, seating himself by the side of the soldier, endeavoured to drown his melancholy reflections in the inebriating cup. In the delirium of intoxication he found a temporary relief. The wily Sergeant, taking advantage of his helpless situation, descanted, in his broad Scotch accent, on the advantages of a military life, and the flattering prospects of promotion which the army opened to the view of a steady and obedient soldier. The consequence was, Robert was induced by the arguments of the Sergeant to enlist; thus binding himself to a profession which he had previously held in the greatest abhorrence.

In a few weeks, the party, with their young recruits, were ordered to join the regiment, which was quartered in a distant part of the country. In proceeding to the place of their destination, they had to pass through Robert's native town. It was evening when they approached its suburbs. The sun had already sunk below the horizon, leaving a purple glow on the summits of the distant hills. Through the grey twilight which succeeded his departure, Robert gazed pensively on the well-known scenery; and while his thoughtless companions were indulging in laughter and merriment, his thoughts were so intently occupied by the recollections of the past, that the tears involuntarily started into his eyes, and he turned aside to weep. The following beautiful lines of Gray came to his remembrance; and, with deep emotion, he repeated them to himself:—

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields! beloved in vain;
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!"

"What is the matter with you, comrade?" said one of the party, who had noticed his dejected countenance. "Cheer up! who knows, but in twelve months you will be promoted to the rank of an officer?"

This unexpected sally put an end to his meditations; and he endeavoured, though with a desperate effort, to regain his wonted buoyancy. But in marching through the town, and recognising many of his former associates, his heart seemed to die within him; and in spite of many an inward struggle to suppress the agonizing emotions which a consideration of his present situation had awakened in his bosom, he felt himself unequal to the task; his lips became compressed; his eyes closed; his head fell back; and, overcome by the agitation of his feelings, he sunk fainting on the ground. In this state he was conveyed to the nearest inn, where he soon recovered.

"What a fool I was, Sergeant," said Robert, "to give way to such childish feelings! But it is all over now."

"And what were you thinkin' o', young man?" inquired the Sergeant: "was 't aboot some bonnie lassie, whom ye hae left behin'? Or perhaps ye been thinkin' o' yere absent mither, and felt unco' sorry 'cause ye did na tak her advice. But when she hears that ye hae become a great man in the army, she will be filled wi' mickle joy. Cheer up, chiel! cheer up! An' I can tell ye for yere encouragement, most of the men in our regiment are wild scape-graces, downright blackguards; so that a honest laddie, like yerself, is sure of preferment. That is the reason why I hae been promoted to the rank o' a Sergeant! D' ye hear that, mon?"

"I have no mother, Sergeant," replied Robert; "she died soon after giving me birth; and my poor father has long since gone to his long home. But while passing through this, my native town, I could not forbear weeping. I thought it might be the last time that I should behold the scenes of my early youth."

"Aweel, aweel! a gude night's rest will prepare you for to-morrow's march."

The sun rose the next morning in peerless beauty; and scarcely had his radiant beams lighted up the face of nature, when the party resumed their march. Nothing particular occurred, till they reached the place of their destination. In the regiment Robert found several of the most desperate characters. Their blasphemous expressions, their obscene conversation, and infidel practices, at first caused him to shudder. But a more intimate acquaintance with them, tended to initiate him into all their horrid vices; and in a short time he avowed himself an Atheist.

Being naturally irritable, and having shaken off the restraints of that religion which would have checked the violence of his spirit, he became more and more dissatisfied with his subordinate situation in the army, and was impatient of the authority of his officers. On one occasion, he peremptorily refused to obey the orders of the Sergeant; and in the heat of his passion attempted to strike him. This being reported, he was sentenced to receive two hundred lashes. This inhuman punishment, under the infliction of which he several times fainted, instead of subduing the turbulence of his spirit, rendered him desperate; and he subsequently determined to desert. At the time when the regiment was in expectation of being called to join the forces already stationed on the Continent, he suddenly left the neighbourhood, accompanied by a female of light character, with whom he had formed an intimacy during his residence in the barracks. The fugitives hurried to London, and took lodgings in one of the back alleys, in a crowded part of the city. Here the unhappy

man supposed himself free from detection. But at the expiration of a fortnight, as he was ruminating on his future prospects and pursuits, the door of his apartment was opened, and two soldiers belonging to his regiment entered the room in which he was sitting. The deserter uttered a wild scream of horror, and a death-like paleness overspread his countenance. Seeing the futility of attempting any resistance, he at once surrendered himself to their custody.

"But," said he, "was it by human or diabolical agency that you were directed here? In this solitary room I thought myself secure from all apprehension of pursuit."

"We have to thank your *fair* companion," replied one of the soldiers, "for giving us intelligence of your snug retreat. She appears to have had more love for the money which she hopes to obtain for your arrest, than for her soldier-laddie."

At this information, the eyes of the deserter seemed to start from their sockets; and for a moment he stood motionless as a statue.

"Comrades," he at length exclaimed, "I will be revenged! Before I leave this hated place, I will be her executioner. Then I shall be prepared to face my own."

"That is not in your power, my gallant fellow," was the laconic reply: "the wily hussey knows better than to return till you are purified from the smoke of London. Did you not observe how nimbly she sallied out of the room, when we entered? And perhaps you were too agitated to notice the arch smile that played upon her *beautiful* features, when she found that you were so soon to become our prisoner!"

Robert made no reply; and in a sullen mood left the house, accompanied by the soldiers.

It will be unnecessary to recount the various incidents which attended the party during their melancholy journey, or the fearful forebodings of the unhappy man respecting the fate that awaited him; the shame and confusion which covered his face, when encountering the officers of the regiment; or the particulars of his trial before a court-martial. By that rigid tribunal he was sentenced to be shot!

The wretched criminal was then removed to the condemned cell, the solitude of which but too well accorded with the melancholy reflections he was indulging respecting his approaching fate. In the evening he was visited by a pious Clergyman, who entered his cell for the purpose of preparing him for the premature death that awaited him, by directing him to the Saviour, and by imparting the consolations of religion to one who was already on the brink of the eternal world. Long did he discourse on the awful nature of sin; of the unmerited love of Christ in laying down his life as a ransom for a guilty world; of the willingness of God to pardon and receive the chief of sinners. "My son," said he, "are you not sensible of your sin? Are you not melted with a sense of that love which was displayed on the blood-stained cross? Are you not willing to embrace such a Saviour, and accept his overtures of mercy? Speak, my son; and let me hope that in the eleventh hour of your existence you will make a surrender of your heart to God!" Robert spoke not. A determined sullenness still sat upon his countenance.

"What is your age? asked the Minister.

"I am twenty-five," was the reply.

"Are your parents living?"

"No; they are both dead."

"Doubtless you have friends."

"None that I care about."

"But, my son, there is a Friend that cares for *you;* one who is not willing that you should perish. He is a 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Will you not conciliate his friendship? Will you not come to him, that you may have life? Remember you will shortly have to appear before his awful tribunal; and there is but a step between you and death! Do, for God's sake, for your soul's sake; nay, for *my* sake." Here the aged Minister's feelings overpowered him; and he wept on the bosom of the hardened youth. "Listen to the word of exhortation. Learn to subdue that stubbornness of will. Humble yourself before God. On the borders of the grave he offers you pardon; a pardon bought with blood! Repent, before it be too late. 'For now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

Alas! the counsels of the venerable man were disregarded; and to his earnest exhortations the relentless prisoner turned a deaf ear. It was too evident that his heart had become callous; and his affections alienated from God, through the deceitfulness of sin. He maintained the same insensibility, the same sullenness of temper, during the remainder of his incarceration in the gloomy cell.

At length the hour appointed for the execution arrived. The fatal morning was already "spread upon the mountains." For the last time Robert beheld its dawning light gradually returning to the damp walls of his dreary prison. The sun rose in splendour, shedding his earliest beams on the lofty turrets which proudly nodded over the military fortress. The soldiers were on the parade; their sable plumes waving in the breeze, and their brightly polished arms glittering in the solar rays. Presently they began to move in slow procession; while the dismal notes of the muffled drum were heard, beating to the "dead march," interrupted at intervals by the shrill tremor of the fifes. Agreeably to the directions of the Adjutant, they formed themselves into a square, towards the extremity of which the prisoner, having his hands bound, walked with solemn steps,

accompanied by the Clergyman, whose pious instructions though as yet unsuccessful, were continued with equal earnestness. The coffin which was shortly to receive his mutilated remains, was borne before him. Most of the regiment seemed greatly affected by the appearance of the youthful victim. His tall commanding figure, his handsome features, rendered still more interesting by the paleness which overspread them; and the undaunted firmness with which he appeared to contemplate the awful scene, struck them with a degree of awe; and the moisture was seen to fill the eyes of many a hardy soldier who had never wept before.

"I cannot leave you," said the Clergyman, addressing himself to the prisoner, who was now kneeling on his coffin, "I cannot leave you without experiencing the most distressing feelings, unless I witness you making a final appeal to Heaven for mercy. Think, my son, in a few minutes that coffin will contain your lifeless corpse! O think, you are about to appear before a higher tribunal than that which has sentenced you to a temporal death. If you die unpardoned, unconverted, your sentence will be that of *eternal death*."

"I know it," said the youth, with his usual coolness: "*I have preached to others, and now I am myself a castaway.* But from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for your unremitting attention. May your exhortations be more successful with others than they have been with me."

The Clergyman was about to retire.

"Stop," said Robert, "stop one moment more. I have a request to make: it is the request of a dying man. Pride has been my ruin: the indulgence of that hateful passion first turned me from the way of righteousness. *In your future ministrations, fail not to bring before your hearers my wretched example, as a warning to backsliders.* And now farewell for ever."

The party who had been appointed to the melancholy office, now received the awful word to fire. In an instant the surrounding rocks reverberated with the fatal report, and Robert was hurried into the presence of his God.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE KING-VULTURE.

This beautiful species is a native of the inter-tropical regions of America, and is seen occasionally in Florida, probably its most northern limits. It is not, like the condor, a mountain-bird, but tenants the low, humid

forests bordering rivers and savannas, where animal life is abundant, and where decomposition rapidly succeeds death. It is amidst the most luxuriant scenery that this monarch of the vultures reigns, the turkey-buzzard and gallinazo being in subjection under him. Waterton, in his amusing work, relates that while sailing up the Essequebo, he observed a pair of King-vultures sitting on the naked branch of a tree, with about a dozen of the common species, waiting to begin the feast upon a goat, killed by a jaguar, but which he had been forced to abandon. The pair seemed rather to tolerate the presence of the rest, than to associate with them on terms of familiarity. The same traveller, having killed a large serpent, caused it to be carried into the forest as a lure for one of those vultures, which he wished to obtain. He watched the result. "The foliage," he says, "where we laid the snake was impervious to the sun's rays, and had any vultures passed over that part of the forest, I think I may say with safety, that they would not have seen the body through the shade. For the first two days not a vulture made its appearance at the spot, though I could see a *vulture aura* gliding on apparently immovable pinions at a moderate height over the tops of the forest-trees. But during the afternoon of the same day, when the carcass of the serpent had got into a state of putrefaction, more than twenty of the common vultures came and perched upon the neighbouring trees; and the next morning, a little before six o'clock, I saw a magnificent King of the vultures. There was a stupendous mora-tree close by, whose topmost branch had either been tried by time or blasted by the thunder-storm. Upon this branch I killed the King of the vultures, before it had descended to partake of the savoury food which had attracted it to the place. Soon after this another King of the vultures came, and after he had stuffed himself almost to suffocation, the rest pounced down upon the remains of the serpent, and stayed there till they had devoured the last morsel." The colours of the King-vulture are very splendid. The naked skin of the head and neck is deeply tinged with mingled scarlet, orange, and violet; beneath the eye are several deep wrinkles converging to a fold of skin extending obliquely downwards along the neck. Over the *cere* of the beak hangs a loose comb of bright orange; the circle round the eyes is scarlet, in singular contrast with the pearl white of the iris; the ruff round the bottom of the neck is soft, and downy, and of a delicate grey. The general plumage is of a bright fawn-colour; the quill-feathers, the greater coverts, and tail-feathers glossy black. Length about two feet and a half; expanse of wings upwards of five feet. The young birds of the year have a dull bluish plumage, and a violet head and neck; in the second year their plumage is dusky, marked with longitudinal white spots; in the third year the permanent colouring is nearly assumed, and is completed on the subsequent change of feathers.

THE TIGER SPRING.

It is, perhaps, worthy of mention, as tending to correct an erroneous idea commonly received, that tigers never, or very seldom, leap upon the object of their attack. I mean that, in their charge they do not entirely quit the ground. They generally, in all cases which I have seen, raise themselves erect upon their hind-legs when within a few paces of the object they are charging, and, taking a step or two in this upright posture, they cast themselves with all their force against it, striking at the same time with their paws. Some few sportsmen have averred that they have seen the tiger leap upon his prey, or upon his foe. Now, positive information is certainly better than negative: it is no reason the clock did not strike thirteen because I did not hear it; and I do not mean to say that the tiger never does leap upon his victim, or never has done so. We know that this animal, like the cat, is formed with peculiar powers for leaping; and that, when pursued, it has been known to spring over brooks, enclosures, and other obstructions, with a wonderful bound. It would be absurd, then, to say that it never does leap, in making its charge, or in fixing itself upon an adversary. I merely affirm that it very seldom does so, instinct or experience teaching that the other is the more effectual mode of the two. A full-grown Bengal tiger will rear himself upright from the ground at least ten feet; and, in that posture, would easily be able to fix his claws upon the back of an elephant, and in that manner draw himself completely up; so that a superficial observer would be apt to think he had employed a spring, when such was not the case. The latter is, I believe, a very general notion amongst those who have not been close observers of the animal, and even among many of the people in India. The correction here offered is not formed upon the strength of my own impressions merely, but I have the opinion of many true sportsmen to back it.—*First Impressions of Hindostan.*

LEVIATHAN.

In Job we are presented with a truly magnificent description of Leviathan. It is most interesting to mark this delighted contemplation by God of his own works, thus stamping a warrant of sacredness on our tasteful admiration of them, as of the parts, and the power, and the comely proportion of this noble creature. We can approach or come so near as to put the bridle upon him! The "face of his garment" may just be the

outer surface of the skin, which is his clothing. The "doors of his face" is a highly poetical expression; and still more beautifully so is the comparison of his eyes to the eyelids of the morning. And what an impression of strength is given by the impenetrable closeness of his scales and flakes of flesh, as well as of his marvellous power, in the light given forth by his neesings, and the electric fire that he casts about him by his breathings and agitations in the water. The "sorrow being turned into joy" is not very clear; it may be that the sorrow of others whom he makes his prey is his joy. The strength of his inward parts is most forcibly depicted. His excellency both of might and gracefulness is all the more enhanced by the helplessness of all who are opposed to him. His breaking is obscure and variously interpreted. It may be that when he throws the sea into breakers by his motion, they repent of their sins as if on the eve of perishing. His superiority to fear and danger is finely described. What a *vis poetica* in the trait of his laughing at the shaking of a spear! So impenetrable is the lining of his body that he can lie with ease on the sharp stones that are under him, or, as if in ostentation of his hardiness, is represented as spreading them beneath him upon the mire. And the effect of his movement in the waters is given with great strength of imagery and expression, raising such a commotion there as to make the sea like a boiling pot. The electric luminousness that is excited by these agitations is adverted to; and there is immense power in the feature that "one would think the deep to be hoary." It is made white and foamy, like curled and white hair, by the number of bells which ascend from his path, and by which, though himself unseen, one might trace his progress through the deep. Altogether he is unrivalled, and stands in fear of nothing, the proudest of the proud, or one so superior in strength and greatness to the proud ones of the earth that they might well be humbled in the contemplation of him. There are various conjectures respecting leviathan, whether he be whale or crocodile. It is truly a gorgeous representation that is here given of him; nor is the last trait the least impressive, where he is represented as looking down upon all things, and as King over all the children of pride.—*Dr. Chalmers's Daily Scripture Readings.*

BIRD INSTINCT.

In places frequented by the common blackbird and thrush, you may sometimes see a stone, which may be called the butcher's-block of these birds; to this they carry the snails which they collect, and which they seem to know that their bills, without the aid of such a solid fulcrum, would find some difficulty in piercing. A still higher effort of reflection, and, it may be said, of invention, is related by Mr. Yarrell (*British Birds*, vol. iii., p. 465) of a gull which, for the first time, had made a lark its prey, but had some difficulty in devouring it. After some ineffectual efforts to swallow it, he paused for a moment; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he ran off full speed to a pan of water, shook the bird about in it until well soaked, and immediately gulped it down without further trouble. Since that time he invariably has recourse to the same expedient in similar cases. It is amusing to observe the proceedings of the cormorant, shag, and the looma, in dealing with the refractory subjects which they sometimes fish up in the course of their researches under water. If the prize be a crab, it is taken to the surface, and, fully aware of the danger of attempting to swallow it whole, it is there dropped, and a smart peck of the bill is made at the legs. These are either knocked off by the blow, or the crab is induced to throw them off, according to the known practice of these creatures when injured. Each of these is then seized and swallowed in succession; and the body, by this time become a mere lump, is gulped down last of all. A launce or shanny, if caught across the mouth or held by the tail, is flung aloft, and caught in a convenient posture as it falls. If the prey be a flounder or plaice, it is thrown on the surface, and pecked so violently as to dislocate the firm arrangement of transverse bones, and thus deprive the muscles of their strong contractile power, by which so rigid an obstruction was thrown in the way of swallowing. It is then rolled up into a cylinder, and easily disposed of. A close observer of nature informed me, that his attention was directed to a cormorant, which appeared to be much distended about the neck and throat; but, while watching its proceedings, the bird discovered his presence, and endeavoured to escape, by which means its attention became distracted, and an eel started from its jaws, and employed much active effort to effect its retreat. Unwilling to lose so valuable a morsel, the bird pursued it, and was again successful; but it was not now in haste to engulf its prey. Repeatedly and violently did it peck the fish through the whole of its length, and then again seized it across its bill; but, still finding it capable of too much activity, it continued to peck it, until the whole of its powers of contortion were subdued, and there was no further risk of its again effecting an escape from its dungeon.

MICE.

The nest of the harvest-mouse, which is the smallest of all known British quadrupeds, only one-sixth of the size of the common house-mouse; for two harvest-mice placed

in a scale will not do more than weigh down a single halfpenny;—its little nest is beautifully constructed of leaves, and sometimes the softer portion of reeds. About the middle there is a small hole, just large enough to admit the point of the little finger; this is the entrance to the nest, which the mouse closes up when it goes out in quest of food; and yet this fairy structure, which a man might enclose in the palm of his hand, and which might be tumbled across the table like a ball without disarranging it, often contains as many as eight or nine little naked blind mice; for even when full-grown the whole length of the head and body scarcely exceeds two inches. During the winter months it retires to its burrow under the ground, unless it should be fortunate enough to get into a corn-stack. It is one of the prettiest of our English animals, and may be kept in a cage, like white mice, where it will amuse itself for several minutes at a time by turning round a wire wheel. Its chief food is corn, although it will occasionally feed upon insects. How the harvest-mouse contrives to give nourishment to eight or nine young ones in that round and confined little nest was a puzzle to that clever naturalist, Gilbert White; and as he could not resolve so difficult a question, he imagined that she must make holes in different parts of the nest, and so feed one at a time. It is very amusing to watch the habits of this beautiful little creature in a cage, to see how she will twine her tail around the wires, clean herself with her paws, and lap water like a dog: it is the little tomtit of animals.

Even the common mouse, which is so great a pest to our houses, is an elegantly shaped little animal, although it is such a plague in the cupboard and the larder. Wherever man goes, it follows him; let him build ever so princely a mansion, he is sure to have the little mouse for a tenant; he walks in, we cannot tell how, and when he has once obtained possession, he is in no hurry to start again; he helps himself to whatever he can reach, without asking any one's permission; and he never saw a carpet in his life that he ever thought was too good for himself and his little companions to play upon. He is a capital judge of cheese; and were half-a-dozen sorts placed upon the shelf, he would be sure to help himself to the very best; and yet in Wales they think nothing of catching this pretty inoffensive pest alive, tying him up by the tail, and hanging him before the fire to roast, believing that the screams the little mouse makes while writhing in this horrible agony is the means of driving all the rest of the mice out of the house. What noble-hearted English boy would not like to crack Taffy's head with a good stick while he was superintending such cruel cookery? For my part, I should think it no sin to hold his nose for an instant against the hot bars. None but a person of most depraved and brutalized mind could be guilty of such unnatural cruelty.

Now, adds Mr. Miller, I will tell you a story about three blind mice:—

"There were three blind mice
All sat on a shelf eating rice:
'I say,' said one, 'O! isn't it nice?'
'I think,' said another, 'it wants a little spice.
'My dear sir,' said the third, 'you are rather too
precise;
Eat more, and talk a little less,
Was our poor pa's advice,
A truth he oft tried to impress
On his little brown, blind mice.'

"The old grey cat
Sat on the thick rope mat,
Washing her face and head,
And listening to what they said.
'Stop,' said she, 'till I've wiped me dry,
And I'll be with you by and by;
And if I'm not mistaken,
Unless you save your bacon,
My boys, I'll make you fly.'

"She pricks up her ears,
And to the cupboard goes,
Saying, 'Wait a bit, my dears,
Till I hook you with my toes,
For, as I haven't dined to-day,
I'll just take lunch, then go away;
And as she walk'd quite perpendicular,
Said, 'I'm not at all particular.'

"Without any further talk,
She made a sudden spring,
And, like many clever folk
Who aim at every thing,
She overleap'd her mark,
And in their hole so dark
The mice got safe away.
Said the cat, 'This is notorious!'
And she mew'd out quite uproarious."

—*Miller's Boy's Autumn Book.*

THE PUMA AND THE OUNCE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE nameless Mexican lion (the puma) roams through the upper regions of the forest, where he has almost undisputed hunting-ground. He fearlessly assails victims who cannot effectually defend themselves, such as the horse, the mule, and the ass, and he tears large pieces of flesh from their ribs. But he does not venture to meddle with the oxen. He shuns men, and in the forest he even flies from the unarmed Indian. I fired at a very large puma, which immediately fled, roaring loudly. When severely wounded and driven into a corner, this animal frequently commences a combat of despair, and sometimes kills the hunter. The puma measures in length about four feet, and in height more than two feet. More direful than any of the felines of South America is the sanguinary ounce,* which possesses vast strength and is

* The Indian name for this animal is *Chaque chinca*. The black variety, *Yana chinca*, is called by the Spaniards *Tigre*, or *Yaguar*.

of a most savage disposition. Though the favourite haunts of this animal are the expansive pajonales, yet he frequently takes up his abode in the vicinity of villages and plantations, spreading terror among the inhabitants. Far from being intimidated at the sight of men, he often attacks individuals, and, when pressed by hunger, is not afraid, even in broad daylight, to slip into the forest-villages, in order to carry off food. And the booty, when once seized, is not easily recovered.

Sometimes the villagers collect their dogs together for a general hunt. They drive the ounce into a place from whence there is no escape, or often up a tree, where they shoot him with long arrows sent from their bows or blow-tubes. In a few places snares are laid, or large holes are dug, and a sharp-pointed stake is stuck in the middle, covered with stalks and branches of trees, on which bait is laid. The ounce is, however, too cunning to be easily caught in traps; and it is only when pressed by hunger that he can be tempted by a bait. In some districts the ounces have increased so greatly, and done so much damage, that the natives have been compelled to remove and settle in other places. I need only refer to the Quebrada of Mayunmarca, in the Montana of Huanta, near the road to Anco. There once stood the little village of Mayunmarca, which has been abandoned for more than a hundred years, as it was found that the jaguars annually decimated the inhabitants. This Quebrada is still in such bad repute that not a single Indian will venture into it.

There is a black variety of the ounce, by many erroneously regarded as a distinct species. It has the identical marks of the common jaguar, or ounce, only its colour is a dark, blackish brown, whereby the whole of the black spots are rendered indistinct. On the lower banks of the Ucayali and the Maranon this dark variety is more frequently met with than in the higher forests: in the Montanas of Huanta and Urubamba it is also not uncommon. It is upon the whole larger, stronger, and more daring than the lighter kind, and I have actually seen many black skins which exceed the usual length; but of specific distinctions there is no indication. The superstitious Indians assign extraordinary powers to everything that departs from the common course: the black ounce is, accordingly, supposed to possess singular properties.—*Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

OUR SERVANTS.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

To the Editor of "The Christian Miscellany."

It was a command to the Israelites that they should talk of God's law "when thou walkest by the way;" and were Christians less afraid of singularity, and more disposed to embrace opportunities providentially afforded to introduce the subject of experimental religion, much more good would be done. If you deem the following incident worth a record in your invaluable Miscellany, it is at your service.

Exeter. J. P. H.

Having to reach the Defford station on the Birmingham and Gloucester line of railway a short time ago, I was seated in the Pershore public conveyance with one solitary female companion, with whom, in a little time, I got into conversation, and in reply to an observation of hers stated, "Yes, if in such a miserable world as ours is there can be such a thing as *real happiness.*" The following dialogue in substance occurred:—

Female. I am sure there is, Sir.

H. It is delightful to hear one person speak so positively on so important a point; but were you as well acquainted with the world as I am, you would know the great mass of mankind are not happy.

Female. Because they seek for it in wrong objects, Sir.

H. Where would you have them seek it?

Female. In religion, Sir.

H. Will that give it? I know many people, called religious, who, when they get into difficulties, are as unhappy as other people.

Female. That is too true, Sir; and those professors give gentlemen such as you false impressions in reference to religion.

H. Perhaps so; but do *you* speak experimentally? are *you* made really happy by it?

Here she broke into a paroxysm of grief, and replied, "No, Sir; no Sir; I do not *now* enjoy it: but I did *once*—I did once."

H. Then why did you give it up?

Female. Covetousness, Sir, overcame me; or rather, pride and covetousness combined.

H. In what way did these things rob you?

Female. I lived, Sir, in a respectable, plain family, where I had religious privileges in abundance, and every help to piety, and then all day long was happy in communion with God, but I was tempted by the offer of

higher wages to go to live at ——; and there was my covetousness; and then the idea of going to live in so high a family, from comparative obscurity, caught hold of my pride. In this family I have never had any direct opposition; but associating with so many frivolous persons soon destroyed my spirituality: and gradually I have lost all relish for communion with God or his people.

I exhorted, directed, and entreated her to return to Him who would heal her backslidings; but she replied, "O Sir, I cannot. It follows me day and night: 'If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth *good for nothing*, but to be trodden under foot of men.'"

Here we were obliged to part. Never did I so much regret the termination of a journey; and all I could now do was to commend her painful case to God; and I send it you for publication, that it may act as a warning to others to guard against covetousness and pride. I cannot but hope that God would make this interview useful to her.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

A case of a very singular description, illustrative of the influence of an excited or over-wrought imagination, occurred here, on Monday week, which has unhappily terminated in a fatal manner. It appears that two mischievous boys, residing in Timon's-square, Nicolson-street, for the purpose of amusement, seized a little fellow, about eight years of age, who was also resident in that locality, and was known to them, and charging him with some trifling depredation from his aunt, bound his arms with a piece of cord, and proceeded with him to the police office at St. Leonard's. Before they reached that station, however, a passenger, attracted by the distressed condition of the boy, released him from the grasp of his bullying companions, and sent him away home in a very agitated state. The little fellow was put to bed; but he became rapidly worse, and during some periods of nervous excitement cried out to cut the cord and let him off. Every exertion was made in his behalf, but the unfortunate child expired on Wednesday from the effects of the fright he had received. —*Edinburgh Weekly Register.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF ANN GRIME FLETCHER.

Ann Grime Fletcher was born at Little Lever, Nov. 25th, 1822. At the age of five years she was sent to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school in that place. She attended for eighteen years successively the instructions of this institution in Lever, Bolton, and Halliwell. Her only religious advantages were those of attending the school and the ministry of the word. Her parents were both in the world, and her father an habitual drunkard. This habit was the occasion of much trouble to the mother, and of frequent disturbance to the family. Her father now acknowledges with regret and sorrow that he was so far from directing and encouraging his child in the pursuit of knowledge and religion, that he opposed her in word and deed. The prayer-meeting and the class-meeting he would not allow either her or her mother to attend. But at the school she was constant and punctual, though for years a branch of an irreligious family.

She was upright in her deportment, and amiable in her disposition, previously to her conversion to God. She avoided all levity of speech and gaiety of dress; was gentle and unobtrusive in her behaviour; and thoughtful and truthful among her juvenile associates. She was shortly able to read the book of God, profited by the accumulated lessons at the school above her fellows amongst her class of society, had the charm of a well-informed mind, and by the light of the Spirit frequently saw the necessity of being born again.

Her introduction to the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Halliwell, when about sixteen years of age, was an event preliminary to a great moral change in the family. For two years she and her mother had attended the public services in the Wesleyan chapel in that place. In the summer of 1840, the Teachers observed that Ann was unusually attentive at the public means of grace; that she thankfully received, and practically improved, their instructions; and that, under the addresses given in the school, she exhibited the signs of religious awakening. She wept also under the word, and by sighs responded to the prayers which were offered on behalf of the penitent. These were some of the indications that she was an heir of that encouraging promise of Christ, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." As a seeker of salvation she proved her sincerity and earnestness by punctuality of attendance at the public ordinances of God, by devoutly kneeling when proper so to do, and by deeply interested attention to every part of the service.

About the time of Ann's awakening, her mother became the subject of godly sorrow. The father, it appears, still neglected his own salvation, and obstructed the attention of his family to theirs. On the Sabbath-day, as the mother was weeping, Ann said to her, "Let us go to chapel: if my father will not go with us to heaven, we will not go with him to hell." They agreed together that they would seek salvation. On the 9th of August, they attended a public service held in Mr. Samuel Haddock's house. Mr. Stephen Fletcher was the Preacher; and in the prayer-meeting, at the close, Ann, her mother, and five other persons found peace with God. The father objected against their joining the society, and they met in class for some weeks before he was aware of it.

Ann's desire for the salvation of the family was now more enlightened and ardent, and her intercessions for it deeper and more frequent. As these events transpired, the father, by the word and Spirit of God, saw the "error of his way." Repeatedly this rebel had been called to cast his arms, his sins, away,

"And find forgiveness at His feet."

He now acknowledges, with thanksgiving, that when the mother and daughter were made partakers of salvation, his own convictions were deepened. With many tears, Ann, at a lovefeast at Lever, expressed her deep concern for her father's salvation. Of this he had been told. At different times he heard her in private pouring out her heart in prayer for him. One night, particularly, after she had retired to rest, when going to his room, he heard the voice of prayer. She was pleading for him; and so fully was she engaged, that she did not hear his footsteps. "It was," he says, "her frequent prayers for me, both in public and in private, and the affectionate care she took to please me, that broke my heart in pieces, and made me to think; and finally through her I was brought to God." He went to the public means, and soon after began to meet in class; and after experiencing deep convictions for sin, God, in mercy, set his soul at liberty. Thus before the end of the year which to Ann was "the year of release," she had the happiness to see herself, her mother, and father on the way to the kingdom of God, a family altar erected in the house, and the door of that house opened for a prayer-meeting on the Sunday morning, and a class-meeting on the Tuesday evening. Of these events she used to speak in the ordinances peculiar to Methodism with overflowing feelings, while her testimony to the power of grace on her own heart was clear, strong, and unequivocal.

To the hour of her death, she never relapsed into unbelief, but held fast the beginning of her confidence. After her attainment of salvation, she was not ashamed of Christ, his word, or his work. Sometimes she experienced the overwhelming power of grace, and language failed to express her feelings. For some months before her death she made very rapid progress in the divine life, and this seems to have been preparatory to her sudden removal. At the last class-meeting but one which she had the privilege of attending, she was called upon to engage in prayer at its close. She gave out, as appropriate to her experience,—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

When the members kneeled down, it seemed in every case to be the offering up of the heart to the Lord: it was the spirit's converse with the Invisible. The thoughts, desires, and language of the whole meeting combined, and mingled in one common sacrifice to Almighty God. In petition she had an enlargement which she had never felt or illustrated before. At length it was all praise. A very old Methodist, while kneeling next to her as she engaged in prayer, shed many tears, and appeared to be overpowered with joy. It was heaven begun on earth. To her father this aged veteran said, a few hours before his death, "Joseph, I am leaving you; but in a short time you will follow after, and I shall look over the battlements of heaven to see you below." Her Leader says, "Her experience was of no ordinary character: she was more like a mother in Israel than a babe in Christ."

This young Christian was useful. She invited her friends and neighbours to attend the public means of grace, and desired such as did attend to bear her company in the way to heaven. A young person, of the name of Elizabeth Ormrod, she invited, as if to fill her place, and said, "Elizabeth, you will never repent of this." Though a labourer in a cotton-factory, she was a supporter of the institutions of Methodism according to her ability. She held a Missionary-box, and regularly contributed three half-pence per week. In this box she deposited the pocket-money she received of her parents; and to augment its annual contents, performed a weekly service for two young men resident in the neighbourhood. The last time she presented this box to the Committee, it was found to contain twenty-nine shillings. Once in three weeks she officiated in the Sabbath-school as a Teacher. She was the leading female singer in the chapel. The holy Bible she regularly read, and in consequence was well versed in Christian doctrine. She had committed many portions of holy writ to memory, and these were of important service in the time of her sickness. Text after text she quoted as the ground of

her hopes, and as descriptive of her Christian experience. A new Testament she carried with her wherever she went. Some of the beautiful hymns found in the Wealeyan Hymn-book, she had also committed to memory; and in her statements of the dealings of God with her, she made frequent quotations from them, as describing her spiritual state and heavenly prospects. She was a regular reader of our Missionary intelligence.

On Friday, about noon, January 17th, 1845, she left her work, came home in great pain, and retired to that bed which was to be to her the bed of death. No sooner was she laid upon it, than she was impressed with the thought that her sickness would be unto death. To her that thought was joyous; for she had "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." She said, "Jesus knows that I am poorly, and he will take care of me: he took care of me in health, and he will preserve me now that I am sick." On the Sunday morning, at an early hour, she thought of the prayer-meeting. It was her last Sabbath on earth. Addressing herself to her mother, she said, "Mother, tell them they must not forget me." Her mother weeping, she said to her, "Bless you, mother, do not weep, do not weep for me." During the day she dwelt in thought on the proceedings of the school, desired its prosperity, and often engaged in prayer for both Teachers and scholars. Her pain was very acute. In the evening the symptoms of the complaint became more alarming. After paroxysms of suffering, she clasped her hands upon her chest, and, with a placid smile, softly breathed the words, "Patience, patience! O for more patience!" On Monday evening, while her father was in conversation with her, she repeated these lines, as applicable to her very distressing affliction:—

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

And then said, "This is religion: is not this religion worth living for? supporting us both in health and sickness." Feeling the approach of another attack of pain, she said, "Mother, be not alarmed: this is little compared with what the Saviour suffered for me." On the same evening she desired to see her brother James. He was called out of bed; and as he entered the room, she said, though in great pain, "James, it seems to you as if this was very hard work for me; but it is not: if I had to fight with my sins and my sufferings, it would be very hard work. But, James, if you felt for me what I feel for you, you would not refrain from beginning to seek the Lord. Now is the time." He burst into tears, but could not answer. She had more concern for this brother than for all the rest of the family, because he had not turned to God. After one of her severe attacks, and during momentary ease, she said, "Another struggle, and then I shall be at liberty, and with those who surround the throne of God, 'and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'" Some little time after, she said,—

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

And then, rising to ecstasy, she exclaimed, "For me! for me!" Yes, "for me the Saviour died!"

An arrangement had been made for a person of the name of Ann Ormrod to wait upon her during the night of Tuesday; but her Deliverer called his exile home. As she entered the room, and asked, "Ann, how are you?" she answered, "Bless you, Jesus is precious: it will soon be over. O, it will be a joyful meeting there!" "But do you think you are better?" She answered, "I shall soon be with Jesus. O, it is good! Ann, we must live in and by faith." Again she said, "Bless the Lord for what has he done for me!" When mention was made of a friend whom she had desired to see, but who did not visit her, she said, "Mother, I have Jesus with me; and I want no one else.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.'"

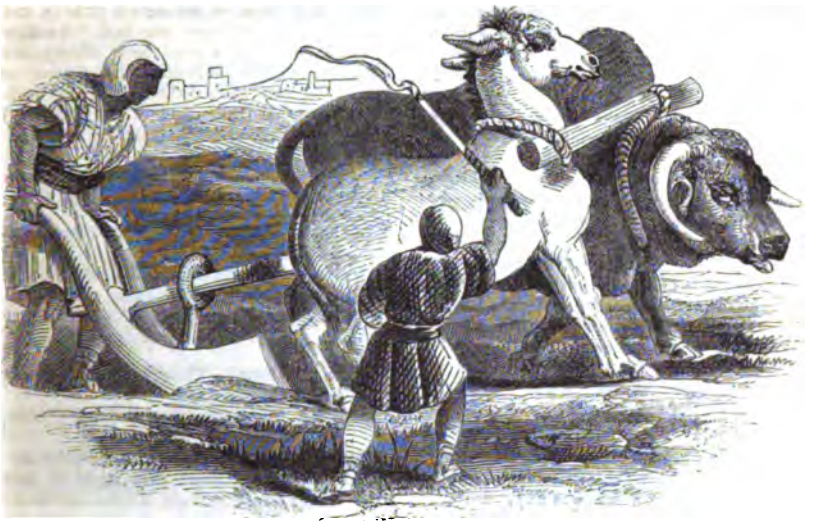
After this she had another attack of pain, and said, "This is gone to come no more;" and, thinking of her future home, she exclaimed,—

"What are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God."

Thinking of the class-meeting, which that evening assembled in the house, she said, "Mother, you must go down, and prepare for the meeting, and tell the members not to forget me. But, mother, Jesus is here as well as down-stairs." Her last words, uttered a few minutes before she died, were, "O! it is Jesus—it is Jesus—Jesus is precious!—it will soon be over;" when she calmly fell asleep in the Redeemer, January 21st, 1845, aged twenty-three years.

Bolton. JOSEPH ROBERTS.

ORIENTAL SCENES.



PLOUGHING WITH THE OX AND THE ASS.

"Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together," (Deut. xxii. 10,) was a precept of the Levitical law, and has been the subject of a variety of interpretations. Some think it intended to prevent occasion for the violation of the law, (Levit. xix. 19,) "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind:" others, that the injunction is symbolical, and intended to forbid intermarriages with Pagans and unbelievers. This interpretation is founded on 2 Cor. vi. 14-16. But others are of opinion that it has reference to some rite of idolatrous nations, which believed that their fields would be the more fruitful if thus ploughed. What has been thought to render this the more probable, is the unlikelihood that creatures so different in character and motion should be put under the same yoke, unless from a superstitious motive. Perhaps, however, a sufficient reason is found in that humanity towards the animal creation by which so many of the Mosaical precepts are dictated. Burder has well illustrated this view of the present subject:—"The ass is lower than the ox, and when in a yoke together, must bear the principal weight, and that in a very painful position of the neck; his steps are unequal, and his strength is inferior, which must occasion an irregular draught, and great oppression to both. The ass is a stubborn, refractory, and, in these countries, a spirited creature; the ox, on the contrary, is gentle, tractable, and patient." (*Oriental Literature, No.* 337.)

Oxen are commonly used in the East for drawing the plough; and although, in common with other travellers, the writer of this has occasionally seen an ox and an ass yoked together, he should not judge it to be anywhere a common practice. It seems rather to be in most instances the resource of a poor man, who, not possessing, or being unable to borrow, two oxen, joins his ass to the yoke with only one ox: and on witnessing such a scene it often occurred to us that this law was intended to preclude such an association on a similar emergency, which was likely enough to occur in a country where the land was divided into a vast number of small hereditary portions. The plough represented in our woodcut at the commencement of this article, is copied from an ancient Egyptian sculpture, and may be supposed to have had a general resemblance to that in use among the Hebrews. Notwithstanding its simplicity, it is probably better and more modern than any which they knew at this period of their history; for there are other sculptures and paintings which exhibit ploughs much more rude, and apparently without an iron coulter, being merely adapted to scratch the ground. When Dr. Russell gives his readers an account of the manner of sowing grain about Aleppo, he says, "No harrow is used, but the ground is ploughed a second time after it is sown, in order to cover the grain: in some places where the

soil is a little sandy, they plough but once, and that is after sowing. The plough is so light, that a man of moderate strength may easily carry it with one hand: a little cow, or at most two, and sometimes only an ass, is sufficient to draw it in ploughing; and one man both drives and holds it with so much ease, that he generally smokes his pipe at the same time." Here we see cows and asses used for ploughing, and ploughing instead of harrowing for covering the seeds; as the Prophet joins sowing, and the feet of the ox and the ass together.

X.

POETRY.

AN EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

THE hour is come that calls me hence,
The wind is fresh and fair;
The ship is dancing on the sea,
And greetings fill the air.
To foreign shores and climes afar,
Where stranger kindreds dwell;
Across the boundless deep I go,—
My native land, farewell!

A mother's prayers, a father's love,
Once soothed my infant years:
O then, my spring of life was gay,
Unknown to griefs and fears.
Those parents sleep in death's embrace;
I heard their funeral knell;
No peaceful home receives me now:
My native land, farewell!

A beauteous *wife* was mine,—a *child*,
The pledge of purest love:
One tomb their precious relics hides;
Their spirits are above.
What then to me is this fair isle,
Where *friends* no longer dwell?
I fly to regions far remote:
My native land, farewell!

Yet when on distant shores I roam,
Beneath a brighter sky,
England! thy beauties still shall please
Imagination's eye.
I'll think upon thy woods and vales,
And of thy mountains tell;
Then breathe a secret prayer for thee:
My native land, farewell!

But this the comfort, this the joy,—
In every clime and place,
Jehovah sheds his light abroad,
And strengthens with his grace.
His word shall guide my devious steps,
And all my fears dispel;
Then sing, my heart,—the vessel waits:
My native land, farewell!

J. T. BARR.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;
O! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee; can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee near?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
And night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer!
O, art thou absent—art thou absent still?
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth thee
Gaseth through tears that make its splendour dull;
For, O, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste, haste thee home into thy mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest;
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to a haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM MR. G. W. R. TO MR. WILKINSON, OF UXBRIDGE.

My dear Sir,

I was somewhat surprised this morning to receive from one of my workmen a card of yours: and I must confess that the sight of your well-known name called up many pleasing recollections, and reminded me of "happy days gone by." Time has effected many changes since I last had the pleasure of meeting with you: your old pupil has been in business more than two years; and having set out in life with the determination to give his heart to God, and live to His glory, has found the promise true, that "godliness is profitable unto all things." I hesitate not to say, that, to a very considerable extent, you, my dear Sir, helped to form these principles in my mind; and I shall ever feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude for the kind interest you always took in my welfare.

I have often regretted that, from forgetfulness or negligence, I have not sought to keep up an occasional correspondence with you: however, allow me to say, that the lapse of years has made no difference in my feelings of respect and esteem towards you; and I do hope that the next time you are in town, I shall be favoured with a visit from you.

I understand that you are often at Mr. W's. I know Mr. W. very well, and often meet with him at the meetings connected with our society: he is one of our most useful Local Preachers.

You will conclude at once from this, that I am still firm in my adherence to Wesleyan Methodism. Such is the case; for, though I love all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, I am most strongly attached to *this* section of Christ's church: it was the religion of my childhood, for I was nurtured in Methodism; and it gives me pleasure to know that I am a Methodist of the *fifth generation;* and, by the grace of God assisting me, I am resolved, more firmly than ever, that "this people shall be my people, and their God my God." I am connected with the —— Circuit, and usually attend —— chapel. You will be pleased to hear that I am engaged in various ways in the society, and fill the important and responsible office of Class-Leader. I should not mention all this; but not having seen you for some years, I know it will give you pleasure to find that I am connected with the church of God, and endeavouring, in some humble way, to do good to others. Often, very often do I exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" After all our efforts, all our prayers, all our faith, it is the Holy Spirit that quickeneth: but God has ever seen fit to use man as an instrument in all the arrangements of his providence and grace. May we ever be willing to submit ourselves to his governance, and thus

> "Glorify our God below,
> And find our way to heaven."

I hope, my dear Sir, that yourself and family are in the enjoyment of health, and all temporal as well as spiritual happiness. May you long live to be blessed, and to be made a blessing.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours affectionately,
G. W. R.

P.S. I should be very pleased to hear from you, when you have time to write me a few lines.

ANECDOTES.

LORD ELDON.

Many were the squibs in prose and verse of which the Fabius of Chancellors was the subject. To one by Sir George Rose a happy retort was made by Lord Eldon:—"My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Rose, when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decisions put into his hand, with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day:—

'Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong:

'Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long:

'Mr. Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without:

'Mr. Cooke
Cited his book,
And the Chancellor said—I doubt.'

This *jeu d'esprit*, flying about Westminster Hall, reached the Chancellor, who was very much amused with it, notwithstanding the allusion to his doubting propensity. Soon after, Mr. Rose having to argue against him a very untenable proposition, he gave his opinion very gravely, and with infinite grace and felicity thus concluded:—'For these reasons the judgment must be against your clients; and here, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor DOES NOT DOUBT.'"—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS IN EDINBURGH.

BUT how many more memorials are there in Edinburgh! Coming down from the Castle,—along the High-street and the Canongate, which join the two most remarkable edifices of the metropolis, Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace,—I find the ancient cathedral of St. Giles, near whose Gothic walls lie the remains of Knox, and whose lofty aisles have witnessed so many celebrated events of Scottish history. Continuing my walk, I reach the Palace of Holyrood, situated between the splendid Calton-Hill, which commands the sea, and on which stand the monuments of Nelson, and of other famous men, and where a strong wind is always blowing; and on the other side Sir Arthur's Seat, that picturesque mountain which reminds us of our Salève on a smaller scale. Here, then, is Holyrood, that ancient abode of so much grandeur, of so much beauty, of so many painful and terrible remembrances. Here are the half-destroyed walls of that chapel, whose graceful ruins are a sad but significant monument of the desire of the Stuarts to introduce Prelacy and Popery into Scotland, and the fruitlessness with which efforts so uncongenial must ever be attended. But the great name which seems to hover over Holyrood, is that of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. We see her bed, her dressing-table, and her work. Every moment you meet with this name in Scotland. "Here," they say, pointing to some fine ruins, "here Mary Stuart was born." "There, very near Edinburgh, Mary often resided." They have given the name of Little France to the village in which the French guards were lodged. Nations keep the remembrance of those who do them evil, better than that of those who have done them good. Thus, near the Gulf of Baiæ, not far from Naples, you still find everywhere the memorials of Nero: there are Nero's baths, Nero's grotto, Nero's palace; and farther on, Nero, Tiberius, the Cape of Miseue. The poets describe with exactness the places where tyrants resided. Thus Scotland everywhere recalls Mary Stuart. But the memory of the just alone is blessed.—*Merle D'Aubigné.*

POPERY.

PAPAL PRESUMPTION.

EVERY fact that serves to show the real character of the Papal apostasy is important, especially in the present day, when its advocates are making strenuous efforts to recommend it to universal adoption, as the only true form of the Christian religion. Their presumption in altering the commandments of God is only equalled by their sinful daring in altering one of the Christian sacraments, by taking from the laity the cup in the Lord's Supper. The following facts are copied from the Divinity Lectures of Key, vol. iii., p. 75, edit. 1797:—

"As the name decalogue implies *ten* commandments, the Romanists make ten: yet they get rid of the second, through fear, probably of making a difficulty about their images, and seem to divide the tenth into two. In a church about thirty-five miles south-east of Paris (Moret) are the ten commandments in old French, round the chancel. The second is entirely left out. The ninth is, *Give not up yourself to the flesh, and marry but once.* The tenth is, *Desire not the goods of others, and lie not at all.* I have two Prayer-books, in which the same in substance is in French verse; but neither of them contains a regular decalogue, though one is larger, and contains all the three Creeds."

St. Paul pronounced a curse upon every person, whether man or angel, who should dare to bring in another Gospel different from that which was preached by Christ and his Apostles: and are not those persons equally guilty, whether they be called Popes, Cardinals, or Councils, who alter the moral law of God, by taking part of it away, and making additions of their own? My soul, come not thou into the secrets of these guilty men; nor ever enter into one of their assemblies.

Richmond. A PROTESTANT.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

MANDRAKES.

"And Reuben went in the days of wheat-harvest, and found mandrakes in the field, and brought them unto his mother Leah." (Gen. xxx. 14.) What these were is unknown, and learned men have spent much time and pains in endeavouring to guess out a probable meaning. Some translate the word *dudaim*, lilies; others *jessamine*, others *citron*, others *mushrooms*, others *figs*; and some think the word means *flowers*, or fine flowers in general. Hasselquist, the intimate friend and pupil of Linné, who travelled into the Holy Land to make discoveries in natural history, imagines that the plant commonly called *mandrake* is intended: speaking of Nazareth in Galilee, he says, "What I found most remarkable, at the village, was the great number of *mandrakes* which grew in a vale below it. I had not the pleasure to see this plant in blossom, the fruit now (May 5th) hanging ripe to the stem, which withered on the ground. They are in great plenty in Galilee." The name of this plant occurs in two places of the Bible, one of which describes the fruit as being ripe at the time of wheat-harvest; (Gen. xxx. 14—16;) and the other assigns to it a pleasant smell, and names it along with the pomegranate. (Sol. Song vii. 13.) All these characters apply to the *mandrake* in Palestine, and we are therefore inclined to agree in the preference of our public version, without concerning ourselves with the numerous alterations which have been suggested; the rather as it is our purpose only to deal with plants growing in Palestine. From the manner in which its qualities are alluded to by sacred and other writers, a description of the plant may not be unacceptable.

It is one of the plants about which commentators of all countries and tongues have disputed the most. At length, rational travellers and men of science having visited the countries where the mandrake grows in perfection, the plant is acknowledged to be the *atropa mandragora*, which in this country is fetid, and reputed to be poisonous; the flower, too, is white, while that of Palestine is purple. The root is spindle-shaped, and its colour not unlike a parsnip: when old it becomes forked, and runs underground to

the depth of four feet or more. Immediately above the root is a tuft of leaves like an open lettuce, and from the centre of the tuft springs the flower. In England the fruit is green, and no larger than a nutmeg. In Palestine it is as large as a small apple, and of a beautiful ruddy colour and sweet smell. The singular form of the root when aged, suggested in ignorant times the notion that it represented man; and that with it witches might perform their foolish and mischievous rites, setting up the root, and calling it by the name of any person upon whom they meant to operate for good or ill. As the wretched persons laying claim to supernatural powers generally owed their reputation to a real knowledge of the use of drugs and simples, the herb-basket of the witch was often a book of knowledge to the physician. It would also appear that the sorcerer had the secret of extracting poisons, from this as well as other herbs, while the physicians were using them as beneficial medicines. But nobody seems to have doubted that something mysterious, if not awful, belonged to the mandrake. It was believed that the root, when drawn from the earth, uttered such fearful shrieks that mortal ear might not hear them and live. Hence it was that when they were required for the sorcerer's purpose, a dog, or some other animal, was led to the place where they grew, tied to the plant, and there left. The animal's struggle to escape tore up the desired mandrake; but, at the moment, its unearthly shriek struck the creature dead, and in the morning (for the root was plucked up by night) the poor victim and the prize were found fast bound together. Such and still wilder fables were related of this simple plant, before science and good sense had taught us the folly of a belief in magic, and the real value of the herbs of the field. We now remember that at the end of the sixth day of creation, "God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was *very* good." It is to ourselves we owe whatever evil may arise from the perversion of his gifts; for he has endowed us with talents and powers to use all he has created for good. The mandrake is now eaten as a harmless, if not wholesome, fruit; and its power of soothing and producing sleep was not unfrequently used, before the more powerful juice of the grape superseded it. The ancient superstition regarding the powers of roots and herbs, especially when gathered at certain periods of the moon, or when particular stars rose or set with the sun, seems to have been general over all the known world; and we find it now among the most uncivilized tribes of both hemispheres. The Negroes, Caffres, and Hottentots in Africa, and the North American Indians, rival the wizards of ancient Thessaly; and the transformations which the incantations of the latter were believed to effect, had probably their foundation in a professional dress, akin to the bear-skin habit of a red Indian physician; whose basket of bones and savage claws and teeth would be incomplete without such herbs as the Negro *obi* woman, and the Thessalian *erictho*, sought to aid their practices. Of late years another species of *atropa*, the most poisonous of our native plants, namely, the *belladonna*, has been adopted as a powerful remedy for complaints in the eyes, and in nervous affections of the limbs. The fruit is sweet, and very pleasant to the taste; but not, like that of the mandrake, harmless; for many children have died from eating it.

TABLE-TALK.

NAVAL EMBLEMS OF AUTHORITY.

For a very long series of years the ships of the Royal Navy have been designated by their wearing a pendant at their mast-heads, to the interdiction of all other vessels; and a law is still in force subjecting the master of any vessel not in the royal service to the penalty of fine and imprisonment who shall presume to display this mark of authority. This emblem of authority owes its origin to the following circumstance:—The Dutch Admiral Van Tromp was so elated at the successful result of the battle fought on the 20th of November, 1652, near the Goodwin Sands, that he hoisted a broom at his mast-head, thus intimating his resolve to sweep the seas of all English shipping. This bravado induced the English Admiral Blake to hoist a pendant, or whip, thereby signifying his determination to chastise the Dutch Admiral for his arrogant temerity. At a later period the ships of the merchant navy were prohibited from wearing any other but the red ensign; and more recently, an order was issued that the union flag should never be hoisted on board vessels not belonging to the Crown, unless surrounded by a white border.

THE ABERRATION OF LIGHT.

Light travels with a velocity of 192,000 miles a second; and the earth moves through space, in an elliptic path round the sun, at the rate of about nineteen miles a second, and is therefore changing the direction of its motion every instant, and causing an apparent displacement of all the stars. This

is called aberration. The effect of this aberration is to distort the aspect of the heavens, causing all the stars to crowd, as it were, directly towards that point in the heavens which is the vanishing-point of all lines parallel to that in which the earth is for the moment moving. As the earth moves round the sun in the plane of the ecliptic, this point must lie in that plane 90 degrees in advance of the earth's longitude, or 90 degrees behind the sun's; and thus shifts continually, describing the circumference of the ecliptic in a year. It is easy to demonstrate that the effect on each particular star will be to make it apparently describe a small ellipse in the heavens, having for its centre the point in which the star would be seen if the earth were motionless. It is thus seen that aberration affects the apparent right ascension and declination of all the stars, and that by quantities which may be easily calculated.—*Wonders of Astronomy.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL.

BORN 1641, BEHEADED JULY 21ST, 1683.

LORD RUSSELL, the third son of William, the fourth Earl and first Duke of Bedford, was born 1641, and educated at Cambridge. He then went to Augsburg, and after spending some time in different parts of the Continent, returned to England at the Restoration, and was elected Member for Tavistock. He married, in 1669, Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and widow of Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carberry, a woman distinguished for her piety and conjugal affection. When Charles II., exasperated against the Court of France for withdrawing the pension he had been mean enough to receive, wished to join the continental confederacy against Louis XIV., the Whigs, with whom Lord William Russell was connected, raised an opposition to the measure, for which they are said to have received some pecuniary compensation from the French King. In 1679, when Charles found it expedient to ingratiate himself with the Whigs, Lord William was appointed one of the new Council. But in the following year, he promoted the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, the debate upon which was opened by him on the 26th of October, with a declaration of his opinion, that the life of His Majesty, the safety of the nation, and the Protestant religion, were in great danger from Popery; and that either that Parliament must suppress the growth and power thereof, or else Popery would soon destroy not only Parliaments, but all that was dear and valuable to them; for which reason he moved, that they might, in the first place, take into consideration how to suppress Popery, and prevent a Popish successor. The bill being accordingly passed in the House of Commons, his Lordship on the 15th of November carried it up to the Peers, who rejected it. The Commons were exasperated at this, and Lord Russell, in particular, said, that if ever there should happen in this nation any such change, as that he should not have the liberty to live a Protestant, he was resolved to die one; and therefore would not willingly have the hands of their enemies strengthened. The Parliament was prorogued on the 10th of January, 1681. However, the necessity of the King's affairs requiring the meeting of another Parliament, His Majesty called one, which assembled at Oxford on the 21st of March following; in which Lord Russell served again as Knight of the Shire for the county of Bedford. But another bill of exclusion being moved for by Sir Robert Clayton, who was seconded by his Lordship, that Parliament was soon after dissolved; and no other was called during the reign of Charles II., who now seemed determined to govern without one. This state of affairs led to a conspiracy, in which the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Russell, and others, were concerned, to act in concert with the Duke of Argyle, and the Scotch. The leaders of this party had different views; but Lord William Russell is said to have wished for nothing more than the exclusion of the Duke of York, and a redress of grievances. While this was in meditation, another plot was laid by other conspirators to assassinate the King on his return from Newmarket, at a solitary farm near that place, called the Rye-house, from which this plot took its name. Both conspiracies having been discovered, Lord William Russell was apprehended, and brought to trial at the Old Bailey, July 13th, 1683. The jury, after a very short deliberation, found him guilty, and sentence of death was passed upon him. As he drew near to the close of life, conjugal affection was the feeling that clung closest to his heart; and when he had taken his last farewell of his admirable and magnanimous wife, he said, "The bitterness of death is now past." He was beheaded, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 21st of July, 1683, in the forty-second year of his age. Bishop Burnet, who with Dean Tillotson had accompanied him to the scaffold, says, "He was a man of great candour, and of a general reputation; universally beloved and trusted; of a generous and obliging temper. He had given such

proofs of an undaunted courage, and of an unshaken firmness, that no man of that time had so entire a credit in the nation as he had. He quickly got out of some of the disorders into which the Court had drawn him, and ever after that his life was unblemished in all respects. He had from his first education an inclination to favour the Nonconformists; and wished the laws could have been made easier to them, or they more pliant to the law. He was a slow man, of little discourse; but he had a true judgment, when he considered things at his own leisure. His understanding was not defective: but his virtues were so eminent, that they would more than balance real defects, if any had been found."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Akerman, Rev. Jas.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Penzance,	62	April 13th, 1848.
Ardington, Eliz.,	Nafferton,	Driffield,	95	Dec. 23d, 1847.
Baird, Mrs. Anne,	Mullifary,	Ballina,		Jan. 23d, 1848.
Baker, Capt. Henry,	Shoreham,	Brighton,	81	Dec. 16th, 1847.
Buckley, Mr. J.,	Aston,	Whitchurch,	81	Jan. 21st, 1848.
Buswell, Mr. Thos.,	Burford,	Witney,	67	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Cash, Mr. Thos.,		Mansfield,	27	Feb. 7th, 1848.
Clegg, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister,	Hull,	60	April 11th, 1848.
Denman, Mr. W.,	Farnsfield,	Mansfield,	72	Feb. 10th, 1848.
Dodwell, Sarah,		Evesham,	31	Jan. 28th, 1848.
Hardey, Mrs.,	Lymm,	Warrington,	43	Jan. 12th, 1848.
Harrison, Mr. W. S.,	Southwell,	Mansfield,	48	Feb. 7th, 1848.
Hayes, Mrs.,	Frodsham,	Northwich,	94	Nov. 30th, 1847.
Hazledine, Mrs.,	Lymm,	Warrington,	23	Nov. 29th, 1847.
Hodgson, John,	Windhill,	Shipley,	52	Feb. 6th, 1848.
Houseley, Mrs.,	Manfd.-Woodhouse,	Mansfield,	68	Jan. 31st, 1848.
Huckstepp, John,		Lewes,	46	Feb. 3d, 1848.
Johns, Mrs. Charity,	Gweek,	Helston,	73	July 26th, 1847.
Johnson, Margaret,		Gateshead,	35	Feb. 19th, 1848.
Joynson, Mrs. C.,		Northwich,	86	Aug. 22d, 1847.
Lewis, Mrs.,	Whitfield Street.	First London,	62	Jan. 16th, 1848.
Lewis, Mr. John,	Hadley-Hall,	Whitchurch, Salop,	43	Sept. 4th, 1847.
Lister, Hannah,	Baildon-Moor,	Shipley,	57	Jan. 13th, 1848
Longbottom, Thomas,	Higham,	Denby-Dale,	59	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Manstone, Mr. W.,	Crendle,	Ringwood,	70	Jan. 24th, 1848.
Matthewman, G., Esq.,	Willow-Grove,	Leeds,	84	Jan. 19th, 1848.
Moore, Mrs.,		Glasgow,	59	Feb. 6th, 1848.
Moore, Mr. William,	Drumcock,	Aughnacloy,	46	Jan. 1st, 1848.
Newbury, Mrs. Mary,	Granby,	Bingham,	70	Jan. 24th, 1848.
Pascoe, Mrs. Eliz.,	Abersychan,	Abergavenny,	42	Jan. 1st, 1848.
Pickavant, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Third Leeds,		March 22d, 1848.
Pope, Mr. James,	Mitcham,	Croydon,	78	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Rayner, Mr. Joseph,	Ripley,	Alfreton,	67	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Rhodes, Miss Martha,		Knaresborough,	25	Jan. 28th, 1848.
Richardson, Mrs.,		Hull, West,	68	March 22d, 1848.
Robinson, Mr. John,	Swanwick,	Ripley,	57	Jan. 7th, 1848.
Roe, Mr. R.,	Crossmolina,	Ballina,	74	Feb. 2d, 1848.
Rosewarne, Mr. R.,		Sheffield,	31	Jan. 29th, 1848.
Rutledge, Henry,	Garnetagh,	Strabane,	35	Jan. 31st, 1848.
Shearer, Robert,	Old Aberdeen,	Aberdeen,	74	Jan. 21st, 1848.
Shipman, Mr. A. I.,		Leigh,	22	Feb. 18th, 1848.
Slack, James W., Esq.,	Annadale,	Boyle,	70	Jan. 26th, 1848.
Smith, Mr. John,		Montrose,		Nov. 26th, 1847.
Stubbs, Mrs.,	Hem,	Wellington,		Jan. 30th, 1848.
Symonds, Ann,		Tiverton,	34	Jan. 9th, 1848.
Tracey, Mr. Thomas,		Limerick,		Jan. 5th, 1848.
Ward, Mr. Joseph,	Heanor,	Ripley,	51	Jan. 17th, 1848.
West, Mrs.,	Summercoates,	Ripley,	56	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Wilkinson, Mr. H.,	Higham,	Burnley,	76	Feb. 12th, 1848.
Yardley, Mrs. Sarah,	Darlaston,	Wednesbury,	57	Dec. 2d, 1847.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1848.

THE EXCELLENCE AND BEAUTY OF CHRISTIANITY CHIEFLY IN RELATION TO ITS DOCTRINES.

Extracted from "Traité de la Verité de la Réligion Chretienne; par Mons. J. A. Turretin, Professeur en Théologie, et en Histoire Ecclésiastique à Geneve."

(*Continued from page 2.*)

The Christian religion, as we have seen, contains *doctrines* which we are required to *believe; duties* which we have to *practise;* and *blessings and rewards* which we may *expect.* In respect to each, it possesses a character of excellence and beauty which places it far above every other form of religion. We propose to show this particularly in relation to its doctrines. The substance of these we may state in few words.

We believe, then, that there is one only God, Creator of heaven and earth, who governs all by his providence. That this God is infinitely good, wise, powerful, and righteous; the protector of virtue, and the avenger of crime. That he is a Spirit, everywhere present, and knowing all things. That he wills to be known, loved, adored, and obeyed by all his intelligent creatures. That after having manifested himself to all men by the works of nature, and the sentiments of conscience, he judged it proper to give to the people of Israel a particular law, by the ministry of Moses. That eventually, all natural religion being, as it were, extinguished by the horrible idolatry and superstition of Paganism, which came in as an overspreading torrent, without any power in the philosophers of those times to check its progress; and the law of Moses having fulfilled its design, and being too limited; God, by his great goodness, chose to extend, farther than he had yet done, the succours of revelation. That, for this end, he sent into the world a great Saviour his Son Christ Jesus. That this Jesus is the Christ, or Messiah, promised by the Prophets. That the end of his coming is to bring men to truth and righteousness, to announce pardon of sin, and salvation to all who repent and believe, without any distinction of time or nation. That for the execution of this grand design he has given the holy and heavenly doctrine which he preached; he has left us the perfect example of a pure and innocent life; he wrought the most astonishing miracles; by his death he sealed the covenant of grace which he announced, and offered himself as a sin-offering for the salvation of mankind; that he rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven; that he poured forth the Holy Spirit, with whose light and power he so replenished his first disciples, that they published his Gospel

with success, notwithstanding the prejudices and opposition of the world; that he ceases not to communicate this spiritual aid to his church, spread abroad in all places. That this church, divinely founded, shall subsist while the world lasts. That our soul is immortal, and that our very bodies shall be raised up at the last day. That there shall then be a universal judgment, when Christ himself shall be the Judge, as he to whom God has given this supreme authority. And that this judgment shall issue in punishing the wicked, and recompensing the righteous, according to what each has done, whether good or bad.

This is, in substance, what the Gospel proposes for our belief, as we may collect it from the New Testament, and, in particular, from two remarkable discourses, the one, by St. Peter, addressed to the Jews; (Acts ii;) and the other, by St. Paul, to the Athenians. (Acts xvii.) We may judge, also, that the belief of the primitive church embraced these points, by that ancient and universally received formulary, the Apostles' Creed. We have not allowed ourselves to wander from this primitive simplicity. There is nothing to hope in argument, and much to fear, from those subtilties and disputes of his own which man has too often mixed up with the work of God; and our object is to prove the Christianity of the Scriptures, and not to meddle with any particular controversies. Our present business is only plainly and honestly to set forth that which, by common consent and acknowledgment, belongs essentially to the Gospel, and thus to plead the cause of the general church. When this is done, each person may easily conclude for himself to what part of this great body he should attach himself, that he may find the pure Gospel there.

In thus confining ourselves even to this compendium of Christian doctrine, it does appear to us that such a system has in itself the most impressive character of beauty and divinity. For, first,—It presents to the mind nothing but what is great and divine. Secondly,—It perfectly accords with a rightly instructed reason. Thirdly,—It most happily supplies that which reason could never discover, to meet the wants, and cure the maladies of man. Fourthly,—It far surpasses all that was ever known in Paganism, however distinguished it might be. And, finally,—Even that in which Judaism was deficient, it furnishes in clearness and perfection. What more can we desire in a divine revelation?

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"Them that honour me, I will honour, saith the Lord."—1 Sam. ii. 30.

Example VII.

"If," says the Lord of Hosts, "I be a Father, where is mine honour?" That he is the Father of all flesh will be acknowledged by those who worship him as the "Father everlasting;" and a continued paternity is manifested in the fact, that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." To honour him, therefore, is the duty and safety of every intelligent being. And how is the father honoured by the child? In nothing more so, than in living in subjection to the parent's just authority. And thus is God honoured when his commands are observed by his creatures. This withheld, professions of love may be strong, his name may be praised, his courts of worship frequented, but no honour is given unto him. It is the obedient life, and not the mere language of the lip, that speaks of the glorious honour of his majesty. And such God engages to honour; an engagement that never has been known to fail, but ever has been, and ever will be, redeemed by the covenant-keeping God.

We find it abundantly confirmed in the instructive history of obedient Samuel, to whom the Lord revealed himself in Shiloh. He was honoured through life as the appointed and approved Prophet of the Lord, and honoured in death by the lamentations of all Israel. Numerous examples also of modern date might be adduced to establish the important rule of the divine conduct, and in few acts of obedience more so than that which embraces the observance of the solemn command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." In the observance of this duty God has frequently, visibly, and most instructively honoured those who have honoured him by refusing to desecrate the day by worldly business. Such examples, to God's glory and man's praise, deserve to be rescued from oblivion; and from many which might be selected, the following is worthy of consideration.

Some years ago, a youth arrived in London from a distant part of the country, with a very few pence in his possession to try the strength of his pocket. He obtained a menial situation, in which he conducted himself with such propriety as to secure the confidence of his employer. His salary was on a very low scale; but having found his way to the house of prayer, where the Gospel preached was made the power of God to his personal salvation, he had been taught the rules of righteous economy, and managed from his limited income regularly to save a small sum. This, in process of time, increased to such an amount as to warrant him to conclude that he might profitably try to do something on his own account. Having taken for his wife an industrious female, walking like himself in the fear of the Lord, they agreed to commence the keeping of a shop. On inquiry they found one to be disposed of in a busy part of the great metropolis, which had been employed in the very business they thought they could manage. There was one drawback in its recommendation,—one of its best days of profit was the Sabbath; and it was deemed that it would not answer unless on the early part of that day it was opened for traffic. The young couple, however, were acquainted with a book that said, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." (Psal. xxxvii. 3.) They therefore ventured to take the business, resolving, whatever might be the result, God should be honoured by having their full observance of his own holy day. Leaving their cause with God, they commenced sale, and all went smoothly on to the close of the week. The Sabbath morning dawned, the shop remained closed; but after a season loud rapping, again and again, was heard. Not deeming it prudent to open the door, a communication was held with the parties from the window above. The applicants stated that they wanted certain articles which they had been accustomed to obtain on that day. They were informed, that the occupant would not transact business on the Sabbath. He was then threatened that unless he would accommodate them on the Sunday, they would withdraw their custom entirely from him. To this the noble reply was returned, "If I cannot live by six days' trade, I will not live by breaking the command of God." For a few Sabbaths the annoyance was repeated, and met with firm resistance: and those who expected that he would soon be a ruined man, saw the shop continued open; for the blessing of the Lord rested on the endeavours of his faithful servant. The concern greatly prospered, and long before he could be called an aged man, he had acquired an ample competency to retire from the toils of trade, to spend his last years in the comforts of affluence, and in the consecration of a considerable portion of his time to the Christian church of which he was a valuable member. Thus was he honoured of God with the abundance of worldly wealth, with a respected character in society, with opportunities of doing frequent good, of living in the esteem of those to whom his history was known, and to be a witness of the

faithfulness of God to those who confide in him and observe his pleasure. The conduct of this conscientious faithful servant of the Lord fully confirms the sacred truth, that "the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether; and in keeping of them there is great reward."

Manchester. N.

THE DECAYED TOOTH.

THE love of life, and the fear of death, are innate passions found in every breast; and those who not only rise above the fear of death, but rejoice in its approach, are objects of more than common interest. Not many years ago, a lady, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was informed by her niece, a pious young lady, that the wife of one of their workmen, and the mother of seven children, was in dying circumstances, but so happy, that she rejoiced greatly in the prospect of a speedy dissolution. "Poor creature!" said the lady: "her mind must be affected, or, with her large family, she would never say such strange things. If I knew when she would be capable of a little rational conversation, I would go and see her." "She is perfectly composed," answered the young lady; "and I shall feel great pleasure in accompanying you." They went, and the interview gave rise to the following conversation. The lady introduced herself by saying, "Well, Mary, I am sorry to find you in such an afflicted state: my niece informs me you have been confined some time."

Mary. I am indeed very weak, and my affliction has been long; but I have no cause to complain: the Lord has dealt very mercifully with me, and I believe he will do all things well.

Lady. I should think that the idea of leaving so many small children would naturally excite a desire to recover, were it only on their account.

M. Had the Lord visited me with this affliction when I had only two children, I should have felt very different then from what I do now, as at that time I was a stranger to real religion.

L. I do not understand you, Mary. You say you were a stranger to real religion when you had two children. I had observed that both you and your husband regularly attended the church long before that time.

M. Yes, Madam; but we were too much like those St. James describes, who are "hearers of the word only, and not doers of the work;" and such a religion will afford no consolation to one in my state. But, O! I never can sufficiently praise the Lord for the great change he has wrought since then, both in me and my husband.

L. If you think it will not fatigue you too much, I should be very glad to hear how you got your religion.

M. The means by which I was brought to know religion experimentally was, when nursing my second child. I then suffered much from a decayed tooth, before I would consent to have it extracted. It being the first that I had drawn, I grieved much at its loss. I carefully preserved it; and when nursing, would frequently look at it. I was much affected when reflecting that a part of my hardest substance had begun to decay; that more would probably decay in like manner; that no others would ever come in their places; and that, in a short time, my whole frame would sicken and die. I then, for the first time, began seriously to think, "What will become of my soul?" I knew I had sinned; but the way of salvation I knew not. My distress increased daily; and my cry day and night was, "What must I do to be saved?"

L. And why did you not apply to our Minister, Mary? I am sure he would have given you his advice willingly.

M. Indeed, Madam, my spirit was so broken within me, that I felt no desire to converse with any one. I sometimes told my husband that I was afraid of being lost for ever; but he would generally say, "Yours are groundless fears; you have not been worse than others: why distress yourself so much?" But, poor man, he knew no better at that time. But He who hath said, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not," put it into the heart of a pious neighbour, who had observed my desponding looks, to call and inquire into the cause. I told her that I was almost ashamed to acknowledge it, but I had grieved so much about the loss of a tooth, that it had made me quite low-spirited. She replied, "The loss of a tooth is a sensible loss; but what a mere trifle would the loss of all our teeth be, when compared with the loss of the soul!" These words made such an impression on my mind, that I nearly fainted; but they were to me as "a nail fastened in a sure place." Perceiving my distress, she said, "Mary, your distress is not entirely from the loss of your tooth: it is the Spirit of God that is operating on your mind, and calling you to seek your happiness in him. I will call on you to go with me to our chapel next Sunday, where I am sure you will hear what will do you good." As she was considered one of the most rigid Methodists, I had no desire to go with her, especially as my husband was at that time very much prejudiced against them. However, according to promise, she came. I strove to find an excuse not to go; but she silenced all my objections by warning me of the consequences of quenching the Spirit, till I at last consented to go; and I believe I shall praise God for it to all eternity.

L. And pray what did you hear, Mary, in which you were so much interested?

M. I there heard that sin was the cause of all my suffering, and unless I was saved from it, I must be miserable for ever. This so increased my distress, that for several nights I scarcely durst close my eyes to sleep, for fear of dying in that state, and being miserable for ever. I repented having gone to the chapel; as if the knowledge of my state was only to torment me before the time. However, I could not forbear going the following Sunday, when I heard the way of salvation clearly and faithfully preached. The greatness of God's love to man in the gift of his Son; the atonement made by his sufferings and death; the willingness of God to forgive all who truly repent, and adopt into his family all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, were subjects so suited to my taste, that they might have been selected expressly for me; and as the Minister was repeating these lines,—

"Believe in Him that died for thee;
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified,"—

I lifted up my heart in prayer, and in a moment felt that my sins were all forgiven, for the Redeemer's sake.

L. Well, Mary, I believe you are sincere; but I could wish to know what is the ground of your assurance?

M. St. Paul tells us that, "*Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.*" I had no sooner obtained power to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as having died for me, than I felt the peace and love of God to fill my heart with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." My husband seeing the happy change I had experienced, his prejudices gave way; he went to the chapel with me, and soon found the comforts of religion also. And, O! "what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" he hath kept us both in the good way for many years; and I believe we shall praise him together for ever. The

Lord has indeed been a kind friend to me. In my darkest hours I have had light in him; and under the weight of all my burdens I have been enabled to cast myself on the Lord, and he hath sustained me. And, O! what unspeakable consolation does it now afford me, that now, when I am going to leave the world, I can resign my husband, my children, my all, into the hands of my heavenly Father, knowing that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day, when I hope to meet them in heaven, where we shall be for ever with the Lord!

L. Well, Mary, I feel much obliged for the very interesting account you have given us. I must confess, with shame, that though I have lost several teeth, I never made such profitable reflections on them as you have done; but I hope not to forget what I have heard from you to-day. Farewell, Mary.

M. Farewell; and I pray that you may so seek a preparation for heaven, that we may praise God and the Lamb together for ever and ever. Amen.

J. B. HOLROYD.

BUST OF WESLEY.

THE best bust of Mr. Wesley was modelled from his person, at Burslem, in the year 1784, by Mr. Enoch Wood, who had married the Miss Bourn mentioned in the "Memoir of Hester Ann Rogers;" and who, to secure the presence of Mr. Wesley the time that was necessary for taking it, got his accomplished wife to keep up the conversation on a variety of interesting subjects. Mr. Wood went that year to the Leeds Conference; and his busts, being then first introduced, were in eager demand among the Preachers and friends. The Rev. Samuel Bardsley lifted Mr. Wood on his shoulder, who was pointed out as the artist, and much complimented on the occasion. On returning from the chapel, he was thus accosted in the old churchyard, by a tall person, of clerical appearance:—"Are you the young man who made that beautiful likeness of Mr. Wesley?" Being answered in the affirmative, the stranger requested Mr. Wood to tell him *how* he had made so exact a resemblance. He was very minute in his inquiries; and having made himself master of the subject, standing on a grave, he placed his hands on the young artist's shoulders, and, going through the whole process, from the first *preparation* of the soft and pliant materials, to the *completion* of the bust, he, in a most striking manner, applied his information for the purpose of illustrating the wonderful work of God, in the *new* creation of the human soul after his own image, by the power of the Holy Spirit. He spoke of the rough and unpromising materials, namely, the old corrupt nature derived from fallen Adam; and how, by the interference and energy of the divine Spirit, this was softened and melted down into godly sorrow; became *plastic* under the hands of the divine Artificer; was cast into a new mould; was formed by him after the likeness of Christ; and thus became a new creature, bearing the image of the heavenly, as before it had borne that of the earthly. He spiritualized, in a happy manner, other parts of the process, comparing the fiery ordeal necessary to the firmness and beauty of the one, to the furnace of affliction; the various trials of the Christian, as equally necessary, and by God's grace, equally conducive to the steadfastness of faith and beauty of holiness, to the other. This unexpected address, which lasted about twenty minutes, was listened to with deep interest and lively emotion. The stranger was no less distinguished a person than the holy and apostolic Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley. Mr. Wood died in 1840, aged eighty-one. I have just received the above particulars from a respectable Local Preacher, who heard Mr. Wood relate them.

SAMUEL DUNN.

THEOLOGY.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SLEIGH.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."—Luke xv. 18, 19.

No Evangelist professes to give the whole of the parables delivered by our Lord. Matthew, Mark, and John omit the parable of the prodigal son; and yet, if Luke had not recorded it, the world would have sustained a loss beyond the power of words to express.

The parable will not find its equal among any, even the most celebrated allegories of the ancients; for whatever of loftiness in conception, or of beauty in composition and expression, is to be found in them, may be found in much higher perfection in this. In it our Lord shows himself an instructer indeed. The parable will come properly under our review, if we consider—its various branches, its doctrinal truths, and its practical lessons.

I. ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES.—There are five which we seem particularly called to notice.

The first is, *the prodigal's departure from his father's house.*—In this we see several things to condemn. His *pride.* Panting after a state of independence; puffed up with a vain conceit of his own sufficiency, and desiring to show off the fine gentleman, nothing less than having his concerns in his own hands would content him. Mark his *ingratitude.* He had an indulgent father, in whose house there was an amplitude of provision, so that the meanest servant in the family had plenty of all things necessary. But notwithstanding his favoured condition in being so well supplied with everything which could reasonably contribute to his comfort and happiness, he did not preserve attachment to home, but sought one more suited to his taste, and became a wanderer. Observe his *headstrong temper,* which hurried him on, that as soon as possible he might rid himself of his father's restraint and counsel. Behold his *sensual turn of mind.* It was this which created the desire, no doubt, for the luxuries of a foreign land; and he was possessed of the means of procuring his own indulgence, having just received his proportion of fortune.

In the second branch of the parable we notice *the evil courses he pursued.*—The instructions and example he may be supposed to have had at home would naturally have led us to expect he would be an example to others; but religious parents and privileges are nothing without personal piety. The conduct imputed to him was exceedingly criminal; for he made associates of those that feared not God. Evil companions led him into amusements and pleasures of an ignoble description; in fact, into all the extravagance of vice and dissipation. Nor did he stop till he had squandered to the utmost of his ability his available resources.

Consider the third branch of the parable, which is *the issue of such courses.*—*He soon brought himself to poverty and pinching want;* and as this happened at the same time that there was a mighty famine in the place where he sojourned, this circumstance would naturally add, in no small degree, to his distress. *When so reduced, he submitted to a very servile state.* It is no disgrace in this country to feed any sort of cattle; but it was a very great degradation on the part of the younger son, and one that was a Jew, to have the care of swine. *He was ill supplied with food.* Having hired himself to a tyrannical master, a part of his wretched life was spun out, not only in the meanest drudgery, but likewise with the hardest fare, having to eat the husks that were given to the swine. *He met with no kindness from any quarter.* Perhaps, on having dissipated his property, he expected to find friends in those who had eaten of his bread and drunk of his cup in his more prosperous days. If so, his conclusion was a false one; for though many of them had flattered him while he had abundance, none of them now came forward, either from gratitude or pity, to give him relief. All deserted him. Such is the friendship of the world.

The fourth branch of the parable sets before us *the change which the miserable circumstances of his condition produced in*

him. In the following things are contained all the component parts of repentance. *He had a deep and humbling view of his sin and folly.* These things now appeared to have been great, and he, consequently, felt the full force of that pointed interrogatory, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" (Rom. vi. 21.) "How many hired servants of my father's" exclaims he, "have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" (Luke xv. 17.) *He confessed with shame and anguish of heart his offence.* Behold here the ingenuousness of his confession. "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." (Ver. 21.) There were no excuses made, nor any suggestions offered, to extenuate his guilt. He might have pleaded his youth, and the enticements of the artful and designing; but he looks at nothing that would lead to a palliation of his sin: on the contrary, the enormity of it appeared in proportion to the mercies with which he had before been so often laden when under the roof of his parent. *And he resolved on, and tried the effect of, a speedy return to his father.* Having come into a far country, the unhappy youth was at a long distance from home; and being without money, he would be forced to beg his bread on the road. These were distressing thoughts; but in the midst of them the recollection of a father, once so loving and so kind, gave him hope: and cherishing this expectation, he said, "I will arise;" and not only made the resolution, but proceeded without delay to execute it; for we read, "He arose, and came to his father."

This naturally introduces the last branch of the parable; namely, *the reception of the prodigal by his father.*—Every circumstance here mentioned shows the affection of this venerable parent. He, it seems, was looking out for his long-lost child; and how *wishfully*, a parent will readily conceive! On his *first* appearance he feels compassion for his sufferings; beholding him covered with rags, and emaciated with disease, the bitter fruits of intemperance and vice. As if he had forgotten his faults, without waiting his nearer approach, he runs with open arms to embrace him, and to testify his goodwill towards him. He suffers not even an upbraiding word to escape his lips, but falls on his neck and kisses him. Whilst the son was on his knees, and making his contrite confession, instead of hearing the whole of what he had to say, the father stops him, and commands his servants to bring out "the best robe," and to put it upon his son, together with a "ring on his hand," and "shoes on his feet:" instantly too, though mean and shabby in his appearance, owning him for his son, and celebrating the occasion by every possible and appropriate expression of joy.

Such are the different branches of this parable. Let us now turn our attention,

II. To its DOCTRINAL TRUTHS.

These may be applied to the case of mankind in general, and to the case of backsliders in particular.

1. Applied to the case of the world, the parable is adapted to show,

(1.) *In what light we are to view man in a state of innocence.*—He was with his father; and with his father, too, in the beautiful garden of Eden, or paradise; where he could not but be truly blessed and honourable, being surrounded by "everything that was good for food, or pleasant to the eye;" and having the indulgence of a general permission to eat; even the fruit of the tree of life itself not excepted: called by that name, as having a virtue, by some particular kind of nourishment, to keep him in constant youth, till (according to the opinion of the best Jewish and Christian writers) he should be translated from earth to heaven.

(2.) *The sad state to which his fall has reduced his posterity.*—As fallen descendants of Adam, all partake of the corruption of our common nature. This, and nothing merely accidental, is the root of the bad fruit that has been produced in their conduct. This is the fountain from whence the corrupt streams have flowed, and have been flowing, for nearly six thousand years. Adam lost the image of God in his soul, and begat a son in his own fallen likeness. All have departed from God, and gone far off from him, wishing as much as possible, to be "without God in the world." They say unto God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit shall we have, if we pray unto him?" (Job xxi. 14, 15.)

(3.) *The misery men bring upon themselves by forsaking the Lord.*—For a time, it is true, they may seem to enjoy themselves; they may be light and gay, they may be full of life and spirit, and indulge themselves in conviviality and mirth; (Isai. v. 12;) but it is not unfrequently

that, even amid such an outward appearance, the wrath of God secretly abideth *on* them, and this often proves the very gall of bitterness *within* them. And if this be the case when they have their boasted enjoyments, what will be their situation when deprived of them? They covet now the bait, but ere long they shall assuredly feel the hook, and be seen eating "the fruit of their own ways, and be filled with their own devices." (Prov. i. 31.)

(4.) *Why, on becoming acquainted with their condition, they should not despair of mercy.*—When the Spirit of God, whose office it is to convince the world of sin, has awakened a man to a sense of his guilt and danger, he often distresses himself with gloomy apprehensions. We may suppose him saying in his heart, something to this effect:—

"Where shall I fly to secure
A refuge from harassing care?
Or must my sad spirit endure
The torments of endless despair?
If still there is mercy with thee,
Compassionate Father of all,
In pity extend it to me,
While laden with sorrow I fall."

(*To be continued.*)

A WORD TO THE PRAYER-LEADERS.

Look at three things:—1. The position which prayer-meetings occupy as a means of grace; 2. The importance of their being kept up; and, 3. The way of conducting them in the most profitable manner.

1. First, then, *the position which prayer-meetings occupy as a means of grace.* They must not be put in the place of the *Sacrament;* for that is Christ's own institution, and the visible sign and seal of the Christian covenant. They must not be substituted for *the regular ministry* of the word; for "the preaching of the cross" is the ordinance appointed by Christ for "the teaching, or discipling, of all nations," and "that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Nor must they interfere with *class-meetings;* for among all "the *prudential* means" in use amongst *us*, not one is so essential to the purity, life, and vigour of our system as the class-meeting. Nor should they interfere with Sunday-school instruction; nor with the conscientious and regular fulfilment of those high duties, the discharge of which is necessary to "*show piety at home.*" Do not, my brethren, "set at *odds*" Heaven's benefactors, and "with one excellence another *wound.*" Look at the various wheels and movements of your watch, and learn a lesson about order and subordination, discipline and harmony. It is only by putting and keeping every wheel in *its place* that the general work is carried on, and the machine rendered beautiful and useful.

2. *In the machinery of Methodism, prayer-meetings hold a place very important.* They form a wheel or spring without which we cannot do. We *must* have prayer-meetings; meetings set apart for special, *united* prayer. God has graciously owned these meetings; and a great deal depends on our keeping them up in their full force and virtue. They give *a prominence to religious profession* in private life, and add a salutary weight and responsibility to Christian character: a place on the Prayer-Leaders' Plan is an additional nail to fasten you to the temple and to the altar of God. They greatly *multiply the agency of the church;* calling forth into public activity a numerous class of pious persons, who would not otherwise find open to them a door of usefulness; or have such an opportunity of letting their light shine before men, seasoning them with grace, and leading them to "glorify their Father which is in heaven." They form the first link of a chain to draw forth, and place under the eyes of the church, such *young men* as have gifts and grace to become instruments in the hand of God for more extended usefulness in the church and in the world. They *deepen convictions* produced under the living ministry; they help the *penitent* struggling beneath the burden of guilt; they *assist the believer* in his conflicts with the tempter and with inbred sin, and in his mightiest efforts to attain and hold fast a full salvation; they hold up the hands of faithful Ministers; and by continually invoking *the promised, and more abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit*, they tend to bring the church nearer to God, to *revive his work*, and to bring about the conversion of the world. They "*avail much:*" much in saving souls from death, much in comforting believers, and in establishing and extending the kingdom of Christ.

3. But *how shall these meetings be conducted* so as to render them useful to the greatest possible extent? (1.) Let every one employed in them *feel the importance of being holy* in all manner of

conversation. Know that "God heareth not sinners." "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even *his prayer shall be abomination.*" "Therefore, obey from the heart the form of doctrine delivered you, that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke." The eyes of men and devils, of angels and of God, are upon *you*. You speak *to God for men:* walk worthy of your high calling. Be exemplary in every relation of life; be spiritually minded; abide in Christ; pray daily with your families; walk with God in your closet; each one of you be a man of prayer; so shall you in the prayer-meetings have "power with God and with men, and prevail."

(2.) *Be conscientious in attending your appointments*, and be *punctual* with regard to time. Let not distance or company, Satan, sloth, or weather, hinder you. As sure as Christ has said, "Where *two* or *three* are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst,"—*He will be there.* Go and meet him: disappoint neither him nor the people. Move from *principle*—stern principle; and from first to last resolve to be *regular* in this duty. And see to it that you never be behind time either in beginning or ending. Life and success both in religion and commerce have much to do with *punctuality.*

(3.) Habituate yourself at all times *to kneel* while engaged in prayer. The very form of the human body invites, not to say commands, us to take this attitude when we appear as supplicants before God. In prayer "Solomon kneeled down on his knees;" "Paul kneeled down and prayed with them all;" above all, "*Jesus kneeled down and prayed.*"

(4.) After the first or second person has prayed, a short and appropriate portion of the *holy Scriptures* may occasionally be read with advantage by one of the senior Prayer-Leaders. It should be previously selected; or strongly impressed on the mind of the person who reads that it is suitable for the occasion. If there be no reading, one of you might now and then give *a two minutes' exhortation.* But better have neither reading nor address if you *cannot*, or *will not*, *be short.*

(5.) If so many suitable persons be present, persons who can pray in public, get *six* or *seven*, or more, to pray in the hour. Variety tends to enliven, to interest, to promote edification. Long prayers are mostly barren, wearisome, powerless. Even those who are apt themselves to pray long, cannot bear it in others. Long prayers are more particularly objectionable and injurious to the meeting when there are several other persons present who have not time to exercise. From five to seven minutes may generally be regarded as about the proper time.

(6.) When others are praying, do not suffer your minds to wander, *but unite with them earnestly.* Let both your heart and tongue respond to their petitions. *Unite* in *prayer.* Jesus says, "*It shall be done for them,*"—"If *any two* of you shall *agree* as touching any thing that they shall ask." Let this agreement find expression in your well-timed, devout, humble, believing "*Amen.*"

(7.) Feel the fire, the force, the beauty of *the hymns you give out;* and try to make this appear to others, that the language may be "quick and powerful." As our Hymn-Book is so rich in divine truth and "the deep things of God," and so adapted for lively prayer-meetings, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" it; that herein you may "bring out of your treasury things new and old." Seldom sing more than two verses at a time: one is often sufficient, and that sometimes sung when all are on their knees.

(8.) When *you pray*, be simple, fervent, recollected, scriptural. Feel that you are speaking to God, and take the lowest step at the mercy-seat. Be humble,—abased in dust and ashes. Come as a sinner, a contrite sinner, through the atoning blood. Behold the Lamb. Rely on the Holy Spirit. Take hold of the promise, the promise of pardon, holiness, and heaven; of free, full, everlasting salvation. Have faith in God. Let yours be "the prayer of faith." Urge your suit; plead for present blessings. "The power of the Lord is present to heal;" ask salvation for every class of persons within the sound of your voice. Enter into their cases; *plead* like Abraham for Sodom, *wrestle* like Jacob for his family. Pray for the Ministers of the sanctuary, for Local Preachers, for Class-Leaders, for Prayer-Leaders, for School Teachers, for heads of families, for Tract Distributors, for Missionaries, and the poor Heathen to whom they minister, for the universal Church, and for the whole world. Thus pray in the Holy Spirit, and verily prayer-meetings shall be owned of God, and made a general blessing. C.

PARODIES, AND THEIR APPLICATION TO RELIGIOUS COMPOSITIONS.

First, *What is a parody?* A short but good description of this kind of composition is given, under the word, in Knight's "Penny Cyclopædia." "Parody, from the Greek παρῳδία, and that from ᾠδη, an ode. A parody is a poetical pleasantry, which consists in turning what was intended as a serious composition into ridicule, by adapting it to some new purpose, or by the affected imitation of its peculiarities. It had its origin among the Greeks, from whose language the name is derived. It seems to be synonymous with the French *travestie*. Its most common form is that in which a performance, while its principal features are retained, is, by a slight change, diverted from its proper design, and made to bear a ludicrous signification. Sometimes the alteration of a single word, or even a single letter, is sufficient for the accomplishment of this. Another form of parody is that in which, without any change in the original, it receives a ludicrous character by its application to some object quite foreign to the original intention of the author. A third kind consists in choosing a mean and ludicrous subject, and treating it in the style and manner of approved writers; and a fourth in exemplifying, in the illustration of any subject, the defects and absurdities of writers held in little esteem." It is added, "It is necessary that the subject should be celebrated, or at least well known; and that in treating it there should be no departure from the requirements of good humour."

When confined within these limits, such compositions are allowable, as showing the ingenuity and wit of the writer, and promoting the amusement of the reader. An unintentional parody is reported to have occasioned a burst of laughter during one of the most serious portions of Shakspeare's tragedy of Richard III. As the body of Henry VI. was on its way, in its coffin, to the place of interment, the bearers had set it down for a brief pause. When they wanted to resume their progress, the Duke of Gloucester, (Richard III.,) by whom the deceased Monarch had been murdered, interrupted the progress. One of the officers had to say to him, "My Lord, stand back, and let the *coffin pass*." Whether by some trepidation of speech, or from some other cause, he so altered the conformation of the words, that the line is said to have been thus spoken,—"My Lord, stand back, and let the *parson cough*." Some of the serious old English ballads have thus been "parodied," and some ludicrous adventure related in the ballad style, serious in expression, ludicrous in meaning.

But while such parodies are allowable, not only are they improper vehicles of argument,—for ridicule is no test of truth,—but the utmost care should be taken that what is parodied should not be one of those compositions which ought never to be associated with the ridiculous and the low. No divine composition ought ever to be parodied, lest, in making some other subject appear wrong, ludicrous ideas should be attached to what should always be held sacred. Boswell says of Dr. Johnson, that "he disapproved of introducing Scripture phrases into secular discourse." The biographer adds, "This seemed to be a question of some difficulty. A scriptural expression may be used, like a highly classical phrase, to produce an instantaneous strong expression, and it may be done without being at all improper." Certainly, it *may* be done, but, in fact, seldom *will* be done so guardedly as to preserve the full respect due to the divine word. He himself, therefore, says, "Yet I own there is danger, that applying the language of our sacred book to ordinary subjects, may tend to lessen our reverence for it. If, therefore, it be introduced at all, *it should be with very great caution*." But what would he have said to a mere *parody* on Scripture language, when even the *guarded use* of the language was so dangerous? Dr. Johnson has recorded his own opinion on the general subject,—and it is a very decided one, and very strongly expressed,—in his "Life of Pope." He says, "That he was not scrupulously pious in some parts of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a *mode of merriment* which *a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity*." Paley was so convinced of the danger of turning sacred things into ridicule, that he even censures the habit of ridiculing the mistaken practices of some professors of religion, lest the mind, by an easy transition, should acquire the habit of ridiculing religion itself. He who "trembles at the word of God,"—who can say, "Thy testimonies are my counsellors and my delight," "more precious than gold, even than fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the

honey-comb,"—will be in no disposition to parody the Scriptures for the sake of proposing some favourite argument. It is not easy to laugh at a parody which closely imitates the peculiar style and language of Scripture, without having the reverential feeling weakened with which at all times the word of God should be heard and read. E. T.

THE FORM OF GODLINESS AND THE POWER.

Every one who knows anything of religion, knows that betwixt the form of godliness and the power there is an essential difference; that a nominal and real Christianity are two very different things; and it requires very little discernment to discover which of these predominate. But, alas! my friends, there is too little even of the form and profession of religion in the day in which we live. The laxity of principle and the looseness of manners that too generally prevail in all ranks is fearful. "All have gone aside; all have corrupted their ways." Grievous is the prevalence of irreligion, the contempt of God, the sensuality, and pride, and carnality, and earthliness, that are chargeable on vast numbers of our community. Impiety and vice are not merely practised, but professed; not merely persisted in, but defended. Many of the higher ranks are too exalted to acknowledge and worship God their Maker; too much bent on carnal pleasure or amusement to acknowledge his goodness or praise his name; too indifferent about their souls to seek after Christ and his salvation. His house is by them deserted, his worship neglected, his servants disesteemed, with an effrontery that is most daring, a self contradiction and inconsistency that is most criminal. They (some of them) set at nought those very laws they took part, it may be, in framing. In prodigality and luxury they wanton. Thousands and tens of thousands are squandered in ministering to their lusts and pleasures, while they have not a single mite to bestow in promoting the interests of religion, and little or nothing to spare for the advancement of any useful or benevolent design. And with what zeal does the lower portion of the community strive to emulate the higher in that which is the disgrace of both. Intemperance, impurity, profane cursing and swearing, Sabbath-breaking, despite of ordinance, breach of vows, are the dark features by which our country's population are disfigured. O! is it to be wondered that private and public calamities should overtake us? In populous cities, where characters of every description congregate, and where "one sinner destroys much good," these things were at one period only known; but, alas! in the peaceful retreats of rural life, where fewer temptations present themselves, where, one would think, everything reminds us of, and draws us to, God, and invites us to devotion, there is a similar forgetfulness of God, a similar despite of his authority, and a similar hunting after the ways and the wages of unrighteousness. Let us take the Bible in our hands, and bring the hearts and lives of men to the touchstone, and proceed through the length and breadth of our land, and how few shall we find, when laid in the balances, not fearfully wanting? And even amidst God's professing people, and in those spots of the vineyard that are most carefully enclosed and tenderly watched over, what coldness, and deadness, and formality prevail! How little is there of the vitality and power of religion, of the fervour of devotion, of the tender and close walking with God, and of the fruit that appears, compared with that care and culture which God has bestowed! O! let it be considered that the righteous are scarcely saved. O! let us be persuaded that there is much cause for weeping and mourning, much cause for the Priests, the Ministers of the Lord, all the friends of the Redeemer, to go "weeping between the porch and the altar, and saying, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach." Have I given too dark, too gloomy, a view of things? I fear that truth must bear witness, and that the judgment-day will declare that the picture is not over-wrought, that it might have had even a deeper colouring, and yet proved a true delineation.—*Rev. Dr. Brown, Assembly Sermons*, 1844, *Free Church Pulpit.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A WESLEYAN LEADER IN IRELAND.

God has made promises to his people of temporal supplies as distinct and positive as of spiritual blessings. He has said, "Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." "I will keep them alive in famine." "All these things" (food, drink, clothing) "shall be added unto you." Often are these promises fulfilled in an unlooked-for and affecting manner; illustrating the sleepless and tender care of "our Father who is in heaven" for his children; as also *their* family affection and sympathy towards each other. An example has just come under my observation in this (Enniskillen) Circuit.

An old and devoted Leader the produce of whose small patch of land (scarcely half an acre) was nearly expended, partly in cropping the ground, partly in food, while describing to me his situation a few weeks ago, referred with lively emotion to a happy season he had recently enjoyed in family prayer. "First," he said, "I felt a confidence that the Lord would never leave me nor forsake me; that he would be with me to the end, and then take me home to heaven. The next moment" (here his eyes were filled with tears) "he gave me an assurance in my heart *that I should never die of hunger!*" I mentioned this circumstance the following Sabbath in the course of my sermon, and it so impressed a lady present, that she came to me a few days after with five shillings which she had procured for our poor friend. This sum I soon had an opportunity of handing to him with as much more from the portion of the Relief Fund generously raised by the Methodists of England to alleviate Irish distress, committed to me for distribution. Now he will be enabled to sow the remainder of his "field," which, if the Lord of the harvest do but "bless," will afford him provision for the coming year. His landlord, a Christian man, treats him with clemency, as an expression of respect for his religious character. Thus is "the brother of low degree" relieved and honoured, and the distinguishing providence of God illustrated. I may remark, in conclusion, that notwithstanding the awful ravages of want and disease, in all my travels last year through the south of Ireland, and this year through the north, I did not know or hear of one *exemplary for piety* who perished with hunger.

Robert Huston.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

A MOTHER PRAYING A SON HOME.

What thoughts crowd around the heart at the mention of these words! Years may pass away; mountains, rivers, and oceans may intervene between us and the spot where first we heard a mother's prayers, yet they cannot be lost to memory. Sickness, sorrow, and neglect may be suffered, and even the heart may seemingly become callous to all good impressions, yet at the sound of a mother's—a praying mother's—name, a chord is touched which thrills through the soul, and rarely fails to awaken better feelings. Does danger threaten? We hope, and perhaps fondly anticipate, that a mother's prayers which have been offered up in our behalf may be answered.

Never did I see this more forcibly illustrated than in the case of a weather-beaten sailor, who resided in one of our coast-towns. I had the narrative from the lips of the mother. In making his homeward passage, as he "doubled the stormy Cape," a dreadful storm arose. The mother had heard of his arrival "outside the Cape," and was awaiting with the anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and, as she expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with faith strong in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence; but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, "It is in the hands of Him that doeth all things well;" and again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed and commended her son and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping, at least, that some relic of their lost one might be found.

The morning came. The winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victim was no more. At this moment, the

little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges. The door opened, and their son, their lost, their loved son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbours on the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?"

"Mother," said he, while the tears coursed down his sunburnt face, "I knew you'd pray me home!"

What a spectacle! a wild, reckless youth acknowledging the efficacy of prayer! It seems that he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he laboured with this thought: "My mother prays; Christians' prayers are answered, and I may be saved." This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he laboured, till the harbour was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who is likely to be wrecked on the stream of life, and his prospects blasted for ever. He may be saved.—*Children's Friend.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

"Sweet as sephyrs' balmy breath,
Soft stealing 'mong the roses, newly blown,
The spirit fled—she closed her eyes in death,
And, smiling, enter'd on the world unknown."

THE hour of midnight was fast approaching. The merchant and his wife had not yet retired to rest. A cloud hung over the brow of each, as they pensively sat before a cheerful fire. Their silence had been long and uninterrupted; for their thoughts were upon their only child, their daughter Margaret, who had, on several occasions, attended a Protestant place of worship, in opposition to their wishes; and who had signified her determination never more to hear mass.

"Little did I think," said the merchant, who was the first to break the silence, and whose voice as he spoke was tremulous with emotion, "after all the pains we have taken, and the money we have expended, to educate her in the principles of the only true religion, that the thoughtless girl would so soon become a *heretic*. The thought of it breaks my heart."

"Holy Virgin! Guardian Mother! protect us!" exclaimed his partner, drawing from her pocket a string of beads: "may I be safely landed in the paradise of saints before that day arrives."

"But how can we prevent it? Have I not talked to her till my whole store of arguments is exhausted? Have I not, even with tears, warned her of the rocks and shoals of Protestantism, against which so many have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience? But all my advice is lost upon her. She no more regards it than the whistling of the winter's wind."

"Perhaps a week's solitary confinement to her chamber may bring her to her senses."

"I doubt it. She has a Protestant Bible in her room, and dares to read it without the sanction of the Priest; and sets up a mode of interpretation agreeable to her own fancies, in opposition to the authority of the Church. She has also several heretical books; and a confinement to her apartment would only afford her increased opportunities of reading them. But I have one more expedient; and if that fail, I shall consider it a lost case. It is this: to send for Father ——, the Priest, to converse with her; and I have very little doubt that, by his great learning, and extensive knowledge of the doctrines of our holy Church, he will easily disarm her of all her Protestant weapons."

"That is a wise suggestion. I will send for him to-morrow morning. And, mark me, husband, if the girl be obstinate, if she will not be persuaded by the invincible arguments of the Priest, another night she shall not rest under this roof. It would be a shame for us, who were cradled in the only true faith, to harbour a heretic in our house, though she be our own child. Do you agree to it?"

"With all my heart."

It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the merchant and his wife were natives of the south of Ireland, where they resided for many years in undisturbed tranquillity, and enjoyed a considerable share of worldly prosperity. As they had but one child, they doted upon her with the tenderest affection, and spared no expense in giving her an education suited to her rank. Being also devotedly attached to the Romish Church, within the pale of which their forefathers had lived and died, they entrusted the care of her religious training to the Sisters of a neighbouring convent.

About the period of the late great rebellion, when that unhappy country was dis-

tracted by internal feuds and commotions, they embarked for England, and took up their abode in the town of Liverpool.

At this time, Margaret had grown to woman's estate. She had already seen nineteen summers; and possessed a form of unrivalled beauty, which, with the superior qualities of her mind, and the sweetness of her disposition, rendered her society both attractive and agreeable.

During the first few weeks of her residence in Liverpool, the natural buoyancy of her spirits appeared to forsake her; for, as yet, she had no companions, no familiar friend, in whose society she could pass the genial hours of returning spring, or taste the sweets of social intercourse. The eye of her imagination would often linger on her fatherland; and a sigh would often escape her gentle bosom, while calling to remembrance the associates of her childhood. This mental depression, however, gradually wore away, when she, at length, found herself noticed and caressed by several respectable, intelligent ladies, who resided in the neighbourhood. But they were Protestants, and regularly attended a Dissenting chapel. As her acquaintance with these pious females continued, the merchant's daughter felt a strong desire to know something of the Reformed religion. She had been taught, from her earliest infancy, to regard all who were not within the bosom of her own Church, as unfit for the kingdom of heaven; nay, as brands for everlasting burnings! But her early prejudices were materially weakened by the consistent conduct and uniform piety of her new companions: hence, she justly concluded, that there must be something valuable in a religion which could produce such exemplary holiness of life and practice. She listened with astonishment, mingled with pleasurable emotions, to their religious experience, including an account of their conversion to God, their enjoyment of the divine favour, and their assurance of eternal life through the merits of a crucified Saviour. A spirit of inquiry was awakened in her mind; and, with a view to receive fresh light on these vitally important truths, she procured a copy of the holy Scriptures, which the Priests of her own Church had interdicted.* While secretly and prayerfully perusing its sacred pages, she obtained clearer apprehensions of the method of a sinner's reconciliation to God; and consequently felt more than ever convinced that the faith in which she had been nurtured was not the faith of the Gospel. Her eyes became gradually opened to the abominations of Popery; and she saw how utterly untenable were the principles she had so implicitly imbibed. The doctrines of transubstantiation and purgatory; the sale of indulgences and pardons; the practice of invoking saints, and offering prayers to images; the sacrifice of the mass; with all the ridiculous rites connected with the Romish worship, appeared to her better-informed judgment, as the essential characteristics of the *man of sin*. As she had now become increasingly concerned for the salvation of her soul, she one Sunday morning resolved, for the first time in her life, to accompany her friends to the Dissenting chapel, trusting that the service might prove beneficial to her spiritual interests. She went, and was not disappointed. The absence of that pompous display, and those unmeaning ceremonies, to which she had been accustomed from her childhood, enabled her to collect her scattered thoughts, and to direct her mind to the one thing needful. She listened to the sermon with breathless attention: the word was accompanied with power; and before the close of the service she was made happy in God.

It was impossible that this change in her views and character could be long concealed from her parents. They had seen her reading the interdicted book; and had been informed of her attending a Protestant chapel. At first, they mildly remonstrated; but finding that she was firmly attached to the doctrines of the Reformed Church, and that she was determined never more to worship in the sanctuary of her fathers, their anger was unbounded. She was threatened with the anathemas of the Priest, exclusion from heaven, and all the curses and imprecations which the Holy Church of Rome denounces against heretics. All these threatenings fell on her ear without producing the least change in her sentiments; and the misguided parents became pale with vexation when she informed them, that the fulminations of their corrupt Church would fall upon her as harmless as the playful lightning at the close of a beautiful summer's day.

Such was the state of affairs which led to the conversation which I have related at the commencement of this chapter. The next morning, Father —— arrived; and after a long interview with the merchant's daughter, which at the instigation of the former took place in an adjoining room, the discomfited Priest returned to the parlour, where sat the unhappy parents, anxiously waiting to know the success of his ghostly advice.

"O," said he, "I can make nothing of her. She abjures our holy faith; and (*Jesu-Maria*) speaks of her venerable Church, as blasphemous and cruel!—I fear she has become an irreclaimable heretic."

The fate of Margaret was now decided. She was ordered forthwith to prepare for her departure, for no other offence, than con-

* In the Rhemish Testament, published in Ireland, a few years since, is the following note, on Hebrews v. 5:—"The translation of the English Protestant Bible should be abhorred to the depths of hell."

scientiously rejecting doctrines and ceremonies which she believed to be irreconcileable with Scripture; and for associating herself with a Church, within the pale of which she had already obtained the greatest of all blessings, —the salvation of her soul. Within the space of an hour after this unnatural mandate, she was ejected from her home.

"The world was all before her, where to choose
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide."

It was not any natural aversion to their only child, that induced the merchant and his wife to resolve on this cruel expediency; for they had always loved her with the tenderest affection. But being devotedly attached to a Church which teaches its deluded members to regard all who dare to oppose its idolatrous and superstitious institutions as worthy of death, the mistaken parents imagined they were rendering an essential service to the cause of truth, and exhibiting to the world an example of exalted piety, by ceasing to foster an heretic, though that heretic was *their own child!* But such is the spirit of Popery. It not only corrupts the judgment, by causing it to embrace the most palpable falsehoods and glaring absurdities, but obviously tends to deaden the finest feelings, and to extinguish in the bosom the tenderest sympathies of our nature.

The expulsion of Margaret from her paternal home was accompanied by a promise, on the part of her father, that whenever she felt inclined to return to the only true Church, his heart, as well as his arms, would be open to receive her. Her afflicted heart was too full to reply; and she at once directed her steps to the residence of one of her female friends, a respectable young lady, who lived with her mother in an adjoining street; hoping that her counsel, in her present emergency, might prove beneficial. The sympathies of this pious female were immediately awakened on hearing the account of her persecutions; and she mingled her tears with those of the interesting sufferer. The only points now at issue appeared to be, to fix on the place of her future residence, and to decide on the most effective means of securing, in an honest and creditable calling, the necessaries and conveniencies of life.

"You shall reside with me," said her generous friend: "my mother will watch over you with maternal solicitude, and I will be to you as a sister."

Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the merchant's daughter at this unexpected proposal. But, for obvious reasons, she declined the liberal offer. "I would rather leave Liverpool altogether," she replied; "for by remaining here, I shall be the subject of further annoyances; and it is more than probable that your generosity to me would expose you to some degree of obloquy. Besides, I have fully resolved to labour for my own support. My education will not be without its advantages, in realizing the object I have in view. I purpose, as soon as practicable, to undertake the charge of a few pupils. I flatter myself that I am competent to the task. And I have no doubt, that my gracious Saviour, for whose sake I have been driven to this alternative, will smile upon my endeavours. 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

"If such be your intention, it may be in my power to assist you. I have an elder sister, who keeps a reputable boarding-school, in a beautiful village, not far from Manchester. She is a widow, though scarcely twenty-five years of age. When I heard from her lately, she stated that she was greatly in want of a young lady, competent to teach the senior boarders. I am sure, with your superior attainments, you will be quite an acquisition to her establishment. You will find a happy home under her roof. She will love you with the affection of a sister."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR SERVANTS.

WISE MAXIMS FOR SERVANTS.

PROPER FOR HANGING UP IN KITCHENS, &c.

To the Faithful, Honest, and Industrious.

1. A GOOD character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants; for it is their bread; and without it they cannot be admitted into a creditable family: and happy it is that the best of characters is in everyone's power to deserve.

2. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place; for long service shows worth; as quitting a good place through passion is a folly, which is always repented of too late.

3. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for pretending to do what you do not understand exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, deceives those whom you serve.

4. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

5. Adhere to the truth; for falsehood is detestable; and he that tells one lie, must tell twenty more to conceal it.

6. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

7. Be modest in your behaviour: it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

8. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

9. Be clean in your business; for slovens and sluts are disreputable servants.

10. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief: but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

11. Live friendly with your fellow-servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

12. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for it is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

13. Prefer a peaceable life with moderate gains, to great advantages with irregularity.

14. Save your money; for that will be a friend to you in old age. Be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

15. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

16. Never use hasty and improper language; for that is without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

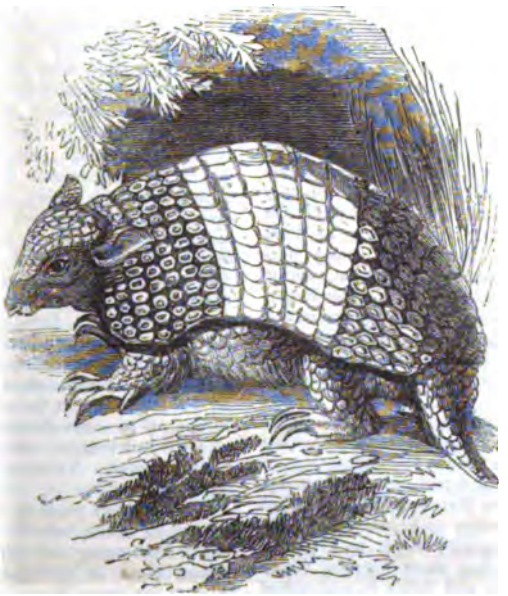
17. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature gains the love of everyone.

18. Never stay when sent on a message; for waiting long is painful to a master, and a quick return shows diligence.

19. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

20. The servant that often changes her place, only works to be poor; for the rolling stone gathers no moss.—*Servants' Magazine.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE ARMADILLO.

The poyou, or weasel-headed armadillo, belongs to the section of Cuvier termed *encoubertz:* it is very common in Paraguay, and burrows in the ground with almost incredible celerity. Its strength and activity are very remarkable, and notwithstanding the shortness of its legs, few men can overtake it. It is of a restless, unquiet disposition, inquisitive and confident; and when any noise is made at the entrance of its burrow, it is said to come fearlessly forth to investigate the cause. Its voice is a low grunt, like that of a young pig. These animals live solitary or in pairs, and haunt wooded districts, where they excavate very deep burrows: when dan-

ger threatens, they carry on their mining operations, rendering it difficult to dig them out. They feed upon melons, potatoes, and other vegetables; but also to a great extent upon carrion: the natives nevertheless eat the flesh of this species without any repugnance. When it stops or rests on the ground, it has a habit of squatting like a hare in her form; and in this situation the great breadth of the body is very apparent. The head is large, flat, and nearly triangular; the face short, and the muzzle blunt; the ears are moderate. Several individuals of this armadillo have at various times lived in the menagerie of the Zoological Society. They appear to have little fear, and soon become familiar even with strangers. When running about their enclosure, during warm and sunny weather, they turn up the turf rapidly with their noses, apparently in search of worms and insects. Bread and milk is the diet on which they are fed: their actions are prompt and rapid. The poyou measures about sixteen inches in the length of the head and body; the tail is about six or seven inches long. X. Y.

MAGPIES.

CERTAIN birds of similar habits will naturally, under peculiar circumstances, act very differently. We have an instance of this in the singular departure of the magpie from its usual custom of building its nest. Everybody knows that where trees abound, that which is loftiest, or most difficult of access, is chosen; but in parts where there are no trees, instead of retiring to high rocks, and choosing places not easily approached, they will take possession of bushes close to the very doors of houses, particularly in those countries where, instead of being persecuted, they are preserved, from an opinion that it is unlucky to kill them. Accordingly, in Sweden and Norway, travellers are struck by their surprising numbers and tameness, their nests being built in some low bushy tree close to the cottage-doors, where they are never disturbed.

The following instance, which fell under the observation of a gentleman when making an excursion in a remote and barren part of the north of Scotland, not only corroborates the statement from Norway and Sweden, but is attended with many other interesting particulars of the sagacity shown by a pair of magpies. Observing them hopping round a gooseberry-bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was, who informed him that as there were no trees in the neighbourhood, they had for several years built their nest, and brought up their young, in that bush. And that foxes, cats, hawks, &c., might not interrupt them, they had barricadoed not only the nest, but the bush itself all around, with briers and thorns, in a formidable manner. The materials in the inside of the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch; but all round, on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge-knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not, without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier, from the outer to the inner edge, being above a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young. One day, one of the parent-birds attacked a rat; but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest, and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken, and carried it to the top of the house to eat it, where the hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down in her beak; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while its mother was carrying it down. These magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years, never suffering either the young when grown up, or anything else, to take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every spring, with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united forces, if unable to effect the object alone. To this tameness and familiarity the magpie will sometimes add a considerable degree of courage; and not satisfied with driving away intruders from its premises, has been known to attack animals much its superior in size. One of them was seen pursuing a full-grown hare, making frequent and furious pounces upon it, from which the animal at last escaped only by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, without being observed by its pursuer. No cause could be assigned for this assault.

A favourable trait in their character occurred in Essex, where some boys, having taken four young ones from a raven's nest, placed them in a wagon in a cart-shed. About the same time, they happened to destroy the young of a magpie, which had built its nest near the cart-shed; when the old magpie hearing the young ravens cry for food, brought some, and constantly fed them till they were given away by the boys.—*History of Birds, by the Bishop of Norwich.*

ARTESIAN WELLS.

In many parts of the world, and in some where water is very scarce near the surface, a hole is bored very deep into the earth, water is found, which is acted upon by a powerful pressure from beneath, and forced all the way up to the surface, through a pipe which is in the hole. Sometimes, indeed, this force throws the water from thirty to fifty feet in the air. These wells derive their name from the district of Artois, or the ancient Artesium, where they are abundant. The quantity of water obtained in this way in Artois, is often sufficient to turn the wheels of the mills. At Tours, in Europe, the water from one of these wells rushes up with so much force, that a cannon-ball, placed in the pipe, is thrown up into the air. The water coming from a great depth, as it does, is always warmer than that obtained from common wells; so that, in some places, it has been used to warm buildings. It is believed by scientific men, that water may be made to flow in the deserts of Africa, by means of the Artesian well. What an illustration of the goodness of God there is in this thing! Some philosophers would tell us that this manner of obtaining water is accounted for by a natural law,—the law of hydrostatic pressure. Very well. But who made that law? Who controls the operations of nature in such a way, that even the barren wilderness may yield the thirsty traveller refreshing springs of water?—*American Youth's Cabinet.*

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole, what a unity, it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision,—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snowy feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goes forth again to her labour till the evening.—*British and Foreign Quarterly Review for February.*

HAWKS.

Wild and shy as hawks are, it will scarcely be credited, that at one time the common gledes or kites were numerous in London streets. This happened in the time of Henry VIII., when it seems that they were attracted by the offal of butchers' and poulterers' stalls; and as, on account of their use in removing so offensive a nuisance, they were not allowed to be killed, they became so fearless as actually to mingle with the passengers, and take their prey in the very midst of the greatest crowds. Few people are, indeed, aware of the numbers of hawks existing at this day in London. On and about the dome of St. Paul's they may be often seen; and within a very few years, a pair, for several seasons, built their nest and reared their brood in perfect safety between the golden dragon's wings which formed the weathercock of Bow Church, in Cheapside. They might be easily distinguished by the thousands who walked below, flying in and out, or circling round the summit of the spire, notwithstanding the constant motion and

creaking noise of the weather-cock, as it turned round at every change of wind.—*History of Birds, by the Bishop of Norwich.*

A WATER-WAGTAIL'S NEST IN A BRASS-FOUNDRY.

The Bishop of Norwich, in his book on Ornithology, mentions that in such an unlooked-for place as the above did a female water-wagtail once build her nest, within a foot of the wheel of a lathe, in the midst of the din of hammers and braziers. There, unmolested and unconcerned, she hatched four young ones. The cock, not reconciled to such a scene, instead of taking his part in feeding the nestlings, carried the food he collected to a spot on the roof, where he left it till the hen fetched it when wanted. She became quite familiar with the men who were constantly employed in the shop, and flew in and out without showing signs of fear; but if a stranger approached, she immediately flew off to her nest, or, if absent, would not return until he had departed.

POETRY.

JACQUELINE PASCAL.*

High soul'd and noble,—so methinks thou wert
In the first freshness of thy radiant morn;
Pure thoughts unfolding in thy joyous heart,
Where the rose blossom'd, void of clinging thorn;
Bright dreams around thee lighting up thy way,
Sweet hopes enkindled in the glorious ray.

But Rome perverted,—Rome, whose blood-stain'd hand
Is crimson'd with the tide of martyr'd blood;
Before her altars thou in pride didst stand,
All vainly deeming Antichrist the God:
Deceived, deluded,—gathering to thy breast
The cloister'd dreamings of inglorious rest.

Thy lofty faith upon her shrine was laid,
Thy hope's aspirings kindled at her name;
And love's devotion with thy life's-blood paid
Its costly sacrifice unknown to fame.
Thy sun went down in darkness ere its light
Had reach'd the glory of meridian height.

O, not alone thou art! high hearts have bow'd
In fearful blindness at the' unhallow'd shrine
Where man doth arrogate the might of God,
And bid his fellows right and truth resign!
Where error's dreams, and sophistries, and pride,
Veil from the stricken Him, the Crucified!

There had been joy for thee, and holy peace,
With home-affections clustering round thy heart;
But blighted, blasted in their blessedness,
Their spring-time beauty hasted to depart.
Who link'd with life love's sweetest, dearest ties,
Ask'd He from human heart such sacrifice?

Woe, woe to those who part what God hath blent
In hallow'd union! Shall the Man of Sin
Exult and triumph o'er affections rent,
Nor hear the thunders of a voice divine?
When shall the Conqueror who hath bled and died
See his soul's travail, and be satisfied?

Dudley. ADELINE.

* See Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, November, 1847. "The Pascal Family."

THE INDIAN MARTYR.

The sunlight o'er Canadian woods
Had flung its wintry beam;
And sparkled in that quivering ray
Rock, fount, and icy stream:
A thousand pines commingled high
In the chill transparent air,—
And a flashing silvery canopy
O'erhung each low glade there.

That airy roof gleam'd gorgeously
In its bright hyemal pride;—
With its laced boughs as a fairy bower,
O'erwrought as by crystal tide:
And the snow-drift lay in the pale sunlight
As a wild untrodden waste;
And a thousand pensile stems outstream'd,
By the pearly hoar-frost traced.

But a voice was borne through the forest's gloom,
'Twas a sound of wailing low;
And a woman's tones of anguish wild
Burst forth from her heart's deep woe.
O wherefore thus in the chilly blast
Is the lone one doom'd to die?
Unloose the chain from the captive,—save
From that bitter agony!

It may not be! he hath bound her fast,
And he bids her perish there,
As he glanceth fiercely on her brow
In its still and calm despair:
He had vow'd in love's sweet morning hour
To cherish fondly e'er;
But he trampleth now on the broken flower,
And curseth her soft low prayer.

She had listed but to the glorious theme
Of a Saviour strong to save:
For this, for this, she is doom'd to pass
To an early, fearful grave!
Yet not to her, for a holy light
On her stricken heart is gleaming,
And she gazeth in love on the murderer's eye,
Nor heedeth its wrathful beaming.

And thus she 'scaped from earth away,
With a trusting heart and free;
And her ransom'd spirit soar'd to meet
A holier company.
O when shall the Gospel glory dawn
O'er the dark earth's rayless night;
And a voice omnific from the throne,
Say, "Let there now be light?"

ADELINE.

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D., TO A POOR WOMAN IN ST. EUSTATIUS, WEST INDIES.

Philadelphia, May 10th, 1787.

DEAR SISTER,

I'LL beg the favour of you to send or deliver the enclosed letters according to the directions of them. One is for Harry, our pious friend; another to one of our sisters, to his care; and the other for Samuel, whose wife lives at Mr. Oakmar's.

I take this opportunity of returning you particularly (as well as my other friends in Eustatius) many thanks for your kindnesses to me. The work of God in your island will lie near my heart as long as I live; nor shall anything be wanting on my part, as far as my power and influence reach, to promote it. And I trust it will prosper in your heart, and in the hearts of all your family. That is the grand point, my sister, which you are to mind above all things; the life of God in your soul. After a few years are past, all things here below will be of no worth to all eternity. Take care then to secure the main point, even your eternal interest. For this purpose, be much in prayer, that the Lord may manifest himself to you as he does not to the world; that he may shed abroad his love in your heart by the Holy Ghost given to you, and give you the knowledge of salvation by the remission of your sins; that Christ may be in you the hope of glory.

I need not, I am sure, recommend it to you to be kind to Mr. Hammet, or any of our Ministers who may, from time to time, visit Eustatius; nor, I hope, need I recommend it to you to follow their godly advice in matters relating to your soul. Give my affectionate love to my kind friend, your son. Tell him that I thank him for all the trouble he gave himself concerning me; and tell him that I trust he will not forget the important advice I gave him in my bed-chamber. Give my Christian love to Betsy, and to all the family. Let me have a line from you without delay. Direct to the Rev. Dr. Coke, at the New Chapel, London; and let Mr. Hammet have the letter, and he'l convey it to me. Leave nothing undone on your part to bring the Gospel into Eustatius. God bless you and yours.

I am your very affectionate and much obliged Brother,

(Signed) THOMAS COKE.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF FANNY TARGELL.

FANNY TARGELL died Feb. 9th, 1845. She was brought to see herself a sinner under the faithful ministry of the late Rev. Joseph Taylor, and sought the Lord with all her heart, and found him, whom from that time she never ceased to love and serve. Having joined the society, she continued a steady member to the close of life. Ever anxious to spread the Saviour's praise, she opened her house, then situated in Holloway, for a class-meeting, and also for preaching; and many of the poor in the neighbourhood first heard the words of eternal life in this humble

sanctuary; and when the room became too small to receive the congregation, a larger room was taken in the Wells-road, and from thence, the preaching, and also a good Sunday-school, which had been raised, were removed to Widcomb. Of Fanny Targell it may be said, she walked humbly with God. For many years she was greatly afflicted; but her grateful heart could sing only of the goodness and mercy of God in supporting and comforting her, especially in raising up friends to help and visit her. Through the grace of God, she was enabled to look forward to a blessed immortality; and trusting alone for salvation to the merits of Christ her Saviour, she departed in great peace, aged sixty-four. J. C.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM FAULKNER.

William Faulkner was born at Cadishead, November 6th, 1825. Nothing particular marked his life till his eleventh year, when, during a revival of religion, he was made experimentally acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus. No sooner had he joined the church of God, than he began to evidence the sincerity of his profession, by a consistent life and conduct. He was not only a Christian in the house of God, and in the ordinances of religion, but also at home. We want more family piety, more of the life and power of godliness in our social circles.

He carried his religion with him into the world; and his whole deportment witnessed that he had set God before him, and that while he passed through things temporal, he had also an eye to those that are eternal. His friends indulged the hope that he was preparing for usefulness in the church of God; but "His ways are not our ways;" and after trying him in the furnace of affliction, he called him to his eternal rest, March 2d, 1845, aged nineteen years.

Charles Faulkner.

MEMOIR OF MISS HANNAH PUGH.

Miss Hannah Pugh (grandaughter of the late Joseph Janion, of Chester,) was born at Winsford, in the county of Chester, March 22d, 1807. Having lost her mother (who made a triumphant end) before she was twelve months old, she was taken in charge by her excellent grandmother, Mrs. Pugh, of the New Pale; under whose kind and fostering care, she was "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." When about nine years of age, she was the subject of gracious impressions, and for some time met in class; but whether from the volatility of her growing youth, mingling with gay companions, or from the loss of her pious relative, it is too true that her goodness at that time was like the morning cloud and early dew, that passeth away. On the decease of her grandmother many weighty domestic cares devolved upon her, which probably had a tendency to produce worldly-mindedness, and consequently indifference to the great duties and privileges of true religion. She was naturally of a quiet and reserved disposition; and this might hinder her union with the people of God. Still she was preserved, by the restraining grace of God, from running into the sinful practices and vanities of the world. She was always plain and neat in her dress. Her chief ornaments were good works, and a meek and quiet spirit. For even in her natural state, she was noted for kindness and attention to the sick and the poor; following in this respect the steps of her zealous and faithful grandmother.

When about sixteen years of age it pleased God to awaken her to a deep sense of her guilt and danger; and while in this state of mind, a pious young friend in the neighbourhood invited her to the class at Ashton. She for some time experienced that "godly sorrow" which "worketh repentance unto salvation." At length she found the pearl of great price; and through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, she was enabled to rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven. From that time she became a humble and diligent follower of her Lord and Master. She possessed naturally a tender and sympathizing spirit, so that although she was modest and timid, yet the love of Christ constrained her to visit the cottages of the poor and the afflicted, in the surrounding country, that she might administer to their necessities, and direct them to the Saviour. She took a lively interest in the Missionary cause; and became a joint Collector with a pious young friend, who might be seen with her at most of the Missionary Meetings, held in the village chapels, for miles around. It was her uniform practice to retire three times a day for reading, meditation, and prayer; and thus, like a wise virgin, waiting for the coming of her Lord, she daily trimmed her lamp, and kept her light burning bright. The day before she was taken ill with the small-pox, she attended her class in Chester, (her grandfather having removed to Mollington, near that city,) and expressed herself as "being very happy in the favour of God, and as having a strong desire to be found fully prepared for another world, because eternity seemed very near." Her tears and deep feelings prevented her saying much more. She was generally more ready to deeds than words. During her heavy and short affliction, she often expressed to her nurse a desire "to depart and be with Christ." It was a great trial to be denied the visits and kind attentions of her beloved relatives and friends; but she bore her illness with great patience and resignation to the will of God. On one

occasion, looking at, and lifting up, her feeble and disfigured hands and arms, she said, "Soon these hands shall wave a palm of victory; and soon this weary head shall wear a crown of glory." On the 20th of June, 1845, she fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. C. JANION.

MEMOIR OF MARY POOLE.

MARY POOLE, the subject of this short memoir, was born December 26th, 1801, in the Staffordshire Potteries. Her parents were members of the Wesleyan society in that place, and they endeavoured to bring up their children in the fear of God; so that it may be said of her, as St. Paul said of Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." At an early period of her life, she gave her heart to God, and could say, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life;" and there can be no doubt she is now enjoying her heart's desire, in that bright world above, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." When she was about fifteen years of age, she began to teach in the Sunday-school, under Mr. England's superintendence, by whom she was much respected. When that great and glorious plan was found out for obtaining supplies for carrying the glorious Gospel to the Heathen, by going from door to door to solicit weekly subscriptions, she was one of the first to offer herself as a Collector, and in many instances obtained subscriptions where others had been refused. There was an amiability of temper, associated with powerful arguments for the poor Heathen, that could take no denial. She continued in those different offices as long as it was prudent for her health and family. The last year she acted as a Collector, she obtained £19 for the Wesleyan Missionary Society. For twenty-eight years she was a member of the society in the Dudley Circuit, and knew, by happy experience, that Christ was precious. She said but little about herself, but frequently complained that others thought too highly of her religious attainments. Of late, however, there had been a growing meetness for the heavenly inheritance. Being timid, she was fearful of saying much. As it respects her class and Leader, she was much attached to them; and many times, when it was not quite prudent to go out, she would say, "If it were not for the thought of discouraging my Leader, I should not go." As a wife, she was one of the best, kind and affectionate; as a mother, she was desirous that all her children should give their heart to God, and themselves to his church, as Wesleyans; knowing, from happy experience, they could not do better elsewhere. She had been looking with great concern to the time when the day would arrive that she should have to leave those whom she loved better than life: she never appeared desirous of living, but to see her family brought up, and truly converted to the Lord God, giving up body and soul to him. She frequently spoke of the approaching termination of her earthly career, feeling so different in herself from what she had ever felt before. On the Monday before her death, she was as well as usual, but about two o'clock on Tuesday morning she became worse. Her medical attendant was called, by whom she was soon relieved; but after two or three hours he began to think her case dangerous. She gradually declined, until her happy spirit took its flight to Him who gave it, June 16th, 1846, aged forty-four.

EDWARD POOLE.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

THE PALANQUIN.—CAR.

THE late lamented Bishop Heber, when describing one of his journeys, says, "All our sails were set, and the masts bending before the wind, the men went ahead, up to their breasts in water, to help by towing, yet all scarcely helped us on two hundred yards. This sort of work continued for nearly three hours, when the wind began to slacken, and we were forced to try another channel, and got on in the first instance without difficulty, passing between rice-fields, and close to a moderate-sized Hindoo village, where I saw some of the finest draught-oxen which I have seen in this country, and by their bulk and sleekness doing honour to their possessor's humanity and good sense, as well as showing how good and serviceable a breed may be raised in this country with a little cost and care." (*Heber's Indian Journal*, chap. ix.) Farmers whose means did not allow them to travel in the more stately and expensive palanquin, were accustomed to yoke oxen to a car, as represented in the wood-cut connected with this article. Many attempts have been made to facilitate intercourse in India: the usual modes of travelling, as yet, are neither cheap nor rapid. Favourable changes

are now in prospect, and some slight improvement has already taken place. By the most distinct route, the distance from Calcutta to Benares is about four hundred and twenty-six miles. A good road has been made by the Government, on which no tolls are paid. There are, however, no coaches, or public conveyances of any kind, and no inns, as in Europe, for the entertainment of travellers. Small mail-carts have now been introduced; but till lately the mails were carried by men, who ran at the rate of from five to six miles an hour, with the letter-bags on their shoulders, each man running a stage of about seven or eight miles. The mails now used on this and a few other roads, take no passengers, but go at rather a rapid pace, carrying merely the letters and papers for the different stations, or towns, on the line of road. As yet, the quickest conveyance for passengers is the palanquin *dkah*, a mode of travelling post by a palanquin. The traveller provides his own vehicle, and obtains relays of bearers, at each stage of his journey, from the post-office. He has to pay before-hand, from the place at which he sets out, and has also to lodge a certain amount above the fee, to meet any extra charge should he detain the bearers by the way, but to be returned to him, on producing a certificate from the post-master of the place where his journey terminates, in proof of his having arrived there in the specified time allowed for the distance. An order is sent on by the daily post before him, or by express, to each post-master, directing him to have the requisite number of bearers in waiting by a given time, at each stage in his district. The traveller may stop anywhere, as long as he pleases by the way, only he must give information of such purpose before hand, that the time of his departure from each place may be duly arranged, and provided for. Should he be too late in reaching his destination, the sum lodged as "*demurrage*" will be forfeited, to remunerate the bearers for the time lost in waiting for him, unless he can show that his detention was occasioned by any want of proper arrangement on the part of some of the post-masters, or by any misconduct in the bearers. Four of these bearers are required to carry a palanquin; but on a journey, at least eight are necessary, besides one, or more, to carry luggage. At night, one of them bears a torch, for which the traveller has to pay something extra, besides the discomfort of being almost smothered for the whole night by its oily smoke, which, as the torch-bearer persists in running on the windward side, is blown into the palanquin full in the face. If his party consist of eight, four carry, and four run on unencumbered, alternately. On one party being tired, they shift the palanquin to the shoulders of the other, without setting it down; and in this way, if the relays are all right at their respective stages, one is often carried thirty or forty miles without being once set down, unless he himself desires to get out for a little, to stretch his limbs, or the bearers should request leave to stop a few minutes, to obtain a drink, on passing a well. Each set expects to receive a *bakhshish*, or gratuity, at the end of their stage, the amount of which is the only standard by which they judge of the rank or wealth of the traveller. As the one party always tell the next what they have received, or hold it up for ocular demon-

stration, the liberal traveller is regarded as a *bara sahib*, or "great gentleman," and is consequently carried along with the greatest cheerfulness, and the utmost respect, every possible effort being made to please him, and to accelerate his journey; while the "scurvy fellow" is supposed to be some *chhota sahib*, or "little gentleman," and is treated with bare civility. The bearers, of course, get their regular hire from the post-office, from which they are employed by the job; but the *bakhshish*, though an extra, "not in the bond," is such a regular *dastur*, or custom, that no man of sense would neglect it, though he may give it grudgingly, and screw down its amount as low as possible.—*Buyer's Recollections of Northern India.*

ANECDOTES.

A POPISH PRIEST.

In the year 1823 an execution took place in the county of Galway, Ireland, the condemned, as usual, avowing their innocence of the crime committed. A Magistrate, who had witnessed it, was expressing, at a dinner-party, his horror at hearing the murderers persist to the last in so notorious a falsehood. The Roman Catholic Priest who had attended them, being one of the company, immediately justified their assertion, declaring that *his absolution, that morning given in the prison, had restored them to a state of perfect innocence, and therefore they had spoken truth.* On hearing this, the master of the house rose from the table, declaring that either the Priest or himself must quit the room; for he could not sit in company with a man who had sent two fellow-creatures to the bar of God with a lie in their mouths, sanctioned by him. The Priest departed in confusion.—*From Charlotte Elizabeth's Tale of "The Rocklte."*

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

In 1825, an examination of Archbishop Magee, and of others, on the subject of the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, took place before a Parliamentary Committee. Particular interest was naturally felt respecting his Grace and answers. Two or three Peers, who were strongly opposed to him in politics, cross-examined him sharply; but no man was more perfectly qualified to come off successfully on such an occasion. With one short reply he silenced the most talented of those Peers, Lord Holland. His Lordship asked the Archbishop, "Does your Grace really think that there is any person capable of holding such a monstrous opinion, as that the Roman Catholic religion is idolatrous?" The Archbishop calmly fixed his eyes on Lord Holland's countenance, and replied, "My Lord, *some have sworn to it.*" The force of the application was so striking, that a very strong impression was immediately produced on all present; and Lord Holland resumed his seat, and continued silent during the remainder of the Archbishop's examination.—*Life of Archbishop Magee, prefixed to his Works.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

CONVERTED HOTTENTOTS.

The following extract from Mr. Shaw's Journal will show that the people under his care have neither been ill instructed, nor are incapable, as has been affirmed, of receiving instruction. The aptness of the replies of the converted Hottentots to the Dutch farmer indicates that the estimate of Hottentot intellect has been often taken very much too low.

In the month of May last, I rode to a farm about twelve miles distant, in order to preach to the bastard Hottentots who inhabit the house. It happened that many of our people followed on foot, and others on horses, so that the house was nearly filled. My poor wife being ill at the time, I, after service, hastened home in the midst of the rain that was falling, and our people were left behind. The Namaquas, wishing to employ their time to the profit of themselves and those present, held service after dinner; and while thus engaged in worship, a farmer, who had come from some distance, opened the door and looked in. His astonishment being in some measure abated, he retired to the kitchen till the service was ended; and having a desire to converse with the Hottentots, and ridicule their worship, he began as follows:—

Farmer. What sort of singing and praying is this that you have had? I have never heard anything like it, nor can I understand anything you have said.

Jacob. I think, Master, you only came to mock us; nevertheless, let me ask, does Master understand this chapter, (John iii.,)

especially that part respecting the new birth? Pray who are the persons that must be born again?

Farmer. (The New Testament being handed to him, he complained that he could not see very well; but said,) I suppose that Jesus Christ is the person who must be born again.

Jacob. No, Master, no such thing: Jesus Christ says that *we* and *all sinners* must be created anew, born again of the Spirit, and become new creatures, or we cannot enter heaven.

John (brother to Jacob). Master, you once told me that our names did not stand in the Bible, and that the Gospel was not for us. Will Master now tell me if the name of Dutchmen or Englishmen is found therein?

(No answer.)

Jacob. But, Master, you who are Christians, call us Hottentots *Heathens.* That is our name. Now I find that the Book says, Jesus came a light to lighten the *Heathens.* We read *our* name in the Book.

Farmer. (Yet dumb; but after some consideration, he proceeded:) Your Missionary baptizes Hottentots, and that before they know their Catechism. You must first know this; then the Missionary must stand upon a high place, and ask all the questions. If you cannot answer all these out of your heads, you must not be baptized.

Jacob. Pray, Master, where is it said so in the Book?

(No answer.)

Jacob. I learn from the Bible, that the people that repent and believe may be baptized; but the Book says not that he who can answer all the questions shall be baptized. If we had all in *our heads* that you say, what better if our hearts not converted be?

Farmer. There is no conversion in this life: that must be after death.

Jacob. Will you, Master, tell me where that is written?

(No answer.)

Jacob. If I right understand, a man who is of sin convinced, who also sin forsakes, and upon Jesus Christ believes, is converted: this man can be baptized. John baptized in Jordan them that sin confessed.

Farmer. It is time enough to repent when we are sick and likely to die.

Jacob. Dat you no find said in de Book. No; we must repent now, as the Lord says in the Word.

Farmer. I cannot understand you: your Dutch is not good.

John. How is it, Master, that you do not understand, when Mynheer (Missionary) understands all that brother says?

Farmer. Your Missionary cannot understand or speak good Dutch.

John. Our Mynheer learns the Dutch from the Book: you learn the bastard Dutch without book. It is no wonder then that you think our Mynheer speaks not good Dutch. He speaks as the Book speaks: you not understand de Book, and therefore not Mynheer understand.

Farmer. That is partly true: there are many things in the Bible that we do not understand; and when I come to your place, I shall ask your Missionary the meaning of Gog and Magog.

Henry (one of our interpreters). That you, Master, cannot understand many things in the Book, is not a wonder. Paul says, "The natural man understandeth not the things of God, but they are to him foolish."

Farmer. Who is the natural man?

Henry. We are all natural men in our sinful and natural state; and we can only understand the things of God by the help of the Spirit of God.

Then they asked him the meaning of several passages; but he said, "I am no Missionary, and therefore cannot explain."

Jacob then inquired if he did not teach his own people, slaves, or servants; and his answer was, "No; for they would then be as wise as I am myself!"—*Missionary Notices.*

BILLY DAWSON.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New-York "Christian Advocate and Journal" has been giving some sketches of celebrated English Preachers among the Wesleyans. In the second article we find a very interesting account of William Dawson, a Local Preacher and a "Yorkshire farmer," familiarly called, "Billy Dawson." We select the following, as illustrative of his power as a Preacher:—

Mr. Dawson was delivering a discourse which was peculiarly suited to his genius, and which will be long remembered in many towns and villages in England, because of the effect it almost always produced. The sermon was generally known to be one of his favourite discourses, (and such he preached many times over,) and was called by his admirers, "Death on the Pale Horse." As the reader will readily suppose, it was founded upon Revelation vi. 7, 8. I have heard the sermon more than once, and know not that ever I heard one that was throughout of so startling a character. In bold and striking imagery; in powerful, thrilling, irresistible appeal, it scarcely could have a parallel. When Mr. Dawson had been happy in its delivery, I have seen the congregation listen with such absorbing interest that it seemed as though their very breathing was suspended, and, in the pauses of the Preacher, a long and deep inspiration was resorted to as a relief.

This discourse Mr. Dawson was delivering at the village in question, and was indulging in that peculiarly vivid imagery which was the basis of his popularity. "'Come and see!' the sinner is in the broad road to ruin:

every step takes him nearer to hell, and farther from heaven. Onward, onward he is going; death and hell are after him; quickly, untiringly they pursue him. With swift but noiseless hoof the pale horse and his paler rider are tracking the godless wretch. See! see! they are getting nearer to him,—they are overtaking him!" At this moment, so perfect was the stillness of the congregation that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard in every part of the chapel, and upon this, with a facility peculiarly his own, he promptly seized, and without any seeming interruption, leaning over the pulpit in the attitude of attention, he fixed his eyes upon those who sat immediately beneath, and in an almost supernatural whisper continued, "Hark! hark! here they come!—that's their untiring footstep—hark!—hark!" and then, imitating for a moment the beating of the pendulum, he exclaimed in the highest pitch of his voice,—"Save the sinner,—save him! See the bony arm is raised,—the dart is poised! O my God, save him,—save him; for if death strikes him, he falls into hell, and as he falls he shrieks, 'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost! Sabbaths lost! means lost! heaven lost! all *lost!* LOST! LOST!'" The effect was so overpowering that two of the congregation fainted, and it required all the Preacher's tact and self-command to ride through the storm which his own brilliant fancy and vivid imagination had roused.

Perhaps somewhat apocryphal, yet generally accounted as true, is an anecdote of his preaching at Pudsey, a village inhabited by woollen-cloth weavers, some five or six miles from Leeds. As the story prevails, Mr. Dawson was preaching from the history of David slaying Goliath, and was indulging freely in the pictorial representation of which he was so perfect a master. Personating David, he had struck down the boasting Philistine, and stepping back in the pulpit, he cast his eye downward, and commenced a train of irony, which had the twofold effect of piercing every one that exalted himself against the Lord, and of adding force to the graphic picture he had already given of that strange conflict. So powerfully did the speaker depict the conqueror's emotion, and so rapidly did he heap taunt upon taunt on his prostrate foe, that the congregation seemed to forget the actual state of things in the ideal, and waited in breathless suspense for the catastrophe. Some in the gallery, in the intensity of the excitement, literally leaned forward, as though they expected to see upon the floor of the pulpit the giant's form with the stripling's foot upon his breast; and one person, carried away by his feelings, and forgetting in his excitement the sanctity of the place, exclaimed, in the broad dialect of his county, "*Off with his head, Billy!*"

POPERY.

DONALD AND THE CATHOLIC NOBLEMAN.

A SCOTCH nobleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, lived a very retired life and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. One of his tenants, named Donald, rented a farm upon which his forefathers had lived above two hundred years. The lease by which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to give it to a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain. At length he determined to make his case known to his Lordship himself; but at the castle-door he was repulsed, the steward having given orders that he should not be admitted.

Donald, almost in despair, resolved on a bold measure. He climbed over the garden-wall, and, entering a private door, made his way unobserved towards the apartments of the nobleman. As he drew near he heard his lordship's voice engaged in prayer; and waiting till he should conclude, distinctly heard him pleading with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis to intercede with the Father and Son in his behalf.

After the voice ceased, Donald knocked gently at the door, and was admitted, and made his case known to the nobleman, who, greatly moved by his tale, assured him that his lease should be renewed, and himself and family protected from the resentment of the steward. Donald poured forth his earnest and artless thanks, and was about to take leave, when a feeling of anxiety for the generous nobleman took possession of his mind, and he addressed him thus:—

"My Lord, I have been a bold man, but you have forgiven me, and saved me and my family from ruin. I would again be a bold man, and say something further, if I have your permission."

"Well, Donald, speak out," said the nobleman.

"My Lord," replied Donald, "as I stood waiting at your door I heard you praying with great earnestness to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis: you seemed to be very unhappy. Now, my Lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking that the Virgin Mary

and St. Francis will do you little good. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to your servants. I came direct to your Lordship, and you heard me. Now, if you would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who I am convinced will do no more for you than your steward would for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus himself, and pray to him for what you need, he will hear you and grant the desires of your heart; for he has said in his word, 'Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out.'"—*Amer. Mess.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LILY.

THIS most lovely flower is a native of Palestine, where it adorns the valleys with its beauty, and perfumes them with its fragrance. Indeed, the land itself has sometimes been called Phaselida, because it so abounded in lilies. We read in the books of Kings and Chronicles (1 Kings vii. 19-26; 2 Chron. iv. 5) that the artists who decorated Solomon's temple chose the lily for the capitals of the pillars; and moreover that the great cistern, or molten sea, had its edges wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies; a due homage paid to the loveliness of the Queen of the valleys of Palestine. The poetical passages of the Old Testament which refer to the lily (Song. of Sol. ii. 1, 2, 16; iv. 5; v. 13; vi. 2, 3; vii. 2; Hosea xiv. 5) sink into nothing before the exquisite simile in the Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. vi. 28; Luke xii. 27.) At the moment of speaking, the Saviour was seated on Mount Tabor, which is still a flowery hill, and looking over fertile plains to sheltered valleys, where the lily springs up at every step; so that his hearers had only to look on either hand to the beautiful and stately flower, and behold its purity of colour and delicacy of texture, far exceeding all human workmanship, even for a Monarch's wear. (*Lady Calcott.*) More than eighteen hundred winters have thrown their white and bristling mantles over the face of nature; and as many laughing summers have successively brought a rich profusion of sunny hours, of variegated

flowers, and of golden fruits, since the Divine Instructer, in the hearing of a number of listening disciples, who crowded around him to catch the gracious words which fell from his lips, said, "Consider the lilies of the field." And still the lily flourishes, a beautiful monument of instruction: and still there are to be found vast numbers of over-anxious men who need to be instructed on the folly of caring improperly for those things which are temporal, and which must soon vanish before their eager vision. We cannot do amiss to direct our thoughts to the advice of our blessed Lord before-mentioned, and "consider the lilies of the field." The lily of our Lord is said to have been not the snow-white flower which adorns many of the gardens of happy England, but a species of the *amaryllis* family, which is said to have covered the fields of the Levant in autumn, and which, with its ample tresses, so brilliantly coloured, forms one of the most imposing and striking objects in the vegetable world.

We consider the lily to be, 1. *Illustrative of the power and wisdom of the great Creator.* These are to be seen in the heavens, in the twinkling star, the bright constellation, the silvery moon, and the majestic orb of day. They are also to be seen elsewhere: "The earth is full of his praise." The same divine hand "that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," is seen "upon the circle of the earth," controlling the winds and waves, directing the seasons, sustaining the sparrow, and painting the lily of oriental lands. How wonderful is the construction of a lily; what skill, what contrivance, are discovered in its formation and growth! Who can tell how all the elements are collected and disposed, so as to form the several parts of an entire plant? It is to us an inexplicable mystery; and, while we cannot fathom it, we should gratefully adore the power and wisdom it displays.

2. The lily is illustrative of *the all-seeing eye and all-sustaining hand of Providence.* Yes, we see God, not only in the form and texture of this beautiful plant, but in that supply of nourishment which is necessary to its preservation and perfection. The roots would not fix themselves in the ground, nor the leaves unfold, nor the petals draw themselves out, were it not for those refreshing dew-drops which settle upon it, and sparkle in the morning sun like so many beautiful gems. These, together with the fatness which is poured from the passing cloud, nourish and mature our plant. What care is seen in all this; and what beauty is the result! "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Such is the testimony of our Lord: and then, addressing himself to his anxious disciples, he adds, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Shall he not much more clothe you? What says the history of all whose eye may peruse this paper, whether old or young? Has not the same kind hand, which supplies the lily with nutrition, and clothes it with beauty, supplied you with food convenient for you; and provided you with necessary clothing? What numberless proofs of unmerited attention and kindness does each successive day record! Then let us guard against repining at our present circumstances, should they not be shaped just to our mind; and let us equally beware of desponding views of the unknown future.

3. The lily is *an emblem, a touching emblem, of man's physical nature and existence.* Both sprang from the dust: their origin is one. The beautiful and delicate flower claims an alliance with the clods; and "the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the earth." Yes, the fairest human form, the most delicate figure, the most beautiful complexion, the most beloved olive-branch, that ever flourished at the table of a gratified father, is like the lily, "of the earth, earthy." Then, again, how gradual and how interesting is the development of the lily in its approach to perfection! You see at first only a green shrub, by and by the bulb appears, and then a little opening up the throat; and so it advances, as it were, modestly developing its beauties, until it has laid them all bare to the inspection of man; at the same time spreading a grateful fragrance all around; proudly defying all its rivals.

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose."

But, our flower must "*wither and die,*" and so must man. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." And how very sudden and unexpected is the destruction of a flower, at least, in many cases! A pitiless storm dashes upon it, or a flash of lightning sears it, or a ruthless hand plucks it, and farewell, lily! So it is with the loved ones of earth, the flowers of our domestic circles, of our friendships, and of our churches. The wind blows, or the storm pelts, or the worm gnaws, or something blasts the lovely and beloved object; and neither the hand of friendship nor the shelter of affection can save it. All the cords that tie it to the earth are snapt asunder, and the spot it once covered is left desolate.

"Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away."

How many fading and faded flowers have we all seen, and seeing we have felt, and paused to shed a tear over the broken beauty!

Shall we drop a word of advice in the hearing of our readers? The storm that is to dash upon your head is perhaps gathering in the distance; the wind that is to blast is perhaps muttering through the crevices of the door or window. O! then, "lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

EDWARD SHELTON.

Dunrossness, Zetland.

TABLE-TALK.

THE EMPEROR AND THE BISHOP.

THE Emperor of Constantinople was greatly incensed against John Chrysostom. One day, inflamed with anger, he exclaimed, in presence of his Court, "Would that I could revenge myself of that Priest." Four or five of his courtiers assembled around him, ventured their opinion as to the manner in which his vengeance could be most effectually gratified. The first said, "Exile him;" the second, "Confiscate all that he possesses;" the third, "Throw him in prison, and load him with chains;" the fourth, "Are you not all-powerful?—is not his life at your command? Give instant orders for his death." A fifth, possessed of more penetration than the others, and not fearing his master's displeasure, boldly said, "You are all mistaken. If you exile him, what do you gain? Is not the whole world his country? Confiscate his possessions, you but deprive the poor of them, not himself. Throw him in prison, he will bless his chains, and esteem it a privilege to suffer. 'Blessed are they that suffer persecution; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' If you condemn him to death, you unclose the gates of heaven to him. Prince, would you know the only sure means of revenge? Force him to commit a crime. I know him well; that man fears nothing except to sin. (*Hic homo nihil timet nisi peccatum.*) No; he fears neither exile, nor the loss of property; neither chains nor torture of any kind. He fears but sin."

ORIGIN OF JOHN GILPIN.

IT happened one afternoon in those years when his (Cowper's) accomplished friend Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection: it was her custom, on those occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood,) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night; and that he had turned it into a ballad. So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin.—*Life of Cowper.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S., &c.,

DIED AUGUST 26TH, 1832.

THE rise, progress, and present state of Wesleyan Methodism, form a chapter in the history of modern Christianity full of interest to all who feel any pleasure in watching those evangelical movements which tend to "fill the earth with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." To look at the rapid, extensive, and solid achievements of a "sect everywhere spoken against," in the east, in the west, in the north, and in the south, in all lands, and among all tribes, and pronounce the work to be of man, and not of God, is to rob God of the glory that is due to his name. Still, we neither can nor ought to disregard the *instrumentality* which he has been pleased to employ in doing this great work. His own declarations are, "Them that honour me, I will honour;" "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance;" and, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever." Among those self-denying, holy, wise, zealous, useful men, to whose apostolical labours the Methodist church, under God, owes its existence, and important position and character among the churches of Christ, ADAM CLARKE deservedly holds an eminent place. When, within five months, he and the lamented Watson were removed to the church triumphant, a sensation was produced which showed the firm hold these good Ministers of Jesus Christ had taken on the esteem, admiration, and affections of the

great body of the Methodist Ministers and people throughout the world.

At an early period of life, Adam Clarke began to exhibit those mental characteristics which became more striking and interesting as he advanced in years. Under the instruction of his father, he acquired the rudiments of that learning which eventually placed him high in the rank of varied scholarship. In the sixteenth year of his age his religious views and feelings became decidedly evangelical, by a sound conversion to God. From this time, his spirit, conversation, and conduct showed that he was a new creature in Christ, to whose service he henceforth devoted himself with unremitting energy, till he was called to rest from his labours on earth. The doctrinal views of the Methodists, and the peculiar religious means enjoyed by them, for maintaining and maturing piety, just met the felt wants of young Clarke at this important period of his religious history. The discriminating eye of Wesley soon singled him out as "an extraordinary young man, and capable of doing much good."

In 1782, when about twenty years of age, he was called to commence his labours as an Itinerant Preacher, the duties of which he continued to discharge with eminent success for nearly half a century. It has been remarked that, throughout his ministerial career, he continued to command large and deeply-attentive audiences; and all who ever were privileged to hear him preach, must bear witness to the divine unction that accompanied his ministry. Of him it may truly be said, that he preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. In that day when Ministers and hearers shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, many shall be the crown of his rejoicing whom he, by the grace of God, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living and true God. Though enthusiastically fond of all kinds of knowledge, and constantly engaged in adding to his mental stores, yet in the pulpit he never forgot whose servant he was, nor the duty he owed to his hearers. He never sought to amuse them, or impress them with his own intellectual superiority, but to pluck sinners as brands from the burning, and to build up believers in their most holy faith. His favourite themes were, God's love towards a perishing world; the divinity, atonement, and priesthood of Christ; the divinity and work of the Holy Spirit in the soul of man, in making him meet to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light. As his praise is in all the churches, it is unnecessary to do more, at present, than advise those who wish to know him more fully to read the writings he has left behind him, and keep in mind that they were composed amidst the multifarious cares and trials of a Methodist Preacher's life.

The circumstances of his death are painfully interesting. He attended the Conference held in Liverpool in 1832. During its sittings, he appeared to enjoy his usual health and spirits, took a lively interest in the business going on, preached twice with great energy, and expressed his sincere affection for his brethren, and zeal for the prosperity of the cause of Christ. At this time, the cholera as an angel of death was ravaging around, and making men's hearts fail them for fear. For this awful scourge Dr. Clarke entertained an irrepressible feeling of horror, and left Liverpool as early as he could, and more especially as it was peculiarly fatal in that town. On the 25th of August, his friend Mr. Hobbs drove him to Bayswater, where he was expected to preach on the following day. On the way he conversed with his usual animation and cheerfulness; but on his arrival he became languid, and so indisposed towards evening, that on the Rev. T. Stanley calling to request him to preach a charity sermon, he replied, "I am not well: I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." Having no appetite for supper, all Mr. Hobbs could induce him to take was a little boiled rice; and for his indisposition he took a little ginger and rhubarb. He retired early to bed, but got up very early on the Sunday morning, and at six o'clock desired the servant to call Mr. Hobbs, who came, and found the Doctor standing with his great coat on, his travelling-bag in his hand, and his hat on the table, all ready for a journey. Addressing Mr. Hobbs, he said, "My dear fellow, you must get me home directly: without a miracle I could not preach. Get me home. I want to be home." Mr. Hobbs expressed his fear that the Doctor was too ill to go home. Very soon Mrs. and Miss Hobbs, and Miss Everingham, were with him. The alarm soon spread: medical aid was called in, and the Doctor's illness pronounced to be an attack of the cholera. Mrs. Clarke, and several members of the family, were summoned to witness his dying moments. Mr. Hobbs said, "My dear Doctor, you must put your soul into the hands of your God, and your trust in the merits of your Saviour." The Doctor faintly replied, "I do; I do." He did not appear to suffer much pain, though there was a total prostration of strength, and difficulty of breathing, which increased as night drew on. A few minutes after eleven, Mr. Hobbs, came into the room where Mrs. Clarke was sitting, and in deep distress said, "I am sure, Mrs. Clarke, the Doctor is dying." On going into the room with Mr. Hobbs, and looking on her suffering husband, she said, "Surely, Mr. Hobbs, you are mistaken. Dr. Clarke breathes easier than he did just now." Mr. Hobbs, with deep emotion, replied, "Yes, but shorter." At this moment Dr. Clarke heaved a short sob, and

breathed out his soul into the hands of his Redeemer.

The news, that Dr. Adam Clarke was gathered unto his fathers, spread rapidly throughout the Methodist societies at home and abroad, producing a feeling of deep solemnity; reminding us, that this is not our rest, and leading us to ask the soul-touching question, "Our fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" and pressing home upon every heart the important injunction, "Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." O that the spiritual children of that good Minister of Jesus Christ may meet him with joy in that day when the Redeemer shall gather around his throne all those who loved, confessed, and served him on earth!

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barnes, Mr. W.,	Dockyard,	Sheerness,	47	Mar. 5th, 1848.
Banks, Margaret,	Keswick,	Wigton,	69	Jan. 29th, 1848.
Barker, Mrs. Sarah,	Aberford,	Tadcaster,	80	Feb. 3d, 1848.
Bibby, Mrs.,	Islington,	Eighth London,	79	Feb. 19th, 1848.
Bishop, Mr. Charles,	St. Jacques,	Guernsey,	84	Feb. 21st, 1848.
Blumer, Mrs.,	Hartlepool,	Stockton,	24	Mar. 3d, 1848.
Bristow, John,	Chatham,	Rochester,	59	Feb. 15th, 1848.
Browning, Mrs.,	Herne-Hill,	Faversham,	41	Feb. 22d, 1848.
Budd, Mr. Tobias,		Waterford,	61	Mar. 1st, 1848.
Carter, Mr. James,		Warrington,	67	Feb. 23d, 1848.
Craven, Mrs.,		Otley,	75	Mar. 1st, 1848.
Criffe, George,	Fortland,	Ballina,		Mar. 6th, 1848.
Dowty, Mrs.,		Brackley,	32	Mar. 12th, 1848.
Edgoose, Mrs.,		Oldham,	37	Mar. 8th, 1848.
Eglinton, Mrs.,	Park-Villa,	Tiverton,	27	Feb. 27th, 1848.
Ferguson, Mr. James,	Launceston,	Van Diemen's Land,	61	Oct. 12th, 1847.
Fraine, Mr. De,		Aylesbury,	63	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Furbur, Mrs.,	Michaelstone,	Cardiff,	77	Dec. 31st, 1847.
Gregory, Mrs.,		Stockport North,	67	Dec. 26th, 1847.
Hamilton, Mr. Job,		Lurgan,	90	Feb. 16th, 1848.
Harland, Miss Lucy,		Tadcaster,	13	Jan. 21st, 1848.
Herring, Mrs.,	Ackworth,	Pontefract,	50	Feb. 13th, 1848.
Johnson, John,		Coningsby,		Jan. 12th, 1848.
Lockwood, Miss Mary,		Tadcaster,	30	Feb. 10th, 1848.
Mason, Mrs.,	Nafferton,	Driffield,	43	Mar. 9th, 1848.
Mears, Miss,	Swanlinbar,	Manorhamilton,		Feb. 8th, 1848.
Merchant, Mrs.,	Harbour-Grace,	Newfoundland,		Nov. 1st, 1847.
Morton, Mrs.,		Bradwell,	57	Feb. 28th, 1848.
Parfitt, Mrs.,	Clutton,	Midsomer-Norton,		Jan. 22d, 1848.
Parker, Mrs.,	Kidderminster,	Stourport,	66	Feb. 17th, 1848.
Pearse, Mr. John,	Bocking,	Chelmsford,	52	Mar. 3d, 1848.
Pelham, Mr. Thomas,	Iden,	Rye,	71	Mar. 1st, 1848.
Pryce, Mrs. Sarah,	Berriew,	Newtown,	35	Feb. 4th, 1848.
Ratcliffe, Mrs.,	Collingtree,	Northampton,	69	Feb. 19th, 1848.
Ridsdale, Mrs.,		Bedford,		Mar. 1st, 1848.
Routh, Mrs.,		Bristol,	76	Dec. 19th, 1847.
Sarsons, Samuel,	Headless Cross,	Redditch,	50	Feb. 6th, 1848.
Scaife, Miss,	Topcliffe,	Ripon,	33	Mar. 5th, 1848.
Smith, Mrs.,	Roughan,	Aughnacloy,		Feb. 11th, 1848.
Stevenson, Mrs.,		Tiverton,	77	Feb. 29th, 1848.
Sydserff, Mrs. John,	Weston-super-Mere	Banwell,	95	Feb. 25th, 1848.
Thackeray, Mrs.,	Moorside,	Addingham,	32	Feb. 9th, 1848.
Towne, Mrs.,		Melton-Mowbray,	48	Mar. 9th, 1848.
Wade, Mrs.,		Scarborough,	61	Jan. 3d, 1848.
Walker, Mr. J. B.,		Cheltenham,	22	Mar. 5th, 1848.
Wells, Mr. Robert,	Brompton,	Rochester,	55	Jan. 30th, 1848.
Williams, Mr. William,	Dalkeith,	Edinburgh,	65	Feb. 25th, 1848.
Wilson, Mr. William,		Skipton,	47	Mar. 1st, 1848.
Winterburn, Mr.,		Huddersfield,	55	Mar. 6th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

'WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1848.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY! WESLEYAN! Since that day when "the disciples were called CHRISTIANS first in Antioch," there has not arisen in the church of Christ any sect of equal magnitude to the Methodists, who have, on the one hand, so prominently and so permanently honoured the *name* of their founder; and, on the other, whose founder has so justly merited that honour at their hands. WESLEY is a name deservedly dear to all good men, and most deservedly set on high by the Methodists. Faults no doubt he had, for he was a man; but they were so few and far between, that the individual well deserves them for his pains who follows him "threescore years" in his vast circuit to pick them up. They detract from the general excellence of his character just as the little unevennesses on the orange-rind detract from the rotundity and beauty of that fruit, when held forth at arm's length before your eyes. He was a wise, a good, a mighty man; a man of great views, great virtues, and great energies. In a sublime sense, he was a man of God. He lived not to himself. Amidst "ten thousand objects" his eye was single. It was fixed on God alone. And the God of Providence has honoured him: honoured the man, and honoured the *name* in an extraordinary degree. "Him that honoureth me, I will honour," saith the Lord. *He* honoured God, and God honoured him in life, and in death; and increasing honour attends him as his name and his moral influence roll down the course of time.

As the name of Wesley is incorporated in the heading of this article, as this heading is the known, common designation of the body, and as that designation is truly emblematic of the incorporation of himself in the Methodist body,—living, vast, and vigorous as it is,—the following remarks from a Review, published by another section of the Christian church, will not be deemed inappropriate or unacceptable:—"It is not easy to imagine anything more comprehensive than the polity, or more perfect than the organization, of the Wesleyan economy. Its discipline and constitution form a stupendous monument of the genius of its author. They show him to have been born to leave an indelible impress of himself on after-generations. In this respect Napoleon Bonaparte is not to be compared with him. The name of Napoleon is indeed imperishable; but it is in the *annals* of Europe, not in her *institutions*. His gigantic footsteps were in the ocean-sand; and the waters have closed upon them, and have swept away their traces,—even as it were the toyish architecture of childhood. *The name of John Wesley lives in the system which he founded.* It is written there in characters which are daily expanding and

becoming deeper, as the system spreads. He was a mighty religious legislator. The foundations of his polity are broad and deep; and its foes, internal or external, must become potent indeed before they can rend its superstructure to pieces." (*British Critic, October*, 1836.) Beautiful, just, and forcible as these remarks are, as they speak of our founder only as a "legislator," they do not do justice to his name. The prime element of Wesleyan greatness is not in the structure, but in the *formation*, of the body. Great indeed he is as a legislator, but greater as a *father*. By a holy and mighty moral and spiritual struggle, as the honoured instrument of God, he has brought into being a Christian church, or "*Society*," in which heaven has been honoured, and earth blessed, to an extent, which has now, for ages past, commanded wonder, gratitude, and joy. Indeed his greatness is not in one or two things, but in *many*. For in many things in which the honour and happiness of man, and the honour and glory of God are concerned, he excelled, and excelled greatly.*

But John Wesley was a man, and *as such* the Methodists honour him. They no more regard *his* teaching as infallible, or *his* "Society" as indestructible, than they regard his flesh and blood as immortal, and his mouldering body beneath his tomb in City-Road burial-ground, indissoluble. His prayer was, when near his end, that the Methodists and the memorial of them might be "*rooted out of the earth*," if they did not teach and live according to the word of God. Hence every member is taught to subordinate all teaching to the Bible,—all "teachers" to the "Teacher who came from God." In confirmation of this, look at the "*Ticket*" put into every member's hand this quarter. There you read this inscription,—

"*I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.*" (Psalm cxix. 99.)

Here is a plain adoption of that great principle, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of the Protestants." This also is the religion of the Methodists. They call *no man* "Master." They are *instructed* to say in the hearing of all their teachers and Pastors, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." With all the writings of the venerated Wesley in their hands, and with the voice of their greatest Preachers as music in their ears, they are directed to follow the example of the "noble Bereans," and "daily search the Scriptures," to see whether those things which they learn from men accord with the word of God.

1. Every member of the church of Christ should have in his hands a copy of the divinely-inspired volume. "*Thy testimonies* are my meditation:" thine own book hast thou given me, and I hold it in my hand, as a lamp unto *my own feet* in the path to heaven. It is commanded that the Gospel be preached to "every creature;" and every creature, every individual in the family of man, should have the means of testing what he *hears* by what is "*written*." The voice of the living ministry is best adapted to awaken the attention and the sympathies of men in their natural state, to truth, righteousness, and salvation. But, that God and man may have a check on mere human teaching, He "who spake as never man spake," hands from the skies, to every awakened soul inquiring the way to Zion, a copy of God's own law, written so plainly that he that runs may read; and thus by comparing the spiritual things which he hears from the lips of men, with the spiritual things

* The Wesleyan reader who has not seen the Rev. Samuel Bradburn's character of Mr. Wesley, prefixed to a selection of Mr. Wesley's letters, will be gratified by its perusal. It is doubtless one of the most noble, animating, and masterly portraits of this great man ever given to the world.

written by the finger of God, he may not "err from the truth," but be found at last "perfect and complete in all the will of God." The wisdom and the efficiency of this plan lie in the making of every member of the church a depository of the Bible, without note or comment, without diminution therefrom, or addition thereto. "Not knowing the Scriptures,"—the pure word of God,—or the absence of this divinely-appointed guard, has opened the way for that awful flood of error and corruption which has inundated the Roman Church. The Priests, conscious of the vulnerability of their unscriptural position in the Church, dare not trust the people with a simple unadulterated copy of God's own message to man. If possible, they would withhold it altogether; but when forced to give it, despite of God's threatenings against the sinful act, they both *add* and *diminish* according to their *own pleasure*. When God wrote a book for man, that "man might be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works," or to all the means of perfection, he addressed himself expressly to every individual of the species.

It is not written "*you*," (as the indefiniteness of modern language might require, whether addressed to one or to many,) but "*thou*." "THOU shalt," &c.; unmistakably making the writing the property of *every* man. And as no man can intercept a letter addressed to another, without incurring the guilty consequence of invading his neighbour's rightful property, so is it with the Bible: it is the covenant of God, written, and signed, and sealed, and *addressed* to every man. Therefore the Bible, without note or comment, is the indefeasible and divine birthright of every man born under the canopy of these heavens. Blessed then art thou, O Methodist! to whom this ticket is delivered; for not only dost thou hold in one hand the token that man counts thee worthy to be a member of the church beneath, but thou holdest in the other the infallible record, as a means both of testing the quality of the Methodist ministry, and of proving whether thy name be written in the book of life, and whether thou art really on thy way to join the church above!

2. But if you would possess "understanding" in this great matter, you must "*meditate* on these things." "Meditation" on the Scriptures, or the "testimonies of God," is the duty suggested in this text, and was largely practised by the saints of old. The author of this holy, spiritual, intellectual, and profound Psalm was much engaged in this hallowed work. "Seven times," or throughout the day, and at "midnight," the will of God, as revealed in his word, occupied his thoughts. By mental effort and by cherished affection, he "hid" the word in his heart. And this he tells us he did that he might be kept from "sinning against God." Meditation on God's revealed will is a most momentous means of grace. Neither reading the Bible,—plain, positive duty as it is,—nor hearing those who speak to us in the name of the Lord, however indispensable, can exonerate us from "*meditation*" on the "oracles of God." If you would truly understand the will of the Lord concerning you; if you would so receive the engrafted word as to grow thereby; if you would be "mighty in the Scriptures," as indeed are many of the poor of Christ's flock, then you must enter the sanctuary, retire to your closet, "go out into the field, to *meditate*." If you would be "perfect, stablished, strengthened, settled," *learn to think*. There are some who pride themselves in being *thinkers* on the philosophy of everything presented to their minds: be you a *devout* thinker,—a thinker on the "testimonies of God;" on the facts, precepts, promises, and prophecies of the written word have your daily "meditation." It was probably to suggest, encourage, and stimulate, concerning this duty, that the usage of inscribing a text of Scripture on the Quarterly Ticket was adopted.

3. By possessing the Bible as God himself has given it to the world, and by a humble, prayerful, practical, experimental study of its contents, even such a study as every plain labouring man can give to it, you obtain firm mental footing, and great moral power. Placed upright before God, and taught by his own digested laws and statutes, "one shall chase a thousand;" one man of God, "wise unto salvation," feeling the divine truths which he utters, shall chase a thousand vain disputers, cunning cavillers, proud reasoners, "false teachers," who have rejected the word of the Lord. Of course the Psalmist could not refer to such "teachers" as possessed the inspired record as well as himself, and as prayerfully and anxiously studied its doctrines, and as sincerely and closely walked in its precepts as he did; but rather to those who would ignorantly or wickedly lead him astray from the "way of God," and the "path of peace." Inasmuch, then, as God is wiser than man, and the Psalmist was conscious of being taught by divinely-inspired wisdom, he had "more understanding" than all such "teachers" as were not themselves "taught of God." The Bible, as containing the "testimonies of God," is wisdom itself; there is the highest reason, and there is the truth unmixed with error: therefore, by the knowledge and love of its principles you will enrich your "understanding," and be an overmatch for *Papists*, whose fine gold of wisdom is mixed with the basest alloy of folly; for *rationalists*, (so called,) who have fearfully mutilated and perverted the rationality of the Scriptures; and for *infidels*, whose want of "understanding" is demonstrated, with the light of a sunbeam, by their foolishly forsaking "the fountain of living waters, to hew out unto themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."

Kingswood. B. C.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. VIII.

THE BURDENED CONSCIENCE.

The early records of Wesleyan Methodism present the historic fact, that the infant church was cradled in the convulsions of a fierce and barbarous persecution, which subjected its members to the loss of property, and frequent painful personal sufferings. Few, if any, now remain to tell of those days of trial and tempest, yet some abide who felt the expiring blast of the violent storm reach even them, in the comparative light afflictions of scoffs and scorns, of reproachful epithets, and annoyances of a minor yet vexatious character. Some of those more recent manifestations of the hostility of the carnal mind to the propagation of the Gospel had their interest, and taught their instructive moral. Of this description was the incident which produced that scourge of sinners in the present life, designated *a burdened conscience*. Verging on the lapse of half a century, a young ambassador for Christ was stationed in a locality of this now illuminated land, where then moral darkness was dense and wide. The larger towns had been generally visited with the light of truth and offers of grace, but the villages were numerous that remained unacquainted with the elementary principles and doctrines of Christianity. Having imbibed a portion of the spirit of one who sang,—

> "The love of Christ doth me constrain
> To seek the wandering souls of men,"

the stripling herald penetrated several of those dark abodes of immortal beings, who were living without God, and without concern for the salvation of their blood-redeemed souls. Nay, many of them scarcely knew that they possessed

more than mortal bodies, or that there was any state of being beyond the present transient life. In one of those seats of Satan, the young Minister had proclaimed on the Saturday evening the joyful tidings of salvation, and retired to rest, looking forward with intense interest to the coming Sabbath. He had taken up his abode for the night with a family who might be termed babes in Christ; having to a certain extent received the truth in the love thereof, but not having experienced its full regenerating power. The Sabbath of God opened on the land in loveliness and splendour, the sun beamed forth with magnificent glory, the sky was beautifully clear, or adorned with mantling clouds of various hues and forms; all nature was clad with calm serenity, and seemed to invite man, for whom the day was made, to the enjoyment of bodily rest, and the realization of the pleasures of the sanctuary of the Lord. But all within the dwelling was not so calm: the noise of various voices indicated that something more than common engaged the minds of its rural inhabitants. On joining their company, the Minister was received with the information, "O Sir, we have unpleasant news to communicate: the door of the stable has been broken open during the night, and your pony has been stolen." "Indeed," was the reply, "I am sorry for that: then I shall have to walk to my distant appointment." "Ah-!" immediately exclaimed the female head of the family, "now I see I am not converted yet; for I should have gone into a passion directly on hearing of such a loss." By this acknowledgment the Minister received an instructive lesson for life. Had he incautiously expressed himself with warmth, or bitterness of spirit, no such conviction might have fastened on the female's mind; but the occurrence being calmly met, she perceived the difference between the mind controlled by the power of grace, and one under the influence of unsubdued nature. During the morning service a few friends explored the surrounding country; and after a lengthened search the beast was found, and presented an exhibition of human folly, wantonness, and wickedness. It was disfigured in every possible way,—the long flowing mane was cut off, the tail shaven, and the various arts of base ingenuity had been employed to give it the appearance of conspicuous deformity. The Minister was advised to part with the disfigured animal; but his reply was invariably, "No: it is marked in the cause of righteousness. I will not forsake it in the day of persecution." He maintained his resolution, though it subjected him for months to the laugh and shout of the noisy rabble in every town and village through which he had to pass. This wrath of man, however, was made to praise God: the circumstance gave the herald of the Cross notoriety in the neighbourhood; it secured to him an increase of friends; his ministry was well attended, and allowed henceforward without interruption. Small Christian churches were formed and flourished, which continue to this day. This fact, however, cannot be recorded without causing a sigh to be heaved over the desperate wickedness of the deceitful heart; a fact that shows how low a gracious soul may fall from grace. It was discovered, that the foolish deed had been done by one who once had been a professor of religion, but had awfully departed in heart and life from God. This sin became his punishment; for from that hour a sting was fixed in his conscience,—a sting that lengthened time could not extract. Many years rolled over; the incident was only in the remembrance of a few, and with them it had become the mere recollection of a somewhat amusing event: but all could not remember it with pleasantness of feeling; there was at least one who did not thus review the transaction with pleasure. The guilty individual, though forgiven, and almost forgotten by the Minister, had not, could not, forgive himself. Long did he bear the smart of his sin; for he lived to old age. The time at last drew near that he must die, and appear

before his God to render an account of the deeds done in the body. Spiritual assistance was desired and obtained from a Minister of the same community; and he was directed to the willing, waiting Saviour. But there was one crime to be confessed before the wounded spirit could be healed, the crime that burdened his conscience, the crime that pressed with painful pungency on his soul; the crime of having, near forty years before, subjected the Minister of righteousness to the jeers and scoffs of the ungodly: and this wanton deed at the close of life stood between his soul and happiness. There was reason, however, to conclude that the sin being sincerely lamented, it was pardoned; and that his compassionate God, having healed his backslidings, again loved him freely. The event and its results are confirmatory of the divine announcement, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Thus it frequently does in the anguish of mind with which it is visited in life, in the horrors of guilty reflection which are felt at the solemn hour of death, and, if not repented of and forgiven, in that future misery which never knows pause nor period. "Happy is the man that feareth alway: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief." (Proverbs xxviii. 14.)

Manchester. N.

THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

The church and congregation assembling in Argyle chapel, Bath, made a noble effort for the promotion of the education of the humbler classes. On the previous Sunday evening (a sermon having been preached in the morning on behalf of the Free Church of Scotland, and the liberal sum of £54 contributed) the venerable Pastor, William Jay, announced that on the following Wednesday evening a meeting would be held with a view of raising a fund for educational purposes, principally in connexion with that place of worship; and expressed a hope that they would all attend "right-hearted, right-minded, and right-handed." Accordingly, at the time appointed, a very large number of the worshippers in Argyle chapel assembled in that spacious place of worship, and had the high gratification of meeting their venerated Minister as Chairman of the evening. The interest of the occasion was greatly increased by the circumstance that the day, January 31st, was the fifty-third anniversary of Mr. Jay's ordination to the pastoral office in that place; the season having been selected as a suitable one on which to make the proposed effort. The venerable Chairman, in the course of a very admirable speech, narrated the following very interesting anecdote, as an instance of the advantages of education:—"I knew a lad, (you may depend upon the truth of what I am going to say—for, alas! on these occasions, I fear many things are not accurately stated,) I knew a lad, born in a small village, moving in humble life, with no prospect of surpassing any of his fellows. A Minister saw him, and conversed with him, and took him from this obscurity, and educated him; and the lad became a Preacher, and preached a thousand sermons before he was of age, and preached to large multitudes in various places; and then he became the Pastor of a church for fifty-three years; and also during this time he became the author of various works, which have had large circulations at home and abroad, and by which he may be rendered useful when he is removed from hence. Now, I knew such a lad; and this lad is the Chairman who now addresses you. Perhaps it will not be improper here also to state that this lad of whom we have been speaking, and who owes so much to gratuitous education, has desired me this evening to put down his name for £50; only wishing that he was able to double the sum, but cheerfully yielding this as a grateful acknowledgment to God, and to encourage you in your work."

THEOLOGY.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A SERMON,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SLEIGH.

(*Concluded from page* 233.)

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."—Luke xv. 18, 19.

"But how, in this desolate scene,
Can hope to a prodigal come;
Bewilder'd in deserts of sin,
And far from his heavenly home?
Shut out from all prospects of peace,
With tears unavailing, I mourn;
O! shall I be taken to grace,
If humbly at last I return?"

Thus, I say, we may suppose him bemoaning himself and despairing of his state. Now this parable affords a complete antidote to all such desponding fears. In it the readiness of God to receive and pardon penitent offenders is pleasingly depicted: it tells them that their case, though bad, is not hopeless. "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which is right, and it profited me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit." When he sees the penitential feelings represented in Ephraim's lamentation, "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God: surely after that I was turned I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth:" what does the Lord say to him, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."

2. Applied to the case of backsliders, the parable presents many plain, undeniable, and striking truths; among which are the following,—

(1.) *That all true believers stand to God in the endearing relation of children.*—They do not regard the Divine Being only as a Preserver and Governor, but they have the "spirit of adoption" given to them, whereby they call him, "Abba, Father." How glorious to be exalted to such a state as this! David thought it no light matter to be called the son-in-law of such a King as Saul; but O! what must it be to be called the sons of the Most High God, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords! It is almost incredible that any of our fallen race should be brought into a relation so honourable and happy.

(2.) *That there are too many who, notwithstanding they have been adopted into God's family, are now found wanderers, and at a great distance from him.*—Must we not number among these those who have departed from the faith and practice of Christianity. Can this be anything less than a departure from God himself? Surely light and darkness are not more different from each other, than is this defection from the representation given of the faithful children of God; for neither hopes nor fears, neither joys nor sorrows, will be allowed to alienate such from God, or to prevent a steadfast adherence to him.

(3.) *That none can expect anything but misery if they depart from God.*—It is in vain for any of them to imagine that they shall be happy. Methinks there is a striking agreement between the state of the prodigal, and of all such. He went on for a time without feeling fear or trouble; but how bitterly did he in the end lament his folly and madness! Such is always the consequence of sin. Backsliders, in an especial manner, are taught that having forsaken God, "the fountain of living waters," they have been "hewing out to themselves only broken cisterns which can hold no water;" and, at times, must anticipate, and almost taste, the bitterness of hell itself. (Heb. x. 27.)

(4.) *That all who have thus unhappily forsaken the Lord, should return to him without delay.*—If they return not, it would have been better for them never to have known the way of righteousness, than after having known it to turn away from the holy commandment delivered to them. (2 Pet. ii. 20, 21.) But if they return with penitential grief, then will their Father's arms be open to receive them, and every member of the family be joyful on

their account. The gracious words God addresses to them are, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings, and love you freely." (Jer. iii. 22; Hosea xiv. 4.)

Our improvement of this parable may be more fully promoted by considering,

III. Its practical lessons.

The information contained in it will furnish matter fitted to enforce the following duties:—

1. *Never be induced to believe that you cannot be happy in God's family.*—Thousands and tens of thousands have given the strongest and clearest testimony in favour of a contrary sentiment. They have found his service to be a light and easy yoke; and choosing it, the consequence has been, that they have wanted no good thing. O! that the number of such witnesses may be daily increased in this our wicked world! May all who shall peruse these lines be persuaded to keep his commandments. For then they will soon be able to declare the peace and comfort, the hopes and joys, which such a practice brings; and they will be ready to confess that He by whom they were invited to do so, was a Father, compared with whom the kindest parent on earth is evil. This is the description given of him by the great Teacher himself. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (Matt. vii. 11.)

2. *Be truly grieved and ashamed of having ever estranged yourselves from such a being.*—To draw our first parents away from God, Satan's temptation was, "Ye shall be as gods;" and let it not be thought that the affecting such a state of independence is the character of some only now; for, alas! it is common to all unconverted men, who "follow their own will, and walk after the imagination of their own hearts." In Jeremiah, God speaks of having the humiliating imputation of unkindness brought against himself. "O generation, see ye the word of the Lord. Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness? wherefore say my people, We are lords; we will come no more unto thee? Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? yet my people have forgotten me days without number." (Jer. ii. 31, 32.) Those who act in this manner cannot but be considered as casting off the yoke of God; who may justly complain of the flagrancy of their rebellion.

3. *Seek by faith in Christ the elevation of your character and condition.*— By creation God is the Father of mankind; (Isaiah lxiv. 8; Mal. ii. 10; Heb. xii. 9;) but this will avail them nothing. In this sense he may be properly considered as the Father of the visible heavens and the earth, though, as inanimate substances, they must necessarily be incapable of happiness. As by sin that relation ceased, and we became the "children of the devil," what a mercy is it that, through Christ, we may yet be regarded as God's dear children, and may expect from him all that care and favour which are suited to the relation of a father, both in this world, and in that which is to come. This privilege is given to all without exception who believe. We are expressly told, that "as many as received Christ, to them he gave power," or privilege, or dignity, "to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." (John i. 12.) In agreement with this, the Apostle to the Galatians says of Christ's being sent into the world, that it was to "redeem them that were under the law, that we"—*we who believe*—"might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv. 5.) You have not, then, to fulfil the whole law in order to become children of God; (that were indeed a hopeless case;) but simply to exercise faith. Let due weight be given to this consideration, and nothing more will, I apprehend, be needed to convince you of the madness of slighting the command to believe. (1 John iii. 23.)

MAKING SECRET PRAYER PLEASANT.

1. *Be regular in the observance of it.*—Arrange your affairs with reference to your daily seasons of retirement; and do it with just as much purpose as with reference to your ordinary meals, and if you are ever irregular in the latter, with more. More depends upon this than most are aware of.

2. *Watch over your life and conversation.*—If you suffer yourself to be betrayed into any irregularity of conduct, or frivolity of conversation, it will press like lead upon your spirit as you enter your closet. There is the meaning in the words of the Apostle: "*Watching* thereunto with all perseverance."

3. *Prepare for it by meditation.*—The mind that has been engrossed, as it is sometimes necessary that it should be, in secular business, needs time to recall

itself that it may gain a proper attitude to commune with Jehovah. You must labour to secure the conception of a present God. You are alone with a grieved, offended, yet compassionate Friend. That friend is He before whom the angels veil their faces. There must be a preparation in order to enter suitably into communion with him.

4. *Read*, in connexion with your devotions, a few pages in such works as Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and, above all, devotional portions of the Bible.

5. *Let your heart dictate every word you utter in the form of prayer.*—In other words, do not go to the closet merely to discharge your conscience in relation to the duty; but go there to unburden your soul of its emotions: and while there, do not utter words significant of desire you do not feel. If you have not the emotion which you ought to have, do not mock God by expressions which signify its possession; but meditate and pray for it till it is awakened; and when it comes, utter it.

6. *Pray much to Christ.*—He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was tempted,—*tried*,—in all points as we are; and presents himself before us in a form to meet our sympathies, and invite our most confiding approaches. Why did Stephen, in the hour of his trial, pray, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?" There is a volume of instruction in that prayer. It points us to One, who, having trod the path of temptation, suffering death, bears toward us the heart of a brother—that *can be touched*—combined with omnipotence to save.

ON THE RESURRECTION.

ANALOGIES IN NATURE. — The resurrection, however wonderful and mysterious, is only analogous to what we constantly witness in the common course of nature or divine providence. All the arrangements of nature and providence are so many emblems and illustrations of this doctrine. All nature is full of evidence of the high probability of the resurrection of the body. There is in nature what may be called a "diurnal" resurrection. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. What is night but the death of day? The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and in darkness. What is morning but its resurrection from the shades of darkness? in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth; opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night. There is also what may be called an "annual" resurrection. What is winter but the death of the year? As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter. In the dead leaves you see emblems of death scattered wherever you go; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre. What is spring but a resurrection? when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise. What does every returning spring exhibit but a resurrection in the vegetable creation, or vegetable world? Look at that unsightly seed, without any appearance of life, thrown into the earth; and then, the particles separating, there springs up a plant. The plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish. Behold them unfolding, and budding, and blossoming, and casting fragrance all around. Whence arises the vast increase of grain, but from the seed, which corrupted and apparently perished in the earth? (1 Cor. xv. 36.) There is life consequent upon death, and even resulting from it. Such a revival is not less mysterious than that which we look for at the final consummation. Who could have expected that from a small seed rotting in the ground, a lofty stalk and beautiful foliage and valuable fruit should be produced? Thus the valleys, the fields, the forests, all die in some degree towards autumn, and nature is stripped of its ornaments in winter; every place becomes desert; nature appears insensible and dead. In the meantime a divine power acts in secret, and labours for the renewal of a nature, unobserved by us. Animation is restored, and all things are preparing for a resurrection.

IDENTITY OF THE BODY.—Unless the soul be fixed in its former residence, and joined to the same companion it once had, with a full consciousness of its past conduct in that very body, there could be no just retribution; no reward for the faithful services they performed together; no punishment for the transgressions they assisted each other to commit. If the same body rise not, therefore, we shall be punished in one body for sins committed in another, and rewarded in one body for good performed in another.

This I confess is a mystery. "How

can these things be?" says the sceptic: "how is it possible that those bodies which were many thousands of years ago buried in the earth, or swallowed up in the sea, and eaten by the monsters of the deep, eaten by cannibals in a desperate hunger, and become part of them;—others devoured by fire, mouldered into the finest dust, and scattered over the face of the earth, fattening the earth, becoming the food of other creatures, and those again the food of other men;—how is it possible for them to rise again?" &c. These questions, and other questions about identity, and difficulties started about the possibility of a resurrection, may answer the purposes of a proud sceptical philosophy. But, whatever apparent difficulties may be involved in the subject, no impossibility or inconsistency can be shown, especially when we take into account the infinite wisdom, knowledge, and unlimited power of God. "Can anything be too hard for the Lord?" "Hath God spoken, and shall he not do it?" The artist knows every part of the watch he frames; and when it falls to pieces, he can gather them again. And are we to suppose God has less skill? Surely no. Besides we see changes or sights every day and year equally mysterious. God has knowledge and power to collect the materials of their bodies, however they may have been scattered and mixed with other substances. This should silence every objection.

J. B.

ABSENT FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"Thomas was not with them when Jesus came."—John xx. 24.

After the crucifixion of Christ, his disciples came together, doubtless for prayer and consultation in their trying circumstances. While thus assembled, Jesus appeared in their midst, changed their fear to joy, commissioned them to preach the Gospel, and conferred upon them the Holy Ghost. But Thomas was absent; why, we know not: we are informed of the sad consequences which he suffered; namely, a week of wretched unbelief. Hence this general truth,—It is dangerous to be absent from any of the meetings of the Lord's disciples, lest a visit from the Lord himself be missed.

I could not but think that many members of the Society at —— were, a few Sabbaths ago, in a far worse case than this of Thomas, and therefore commend it to their prayerful consideration. It was the regular communion season, but few were present. Not only Thomas, but James, and John, and Peter, and a hundred more, were not there. Why? They say, "*It rained.*" Was this a sufficient reason? Some from the distant parts of the parish were there, and their health has not suffered in consequence. Could not others nearer by have attended with safety? I would affectionately expostulate with these absent disciples,—

1. Brethren, you ought to have been present, because there was a mutual appointment between you and your Lord. He had said, "This do in remembrance of me," and you had replied, "On the first Sabbath in ——, we will meet and obey this command." You knew his promise to be with you. Thomas had no such appointment or promise, yet he suffered for an absence probably excusable. Ought you to have neglected such an appointment, unless it were absolutely impossible to keep it? Would you have excused yourselves under similar circumstances from attending a wedding? Should you not take as much pains to keep the festival of piety, as a worldly feast?

2. Brethren, you ought to have been present, because of your engagement with your Pastor and with the church. When you united with the community, you covenanted to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and promote the edification of the body. How could you then sadden the hearts of your Pastor and brethren by absence from the principal ordinance of God's house, and that only to avoid a slight inconvenience? Did you not thus say to your Pastor, "We prefer our own comfort to your instructions;" and to your brethren, "Communion with you at the Lord's table is not worth the least sacrifice?" How could you so easily violate solemn vows?

3. Brethren, you need to be there for your own spiritual good. Sacramental seasons occur only seldom during a year. Can you easily forego one of them? Did you not feel the need of a visit from the Lord to revive your hearts, to wean you from the world? Have you not since suffered for want of spiritual strength which you might then have gained?

4. Brethren, you owed it to your impenitent friends to be there. Some of them were present, and marked your absence; and did they not say within themselves, "Our Christian neighbours are only fair-weather professors?" With what propriety can you now go to them,

and urge them to forsake all for Christ? What influence can you have over them, when they know that you are so easily prevented from the observances of piety? Verily, your practice must confirm your precepts.

5. Brethren, you need to repent of having made the weather an excuse for your absence. Let me ask, Was there not some stronger reason? Did you not feel unprepared to enter into the spirit of the ordinance, and make it a sacrament, a season of communion? Did you not fear the reproaches of the Lord for your backsliding? Did you not fear the self-reproach in view of your broken vows? Were you not so immersed in the world as to be unwilling to renew your dedication to God?

6. Brethren, can you expect the Lord to visit you in love? You would not come to him, you begged to be excused from his supper, you grieved his Spirit; and will he not leave you to go to your farms and merchandise without another invitation? Ought you not to doubt whether you truly love the Lord?

7. Brethren, another time is appointed for the gathering of the disciples, and we hope that Jesus will appear in our midst: will you be there? Receive this word of admonition from your affectionate Pastor. —*American Paper.*

MINISTERIAL ACCOUNTS AT THE GREAT DAY.

A Divine in the former part of the last age was preaching before an association of Ministers, and in order to quicken their regard to the principal end and motive from which they acted, pointed them to the last and awful day of judgment; and having brought in Christ the Judge as taking his place on the throne, he then by an elegant prosopopœia represented him as calling his Ministers to an account, examining how they had preached, and with what views they had undertaken and discharged the work of the ministry. "*What did you preach for?*" "I preached, Lord, that I might keep a good living, that was left me by my father, of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds per annum, which, if I had not entered into orders, had been wholly lost to me and my numerous family." Christ says to him, "*Stand by, thou hast had thy reward.*" The question is put to another, "*And what did you preach for?*" He answered, "Lord, I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator and an ingenious Preacher." Christ's answer to him, likewise, was, "*Stand thou by, thou also hast had thy reward.*" The Judge puts the question to the third, "*And what did you preach for?*" "Lord," says he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine scholar; but I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honour thee: my design in preaching was, Lord, that I might win souls to thy blessed majesty." Upon this, the Judge called out, "Room, men; room, angels! Let this man come and sit with me on my throne, as I am set down with my Father on his throne: he has owned and honoured me on earth, and I will own and honour him through all the ages of eternity."

The result of all this was, that the Ministers went home much affected, resolving that, through the help of God, they would mind the work of the ministry more, and look better to their aims and ends than ever.—*Gospel Treasury.*

ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONS AND SECTS.

Sacred and ecclesiastical persons were of several classes, as mentioned in the Old and New Testaments; and these, with their peculiar offices, it is necessary to consider intelligently, to read with edification certain parts of holy Scripture.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with the posterity of Israel, were divinely selected and separated from all the nations of the earth, for the preservation of true religion in the world. Abraham was, therefore, brought from Chaldean idolatry to receive special revelations from God, and with his son Isaac, and his grandson Jacob, to be disciplined and trained for his service while sojourning in the land of Canaan. (Gen. xi. 31; xii. 1, 4; xv.; xvii.; xxii.; Josh. xxiv.2, 3; Gen. xxvi.; xxviii.; xxv.) Egypt was designed as the place of increase and trial to the descendants of Abraham; and from that "house of bondage" they were redeemed as the chosen people of the Lord. Several classes of office were necessarily instituted in forming that community, and these, therefore, with some others shall be given in order.

1. *Israelites.*—This is properly a designation of the posterity of Jacob; but it is also employed to indicate their being a sacerdotal people, and called to sustain a special relation to God. Hence while they are encamped before Mount Sinai, to receive the tables of the law and the institution of covenant obedience, "Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel; Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine: and *ye shall be a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.*" (Exod. xix. 3—6.) Under this character they were constantly addressed, and called to the practice of universal holiness. (Lev. xi. 44, 45; Deut. vii. 6.) This title, however, as denoting *sanctity* and the special divine favour, was abused by the Jewish Doctors; their spiritual pride leading them generally to despise all other nations as *profane*, and call them *dogs*, having no part in the world to come, or in the mercy of God. (Matt. ix. 10, 11; xv. 22—27.)

2. *Patriarchs.*—These were the chiefs, fathers, or heads of families, in the earlier ages of the world. Adam, Seth, Enoch, and Methuselah, were among the most distinguished antediluvian Patriarchs; and the extraordinary length of their lives has made them famous in the annals of the world, and in the traditions of the ancients, even to heathen nations. Noah was the chief Patriarch, and founder of the restored world. Abraham, Melchisedek, Ishmael, Isaac, Esau, Jacob and his twelve sons, Job, Jesse, and David, were the most eminent Patriarchs of sacred history, after Noah, and the founders of mighty families. In Abraham and Job, especially, we perceive instructive examples of the patriarchal government: they were Priests as well as Princes, and exercised sovereign authority in their own families. (Acts ii. 29; vii. 8. 9; Heb. vii. 4.)

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind, and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind; has banished idol-worship; has abolished infanticide; has put down polygamy and divorce; exalted the condition of women; raised the standard of public morality; created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home; and effected other triumphs, by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles, cheering the sorrowful with its consolations, strengthening the tempted, encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit, and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of a human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—*Dr. M'Cullaugh.*

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

As in the greater world for man, so in the little world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other, many possess much and enjoy but little, many have much and use but little, others use much, and but little well. I shall not so much endeavour to have much wherewithal to do, as to do much with what little I have. It shall not so much grieve me that I am a poor treasurer, as joy me if I have been a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish well to use that I have. If he were so blamed that employed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten and abused them?—*Warwick.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

MR. HUGH KNOX.

Mr. Hugh Knox, a native of Ireland, went to America, when quite a young man, about the year 1753 or 1754. He immediately waited on his countryman, the Rev. Dr. Francis Allison, then residing at New-London, in Pennsylvania, to whom he had letters, and in whose academy he hoped to find employment as a Teacher. Dr. Allison, not being able to give him a place in his seminary, furnished him with a letter to Mr. Rogers, requesting his good offices, in endeavouring to procure a grammar-school for the young stranger, within the bounds of his parish. Mr. Rogers soon succeeded in forming a respectable school, at the Head of Bohemia, about ten miles from St. George's, as master of which Mr. Knox was comfortably placed. He continued to preside over this school for more than a year; and having received a good classical education in his own country, being remarkably prepossessing in his personal appearance and manners, and attending with great assiduity to the duties of his station, he soon became much esteemed by his employers, and was considered as most agreeably settled. He attended public worship, with great punctuality, at Mr. Rogers's Lower or Forest Church, near Middletown, and looked up to the Pastor as his patron and friend. Things had been going on in this happy and promising manner for a number of months, when a sudden reverse occurred. Mr. Knox, though a respectable attendant on public worship, and a young man, hitherto of decent morals, had manifested nothing like real piety. He was accustomed, every Saturday afternoon, to meet some gay companions at the tavern of a Mr. Witherspoon, near the place of his residence, with whom he passed several hours, at first with decency and temperance; but, after a while, not so entirely in this manner as could have been wished. On a certain Saturday afternoon, when Knox and his companions had been diverting themselves in their usual way, some of the company said to him, "Come, Parson," (a title they gave to him on account of his being the most grave of their number, and a great admirer of Mr. Rogers,) "Come, Parson, give us a sermon." He declined. They urged him. He still resisted. At length, however, overcome by the importunity, and probably excited in some degree by liquor, he said, "Well, come, I will give you the sermon which Mr. Rogers preached last Sunday." Mr. Rogers had preached on the preceding Sabbath from 2 Cor. v. 20, and had given an unusually solemn and excellent discourse. Mr. Knox, having a good memory, a flexible voice, and great powers of imitation, was enabled, not only to recollect and repeat the substance of the discourse, as he heard it delivered, but also to copy the voice and manner of Mr. Rogers so closely, that Mr. Witherspoon, who heard it all from an adjoining apartment, declared that, if he had not known to the contrary, he should really have supposed it was Mr. Rogers himself preaching. In short, he was carried beyond himself, and spoke so much like a man preaching the Gospel in good earnest, that his profane hearers were deeply affected, and when the discourse was ended, one after another silently withdrew. But what is still more remarkable, Mr. Knox himself was solemnly impressed by his own mock preaching, especially as he drew towards the close of the discourse; and when it was finished, he sat down with mingled emotions of shame and horror at the profane mockery of which he had been guilty, and deep conviction of the important duties he had been delivering in application to himself. So strong, indeed, were these impressions, that he could not bear the thoughts of looking Mr. Rogers or any of his other pious patrons in the face, after such conduct; and accordingly, early the next morning, without waiting to collect any of his dues, or to adjust his affairs, he precipitately quitted that part of the country, and was not heard of for a number of months.

The next autumn, when Mr. Rogers attended the commencement of the College of New-Jersey, which was then seated at Newark, he was surprised to find Mr. Knox at the house of the Rev. Mr. Burr, the President of the College. The young fugitive had applied to Mr. Burr, soon after his retreat from Bohemia, for admission into one of the classes of the College; but having informed him that his last residence had been in the neighbourhood of Mr. Rogers, and being unable to produce testimonials from that place of his good moral character, Mr. Burr advised him to wait in Newark until the commencement, when he expected to have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Rogers, and of conversing with him on the subject. Mr. Knox, upon first meeting with his old Pastor, was much agitated, and, as soon as possible, took him aside; acknowledged his unworthy conduct, with every appearance of humiliation; implored his pardon for the offence committed against himself, in turning his sermon into profane mockery; and informed him of the situation in which he stood with regard to his expected admission into the College. Mr. Rogers promised to speak as favourably of him to Mr. Burr as truth would permit,

and not to disclose the conduct which led to his elopement from Bohemia, unless it should be drawn from him by unavoidable questions; and with these promises left him in the most painful anxiety.

Here Mr. Rogers learned from young Knox, that the serious impressions made on his mind by the sermon which he had so profanely repeated had never been eradicated; that his wickedness had been overruled, as he hoped, for his eternal good; that he had for some time cherished a hope concerning himself, as a real Christian; and that his earnest desire was to complete his education at the College with a view to the Gospel ministry.

Happily, President Burr, in the hurry of the commencement, only asked Mr. Rogers, whether he knew Mr. Knox; and whether he would advise that he should be admitted into the College. To both these questions Mr. Rogers answered promptly in the affirmative. The young man was admitted; passed through the College, and his subsequent theological studies, with reputation; and after receiving many testimonies of sincere and active friendship from his old Pastor at St. George's, entered on the work of the Gospel ministry, and became equally honoured and useful in his profession.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

SHOULD CHILDREN LEARN DANCING?

A GREAT deal has been said and written on this subject: it is therefore deemed unnecessary to enlarge; but there is one consideration which may yet assist some anxious mother in forming a decision, and as such it is now offered.

Does not all the discussion and difference of opinion about it prove that in the minds of many, there is, to say the least, *a risk* in permitting children to learn dancing? "We hope," they say, "that under certain restrictions it will not prove injurious."

Now, if our hearts, as mothers, are *supremely* set on our children becoming the children of God, and possessing the "one thing needful," would we not avoid whatever borders on assimilation to the world, particularly what many assert from sad experience to have proved a snare to them in their youth? The writer is convinced, that children do not excel in this acquirement unless they become fond of it; and is it not an unusual, a contradictory plea, that you permit them to learn, but "do not wish them to excel?"

Awkwardness is not always remedied by learning to dance. Any one accustomed to dancing-schools can verify this assertion; and while gymnastics and calisthenics are open to us, and have, by their effects in some cases, produced extraordinary benefits to the carriage, and even character, let us, as Christian mothers, rest satisfied if our children are not fitted to shine among the graceful and elegant of this vain and seducing world, rather than incur the slightest *risk* of having to look back on affording them the means of mingling with delight in its dangerous amusement.—*British Mothers' Magazine.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

PART II.

"Sweet as zephyrs' balmy breath,
Soft stealing 'mong the roses, newly blown,
The spirit fled—she closed her eyes in death,
And, smiling, enter'd on the world unknown."

THIS appeared to Margaret such a timely and providential opening, that she did not hesitate for a moment to avail herself of it, and the next day found her engaged in the duties of her new vocation. Here everything smiled upon her. The ductility of the youthful pupils committed to her charge, rendered the task of tuition peculiarly pleasing; while in the society of the young and accomplished widow, she seemed almost to forget that she was an outcast from her father's house. The conversation also of that excellent woman inspired her with increased attachment to the Protestant religion, and gave a deeper and more decided tone to her personal piety. Together they worshipped

in the house of God, and together mingled their devotions at the domestic altar.

Twelve months had now rolled away since the amiable Margaret had been banished from her home. And though during that period it may be truly said, the "lines had fallen to her in pleasant places,"—though her domestic enjoyments had far exceeded her highest expectations, there were seasons when the recollections of past occurrences would cast a shadow over the horizon of her earthly joys. She had twice written to her father without receiving an answer; and once to her mother, with no better success. "Alas!" she would sometimes exclaim, "I have no longer a place in their affections. They have banished me from their presence, and blotted me from remembrance. Surely the religion of the Bible does not sanction such parental cruelty; for it is a religion of love. But it is the religion of Rome, a cruel, persecuting, soul-destroying religion, which has blinded the judgment of my parents, and by its blasting influence has extinguished every spark of affection for their only child. But while I live I will not cease to pray that the veil may be removed from their minds, and that they may yet experience the truth as it is in Jesus."

There was a favourite spot, within about ten minutes' walk of the house, to which she had been attracted by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. To this retired spot she would often resort in the pleasant evenings of summer, for the purpose of meditation. But those solitary rambles tended rather to increase her melancholy than assuage it; to fan the flame that was secretly consuming her delicate constitution, rather than to extinguish it. This was becoming every day more apparent, by the sickly paleness which had overspread her beautiful countenance, and by the faded lustre of her eye. Gradually her physical strength began to decline, and her wasted frame to sink under the power of disease. She was compelled at length to be confined to her bed; and notwithstanding the most eminent medical men were consulted, and every effort which human aid could administer was adopted, with a view to restore her to convalescence, at the expiration of three weeks, her spirit returned to God. During this short illness, her mind was divinely supported. The hope of the Gospel which had sustained her in the season of persecution, was still the anchor of her soul in the prospect of death; and she several times sang, with a voice of almost supernatural strength,

> "Thrice-blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
> It lifts my fainting spirit up."

The pious widow, who had indeed loved her as a sister, was now unremitting in her attention to her dying charge. By night and by day, with but few intervals of rest, she was seated by her bedside; or employed in administering to her wants. These proofs of genuine affection were fully appreciated by her afflicted friend; and the tears of gratitude often filled her eyes.

One morning, after a severe fit of coughing, she appeared unusually thoughtful. "Can I do anything for you, my dear?" said the sympathizing widow, who had been silently watching her.

"I was just thinking of my parents," she replied. "Though they have not answered my former letters, yet I cannot but think, if they were acquainted with my present situation they would not refuse to visit their dying daughter."

"I will write to your father immediately; and may this communication be more successful."

A letter was accordingly addressed to the merchant, urging him to repair, without delay, to the death-bed of his daughter.

The next day, and the next arrived, but still he came not. "I fear," said the dying saint, "he will not come; and I must die without the privilege of again beholding the authors of my being. I cannot long survive. I feel the hand of death is already upon me: but my soul is happy in God, and I am looking for eternal life, through the infinite merits of my adorable Redeemer. When I am gone, should you see my parents, tell them that their outcast daughter has found an asylum in the paradise of God; and that her last breath was spent in fervent prayer for them."

These were her last words. In a few minutes her eyes became fixed, her heart ceased to beat, and her spirit entered into rest.

One beautiful evening, when the autumnal sun was lingering in the western horizon, and the summits of the distant mountains were radiant with the glory of his departing beams, the lonely widow was seated near the window of her apartment, watching the declining orb, till it was no longer visible to her eye. Yet still she sat attracted by the beauty of the prospect; and pensively gazed on the extensive landscape which was richly variegated with a thousand pleasing objects, and which in seasons now for ever fled she had contemplated with sentiments of enthusiastic admiration. Through the fading twilight, she caught a glimpse of the old grey tower of the village church, which was visible through a partial opening in the lofty trees. A tear involuntarily started into her eye, while this object was before her; for it was in the grave-yard of that church that the husband of her youth had found an early resting-place, and in the same spot the remains of her late affectionate friend, the merchant's daughter, had on *this day* been committed to the dust. While these mournful thoughts were passing in her mind, a carriage drove up to the door, and a venerable-looking

stranger alighted. Having ordered the carriage to the nearest inn, the stranger knocked at the door, and soon after being admitted into the parlour, requested to see the mistress of the house. On her entrance, he appeared to be much excited, and in a hurried tone inquired whether Miss —— could be seen.

"Allow me first to ask," said the widow, "whether you are her father."

"I am," he quickly replied.

"Then your daughter has to-day been carried to her grave."

"O heavens! I was afraid of this. My angel child! Would I could have seen thee once more, but for one moment, to ask thy forgiveness. But I was not permitted; and it is now too late. I am justly punished for my cruelty in expelling from my house a daughter, who had a natural claim to my protection. O merciful God, have mercy upon a poor wretched sinner!"

All this was uttered in strains of the deepest anguish; which proved that the merchant was labouring under a violent paroxysm of remorse, as he paced the room to and fro. At length a flood of tears came to his relief; and taking a seat, he buried his face in his hands.

"Endeavour to be calm," said the sympathizing widow, "and I will relate to you something about your daughter's death, which I am sure will encourage you." The merchant listened with intense interest, while she faithfully recounted to him the happy state of her mind, her dying prayer for her parents, and her triumphant departure to a brighter world.

When the ebullition of feeling which this affecting relation had produced upon the mind of the merchant had partially subsided, he adverted to the fact of having received letters from his daughter; but as they contained no expression which led him to conclude that any change had taken place in her sentiments respecting the religion in which she had been brought up, and having solemnly pledged himself never to receive her till she was willing to return to the Church of Rome, he and his wife had determined to take no notice of the letters. He also stated that about a month since, he was compelled to visit Ireland, for the purpose of transacting some business, relating to a little property which he possessed in the sister kingdom. His wife accompanied him. When his business was settled, and they were preparing to return to Liverpool, his wife was attacked by a fearful epidemic, which was at that time prevailing in the neighbourhood. In a few days after the attack, she fell a prey to its ravages; and she was buried in the land of her fathers.

"On the evening previous to my embarking for England," continued the merchant, "while I was overwhelmed with grief in thus losing the partner of my bosom, I stepped into a place of worship in Belfast, not knowing in my excited state of mind that it was a Protestant chapel. The sermon had already commenced; but I heard sufficient to convince me that the religion of the Reformation was the true religion. I never before heard the method of a sinner's acceptance with God so clearly and so forcibly pointed out. There was no mention of priestly confession, or of penance as essential to salvation, but a simple reliance on the atonement of Christ. I did not wonder, therefore, that my daughter embraced it with such avidity. At the close of the service I sought an interview with the pious Minister; for I was deeply distressed about my soul. By his edifying conversation, and faithful exposition of Scripture passages, my mind received such a flood of light, that I only wondered I had so long walked in darkness and error. I therefore resolved immediately on my return home to seek my outcast daughter, and clasp her in my arms. On entering my house, in Liverpool, I found a letter from you, stating that she was in dying circumstances, and wished to see me without delay. I looked at the date of the letter, and found it had been written more than a week. Without waiting to sit down, I ordered my carriage, impelled by a secret hope that she might be spared till I arrived at your house. But God has otherwise ordered it. I am now *alone* in the world. I have neither wife nor child."

Little now remains to be added. He begged to be directed to the spot where the remains of his beloved Margaret had been interred. The grave was pointed out to him by one of the domestics; and he was left alone to indulge his melancholy reflections. It was a lovely night. The heavens were thickly studded with stars. The moon, which rose in cloudless beauty, flung her brightest beams over the gothic tower; while the windows of the venerable church glittered with the silvery lights. A double row of elms, disturbed by the sighings of the autumnal breezes, had sprinkled their leaves thickly across the churchyard path; and the stately yew, which had stood for nearly a century, cast its dark shadow over the "mouldering heaps" which covered the ashes of the dead of former generations. The merchant heeded not the beauty of the night. His thoughts were with his buried child. Exhausted by the violence of his emotions, he threw himself on the grave. Loud were the sobs which burst from his bleeding bosom; bitter were the tears which moistened his pallid cheeks, and long did he remain prostrate on the damp ground; till at length rising to depart, "his body was wet with the dew of heaven."

On his return home, he felt ill, seriously ill. Medical aid was promptly procured, and he was ordered to keep his bed. The painful bereavements he had sustained, the intense mental excitement he had suffered,

and his long exposure to the cold night air at the grave of his daughter, had rapidly brought on a malignant fever, from which he never recovered. And after lingering for about six weeks, he closed his eyes upon the world for ever.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

EPWORTH CHURCH.

Epworth is a long straggling town, situated at the distance of about 29 miles north-west of Lincoln, and 158 north-west from London. The principal branch of trade is the dressing of flax and hemp, a great quantity of which grows in the neighbourhood; and the manufacture of sacking and canvass is carried on to a considerable extent. The manor of Epworth, together with the chief of the lands in the Isle of Axholme, were given by William the Conqueror to Nigal D'Albini, whose descendants assumed the surname of Mowbray; but on that family becoming extinct, these estates reverted to the Crown, to which they still belong. Here was anciently the residence of the Mowbray family, who had a castellated mansion, of which there are no remains except the site, where within the last half-century were dug up some of the cannon belonging to the fortifications. The living is a Rectory in the Archdeaconry of Stow, rated in the King's books at £28. 16*s.* 8*d.*, and is in the patronage of the Crown. The church, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, consists of a nave with aisles, a chancel, and a tower. The arched entrance to the north porch is richly varied by trefoil flexures, that give it an air of lightness and beauty: and within this porch are two shields, one of which is charged with a rampant lion, the bearing of the Mowbrays; the other with a sheaf on a plain shield, the bearing of the Sheffields. Among the communion-plate, the vessel used as a paten is curious: it is of maple, having a broad rim of silver gilt, the diameter of which is nearly ten inches; at the bottom is a large silver button of about three inches diameter, ornamented with a Saint Andrew's cross, and figures representing a Holy Family, surrounded by a moulding ornamented with rays of glory. Mr. Weir suggests that this may have been originally a wassail-bowl, and presented to the church by one of the Mowbray family. This benefice was held for thirty-nine years by the Rev. Samuel Wesley, A.M., who died in 1735, aged seventy-two, and lies buried under a table-tomb in the churchyard. A free school was founded and endowed at this place by certain inhabitants in 1694. The whole emolument amounts to about £40 per

annum, for which the master is required to teach fourteen boys reading only: any further instruction is paid for. A Carthusian monastery was founded here in the reign of Richard II., by Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, and Earl Marshal of England, the revenue of which at the dissolution was valued at £290. 11*s.* 7*d.* Epworth, however, holds a high place in the estimation of the Wesleyan Methodists, inasmuch as it was the birth-place of the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, their father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, A.M., having been the Rector of that parish for many years. He was the son of the Rev. John Wesley, a Nonconformist Minister, ejected in 1662; was born at Preston in Dorsetshire, about the same year; and was educated in Nonconformist sentiments, which he soon relinquished, owing to the violent prejudices of some of his sect in favour of the murder of Charles I. He spent some time at a private academy, and at the age of sixteen entered himself at Exeter College, Oxford, as a servitor. By industry, and probably by assisting his fellow-students, he supported himself, until he took his Bachelor's degree, without any assistance from his friends, except *five shillings!* He now came to London, where he was ordained Deacon, and obtained a Curacy, which he held for one year, when he was appointed Chaplain of the Fleet. In this situation he remained but a year, and returned to London, where he again served a Curacy for *two years*, during which time he married and had a son.

He now wrote several pieces which brought him into notice, and he obtained, through the Duke of Buckingham, the living of South Ormesby, in the county of Lincoln. He was strongly solicited by the friends of James II. to support the measures of the Court in favour of Popery, with promises of preferment if he would comply with the King's desire. But he absolutely refused to read the King's Declaration in May, 1688; and, though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached a bold and pointed discourse against it from Dan. iii. 17, 18, "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." When the Revolution took place, he wrote a work in defence of it, dedicated to Queen Mary, who in consequence of it gave him the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, about 1693; and in 1723 he was presented to the living of Wroote, in the same county, the former of which he held nearly forty years.

In the beginning of 1705 he printed a poem on the battle of Blenheim, with which the Duke of Marlborough was so well pleased, that he made him Chaplain to Colonel Lepelle's regiment, which was to remain in England some time. He wrote "Dissertationes in Librum Jobi," which was printed after his death, by Mr. Bowyer, in a beautiful type, illustrated with engravings. He also wrote the "Life of Christ," an heroic poem, 1693, folio, dedicated to the Queen, and reprinted with large additions and corrections, in 1697; "The History of the Old and New Testament, attempted in verse, and adorned with three hundred and thirty sculptures, engraved by J. Sturt," 1704, 3 vols., 12mo., addressed to Queen Anne in a poetical dedication; "Maggots, or Poems on several Subjects," 1685, 8vo.; and "Elegies on Queen Mary and Archbishop Tillotson," 1695, folio. He is also said to have composed the speech delivered by Sacheverell before the House of Lords. He died in 1735, leaving a numerous family among whom were his sons Samuel, John, and Charles. A. Z.

OUR SERVANTS.

AN ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.

1. Always seek first the kingdom of heaven. No increase of wages, and no promotion to easier or genteeler work, is real profit, if it peril your never-dying soul. If you are in a family where God is worshipped and the Sabbath sanctified, you are better off than thousands; and it will say little for your Christian sincerity if whim or the love of money transfer you to a gay and godless household. But, perhaps, you are not in a pious family, and have no prospect of getting into one. If so, that God who kept Joseph in Egypt, and Ruth and Naomi among the Moabites, can keep you from falling, even in a graceless home. But then you must live near him. You must get time for prayer. And if your soul be bent towards God, you will get both time and place for prayer. I lately read of a pious servant in the country who had no opportunity for retirement in the house where she lived; but telling a friend afterwards, "I cannot but notice it as the Lord's tender mercy, that when I had occasion to go out to draw water, the Lord, knowing my circumstances within the house, graciously met me by the way without; and often when I was standing beside the well, the same condescending Redeemer who revealed himself to the poor woman at Jacob's well, revealed himself to me, and granted me many sweet moments of reviving intercourse with

himself." The Lord is very pitiful. He not only knoweth your frame, but he knows your position; and if he knows that you have no other opportunity, he who heard Eliezer as he knelt upon the road beside his camel, will hear the praying servant who lifts up his heart to God, in the stable or the street, in the bustle of the day or the silent watches of the night. And save for yourself as much of the Sabbath as you can. By a little extra exertion on the Saturday, you may always reserve some leisure on the day of rest. And is it not delightful to have so much work put by, that, with a clear conscience, you can sit down to a solid hour with your Bible, or some godly book, and go to the sanctuary with no harassment or hurry on your mind, and then come forth from the Sabbath's rest and retirement with something of the Sabbath still lingering in your cheerful countenance, and the smile of God beaming on the most common tasks, and creating a heaven wherever you go?

2. Try to do good in the place of your sojourn. When Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, was tutor in a Shropshire family, he had some sense of religion, but not enough to make him religious. One Sabbath evening, a pious servant came into his study to make up his fire, and seeing him writing music, she said, with deep concern, "O, Sir, I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." And though very angry at the moment, he thought of what she said, and put the music away, and from that time forward kept the Sabbath a great deal better. But I am not sure that this is the best way of doing good to superiors. A word modestly spoken, and by one of blameless consistency, may sometimes be a word in season; but most usually it will be resented as rudeness, and only provoke those whom it was intended to reform. But there is one thing which even on the most haughty superior must always tell,—the shining light of an obliging, cheerful, and genuine character; and whilst many have been prejudiced against the Gospel by the assuming airs and preaching tone of servants who professed it, others have been won by the dutiful demeanour and silent eloquence of servants who adorned it. However, where there is a willing mind there will usually be some opportunity of direct and positive usefulness. There are your fellow-servants. Some of them are, perhaps, ignorant of real religion, or filled with bitter prejudice against it; but if you be obliging and conciliatory, steadfast to principle, but gainly in your dispositions, you may bring them to think more highly of that grace of God which enables you to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world; and by lending them books, or getting them to accompany you to the house of prayer, or by talking kindly to them, you may yet win the soul of your fellow-servant. And some of you, perhaps, are entrusted with the care of children, or it is your part to wait on the younger members of the family. If so, you have a glorious opportunity for endearing the Bible, and making known the Saviour. A good many years ago, a pious girl became a servant in the family of a Kentish squire. The young ladies of the family were the objects of her special charge. Sometimes, when they were retiring to rest for the night, she offered to read them a chapter of the Bible. They did not care much about the word of God, but they liked their sweet-tempered and affectionate maid, and to please her they agreed to listen while she read. And, by and by, a dangerous sickness seized her; but amidst all her pain and weakness her soul was rejoicing in God her Saviour. And when she was dead, her young friends began to read for themselves that Bible which had made her life so lovely, and her death so happy; and God opened their eyes, and showed them the Saviour whom it reveals; and one of them, who was very clever, spent her remaining life in explaining that Bible to her poor neighbours and little children; and that with such success that it will never be known how many souls owe their salvation to the winsome piety and sweet consistency of this little maid. Should any nursery-maid or waiting-maid who loves her Bible and her Saviour hear me, let her go and do likewise.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

THE FALL OF MAN.

When out of nothing Nature's system rose,
And Man as chief the mighty Maker chose;
When from the womb of dark primeval Night,
Emerging Chaos met the morning light:
When, 'mid the bloom of Eden's lovely bower,
Our sinless parents pass'd the evening hour;
In that bright moment, Nature's glowing prime,
No foul transgression dyed the steps of Time
As yet they loved their great Creator's name,
From whom the bliss of their existence came;
Whose sweet, sublime similitude they wore,
And whose bright stamp of holiness they bore.
But, ah! from hell the' infernal tempter sped,

To that sweet home of innocence he fled;
He came;—the tempted broke the dread command;
The guilty pair forsook that flowery land;
The curse of sin, the anger of their God,
Track'd out the path wherein their footsteps trod.
But 'mid the curbless torrents of their woe,
From Mercy's clime sweet tones of comfort flow:—
"The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head,
For man the' unblemished life-blood shall be shed;
His foot shall tread the powers of darkness down,
And spoil the ghastly monster of his crown.
For many an age, by Prophet-bards foretold,
That CHIEF shall come, begirt with robes of gold;
Deck'd with high glory, and enthroned in pride,
In crimson hues his garment shall be dyed;
Heaven's wrathful winepress He alone shall tread,
While man's transgressions bow his dying head."

Thus, scarce had Nature started into birth,
Scarce had the Planets raised their song of mirth,
Scarce was the course of youthful Time begun,
When sin beguiled Creation's noblest son;
Then sunk the star of earthly joy in gloom;
And thus, methinks, I hear him mourn his doom:—
"Untimely hour! ah! thrice unhappy day!
That rent my footsteps from those scenes away;
No more amid those oft-frequented bowers
Shall I beguile the lingering twilight hours;
I there no more, at stirless eventime,
Shall view heaven's glories gild yon arch sublime;
There shall my orisons no more arise
At morning prime, or under sunset skies;
The balmy odours, borne from flower and tree,
Will float,—but, ah! they ne'er will float to me;
The notes of evening's harmonist will ring
Through those sweet groves, by every crystal spring;
Those morning-songs will greet the bursting day,
(Those songs I loved,) when I am far away;
The bliss of innocence which once I knew,
When brighter prospects glitter'd in my view,
The charm that Beauty o'er my spirit shed,—
Alas! those sweets for evermore are fled!"

LINUS.

Sevenoaks, Kent.

SONG OF THE DYING BELIEVER.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

CHEER up, my heart! the *battle's won*,
My foes are put to flight;
Scared by the Spirit's conquering sword,
They vanish from my sight.
The song of victory is mine,—
It soothes my dying hour:
I'll lay my laurels at the cross,
And triumph in its power.

Cheer up, my heart! the *race is run*,
And I have gain'd the prize;
My Father calls, and angels wait
To bear me to the skies.
Though floods of grief and waves of woe
Have cross'd my destined way,
I've reach'd the goal, and rest in hope
Of an unclouded day.

Cheer up, my heart! I've *kept the faith*,
Invincibly secure;
Unshaken 'midst a host of foes,
Inviolate and pure.
Though aliens from "like precious faith"
Would mar this "better part;"
Nor height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth,
Shall tear it from my heart.

Cheer up, my heart! a *glittering crown*,
Through Jesu's blood, I claim;
Beyond those rolling stars it shines,
Bright as the solar beam.
Welcome the hour that sets me free
From earth's distracted sphere;
I'll fly to my Redeemer's throne,
And sing Hosannas there!

J. T. BARR.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. SAMUEL HOPE,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

"The strife is o'er: the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
* * * * * * *
Faith———
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
BEYOND THE REALMS OF NATURE AND OF TIME!"
CAMPBELL.

THE knell of death!—O, what deep, solemn sounds
Repose in that tremendous voice of Death!—
Beneath the edge of his relentless scythe
Fall every moment Adam's mortal sons,
As the thick harvest of autumnal hours.
How many fall! and yet how few prepared
To meet their sentence at the bar of God!
How many linger till life's lamp is dim,

And seek forgiveness at the' eleventh hour!
To view a creature on the bed of death,
To mark the fading of the healthful hue,
To see the darkling lustre of the eye,
To feel the icy coldness of the clay,—
All whisper to the terror'd, trembling soul,
With thrilling tone, "'Tis solemn thus to die!"

Warm was his zeal for sinning, wretched man,
His pure petition from his heart began.
With ardent faith his Master's word he taught,
His life's expanse with holiness was fraught.
His days are o'er; his glorious sun went down,
Bright with the hope of an eternal crown;
'Mid dire distemper, and uncheck'd complaint,
Faith lit the chamber of the dying saint;
Angelic cohorts wing'd his happy soul,
To heaven's bright throne, its everlasting goal.

Yes, far from this dark world of sin, his joyant spirit soars,
And, number'd with the faithful, heaven's eternal anthem pours;
Girt with the robe of righteousness, crown'd with the gems of light,
He sings in ecstasy before the FATHER'S image bright;
Yes, there he rests in joy and bliss, with his living harp of fire,
With all to bless his raptured eyes, or meet his heart's desire.

GEORGE SAMUEL.

Sevenoaks, Kent.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MARY CRAWFORD.

MARY CRAWFORD was born at Dudley, December 10th, 1822. Respecting her childhood, little of interest is known: however, at that early period of her life she manifested much seriousness, was obedient to her parents, and loved the ordinances of religion. When young, she became a scholar in the Sabbath-school of the Established Church, where she behaved so well as to gain the affections of her Teachers, who presented her with several testimonials of good conduct. Subsequently she attended the Baptist Sunday-school; where also her deportment was marked by amiability and seriousness. In process of time she was dismissed from being a scholar, was presented with a Bible, and became a Teacher. In this capacity she laboured according to the best of her ability; but though thus honourably and usefully engaged, and preserved by the influences of the Holy Spirit from manifesting that volatility and indifferentism which too frequently mark the juvenile character, she was fully aware that mere morality of life and amiability of disposition could not avert the displeasure of God, or constitute her a fit inhabitant of the heavenly world. She often prayed for the pardon of her sins, and the renewal of her heart in righteousness. About the seventeenth year of her age she left the Baptist Sunday-school, and became a hearer in the Wesleyan chapel. Her mind was more than usually impressed with the importance of being decidedly pious. On being invited by a friend, who conversed with her about her soul, to attend a class-meeting, she complied; and on December 8th, 1839, became a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist society. Being convinced of her lost state by nature, she earnestly sought the pardoning mercy of God: she did not seek in vain; for at the covenant service, in January, 1840, whilst receiving, from the hands of the Rev. Simeon Noall, the emblems of her Lord's body and blood, He was made known to her as a pardoning Saviour; her doubts and fears were removed, and joy and peace through believing were infused into her soul.

From that period till she joined the church above, she was a steady, humble, and sincere Christian, ever acknowledging her dependence on the merits of Christ, never boasting of her attainments in divine grace, but rather underrating them. After this important change had taken place, she became a Teacher in the Wesleyan Sabbath-school; the duties of which she endeavoured faithfully to discharge, till just before her marriage, when she left the school, in consequence of bodily indisposition. Having found true religion, the pearl of great price, she intensely loved spiritual things, and valued the means of grace so much as, like one of old, to be glad when her friends said unto her, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." She derived great spiritual profit under the preaching of God's word, and sometimes she has been heard to say, when returning from the sanctuary, "My soul was much blessed there."

But though she was thus comforted in the diligent use of the public means of grace, she found it indispensably necessary, in order to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, to use the private means of grace also; she was wont to retire to her closet, in the middle of the day, for the purpose of prayer and other acts of devotion. She had her failings, over which she wept and lamented; and as she knew the cause of all her wanderings was her deceitful heart, she earnestly prayed, with

the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." On one occasion, having yielded to temptation, and manifested an irritability of temper, she lost her peace of mind: she did not, however, suffer her conscience to become seared by repeated acts of a similar kind, but went directly to the throne of grace, confessed with sorrow her unfaithfulness, and continued wrestling with God in prayer until he lifted upon her the light of his countenance, and enabled her again to rejoice in his forgiving love. It appears, from this time, she never lost her sense of the divine favour, and was more watchful. As she had sought and found, and had not forgotten the Lord in her youth and health, so he was her guide, her helper, and her comforter in affliction, and her portion even in death.

The first alarming symptoms of that insidious pulmonic disease which terminated her earthly existence, occurred about seven weeks before her death. When she was taken ill, she had a presentiment that she should not recover, and when informed that her medical adviser pronounced her case to be dangerous, she was not disturbed about the issue as it regarded herself; she had no gloomy fears. She was, however, affected at the thought of leaving her husband, and especially her parents, in this world; and on their account she wished to live, hoping to be a comfort to them in their declining years. She begged for grace to be able to give all up to God; and the Lord heard and answered her petition. When able calmly and fearlessly to yield up *all* to God, she intimated that a great victory had been achieved by divine grace. It is evident after this that all desire for living longer on earth forsook her, and she desired to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

On one occasion, meditating upon the blessedness of having a personal interest in Christ, and also the propriety of seeking it in health, she exclaimed, "There is no happiness out of Christ. What should I do were I obliged to seek religion now?" She was thankful that the Lord had inclined her heart to seek his face before sickness approached. Several days before she died, on being asked how she felt, she exclaimed, "I have no fear." Those things which render the valley of the shadow of death gloomy to the generality of persons, were, in her case, removed; and though she expected every moment to enter that valley, she did not fear; the rod and staff of her Lord were her comfort, and she walked undismayed even down to the chambers of death.

Her bodily pain was sometimes excruciating: she murmured not, but endured it with Christian fortitude, often saying, as a source of great consolation, "He will lay no more upon me than I am able to bear." One day, when her mother stood weeping by the side of her bed, she said, "Mother, do you grudge me my happiness?" As though she had said, "Don't you wish me to depart, and be for ever with Jesus? I am going to be better off than all of you." She anticipated the felicity of seeing her Saviour's face, and of being in company with those who walk "high in salvation, and the climes of bliss." During the whole of her affliction she enjoyed solid peace. Sometimes she expressed a desire to feel those ecstatic and rapturous emotions of mind which some Christians have manifested in their dying moments; then checking herself, she repeated that passage in the Psalms, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace;" adding, "The Lord hath promised peace, but not rapture."

Quoting passages of Scripture and verses of our invaluable hymns was her practice. At one time she referred, with much feeling, to the following lines:—

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

On the morning of the day of her death, she asked what was the time; and on being told, she replied, "I hope I shall be in heaven by breakfast-time." A short time before her dissolution, as she was thinking of the way in which the Lord had led her through this wilderness, and musing upon the happiness of arriving safe at heaven, she repeated,

"Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

She was much engaged in meditating upon heavenly things.

A few hours before her death, she took hold of the hands of her husband, father, brother, and brother's wife, and charged all of them to meet her in heaven, adding, "If you do not, it will be your own fault. But you must *strive*." As a source of comfort to her mind, her mother began to repeat the following lines:—

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast."

She immediately caught the sound, and joined in repeating the remaining portion. In the language of prayer, she said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit:" and, when about to cross the threshold of mortality, she raised her arms, and said, "How long, Lord?" adding, "I am willing to suffer five months, five hours, or five minutes. Not my will, but thine be done." Shortly after, in great tranquillity, she entered the joy of her Lord, June 2d, 1844, aged twenty-two years.

J. E.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THE following account of the origin and progress of the house of Rothschilds will be interesting. It will be recollected that Baron Rothschild, resident in London, has recently been elected a Member of Parliament; and a change in the English constitution being necessary to admit a Jew to legislative honours and privileges, the necessary proposition was made, but the measure was rejected in the House of Lords, and Baron Rothschild is not a Member of the Christian Legislature. Recently, the English were compelled to yield the legal restrictions on the issue of the Bank of England, because the Baron Rothschild threatened to withdraw his deposits unless the Ministry changed the law; and thus the Saxon was compelled to yield to the Jew.

In the year 1740, in a little Jewish settlement in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, dwelt a family of poor but respectable Jew pedlars; and in that year they were blessed with a son, whom they called Mayer Anselm Rothschild. They gave him what education their small means would permit, but, dying when he was at the age of eleven, left him to his own resources. He then earned a scanty living by writing, which he soon abandoned for a trade. But his ambition was to be a Priest of his religion. Fortunately for tottering dynasties of the present day, this was not accomplished. His trade required him to travel; and after some years he returned to his native place, and established a small business. He soon, however, gained considerable notoriety as a collector of old and curious coins, which brought him much in contact with persons of rank, among whom it was fashionable to make such collections; and finally he went to Hanover, as a clerk in a large house. Subsequently, with a few years' savings, he returned to Frankfort, married, and commenced a little Exchange business. His great sagacity, strict punctuality, and rectitude of conduct, pushed him rapidly forward, and towards the close of the century the Frankfort banking-house had become famous, and the profits large. The banker in the meantime brought up ten children, of whom five sons were "after his own heart;" and when he died, he left them his vast wealth, and extensive business, with the injunction to dwell in strict and unbroken unity. And the injunction then bestowed has been faithfully carried out. The five sons conducted as many banking-houses in the leading capitals of Europe. They were as follows:—The eldest, Anselm, was born in 1773, and, was the most substantial citizen of Frankfort; and, representing the father, was the head of the whole operations of the house. The second, Solomon, born in 1774, became a citizen of Vienna, where he is held in high estimation as a man, as well as a member of the most stupendous banking-house in the world. The fourth son, Charles, was born in 1778, and has since 1821 conducted the house at Naples, where his popularity is equal to any of his brothers. The youngest son, Jacob, was born in 1792, and is the banker in Paris, where he maintains a splendour that eclipses most of the Princes of Europe. The third son we have yet to mention, Nathan, who was born in 1777, and became the head of the London house in 1798, and was in every intellectual respect a giant. It was observed of him, that should he share in the chase, it could only be to hunt elephants.

These five houses, combining all the financial resources of Europe in their movements, which are always simultaneous, have exercised for fifty years a power unseen but overwhelming. Nearly all the government debts of Europe are of their contracting. Through the wars of Bonaparte their information was always correct, and always in advance of the British Government, which was often dependent upon them for information, as well as means of action. Although their residences were always widely separated, each controlling all means of information, no important transaction was entered into without consultation and strict harmony of opinion among them all. Commercial exchanges and all movements of business were often known to and controlled by the old Jew in Frankfort, who could in the exercise of his great power look with contempt upon feeble despots crying to him for help; and the aid asked depended on the assent of the five brothers. Accordingly they were courted in every possible way. In 1813, they were made private Commercial Councillors to the Hessian Government; also to the Austrian Emperor, who conferred on them the rank of *Barons*. In 1836, Nathan died, leaving his wealth and seven children, of whom four were sons. The eldest, Lionel, who had been made Knight of Isabella by the Catholics at Madrid, and who is a Baron of Austria, in right of his father, appeared, in 1886, on the London Change, in the place his father had occupied for thirty-eight years. This gentleman it is who contemplated becoming a Member of Parliament at the expense of a change in the English constitution.

The house, combined, for some time loaned the King of the French the money necessary to keep him on the throne. It is manifest that as this house has grown up with Government debts, the continuance of their power is in some degree dependent upon existing Governments. A branch of the house

has been established in New-York, conducted by Auguste Belmont, a relative of Solomon Rothschild, of Vienna. Republican free trade, however, is not the soil on which the stupendous business of the great loan contractor will best flourish. Y. Z.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PHEASANT.

THERE are various kinds of this splendid bird; namely, the common pheasant, the golden, the silver, the Impeyan Temminck's horned pheasant, Hasting's horned pheasant, the Argus, the crested peacock-pheasant, and the Thibet peacock-pheasant. The woodcut above represents the golden pheasant, as commonly seen in aviaries, where it breeds freely: it is a native of China, where it is a great favourite. The head is ornamented with a silky crest of fine amber yellow. The feathers of the back of the head and neck are square, disposed in scales, and of a rich orange-red, edged with a line of black, and capable of being raised up at will; lower down, so as to encroach upon the top of the back, is a space of dark glossy greenish feathers with rounded edge, disposed scale-like. The back is rich yellow, as are the upper tail-coverts, with a crimson border; the tail-feathers are marbled with chestnut and black; the wings are deep blue at their base; quills and secondaries brown with chestnut bars; and the whole of the under surface intense scarlet. Admirable Chinese paintings of this bird are to be seen. It is, however, with the crimson pheasant of this country that our readers are most familiar, and it is too well known to require a description. This pheasant breeds in April, the young being hatched at the latter end of May, or the beginning of June. The nest is a rude structure, placed on the ground under the covert of fern: the eggs are from ten to fourteen in number. The food of this bird is very miscellaneous: Jerusalem artichokes, potatoes, buck-wheat, beans, peas, barley, and wheat, are favourite articles of diet; so also are bulbous roots, as those of the tulip, the buttercup, &c. "By the laws of England," says Mr. Waterton, "the pheasant is considered game; and the sportsman is under the necessity of taking out a licence from Government to shoot it. When we consider the habits of this bird, we are apt to doubt of the propriety of placing it under the denomination of *ferœ naturæ*, and I am one of those who think it would be a better plan to put it on the same footing with the barn-door fowl, by making it the private property of the person in whose field or wood it may be found. The pheasant is more than a half-reclaimed bird. While the hare and the partridge wander in wildest freedom through the land, heedless of the fostering care of man, the bird in question will come to us at all hours of the day to be fed. It will even sometimes associate with the poultry on the farm; and, where it is not disturbed, it will roost in trees close to our habitations. Notwithstanding the proximity of the pheasant to the nature of the barn-door fowl, still it has that within it which baffles every attempt

on our part to render its domestication complete. What I allude to," says Mr. Waterton, "is a most singular innate timidity which never fails to show itself on the sudden and abrupt appearance of an object. I spent some months in trying to overcome this timorous propensity in the pheasant, but I failed completely in the attempt. The young birds which had been hatched under a domestic hen, soon became very tame, and would even receive food from the hand, when it was offered cautiously to them. They would fly up to the window, and would feed in company with the common poultry. But if any person approached them unawares, off they went to the nearest cover with surprising velocity. They remained in it till all was quiet, and then returned with their usual confidence. Two of them lost their lives in the water by the unexpected appearance of a pointer, while the barn-door fowls seemed scarcely to notice the presence of the intruder. The rest took finally to the woods at the commencement of the breeding season. This particular kind of timidity, which does not appear in our domestic fowls, seems to me to oppose the only, though at the same time insurmountable, barrier to our final triumph over the pheasant. After attentive observation, I can perceive nothing else in the habits of the bird, to serve me as a clue by which we may be enabled to trace the cause of failure in the many attempts which have been made to invite it to breed in our yards, and retire to rest with the barn-door fowl and turkey." We have alluded to the timidity of this bird, but Bishop Stanley would have us judge with caution. He tells us that "a young lady walking alone, a few miles from Stirling, observed a beautiful cock-pheasant perched on a stone by the road-side. Instead of showing timidity at her approach, he flew down upon her, and with spurs and beak began a furious assault. Being closely pursued, and seeing no way of escape from the enraged bird, she adopted the only alternative that was left, namely, of seizing her adversary, whom she carried home, but speedily released. On the door being opened, however, he went out without any sign of fear, and, with a deliberate step, paced backwards and forwards in front of the house, and manifested an inclination to join the fowls in the poultry-yard. It should be remarked that the young lady, when attacked, wore a scarlet mantle, which probably excited the irritability of the pheasant, as it is well known to do that of the turkey-cock, and some other animals." Mr. Waterton further observes, "That to the illegal possession of the pheasant alone may be traced the cause of all the sanguinary nocturnal conflicts between the poachers and those employed to watch for its safety. The poacher is well aware that he cannot procure pheasants without the aid of a gun; and he knows, at the same time, that the report of that gun will betray him, and bring up the watchers, against whom he would have no chance single-handed. Wherefore, in order that he may come off victorious, he musters an overwhelming force of tinkers, cobblers, masons, smiths, and labourers, armed with bludgeons, and perhaps here and there a rusty gun. Taking the precaution to get well primed with beer, off they go, fully bent on having everything their own way. The pheasants fall; the watchers come up; oaths and curses are poured out, and a desperate affray commences. Here is furnished work important for the nearest Magistrate, profit to his clerk, expense to the county, and practice for Mr. Ketch. Let it also be observed, that the unlawful capture of the hare and the partridge does not produce similar work of mischief. These are taken with nets and snares. The fewer poachers employed, the more certain their success. A number of them would only do harm, and mar the plan of capture. So silently is this mode of poaching carried on, that the owner of the soil is not aware of the loss he is about to sustain in the plunder of his game. When his hares and partridges are actually on their way to the dealer's shop, he, good easy man, may fancy that they are merely on a visit to his neighbour's manor, or that the fox and the polecat may have made free with them. Not so with regard to the capture of the pheasant. The mansion is sometimes beset; guns are fired close to the windows; females are frightened into hysterics; and, if the owner sallies forth to repel the marauders, his reception is often the most untoward and disagreeable that can be well imagined." X.

LANGUAGE AMONG THE FEATHERED TRIBES.

From various little scraps of intelligence, scattered through the sacred and ancient writings, it appears certain, as it was reasonable to conclude, that the notes now used by birds, and the voices of animals, are the same as uttered by their earliest progenitors. With civilized man everything is progressive; with animals, where there is no mind, all is stationary. Even the voice of one species of birds, except in particular cases, seems not to be attended to by another species. I know but one note which animals make use of, that seems of universal comprehension; and this is the signal of danger. The instant that it is uttered, we hear the whole flock, though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety. The reiterated "twink, twink" of the chaffinch is known by every little bird as information of some prowling cat or weasel. Some give the maternal hush to their young, and mount to inquire into the jeopardy announced. The wren that tells of perils from the hedge, soon collects about her all the various inquisitive

species within hearing, to survey and ascertain the object, and add their separate fears. The swallow that shrieking darts in devious flight through the air when a hawk appears, not only calls up the hirundines of the village, but is instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

THE MEDUSÆ (JELLY-FISH) OF OUR SHORES.

Our admiration for the various functions performed by the Acalephæ is much increased when we reflect upon the extremely small quantity of solid matter which enters into their composition. This fact admits of easy illustration, both in the Beroës and in the Medusæ. On one occasion we took a dead Cydippe, and placing it on a piece of glass, exposed it to the sun. As the moisture evaporated, the different parts appeared as if confusedly painted on the glass; and when it was become perfectly dry, a touch removed the only vestiges of what had been so lately a graceful and animated being. With regard to the Medusæ, we may mention an anecdote which we learned from an eminent zoologist, now a Professor in one of the English Universities. He had, a few years ago, been delivering some zoological lectures in a seaport town in Scotland, in the course of which he had adverted to some of the most remarkable points in the economy of the Acalephæ. After the lecture, a farmer who had been present came forward, and inquired if he had understood him correctly, as having stated that the Medusæ contained so little of solid material that they might be regarded as little else than a mass of animated sea-water. On being answered in the affirmative, he remarked that it would have saved him many a pound had he known that sooner; for he had been in the habit of employing his men and horses in carting away large quantities of jelly-fish from the shore, and using them as manure on his farm, and he now believed they could have been of little more real use than an equal weight of sea-water. Assuming that so much as one ton weight of Medusæ recently thrown on the beach had been carted away in one load, it will be found that, according to the experiments of Professor Owen, the entire quantity of solid material would be only about four pounds of avoirdupois weight, an amount of solid material which, if compressed, the farmer might, with ease, have carried home in one of his coat-pockets.—*Anon.*

A DANGEROUS INSTINCT.

We cannot take leave of the heron family without putting our readers on their guard against a very dangerous instinctive faculty they seem to possess of depriving their assailants of eyesight. If wounded, they will allow a dog to approach, and then, though apparently insensible, will in an instant, with unerring aim, dart at his eyes with a force, rapidity, and certainty which it is almost impossible to guard against. We remember a gentleman who narrowly escaped. He had, as he conceived, killed a bittern, and deposited it in a large pocket of his shooting-jacket, when, fortunately, as he was walking on, happening to feel something insinuating itself between his arm and side, he, just in time to save his eye, caught sight of the beak of the bittern, which had been only wounded, and was in the act of lancing itself with the full elastic jerk of its long neck towards his face. This faculty, however, is not entirely confined to either the heron or bittern: it extends itself to other species, as appears from the similar escape of a naval officer on the coast of Africa. "I winged," says he, "a beautiful white aigrette that was passing over-head, and brought it to the ground. When I was in the act of picking it up, it struck at my eye with its beak, and, had it not been for glasses, must inevitably have reduced it to perpetual darkness." "I have since," he adds, "heard of a gentleman who, under similar circumstances, was not so fortunate. He still lives; and I shall feel pleasure if, by stating this incident, it should be the means of saving others from so distressing a circumstance."—*Bishop Stanley's History of Birds.*

A FLEET OF PELICANS.

It is a pleasant sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. A dozen or more are flying on heavy, flagging wing over the sea, the long neck doubled on the back, so that the beak seems to protrude from the breast. Suddenly, a little ruffling of the water arrests their attention; and, with wings half closed, down each plunges with a resounding plash, and in an instant emerges with a fish. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge pouch is seen for a moment distended, then collapses as before; and heavily the bird rises to wing, and again beats over the surface with its fellows. It is worthy of observation that the pelican invariably performs a somerset under the surface; for descending, as he always does, diagonally, not perpendicularly, the head emerges looking in the opposite direction to that in which it was looking before. When the morning appetite is sated, they sit calmly on the heaving surface, looking much like a miniature fleet.—*Gosse's Birds of Jamaica.*

A PLEA FOR THE MOLES.

The following is a letter from the Rev. G. Wilkins, to a farmer, inquiring how the wire-

worm had been exterminated in the reverend gentleman's land. It contains much sound, though we dare say unpalatable, doctrine to the owners of smooth lawns and trim-bedded gardens.

"Some ten years since, when I came to my living, and commenced cultivating the little land I hold, it was, I may say, full of wireworms. Nothing could have been worse; for my crops were in some places ruined by them entirely. What then did I do? I adopted a plan which I recommended and published in periodicals many years since; namely, encouraging moles and partridges on my land. Instead of permitting a mole to be caught, I bought all I could, and turned them down alive: and soon my fields, one after another, were full of molehills, to the amusement of all my neighbours, who at first set me down for half a lunatic; but now several adopt my plan, and are strenuous advocates of it. My fields became exactly like a honeycomb; and this continued even among my standing and ripening crops; not a mole was molested, but I still bought more. This summer I had fourteen brought, which I turned down, but they were not wanted. I have nothing for them to eat: all that moles live upon is destroyed, and so, poor things, they must starve, or emigrate to some distant land, and thus get bowstringed by savage men whom they aim to serve. Adopt my plan, and it will be sure to answer. If you have a nest of partridges, also encourage them: all the summer they live upon insects, wireworms, &c.; and consider how many millions a covey will destroy in a single summer. Again, always remember that moles feed upon insects, and of which the wireworm is the chief: if you doubt this, open a mole, and peep into its stomach. Again, do not fear moles will injure your crops, either in a field or in a garden; it is a low and vulgar error to suppose that they root up young corn: they never go anywhere until the wire-worms have first destroyed the plants; and then, innocent things, they are punished for others' faults. If you do not like to see their hills, knock them about with a hoe, as I did: it is a healthful amusement, and they will do your land good. Do not despise any plan because the farmers will not adopt it in your neighbourhood: farmers will adopt nothing till driven to it, and nothing that is new and good."—*Essex Herald.*

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN BIRD-NESTING IN JAMAICA.

The large earthy nests accumulated by the duckants (*termites*) around the trunk or branches of trees, frequently afford the parroquet a fit situation for her own domestic economy. Though easily cut by her strong beak, the thin arches and galleries of these insects are of sufficiently firm consistence to constitute a secure and strong abode. In the cavity formed by her own industry she lays four or five eggs, upon the chips and dust. But the precaution of the poor bird in selecting a locality, and her perseverance in burrowing into so solid a structure, are not sufficient to ensure her safety or that of her young. The aperture by which she herself enters and departs affords also a ready entrance to a subtle and voracious enemy, the yellow boa. A young friend of mine once observing a parroquet enter into a hole in a large duckant's nest, situated on a bastard-cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came into contact with something smooth and soft. He guessed it might be the callow young, but, hesitating to trust it, he descended, and proceeded to cut a stick, keeping his eye on the orifice, from which the old bird had not yet flown. Having again mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off the whole upper part of the structure, disclosing, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous yellow snake, about whose jaws the feathers of the swallowed parroquet were still adhering, while more of her plumage scattered in the nest revealed her unhappy fate. The serpent instantly darted down the tree, and then the astonished youth, certainly not *less* terrified, also descended with precipitation, and ran, as if for life, from the scene.—*Gosse's Birds of Jamaica.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM MR. W. HEWETT, OF FOWEY, CORNWALL, TO THE EDITOR.

Fowey, Cornwall, May 23d, 1848.

Sir,

It is with much satisfaction that I have read the articles entitled "Profanity rebuked," and "A Further Rebuke by a Nonconformist," inserted in your periodical for May, having reference to the appearance of a parody in "The Christian's Penny Magazine" for March. I saw the parody on its first appearance, and highly disapproved of turning the language of inspiration to suit the purposes of a dispute about church-rates. The apologies which have appeared make it worse still: they amount to "a most lame and impotent conclusion."

It would be a dangerous feature in society to witness a low estimate placed upon the character of the sacred canon: our minds must be *raised* to its standard, and not Scripture *brought down* to the narrowness of sectarian prejudice. "AN INDIGNANT FATHER" has treated the subject in a Christian temper, manifesting an indignity perfectly justifiable, because of the awful trespass upon sacred ground.

In "The Christian's Penny Magazine" for May, an extract of a letter is given, the writer wishing that a large number of the parody may be printed, to be circulated in a town where a contest about church-rates was raging. Suppose these to be circulated, read, and approved; will the parties sit down with that *proper reverence* which is due to peruse the language of the Apostle in the Bible? We think not. I have not seen in any publication, purporting to be Christian, for a long time, a more objectionable and impious effusion than the parody alluded to. During a contested election carried on in this town some years since, a parody was printed and circulated on the Athanasian Creed, the object of which was to produce a sneer and vilify oppenents: and, when the sublime language in which the truths of the Holy Trinity are conveyed in that grand composition is considered, we have need to blush at that low state of feeling which could trespass on sacred ground to serve the purposes of faction. We may write "INIQUITY" on all such productions. A writer says, "If we are desirous to invest a mind with true dignity and wisdom, we shall be successful if we store it with Scripture truth." And, in opposition, are we not justified also in affirming, that, if we are desirous to invest a mind with degrading notions of the standard of truth, fill it with parodies and jests, which degrade sublime realities in public estimation?

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM HEWETT.

To the Editor of the Christian Miscellany.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GOURD OF JONAH.

THE term "gourd" occurs in the texts 2 Kings iv. 39, and Jonah iv. 6, 7, 9, 10: the words, however, are very different, and by good commentators mean very different plants. During a famine in the time of the Prophet Elisha, an assembly, or college, of the sons of the Prophets, as the students of

the law were called, was with Elisha as their instructer; and he ordered his servant to seethe pottage for them. "And one went into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage, for they knew them not. So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot." Now this description and the intolerably bitter taste, (which the Prophet only cured by miracle,) point out with tolerable certainty the Prophet's gourd, or *cucumis Prophetarum*, a plant common in Palestine, intolerably bitter, and even poisonous. An extract is, however, prepared from it, called *colocynth*, or *coloquintida*, which is one of our commonest and most valuable drastic medicines. The gourd of Jonah does not appear to have been any of the cucurbitaceous plants. The Arab version of the Scriptures, and the best informed European commentators, agree that the plant so quickly growing and so quickly dying, was the *ricinus communis*, which we call *palma Christi*, or the castor-oil plant. The dispute concerning the gourd of Jonah began so early as the time of Jerome and Rufinus of Aquila. One maintaining that the plant was ivy, the other excommunicated him, and the advocate for the ivy returned the compliment. Many other extravagancies were acted by them for this insignificant cause; and, strange to say, a large portion of the Christian world joined in the squabble. But the ancient name, not unlike that now given to the plant in the East, the situation in a place where the *ricinus* reaches its full perfection, the delicious shade afforded by its broad tender leaves, and its liability to sudden decay, all agree in pointing it out as the object of the Prophet's care, and of his regret. In Hebrew it is called *kikayon*; by Pliny *cici*, or *kiki*. It is singular that the oil expressed from the seeds of the *cici* should have been used by the ancients, including the Jews, as one of the pleasantest oils for burning, and for several domestic uses; though its medicinal virtues were unknown. The modern Jews of London use this oil, by the name of oil of *kik*, for their Sabbath lamps, it being one of the five kinds of oil their traditions allow them to burn on such occasions. (*Lady Calcott.*) Dr. A. Clarke says:—"What was the *kikayon?* The best judges say, the *ricinus*, or *palma Christi*, from which we get what is vulgarly called *castor-oil*, is meant. It is a tree as large as the olive, has leaves which are like those of the vine, and is also quick of growth. This, in all probability, was the plant in question, which had been already planted; though it had not attained its proper growth, and was not then in full leaf. It must be of a soft or spongy substance; for it is said to grow surprisingly fast. But it is evident there was something *supernatural* in the growth of this plant, for it is stated to *have come up in a night*; though the Chaldee understands the passage thus: 'It was here last night, and is withered this night;' in one night it might have blown, and expanded its leaves considerably; though the plant had existed before, but not in full bloom till the time that Jonah required it for a shelter." (*Commentary in loco.*)

POPERY.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THERE are now throughout the world 147 Catholic Archbishops, 514 Bishops, 71 Vicars Apostolical, 9 Prefects, 3 Apostolicals, and 3267 Missionaries. The number of adherents may amount to 200,000,000. In the course of the present century, (1800 to 1842) 40 new Episcopal Sees have been created.—*Times.*

ROMISH MISSIONS IN CHINA.

A LETTER in the *Archives du Christianisme*, of 24th ult., says that Mr. Verrolles, Bishop of Colombo, Apostolic Vicar of La Mantchourie, (Chinese Tartary,) has lately returned to France, and, in one of his public discourses in the church of Foix, he informed his auditors, that the way in which baptism is administered to heathen children there is the following:—The Missionaries employ new converts as baptizers, previously giving them some knowledge how to administer certain medicines to sick and apparently dying children. The object in view in imparting such knowledge is not so much to restore health to children that are diseased, as to have an opportunity of baptizing them, and opening the gates of heaven to them by this sacrament of regeneration. The baptizer, after receiving the necessary instruction, is sent forth to visit the towns and villages. On its becoming known that he possesses the power of healing diseased children, many, requiring such aid, are brought to him by their afflicted parents, and he, acting on their fears, asks water for bathing the forehead, and whilst applying it, pronounces over the child the sacramental words of baptism. By means of this stratagem, (the word employed by the Preacher,) 40,000 Pagan children have been baptized; and as 20,000 of these have since died, the benefit arising from the ordinance may be considered as thereby more effectually secured. The natives, as is justly observed by the writer, cannot fail to

be prejudiced against the reception of Christianity, when they discover such stratagems are resorted to for the spread of it. Dishonourable stratagems such as these, reflect deep disgrace even on the corrupt Church of Rome.

ANECDOTES.

BERNARD BARTON.

"Once, and only once in my life," writes Bernard Barton, "I was in the royal presence, at some courtly festival, I opine; for I sat at meat with unwonted company, and surrounded with regal splendour. Chide me not, gentle reader, with presumption; for it was—*in a dream!* and I am sure no waking thoughts of mine led me there. In this most strange conjunction, I was called on for a contribution to the Royal Album! Awake, under such circumstances, I feel certain I could not have written line or letter: in my sleep, I was bolder, and actually perpetrated two stanzas, which I subjoin as a literary curiosity, having been veritably composed in a dream:

'A blessing on thy crowned head,
My country's youthful Queen!
If such may be, or sung, or said,
Amid this courtly scene!

'And if a poet's loyal love
Might more than this impart,
O may that blessing from above
Sink deep into thy heart!'"

AN ADMIRALTY ANECDOTE.

Sir Joseph Yorke had nothing of gloominess, or despondency, or ill-humour, in his character: he was for the most part cheerful and full of pleasantry. We were in fact a merry Board-room group: Sir George Warrender and Sir Joseph Yorke were of themselves a host of fun, and Croker and I did our best to keep it up. Yorke abounded in odd expressions, borrowed or spoken at random. When he gave up his seat at the Board, he told the House of Commons he had turned his stern to the Admiralty; and he once gravely commenced a speech with, "Mr Speaker, it has long been a disputed point among philosophers which is the greatest of two evils, 'a smoky chimney or a scolding wife.'" But one of the best off-hand things he said was at the expense of poor Sir Robert Seppings: this officer had been on the water one very cold day, and was seized with so violent a tooth-ache as to cause him to land on Tower-hill, and run into the first tooth-drawer's shop that he met with; but the clumsy operator not only eased him of his tooth but carried with it a slice of the jaw. The poor fellow, having wrapped up his head, was walking in a deplorable state over Tower-hill, when he met Sir Joseph Yorke, who hailed him with "Well, Bob, what's the matter with you?" On hearing his pitiful story, Yorke said, "Why, Bob, knowing that your jaw was but a weak stick of timber, why didn't you take the precaution of clapping on one of your diagonal braces to strengthen it?" Seppings could not forbear laughing in the midst of his torment at the oddity of the association.—*Sir John Barrow's Autobiography.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

COLONEL JAMES GARDINER,

SLAIN AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1745.

He was a brave officer of the English army, and not less celebrated for his piety. He was born at Carriden, in Linlithgowshire, in Scotland, January 10th, 1687-8. He was the son of Captain Patrick Gardiner, of the family of Torwoodhead, by Mrs. Mary Hodge, of the family of Gladsmuir. His father was military: his father, his uncle by the mother's side, and his elder brother, all fell in battle. He was educated at the school of Linlithgow, but was soon removed from it, owing to his early zeal to follow his father's profession. At the age of fourteen he had an Ensign's commission in the Dutch service, in which he continued until 1702; when he received from Queen Anne a commission, and being present at the battle of Ramillies, in his nineteenth year, was severely wounded and taken prisoner by the French. He was carried to a convent, where he resided until his wound was cured; and soon after was exchanged. In 1706 he obtained the rank of Lieutenant, and after several intermediate promotions, was appointed Major of a regiment commanded by the Earl of Stair, in whose family he resided for several years.

It was about this time that his mind became seriously impressed with divine things: the checks of conscience and some remaining principles of a good education, would steal upon his most indifferent hours, leaving an impression the burden of which was heavy; and the effects were permanent, and deep-seated. His conversion was at-

tended with a very remarkable circumstance, which Dr. Doddridge, his biographer, wrote down the evening he heard it from the mouth of the Colonel; and the account concludes with the following words, which were added, that if both the relater and the auditor had died the subsequent night, the world would neither have lost the edifying and affecting history, nor have wanted any attestation of it Dr. Doddridge was capable of giving:—"N. B. I have written down this account with all the exactness I am capable of, and could safely take an oath of it as to the truth of every circumstance, to the best of my remembrance, as the Colonel related it to me a few hours ago."* The singular appearance led the soldier to Christ and to God. He immediately gave judgment against himself, that he was worthy of eternal damnation, fled to the throne of divine mercy, and found the pearl of great price, redemption through the blood of the Redeemer. He continued to the close of his life an exemplary character, adorning the Gospel, and bringing forth fruit unto holiness. He did not entirely withdraw himself from the circle of cheerful conversation, lest religion should be reproached as having made him morose. He began a practice, which to the end of life he retained, of reproving vice and profaneness, and was never afraid to debate the matter with any, under the consciousness of such superiority in the goodness of his cause.

In January, 1730, he was advanced to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the same regiment, in which he continued until April, 1743, when he received a Colonel's commission over a regiment of Dragoons. During the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, his regiment being in that country, and the rebel army advancing to Edinburgh, he was ordered to march with the utmost expedition to Dunbar, which he did, and that hasty retreat, with the news soon afterwards received of the surrender of Edinburgh to the rebels, struck a visible panic into the forces which he commanded. This affected his gallant mind so much, that on the Thursday before the battle of Preston-Pans, he intimated to an officer of considerable rank, that he expected the event would be as it proved: and to a person who visited him, he said, "I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish; but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it."

He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and generally sheltered under a rick of barley which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning he called his domestic servants to him, of whom there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them, with the most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges, relating to the performance of their duty and the care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended it was at least very probable he was taking his last farewell of them. There is great reason to believe that he spent the little remainder of the time, which could not be much above an hour, in those devout exercises of soul which had been so long habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances did then concur to call him.

The army was alarmed at break of day by the noise of the rebels' approach, and the attack was made before sunrise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came within gunshot, they made a furious fire; and it is said that the Dragoons which constituted the left wing immediately fled. The Colonel at the beginning of the onset, which lasted only a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant who led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said that it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the meantime it was discerned that some of the enemy fell by him, and particularly one man, who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great profession of zeal for the present establishment.

Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly at the battle of Falkirk; and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen Dragoons who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though their Colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight. And just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause to deliberate what duty required him to do in such circumstances, an accident happened, which must I think, in the judgment of every worthy and generous man, be allowed a sufficient apology for exposing his life to so great hazard, when his regiment had left him. He saw a party of the foot who were then bravely fighting near him, and whom he was ordered to support, had no officer to head them; upon which he said eagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account:—"These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," or words to that effect: and while he was speaking, he rode up to them, and cried out, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing." But just as the

* Our space will not allow us to enter into particulars. We therefore refer to the sixth volume of "A Library of Christian Biography," edited by the Rev. Thos. Jackson, pp. 25—30; published by John Mason.

words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him so dreadful a wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him while he was thus entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged from his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander, named M'Nought, who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke either with a broad-sword or a Lochaber-axe on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow.

All that his faithful attendant saw further at this time was, that as his hat was falling off he took it in his left hand, and waved it as a signal to retreat, and added what were the last words he ever heard him speak, "Take care of yourself;" upon which the servant retired.—*Dr. Doddridge.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Akerman, Mrs.,	Bromham,	Melksham,	82	Dec. 30th, 1847.
Akrill, Elizabeth,		Lincoln,	85	Nov. 17th, 1847.
Allen, Mrs. Sarah,	Isle of Portland,	Weymouth,	67	Mar. 17th, 1848.
Barker, Mrs.,	Rushton,	Nantwich,	100	Mar. 3d, 1848.
Bradley, Mrs.,	Guiseley,	Yeadon,	38	Mar. 25th, 1848.
Braham, Mrs.,	West-Auckland,	Bishop-Auckland,	52	Feb. 14th, 1848.
Burgess, Mrs.,	Barton-on-Irwell,	Fourth Manchester,	56	April 5th, 1848.
Campbell, Rev. Arch.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Dublin,	80	Mar. 23d, 1848.
Clewes, Mr. John,	Hardwick,	Lincoln,	53	Feb. 16th, 1848.
Comben, Mr. Barthol.,	Isle of Portland,	Weymouth,	86	Mar. 24th, 1848.
Croft, Mr. William,		Richmond, York.,	75	Feb. 28th, 1848.
Crofts, Mrs.,	Romsey,	Southampton,		Mar. 26th, 1848.
Dawson, Mr. Edward,		Bacup,	60	Mar. 22d, 1848.
Egan, Mrs.,		Worcester,	90	Mar. 17th, 1848.
Foggett, Mr. Timothy,	Guiseley,	Yeadon,	39	Mar. 18th, 1848.
Garrett, Mrs.,	Crewkerne,	South-Petherton,	25	Mar. 22d, 1848.
Gittins, Mrs.,		Wrexham,	28	Mar. 13th, 1848.
Graham, Mrs.,		Tullamore,	91	April 5th, 1848.
Grant, Mr. Charles,	Grove-Cottage,	Hackney,	53	March, 1848.
Hamilton, Mary,	Kirkintilloch,	Airdrie,		Feb. 4th, 1848.
Hillyard, Mrs.,	Clenoyhole,	Lowtherstown,	60	Jan. 11th, 1848.
Hollins, Samuel,	Alsager's-Bank,	Newcast. und. Lyne,	55	Nov. 24th, 1847.
Hughes, Mr. John,	Graigne,	Tullamore,	84	Mar. 9th, 1848.
Hunter, Mr. John,		Airdrie,	54	Mar. 11th, 1848.
Jameson, Rev. Philip,	Wesleyan Minister,	Thetford,	73	April 5th, 1848.
Kettlewell, Mrs.,		Pateley-Bridge,	76	Jan. 19th, 1848.
Lee, William,	Asfordby,	Melton-Mowbray,	52	Jan. 1st, 1848.
Margett, Mr. William,		Kettering,	24	Sept. 14th, 1847.
May, Mrs.,	Lyme-Regis,	Bridport,	68	Mar. 9th, 1848.
Mollard, Mr.,	Dowlais,	Merthyr-Tydvil,	62	Mar. 20th, 1848.
Moore, Miss Susanna,		Croydon,	25	Mar. 8th, 1848.
Moorhouse, Mr. James,	Longholme,	Bacup,	82	Mar. 26th, 1848.
Plummer, Mr. George,	Prospect-Terrace,	Leeds, Third,	64	Feb. 17th, 1848.
Pontefract, Mr.,		Spilsby,	16	Mar. 4th, 1848.
Rigby, Mrs. Susan,	Audley,	Newcast. und. Lyne,	68	Dec. 29th, 1847.
Roebuck, Mr. Joseph,	Hulme,	Fourth Manchester,	87	April 1st, 1848.
Rowell, Mrs. Eliz.,	Bearl,	Hexham,	40	Oct. 8th, 1847.
Scott, Mr. James,	Carrickadoes,	Strabane,	46	Mar. 31st, 1848.
Shrimpton, Miss C.,		Redditch,	22	Feb. 4th, 1848.
Shrimpton, Miss H.,		Redditch,	16	Mar. 6th, 1848.
Stansfield, Mr. S.,	Pontefract-lane,	Leeds, Third,	66	Mar. 4th, 1848.
Suter, Mrs. Mary,		Halifax,	85	May 24th, 1848.
Tamanac, Mrs.,		Gosport,	28	Mar. 9th, 1848.
Tucker, Jemima,	Gittisham,	Budleigh-Salterton,	16	Dec. 26th, 1847.
Tucker, Sarah,	Gittisham,	Budleigh-Salterton,	56	Jan. 23d, 1848.
Wakelin, Mr. Henry,		Lincoln,	71	Feb. 17th, 1848.
Watts, Mrs.,		Bishop Stortford,	26	April 16th, 1848.
Wells, William,	Knockholt,	Sevenoaks,	76	Feb. 12th, 1848.
Wilson, Mrs.,	Claudaugh,	Cavan Mission,	82	Mar. 28th, 1848.

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AND

FAMILY VISITER.

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MY BIRTH-DAY.

This day I received the congratulations of my friends, who very cordially wished me "many happy returns;" and I, as a matter of course, and, indeed, very sincerely, "thank" them for their good wishes. But about the happy returns. Ah! I cannot tell that. My friends no doubt "wish" it; but *assure* me of it they cannot. And I, standing on the verge of a new year of my existence, looking at futurity, am admonished from above: "Boast not thyself of another year; for thou canst not tell what a day may bring forth." Within twelve months of this hour, the "birth-days" of eight hundred millions of my brethren in nature will occur; and of these some thirty millions will occur for the last time. With them no "happy returns!" But of them, individually, it must be said, with a precision as unerring as the dart of death, "This year thou shalt die." Of them also there will probably be millions of my age, or younger than I. To me a new year this day commences: it is the —— year of my age. Possibly, probably, yes, very probably, before the lapse of twelve months a blank breastplate will be placed before some artisan, whose active fingers, without any emotion in his bosom, will trace thereon, "—— ——, *who died* ——, *aged* —— *years*;" which will be affixed to a coffin-shaped board, on the top of a wooden case, enclosing my cold remains. This year, it may be, the eyes which were this morning glistening with joy while they congratulated me on the auspicious "return," will be suffused with tears, while they gaze on my pale face mantled with death: the lips, which were willingly moved to bless me with good wishes respecting the affairs of this life, will be reluctantly opened to cry, "Alas! my brother, and art thou no more?" O yes, let me think of my "grave-clothes;" let me listen to the poet's solemn admonition,—

"How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!"

Seeing, then, my remaining days are but "a hand's breadth," that "there is but a step between me and death," how ought I to live,—

"While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?"

Surely it should henceforth be my sole concern to acquaint myself with Him who, at the grave of his friend Lazarus, sublimely said,—said for the comfort of the living, and the hope of the dead,—"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." To cross "death's

cold stream," O Jesus, whilst "thou art with me, I will fear no evil;" thy presence, and the word of thy supporting breath, shall lift me above Jordan's mighty waters, or divide the fearful flood, and conduct me over dry-shod. O, I love to think of the great event recorded in that noble, that cheering, text, "And it shall come to pass, as soon as the soles of the feet of the Priests that bear the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above; and they shall stand upon an heap. And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the Priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; and as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the Priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water, (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest,) that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho. And the Priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." Although it may so be, then, that I am "this year" to cross Jordan,—to cross it at the time of the harvest, while all its banks are overflowed, or, in other words, shall be called to meet death in its most trying form,—yet, no sooner shall my feet be dipped in the brim of the water, and the ark of the presence of the Lord, the Lord of the whole earth, with me, than Jordan's terrific flood shall be "cut off," and I shall "stand firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan." Thank God, every "Israelite," every "Israelite indeed," shall pass clean over Jordan "dry shod;" for "I am persuaded death....shall not be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." If Jordan be a type of death, then is the ark a type of my Saviour; and if he be with me in the midst of the river,—of which the standing of the ark in the midst of Jordan till every Israelite passed clean over is a type and a pledge,—then no evil can befall me there. Victory over the last enemy shall be given me; victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is written,—yes, glory to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; glory to the Christian's God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, it is written,—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

But suppose that this year I die not; suppose I realize that part of my dear friends' "wishes," "many returns;" how shall I secure the other part of their good wishes, and be "happy" in these returns? The portion of some in this world is so fraught with misery, so saturated with mental anguish, that they themselves have no wish for such "returns." Of this we have the clearest evidence by their committing suicide. Life itself is to them a burden intolerable, and they voluntarily put an end to it; notwithstanding the congratulations of the preceding "birth-day," and the wish of kind friends for these "happy returns." Others, who durst not rush unbidden into their Maker's presence, have loathed their existence, and wished they had not been born. With them, alas! there were no "happy returns." Utter strangers to vital bliss, they could not sing, with favoured Wesley,—

> "I see my natal hour return,
> And bless the day that I was born."

Well, if they could not, on the reputed auspicious day, "speak to themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,—sing, and make melody in their

heart unto the Lord," yet may not I join the Christian poet, and on my "birth-day" sing his joyful song "with grace in my heart unto the Lord?" On some of the "birth-days" which are past, while not so wretched as those referred to above, I confess they did, nevertheless, "return" and find my harp hung on the willows. I could not make existence so much a ground of triumph as I ought. Many circumstances in life I might be well able to praise God for; but for my being, my physical, rational, and immortal existence, I could not, or did not, praise God with that exultation of heart which is most befitting man, created in the image of God; man redeemed by the precious blood of his Son. Existence now without redemption,—existence of a human being, a mere child of fallen, guilty, dying Adam,—could not alone afford ground for triumphant joy; but to *be*, to be what I am by nature, and to be redeemed, redeemed with all my natural capabilities, this makes being itself a cause of unutterable delight. Here is a capacity for full and endless happiness snatched from "perishing," and placed by the Redeemer's hand where it may be "filled,"—"filled with all the fulness of God." By the price and medium of redemption, the value of human existence is infinitely enhanced. "That Christ may dwell in my heart," that my body may become the temple of the living God, the shrine of Jehovah, I am "curiously wrought;" "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." O why did I not, on every "birth-day," praise thee, my God, for this; praise thee with a full heart, with an overflowing cup, on the annual return of that blessed hour when I was brought into being; when first the curious mechanism of my lungs became inflated by that vital fluid, the atmospheric air, sanctified as the medium to God and to heaven, when it received the smoke of Calvary's atoning sacrifice. Jesus! O that name, which saves from death, which abolishes it, which sanctifies life, and turns being into a blessing! In him my God has "blessed me with all blessings." Separate from him there is no happiness; being is a curse, the universe "a consuming fire;" but in union with him, I am changed, I am brought out of darkness, I am brought into a new world; there are "new heavens and a new earth;" sorrow itself is turned into joy; death and life, things present and things to come, are commanded to serve me; and the Infinite and Eternal becomes my portion and my reward. Then to know, to possess the secret of these "happy returns," I must so abide in Christ by faith, as to make his "fulness" my own. I must indeed be "rich in faith;" I must have that affluence which is supplied only by a perfect faith in a perfect Saviour. Thus shall I not have to endure the "wretchedness" of the pauper population in the city of God; I shall not be found among those who "complain in the streets;" I shall not have my lot with those who, in their pining want, cry, "My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!" I shall not beg and be "sent empty away." But I shall rank with those who have "abundant life;" who wear "the best robe," and are ever "fat and flourishing;" I shall sit with the nobility and "Princes of God's people;" I shall roam in the "spicy gardens" of the good land; I shall ride in the "chariot of Amminadib;" the "heir of all things," the possessor of "all things." Thus shall I, verily and indeed, on "my birth-day," not fail to realize the wished for "*happy returns.*"

N. O.

AVOID EXTREMES, CHRISTIANS!

Yes, pious reader, avoid extremes. Make diligent search for the medium course: find it, and pursue it. I mean not, that you be half-hearted in any grace, in any duty. No; seek the utmost grace, and do your whole duty.

You cannot be too humble, too strong in faith, too fearful of sin, too patient, too prayerful, too zealous, decided, steadfast. The too devoted Christian has never yet lived. I mean, that you be, in the best sense of the word, prudent; that you do the right thing in the right way, and at the right time. I will give you a few particulars, dear reader. Talk not without ceasing, yet keep not perpetual silence: be social. Laugh not at every trifle, yet think it not a sin to smile. Be lively without lightness. Be sober without sourness or sadness. Practise liberality, but shun prodigality. Be economical; but, I pray you, be not stingy. Be lowly, like your Master, yet cherish due self-respect. Be not utterly indifferent to the opinion of others; but dare to do your whole duty, come what may. Be content, if only God approve: "his favour is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life." Go straight ahead, like Daniel, like Luther, like Wesley. Boast not of what you *have* done or *can* do; nor be excessively modest. Attempt not too much, but be sure to attempt enough. Do not overwork yourself, yet eschew laziness as you would the pestilence. Forget not that mental indolence is the direst foe of the soul. Attend closely to personal cleanliness, yet be not over-nice: never be seen scouring a pin-head. Despise not everything fashionable, yet take not half the pains to follow the fashion as to follow Christ. Cherish a decided preference for your own denomination, which you can easily do, without a particle of bigotry. Let your Christian sympathies encircle the world. Condescend to all, but fawn at the feet of none. Let not the charge of cowardice make you rash; nor allow the cry of rashness to make you hyper-cautious. Pray and exhort neither too long nor too short; neither too loud nor too low; neither too rough nor too smooth. Shout not with every pleasing emotion, nor be afraid to shout God's praise when the holy fire is hot within you. Stretch your cloak of charity broad enough to cover everything but real sin; but don't tear it. Have not charity for Beelzebub, his works, nor his agents: bestow it on worthier objects. Care a little for sound, but a good deal for sense: "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Believe not all that great men say, neither discard every opinion different from your own. Read much, but think more; be not a book-worm. Give some attention to the things of time, but far more to the concerns of eternity! Avoid extremes. Avoid extremes! "And what shall I say more?" Let Solomon close the counsel. "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—*Herald and Journal.*

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"Them that honour me I will honour, saith the Lord."—1 Sam. ii. 30.

EXAMPLE VIII.

THE desecration of the Sabbath of God, for purposes of mercenary trade and commerce, most grievously prevails through the length and breadth of this country, dignified with the name of Christian. The inhabitants of the rural village are, in this sin, adept imitators of the godless crowds of the large and populous city. This, with the many, may be traced to a prevailing spirit of selfish cupidity to become rich, or to have enlarged means of indulging in the dissipating pleasures of the world. With others, it may be found to originate in the fear, that if they do not follow the example of those around them, their circumstances will suffer, and they will not be able to provide for the necessities of their families. Under this plausible

device they yield to the temptation of endeavouring to live by sinning against God, rather than keep his commands, and trust him with the care of their persons and temporal interest. In this conduct there is a lurking infidelity concerning the truthfulness of God's word, that he will not do what he has promised or threatened. Were they assured that he would provide for them, they would honour him and keep his day holy, by ceasing from mercenary pursuits; but this they doubt, and therefore trust to their own forbidden efforts, instead of trusting in Him who has declared, "He that walketh righteously, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil, bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." God, however, has not left himself without witness that he is faithful to his word, and that especially in honouring those who honour him by keeping the Sabbath from polluting it. Such a witness confirmatory of his word we record.

An industrious young man commenced business as a baker in a very populous neighbourhood in the country; and being, with his wife, very anxious to do well, if they did not make, they sold, their bread on the Sabbath-day. They were not altogether ignorant of the evil of so doing; but silenced in part the inward monitor, by the process of reasoning too prevalent and successful with a certain class of nominal Christians. With unremitting industry, early and late, they toiled to the end of an entire year. It was then deemed prudent to examine into the state of their circumstances. On doing so, to their dismay, they found that they were deficient one hundred pounds,—a sum that would have supported them comfortably without any labour. With heavy hearts they entered on another year of anxiety and exertion. It was attended with no better success: their spirits sunk within them, and ruin appeared inevitable. Rising on the Sabbath morning under the influence of strong feeling, the female exclaimed, "This shall be the last Sabbath I will go into the shop: we cannot be worse than we are." The husband responded to the determination, by forming the same resolution to guide his own conduct. They had sought to do well without God, yea, in rebellion against God, and had not succeeded: it was now time to obey his voice, and seek his blessing, by rendering obedient honour to his authority. On the following holy day the door remained locked, and the window closed; and having risen early, they were attracted by the distant sound of praise. It was found to come forth from a company of pious persons who had assembled together for singing and prayer. They joined them; and other parts of the day found them in the sanctuary of the Lord. Thus they commenced a practice to which they had long been strangers, a practice which was ultimately sanctified to the possession of the true riches. In the house of the Lord, they heard words of life which they believed unto righteousness, and which led to membership with a section of the church of God. Nor had they cause, in reference to their temporal welfare, to regret their changed practice. During the week that followed this notable day of the Lord, a gentleman of respectability and influence called, and remarked, that he had observed that the shop was not open on the preceding Sabbath, and inquired into the cause. Being informed of their pious resolve, he commended their purpose, and promised them not only his own custom, but to employ his influence with his friends. A lady, also, in the neighbourhood, who had it in her power to aid them considerably, having heard of their Sabbath-keeping resolution, did so to their great advantage. Many others were induced to befriend them; business increased both in extent and respectability; and at the end of the year, instead of finding a loss of one hundred pounds, they had a clear gain of that sum. Years after they could say, "We have prospered ever since we gave up Sunday trading."

Thus did God honour those who were wisely induced to honour him. Satan once inquired, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" No, Satan, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

Manchester. N.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

In thinking on the Deity, the mind of man is inadequate to the task which he presumes to take upon him. The greatest philosopher that ever lived could not fathom or unravel this inscrutable mystery. His conceptions are far too limited to grasp this theory. Man is lost in wonder at the thought that the Supreme Being is everywhere present; that he is present at the same time with the Prince in his palace, and the peasant in his hovel; that this God, who mingles amongst us, is, at the same time, present with the inhabitants of the antipodes; that he is present with those who worship him at home, while he is present with those who worship him in foreign climes. He fills heaven and earth, and he dwells in the heart of the meanest and poorest Christian. He is present in the flowery valley, and he is also on the rugged mountain-top. He is in the breeze, in the tempest, in the light, and in the darkness; in the wilderness and in the fruitful garden; in an atom, and in a world. He is upon this our globe, and he is in each of those resplendent orbs which bespangle the curtain of heaven above and around us. He fills the universe. He attends to the feeble accents which emanate from every Christian heart, and he listens to those sublime songs which flow from those angelic lips which surround his throne. O God, thou who art the angels' God, thou art also my God; thou hearest me: grant my request. O Lord, may I so act before thee on earth, that when I am called to stand before that dread tribunal of my Supreme Judge, with those innumerable companies of angels and just men made perfect, I may not be constrained to flee from the face of the holy of holies! K. X. N.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

Unity.—Many things are good which are not pleasant; and many pleasant which are not good. But unity among brethren, whether civil or religious, is productive both of profit and pleasure: of profit, because therein consisteth the welfare and security of every society: of pleasure, because mutual love is the source of delight, and the happiness of one becomes, in that case, the happiness of all. It is unity alone which gives beauty as well as strength to the state; which renders the church, at the same time, "fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." (Cant. vi. 10.)—*Bishop Horne.*

Christ's Love.—It is a peculiar kind of expression where the Apostle prays that they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." We may know that experimentally which we cannot know comprehensively; we may know that in its power and effects which we cannot comprehend in its nature and depths. A weary person many receive refreshment from a spring, who cannot fathom the depth of the ocean from whence it proceeds.—*Dr. Owen.*

Criterion.—When thou gettest no comfort in hearing, nor ease to thy spirit in praying, and yet growest more eager to hear, and art more frequent in prayer; O, soul, great are thy faith and patience.—*Venn.*

THEOLOGY.

THE TEMPORAL CLAIMS OF THE WESLEYAN MINISTRY.

A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE TIMES.

"Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? Say I these things as a man? or saith not the law the same also? For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."—1 Cor. ix. 7—14.

VERY various are the duties of the ministry; some of them pleasing in the highest degree, and some of them painful in the extreme. What more delightful than to minister the word of life to an obedient people; to bear the Gospel message to those who are prepared with all readiness to receive it; to labour among those who by their prayers, faith, holy living, and liberality, support the cause of God? What more painful than to witness the reverse of all this; to preach to those who will not learn; to invite those to the Gospel feast who will not come; to deliver a message to them who despise both it and the bearer; to toil among a people who will enter into no enterprise for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; and who grudge and withhold to the utmost all the needful supplies for the support of religion? Yet this is just the position which some devoted men of God have been called to occupy for years. All the day long have they stretched out the hand to a disobedient and gainsaying people; and often have they gone weeping into their closets, saying, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" From an infidel or thoughtless world, who neither think nor care about religion, who dislike the reproofs which it administers, such conduct, though painful, may be tolerated, because it is expected; but better things are looked for in the church, and among the regular hearers of the Gospel. To a stranger we have to prove our ministry valid, and show our credentials: he demands, and we object not to produce, proofs that we are accredited, divinely-appointed labourers in the Lord's vineyard. To men of the world there must sometimes be a stooping, to show the uses of a ministry, and its divine authority as the moral teacher of mankind. But opposition from those who admit our commission, withdrawal of support and encouragement by those who choose us as their Ministers, who choose to place themselves under our care, is most grievous, is an evil most alarming and hateful. We speak not now of cases of opposition to a Minister, and wishes to remove him, arising from disagreement, but of the systematic refusal to co-operate; of the principle, that withdrawing support from the ministry is allowable; of the uniform conduct of many professors to a ministry which they approve, and from choice attend. Ministers of Christ expect and claim the co-operation and support of the people of their charge; and if these are denied, they feel injured, and the injury is committed by parties for whose benefit they live and labour. These remarks apply to the general subject: we have to turn our attention to a particular aspect now.

It is not needful to speak in this place of the arguments by which Wesleyan Ministers attempt to prove themselves true Ministers of the Lord Jesus; for the parties whom we address admit, and even contend for, the fact. We are here principally concerned with those who have chosen to put themselves under the ministerial and pastoral oversight of the Wesleyan ministry, and who have in reference thereto fallen into the evil above-mentioned. They regularly attend all the means of grace, public and private, which are found in Methodism; consider themselves members of the society, and entitled to all the privileges of membership; but do nothing to support the cause: they reap the advantages, but bear none of the burdens, of the system to which they have attached themselves. We

complain of this as an evil: they try to defend it by the following arguments:—"Methodism is a voluntary system; therefore it is optional with any whether or not he will support it. As everything contributed towards it is a gratuity, persons in the lower classes of society (that is, the bulk of its members) positively ought not to give anything towards its support." These are used as if they were universally-admitted truths, to the serious detriment of the societies, and the real injury of the cause of God among us: whereas, if employed as arguments, they are fallacious; if given as statements of fact, they are untrue. Though Methodism is a voluntary system, it is not optional with those who enjoy its advantages, and employ its agencies, whether or not they will support it. The contributions towards the support of Methodism are not a gratuity, but a matter of right, a legal payment for service rendered. This will, we think, be sufficiently evident, if we just bear in mind the principal object of those contributions. They are designed for the support of the ministry in the place where they are raised; a ministry, the benefits of which are realized by the parties who contribute. Now a Methodist Minister has no business, follows no worldly calling, has nothing to do with the mere secularities of life: his time, talents, energies, and life, are devoted to the welfare of the societies. He has higher duties to attend to than those of trade and commerce; something else to think about than politics: he is the Minister and Pastor of the section of Christ's church which has been committed to his care. He has to preach the word every Sabbath; administer the sacraments; visit the sick whenever and wherever required; meet the classes quarterly to ascertain the state of the members; attend week-night preaching, often every night in the week, which sometimes necessitates him to be from home for several days together; and attend to all the affairs of the society, both temporal and spiritual. This is his proper calling, his acknowledged work: the members, who benefit by his labours, know and wish it to be so. To the auxiliary services of Local Preachers, as men of business, they object not; but they have no wish that their Minister should be secularized. They are aware that the interests of Methodism are best promoted by keeping its ministry as a spiritual agency, and forbidding its having connexion with business. Let this fact be noted; for it is important. A Methodist Minister is required to devote his whole time to the duties of the ministry; the people among whom he labours do not think he ought to have any trade or worldly calling; he may not enter into business, and retain his office. How is he to be supported? by whom are his wants to be supplied? Is he to labour for nothing, and keep himself? If he is to work, he must eat; and supplies must come from somewhere. He does not expect to be fed by miracle, or to be supported by those who are in no way advantaged by his toils; to those who attend his ministry he looks; from the members of the society, for whose welfare he labours, and in whose service he spends his life, he claims support. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and the man who employs him ought to pay it. He who expends capital, talents, time, or strength, for any person, or society, most righteously demands from that person or society adequate compensation. None has a right to expect another to labour for him at his own cost; and only a dishonest man will withhold from the labourer his due. One demand legitimately creates another: if parties demand that a Minister spend his whole time in attending to their spiritual welfare, he demands also that they attend to his temporal support. Duty on one side declares obligation on the other: it is a Methodist Minister's duty to spend his time for the benefit of the people among whom he labours, and they are under just obligations to support him. We only apply to the ministry the principle which is carried out in civil society, exemplifying a universal rule by a particular case. In all cases, the employed expect to be paid by the employer. The tradesman plies his handicraft and parts with his wares, the lawyer employs his legal skill, the schoolmaster imparts information, the medical man practises the healing art, for remuneration; and he who withholds the hire when the service has been rendered, is branded as dishonest, and dealt with accordingly. What makes the difference between these cases and the ministry? There is no difference in fact: viewed only as secular professions, both are precisely alike. "But Methodism is a voluntary system." True: no man is forced to attend its ministry, to enter its community. "And, therefore, it is optional whether or not we support it." Entirely false, if spoken by members. It would not enter their mind, we hope, to say, "The choice of a trades-

man to supply and serve us is voluntary; we may choose which we please; therefore we are at perfect liberty to pay or not the man we may happen to employ:" and if they would not say so there, they cannot consistently and truly here. Regarding the ministry, then, only as a trade, it follows that they who have its advantages are bound to support it. There is only one exception allowable in the case, and it is made in all, namely, pauperism: he who cannot afford to pay for anything, is supplied with necessaries, spiritual and temporal, by charity. But for others to claim this indulgence, is dishonest.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SKETCH.

"And this also we wish, even your perfection."—2 Cor. xiii. 9.

CHRISTIAN perfection is the perfection of Christian graces. It includes in it the extinction of evil principles, the detachment of the heart from the world, the destruction of the corruption of our nature, and the maturity of the fruits of the Spirit. Some of you who have received the grace of God, enjoy it, but in an imperfect degree: we are desirous that you should rise higher in the divine life. "This also we wish, even your perfection." Let me assign several reasons why we desire this:—

1. *Because God desires it.*—He is essentially, absolutely, unchangeably, transcendently holy: the perfection of beauty, the model of purity, the source of holiness. He created angels holy, formed man in his own image, and must delight in that which is his own nature. (1 Peter i. 16.)

2. *Christ died to procure it.*—He "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Tit. ii. 14.) "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

3. *The Holy Spirit is waiting to impart it.*—He is frequently called the Holy Spirit, not because he is more holy than the Father and the Son, but because it is his office to communicate holiness. (Tit. iii. 5; 1 Peter i. 2, 22.)

4. *The word is the instrument which the Spirit employs to effect it.*—"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." (John xvii. 17.) "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." (John xv. 3.) "That the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 17.)

5. *The ministry has been established to promote it.*—"He gave some, Apostles; and some, Prophets; and some, Evangelists; and some, Pastors and Teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. iv. 11, 12.)

6. *God commands it.*—"Walk before me, and be thou perfect." (Gen. xvii. 1.) "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. v. 48.)

7. *God promises it.*—"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 6.)

8. *There are many examples of it recorded in Scripture.*—"Job was a perfect and an upright man." (Job i. 1.) "Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." (Phil. iii. 15.) "Herein is our love made perfect." (1 John iv. 17.)

9. *The Apostles desired it for those to whom they wrote.*—"That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 19.) "That ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness." (Phil. i. 10, 11.) "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." (1 Thess. v. 23.) "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." (2 Pet. i. 4.)

10. *You desire the enjoyment of it.*—You say, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psal. li. 10.) Would God hold up the blessing to tantalize you? Would he excite a desire which he was unwilling to gratify?

11. *It is the adornment of your nature.*—As the diamond to a ring, so is holiness to the soul. Its garments are for glory and beauty. (Psal. cx. 3.)

12. *It transforms you into the image of God.*—You resemble him, not as you are learned, or powerful, or wealthy, but as you are holy. "I am the Lord your God; ye shall therefore sanctify your-

selves, and ye shall be holy; for I am holy." (Lev. xi. 44.)

13. *It will enable you to please God.*—Saints are lovely in his sight; the righteous Lord loveth righteousness. "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee." (Isai. lxii. 4.)

14. *It will enable you to serve God.*—"The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." (Psal. iv. 3.) "He shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." (2 Tim. ii. 21.)

15. *It will enable you more fully to glorify God.*—"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." (John xv. 8.)

16. *It will increase your safety.*—The more grace you have, the more easily you can resist temptation, bear crosses, make sacrifices, and discharge the duties that devolve upon you in the Christian life. "If ye do these things, ye shall never fall." (2 Pet. i. 10.)

17. *It will increase your happiness.*—"O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." (Isai. xlviii. 18.)

18. *It will increase your usefulness.*—There will be a greater unction in your exhortations, efficacy in your prayers, savour in your example. (Phil. ii. 15.)

19. *It will conduce to your peace and triumph in death.*—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." (Psal. xxxvii. 37.) "So an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (2 Pet. i. 11.)

20. *It will qualify you for an elevated station in heaven.*—"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." (2 Cor. ix. 6.) "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.)

Nottingham. SAMUEL DUNN.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

FROM every view of the subject, it appears that the blessing of a clean heart, and the happiness consequent on it, may be obtained in this life; because here, not in the future world, are we to be saved. Whenever, therefore, such blessings are offered, they may be received; but all the graces and blessings of the Gospel are offered at all times: and when they are offered, they may be received. Every sinner is exhorted to turn from the evil of his way, to repent of sin, and to supplicate the throne of grace for pardon. In the same moment in which he is commanded to turn, in that moment he may and should return. He does not receive the exhortation to repentance to-day that he may become a penitent at some future time. Every penitent is exhorted to believe on the Lord Jesus, that he may receive remission of sins: he does not, he cannot, understand that the blessing thus promised is not to be received to-day, but at some future time. In like manner, to every believer the new heart and the right spirit are offered in the present moment; that they may, in that moment, be received. For as the work of cleansing and renewing the heart is the work of God, his almighty power can perform it in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And as it is this moment our duty to love God with all our heart, and we cannot do this till he cleanse our hearts; consequently he is ready to do it at this moment, because he wills that we should in this moment love him. Therefore we may justly say, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He who in the beginning caused light in a moment to shine out of darkness, can in a moment shine into our hearts, and give us to see the light of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. This moment, therefore, we may be emptied of sin, filled with holiness, and become truly happy.

Such cleansed people never forget the horrible pit and miry clay out of which they have been brought. And can they then be proud? No! they loathe themselves in their own sight. They can never forgive themselves for having sinned against so good a God and so loving a Saviour. And can they undervalue Him by whose blood they were bought, and by whose blood they were cleansed? No! that is impossible: they now see Jesus as they ought to see him; they see him in his splendour, because they feel him in his victory and triumph over sin. To them that thus believe he is precious; and he was never so precious as now. As to their not needing him when thus saved from their sins, we may as well say, The creation needs not the sustaining hand of God, because the works are finished! Learn this, that as it requires the same power to sustain creation as to produce it; so it requires

the same Jesus who cleansed to keep clean. They feel that it is only through his continued indwelling that they are kept holy, and happy, and useful. Were he to leave them, the original darkness and kingdom of death would soon be restored.—*Clarke's Theology.*

ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONS AND SECTS.

(*Continued from page* 268.)

3. *Prophets.*—These were illustrious persons to whom God revealed himself; making known to them his holy will for their own instruction, and for them to teach others. Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, and David, are most distinguished as the earlier Prophets of God. During the period of about eleven hundred years, from Moses, the first writer of the will of God, to the time of Malachi, a succession of Prophets flourished, as a class of extraordinary Ministers of the divine dispensations of mercy to mankind; and the writings of many of them, especially of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, form a large and most valuable portion of the Old Testament. Prophets, under the Christian dispensation, were a class of extraordinary Ministers, eminently endowed by gifts of the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, especially in expounding the writings of the Old Testament, proving the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies in the person, ministry, and reconciliation of Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. xii. 4, 10, 29.)

4. *Priests.*—These were persons who offered sacrifice for sin, and made intercession with God for themselves and others. Abel, Noah, Abraham, Job, and others, officiated as Priests in their several families, according to the custom of Adam, who appears to have been divinely instructed to offer sacrifices, which were to prefigure the promised Redeemer and Saviour. Priests in Israel were divinely appointed for the services of the people, in the daily and other sacrifices at the altar and the mercy-seat: they were of the family of Aaron, who, with his sons, was consecrated to his sacred office by Moses. (Exod. xxix.; Lev. viii. 9, 10.) The posterity of Eleazer and Ithamar had so increased in the time of David, as to require to be formed into twenty-four classes, each of which was to officiate a week in course. (1 Chron. xxiv. 2, 19.) The first-born succeeded Aaron in the office of High-Priest; though, in the disordered times of the Jewish state, ambitious usurpers ascended to the pontifical seat, which was sometimes sold to the highest bidder. There appears to have been a Vicar, or second Priest, who might officiate in case the High-Priest himself were ill, or incapacitated for duty, especially on the great day of atonement. (1 Kings iv. 4; Jer. lii. 24; John xviii. 13, 14.) Aaron, and his successors in the high-priesthood, in their necessary legal perfection, or freedom from natural defects, in their consecration, sacrifices, and intercessions, significantly prefigured the glorious and redeeming Priesthood of our Saviour. (Exod. xxviii., xxix.; Lev. xvi.; Heb. iii., x.)

5. *Levites.*—These were the other branches of the tribe of Levi, besides the family of Aaron: they were claimed as God's inheritance, or Clergy, and separated from the other tribes when they were solemnly consecrated to God as his peculiar servants, to be wholly devoted to the service of the tabernacle. (Lev. viii. 5, 22.) As God's Clergy, the Levites were not allowed to possess any share of the landed property of Canaan, except certain cities for their residence; they were to derive their support from the tithes of the produce of the land voluntarily paid by the people. (Num. xviii. 20—32; xxxv.) Many of the Levites were Judges, Magistrates, and the *literati* of Israel, filling various important offices in the nation. David allotted to them special duties, as musicians and singers; (1 Chron. xv. 2, 16—27;) and this arrangement was continued in the service of the temple of Solomon. (2 Chron. v. 4—12.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

1. Men enter and initiate themselves in vicious practice *by smaller sins.* Heinous sins are too alarming for the conscience of a young sinner; and therefore he only ventures upon such as are smaller, at first. Every particular kind of vice creeps in, in this gradual manner.

2. Having once begun in the way of sin, he *ventures upon something greater and more daring.* His courage grows with his experience. Now, sins of a deeper die do not look so frightful as before. Custom makes everything familiar. No person who once breaks over the limits of a clear conscience knows where he shall stop.

3. Open sins soon *throw a man into the*

hands of ungodly companions. Open sins determine his character, and give him a place with the ungodly. He shuns the society of good men, because their presence is a restraint, and their example a reproof to him. There are none with whom he can associate but the ungodly.

4. In the next stage, the sinner *begins to feel the force of habit and inveterate custom:* he becomes rooted and settled in an evil way. Those who have been long habituated to any sin, how hopeless is their reform! One single act of sin seems nothing; but one after another imperceptibly strengthens the disposition, and enslaves the unhappy criminal beyond the hope of recovery.

5. The next stage in a sinner's course is *to lose the sense of shame, and sin boldly and openly.* So long as shame remains, it is a great drawback. But it is an evidence of an uncommon height of impiety, when natural shame is gone.

6. Another stage in the sinner's progress is to harden himself so far as to *sin without remorse of conscience.* The frequent repetition of sins stupifies the conscience. They, as it were, weary it out, and drive it to despair. It ceases all its reproofs, and, like a frequently discouraged friend, suffers the infatuated sinner to take his course. And hence,

7. Hardened sinners often come *to boast and glory in their wickedness.* It is something to be beyond shame; but it is still more to glory in wickedness, and esteem it honourable. Glorious ambition indeed!

8. Not content with being wicked themselves, they *use all their arts and influence to make others wicked also.* They are zealous in sinning, and industrious in the promotion of the infernal cause. They extinguish the fear of God in others, and laugh down their own conscientious scruples. And now,

9. To close the scene, those who have thus hardened themselves, are *given up of God to judicial blindness of mind and hardness of heart.* They are marked out as vessels of wrath fitted to destruction. This is the consequence of their obstinacy. They are devoted to the judgment they deserve.

Reader! view it with terror. — *Dr. Witherspoon.*

FLETCHER AND BRAINERD COMPARED.

THE life of Fletcher, of Madeley, affords, in some respects, a parallel, in others a contrast, to that of Brainerd; and it is curious to observe how the influence of natural temperament varies the exhibition of the same principles. With a considerable difference in their religious views, the same zeal, the same spirituality of mind, the same contempt of the world, is conspicuous in the character of each. But the lively imagination, the sanguine temperament of Fletcher, permit him to triumph and exult in the consolatory truths and prospects of religion. He is a seraph, who burns with the ardour of divine love; and spurning the fetters of mortality, he almost habitually seems to have anticipated the raptures of the beatific vision. Brainerd, oppressed with a constitutional melancholy, is chiefly occupied with the thoughts of his pollutions and defects in the eyes of infinite purity. His is a mourning and conflicting piety, imbued with the spirit of self-abasement, breathing itself forth in "groanings which cannot be uttered;" always dissatisfied with itself, always toiling in pursuit of a purity and perfection unattainable by mortals. The mind of Fletcher was habitually brightened with gratitude and joy for what he had attained; Brainerd was actuated with a restless solicitude for further acquisition. If Fletcher soared to all the heights, it may be affirmed, with equal truth, that Brainerd sounded all the depths of Christian piety; and while the former was regaling himself with fruits from the tree of life, the latter, on the waves of an impetuous sea, was "doing business in the mighty waters." Both equally delighted and accustomed to lose themselves in the contemplations of the Deity, they seem to have surveyed that infinite object under different aspects; and while Fletcher was absorbed in the contemplation of infinite benignity and love, Brainerd shrank into nothing in the presence of immaculate purity and holiness.

The different situations in which they were placed, had, probably, considerable effect in producing or heightening their respective peculiarities. Fletcher exercised his ministry in the calm of domestic life, surrounded with the beauties of nature. Brainerd pursued his mission in a remote and howling wilderness, where, in the midst of uncultivated savages, he was exposed to intolerable hardships and fatigues.—*Robert Hall.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

LUKE SHORT.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the venerable John Flavel, whose excellent practical writings are known to many of our readers, was settled at Dartmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed.

Mr. Flavel's manner was remarkably affectionate and serious, often exciting very powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion, he preached from these words:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *Anathema Maran-atha*,—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God, with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is Anathema Maran-atha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience; and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor.

In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated, he entered into the seafaring line, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life.

Mr. Short's life was lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin: he was now a "sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die accursed." But one day, as he sat in his field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr. Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the Preacher's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations: he felt that he had not "loved the Lord Jesus Christ;" he feared the dreadful "anathema;" conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner obtained peace through the blood of atonement, and was "found in the way of righteousness." He joined the Congregational church in Middleborough, and to the day of his death, which took place in his 116th year, gave pleasing evidence of piety.

In this case, eighty-five years passed away after the seed was sown before it sprang up and brought forth fruit. Let the Ministers of Christ be encouraged: "in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

HINTS FOR NURSERY DISCIPLINE.

Children are our choicest treasures. They are little heirs of immortality; and if it please God to commit them to our charge, our first desire should be to train them for heaven. We are not only to rejoice in their happy smiles, and in the gladness which their infant voices spread around our home, but we are to remember our responsibility as parents, and the importance of instilling into their tender minds those principles which, if they are spared to us, will form the ground-work of their happiness and usefulness in future life.

Sufficient attention is not always paid to the early training of little children, and to the necessity of good nursery discipline. Before an infant is able to lisp, or to distinguish the right hand from the left, it is capable of receiving some degree of instruction,—of being taught that it is not to have what it cries for; that it is not to hurt its brothers or sisters; that it is to do as it is bid by those who have the care of it.

Implicit obedience to parental authority should be the first thing that we teach our children; for it lies at the root of everything else. Gentleness and mildness should be mingled with firmness and decision, in all that we do and say with reference to them. Our commands should be reasonable, and given with kindness; but *once* given, it should be understood that they must be obeyed. Those are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is the way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood, or destroy the natural energy of character incident to the youthful mind. No family, perhaps, is so truly and substantially happy, no home so peaceful and delightful, as that in which the children are under mild and gentle discipline, accustomed to submit themselves to those who have the rule over them, to be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, and to live under the habitual recollection that God knows and observes their every action.

It is impossible to read our blessed Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, without

being struck with the minuteness of the precepts there conveyed. Surely the spirit of the Gospel ought to be carried out into the every-day transactions of life. The Christian mother should constantly refer her children to the word of God as the unerring standard of instruction. Their waking thoughts should be directed to his mercies, which are daily poured down upon them in such rich abundance. His grace, support, and strength, should be sought for the coming day; and they should retire to rest in the evening with these words upon their lips and in their hearts, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

The importance of consistency in the mother's own character must not be forgotten. She ought not to appear one thing to her children at one time, and another thing at another; but, however trying their little wayward tempers may be to her, the same sweet spirit of Christian love and forbearance should actuate her at all times in her conduct towards them. The children of a judicious and affectionate mother will almost imperceptibly follow her example, and imbibe the spirit which pervades her own mind. Her very countenance, therefore, should be the index of a heart in which habitual peace, and love, and joy abide, and the soft and holy influence of such feelings will flow down upon her children.

The following few short and simple rules for the mother's guidance, may be found useful. They pretend not to originality;* but the writer, having thought them beneficial in the training of her own family, is not without hope that they may be of service to other parents also, who, like herself, are earnestly desiring to "bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you *mean* exactly what you *say*.

3. Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you; but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little *present* punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to *appear* good is to *be* good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. If your children abuse your confidence, make them, for a time at least, feel the want of it.

15. Avoid allusions to former faults, when real sorrow has been evinced for having committed them.

16. Remember the importance of instilling good habits while your children are young. The habit of perseverance is very important.

17. If your children make an intelligent question or remark, never quote it in their presence.

18. Accustom them early to observe, admire, and take delight in the beautiful works of nature.

19. Cultivate domestic politeness among them. Let them practically experience that there is more real pleasure in pleasing others than in pleasing ourselves.

20. Above all, inculcate a spirit of prayer. Make the word of God your own standard, and continually refer your children to its holy precepts. A short and simple practical text imprinted on the memory every morning, may be used as a guide for the day. —*Fanny and her Mamma.*

* The writer feels particularly indebted to Mrs. Hoare's "Hints on Early Education," and Mrs. Child's "Mother's Book."

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

AN AFRICAN PAPIST.

The day had been hot and sultry. The shock of an earthquake on the previous night had caused many hearts to quail in that proud and busy city; but the warning past, they had returned to their traffic and dissipation. In one of the by-streets, an aged African female sat at the door of her little dwelling. She was bowed down by infirmity, and there was an unquiet glance in her eye, and a gloomy dissatisfaction of countenance that revealed a heart far from enjoyment and happiness. A young girl, of olive complexion, sat beside her, apparently en-

deavouring to amuse or interest her companion. A book rested on her knee, from which she occasionally read, and then laid it down and remarked upon it. But the gloom did not pass away, and Silian at length in despair closed her Testament, for such it was, and sat gazing in silence on the gorgeous sunset, bathing in golden light the distant mountains. Her light, fragile figure, and peaceful countenance, contrasted strongly with the worn and haggard appearance of the old Negress, whom she had been endeavouring, though vainly, to instruct in the things belonging to her peace. Taught herself in the Sabbath-school, she had early given her heart to the Saviour; and now she exerted her utmost influence to induce others to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

"Silian," said her companion, after a long silence, "what is the use of bringing that book of yours to read to me? You know the new Priest has forbidden it."

"I know it, *mother*," replied Silian, in the idiom of her country, and turning her large black eyes full on the speaker; "but that precious book alone tells of the way of salvation; and how can I bear to see you every day becoming more and more feeble, and drawing nearer to the grave, without striving to make you acquainted with the Saviour?"

"Why should you care for me, Silian? Me do not belong to you."

"But you have a soul, mother; an immortal soul, that must live for ever in happiness or misery; and O, you have little time left now to make your peace with God!"

The old woman relapsed into her moody silence. At length she said, "Silian, you know de new Massa Minister?"

"I have seen him, mother," replied Silian; "and I have heard some of the wicked and unscriptural doctrines that he preaches."

"How can you talk so, Silian? Him good, very good. Me go to him chapel; and O, de pictures, and de lights, and de images, dey be too grand! Him say me no be lost, me only go into purgatory one little while."

"Mother, mother, he is deceiving you," said Silian, earnestly; "I am sure of it. This book says, if we do not repent and believe, we shall be for ever lost. O do not listen to such false doctrine."

"How me know it false, Silian? Sure Massa Minister know better dan poor Nigger."

"This is God's book, mother: He has given it to us, that we may know the truth as it is in Jesus; and if we will not listen and obey, depend upon it, ours will be an awful punishment. You know the right way, and it is only since you have listened to this Popish Priest that you have questioned the truth of this book. Judith, he is a deceiver; an enemy to God and to his truth."

"Me no know dat, Silian: him say good tings, and him tell me not to read dat book."

"That should lead you to suspect him, mother. You know this to be God's word; and how can he be a true Minister of Christ who forbids you to read His word? You have frequently heard it explained by our Missionaries; and you know it to be truth, and that you are now deceived by these wicked men. God will not accept these subterfuges in the last day. 'They who know his will and do it not, will be beaten with many stripes.'"

"Well, Silian, Massa Jesus help me! If de Priest does not speak truth, what me to do?"

"Mother, leave this new doctrine, and come where you will hear the truth of God, the only way of salvation."

"No, no," replied she impatiently, "me no leave dis new Priest. Do not talk to me any more, Silian: me no change now."

"Well, mother, I shall still pray for you," returned Silian, as she rose to take her departure; and the old woman grasped her hand, and in broken accents thanked her for her kindness; "but you know," she repeated, "you know, Silian, me no change now."

Silian left the old African in her lonely cottage with an aching heart; for she felt that she was in dangerous error, still more dangerous because, in all human probability, she could not long be an inhabitant of time. Part of that night she spent in fervent prayer that she might be convinced of her folly, and be brought to repentance. It was three days before she could again visit her; but a strange rumour had reached her ears, and she hurried out reproaching herself for her unavoidable neglect. Vultures were hovering suspiciously over the little hut: the door was closed and fastened, and all within was silence. Judith had not been seen for two days by her neighbours; but as her absence was not uncommon, no surprise was at first excited. Summoning what assistance she could, the door was forced open; but what a scene presented itself! It needed indeed but one sense to be convinced that death was there; for corruption, in that sultry clime, had already begun its work. The old Negress was stretched upon her pallet, in her ordinary dress, as though she had reclined to rest, and death had immediately seized her. The stroke must have been one of fearful suddenness, as she evidently had not struggled to call for assistance. Alone and unpitied she had departed, and her spirit gone to its last account.

Woe to the "false teachers," who, by their "damnable heresies," perverted this simple spirit! What may they anticipate but that "fiery indignation which shall destroy the adversaries of God?"

Dudley. ADELINE.

OUR SERVANTS.

AN ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.

(*Continued from page* 275.)

3. KEEP a watch over your temper. I notice this for many reasons. First, Because a good temper is rare. Secondly, Because the want of it is a grievous blemish in a Christian profession. Thirdly, Because by losing your temper you may lose an excellent place. And, fourthly, Because no temper is so bad but the grace of God can make it one of the best. Few tempers are good; and the mournful thing is, that a bad temper often exists alongside of most excellent qualities. A man may be clever, and active, and honest; but may mar it all by his sullen or uncertain humour. And the temper of a servant is subject to peculiar trials. Sometimes you are called away in the very midst of some work, and it has all to be done anew. The labour of an hour is lost; or you are ordered to do some service which does not belong to your department; or fellow-servants contrive to shift over on you a portion of their work; or you are compelled to sit up so late and rise so early, that, out of sorts and out of spirits, you would defy any one to undergo your drudgery and not feel morose or miserable; or you have to wait on an implacable employer,—on one who, no matter what you do, will still find fault; and rather than not be angry, will be provoked at your pains to please him. And it must be confessed, that, in your difficult and dependent position, there is much that is trying to flesh and blood. But it is on this very account that you need so greatly to watch and pray, and rule your spirit. Whether they be good and gentle, or peevish and froward, there are no qualities more prized by superiors than swift obedience and a serene and deferential bearing. Even though no sharp answer is given, nobody likes to hear the slamming doors, and shivered porcelain, and clashing fire-irons, and other safety-valves of domestic passion; and nobody likes to have about him precarious and fitful tempers,—persons whom he can never count upon. When the bell is rung, it is not pleasant to stand wondering whether it will be answered by civil John or saucy John; whether it will bring up Mary smiling, or Mary in the sulks; and very often, to get quit of the bad temper, both bad and good are sent away. But just as a bad temper is to its owner a plague and a curse, so an even and elastic spirit is a priceless possession. It gives beauty and grace to its owner, and it is a comfort to all around. You have seen a springless wagon, or a country cart; and if there were occasion for despatch, it was crazy work as it screeched and hobbled along the rugged road; but it was beautiful to see how the chariot, with its liquid axles and jaunty springs, glided down its noiseless track, and curtsied over clods and stones, and every interruption. It is painful to see a man who has no temper but his natural one,—the temper he inherits from Adam; it is painful to see him jolting and jumbling along his uneven path, provoked at every interruption, and upset by every obstacle, and, like a crazy conveyance, announcing his progress by jarring noise and perpetual discords. But it is beautiful to see this wretched temper hung anew, suspended on the springs of watchfulness and prayer, revolving through the routine of daily duties without dust or din, and vaulting over any sudden obstacle without a wrench or a rebound. In the history of Ruth Clarke, and other pious servants, I have read how, when the grace of God came into the soul, a shocking temper was succeeded by sweetness and serenity. And if you open your heart to the Saviour, if you pray the Lamb of God to soften your proud spirit, however imperious and irritable, however impatient and touchy, you will presently become lowly and meek. Instead of a perilous and combustible problem, which people are afraid to approach for fear of some sudden explosion, you will have the rich satisfaction to see that you are a man whom others count upon; one for whose good sense and self-control your superiors have a real respect, and in whose patience and magnanimity your fellow-servants find a ready refuge.

And on this subject I have only to add to Christian servants, that the Gospel leaves you no choice. The rule is peremptory and absolute: "Not answering again." And though you may think it very hard to listen in silence to misconstruction and abuse, it is really as wise as it is dutiful. Should you be falsely accused, the true statement of the case will come with tenfold advantage in calmer moments; and there is an ingenuous silence, a meek consciousness of integrity, which is far more convincing than the fiercest recrimination or the most eloquent "answering again."

4. And be careful to show "all good fidelity." A Christian servant would be horrified at the thought of pilfering or purloining. But there is another species of honesty often overlooked: I mean a conscientious care of an employer's property. Some servants have a rough or reckless way of working, and are constantly breaking windows, or disabling chairs and tables; and others, from wasteful habits, destroy the food or fuel which might have warmed and fed a destitute neighbour. And there are other servants, whose economy and careful management make their employers rich. Philip Melancthon, the great Reformer, had little to spare. He needed to buy books, and travel a great deal, and he loved to show hospitality

to the poor; but his scanty income could never have done it, had it not been for the good husbandry of John of Sweden, his old and frugal servant. And so well were John's virtues known, and so much had he in his humble station endeared himself, that when he died, the city Magistrates, and all the college students and his master's friends, attended at his funeral.

And will you allow me to add, that few classes of society are so rich, or so able to save money, as household servants are? It is true your income is very small; but your expenditure might be a great deal less. It is often a matter of great anxiety with your employer how he is to make money enough to pay you your wages; but if you keep your health and your character, you seldom have any other anxiety about your income. And though it may not be great, it is usually large enough to lay something by. You might, like some who have filled your station, be the staff of aged parents, and send them now and then a portion of your earnings, which would be doubly blessed; for besides the contribution to their comfort, it would be a present fraught with filial love, and would tell them that they lived in the hearts of duteous children. Or you might, like others, set aside enough to educate a younger brother or sister; or you might, like others still, contribute to the spread of the Gospel. And you might lay something up for the time to come. The savings of ten or twenty industrious years would be a lasting bulwark betwixt yourself and poverty. Only, take care that you never lend it. If you invest it at ten per cent., you will see no more of it. If you lend it to a near relative, you will lose all his love, and, in the long run, all your money. If you wish to oblige a friend, make him a present. If you desire to have something for sickness or old age, put it in the Benefit Society or the Savings' Bank. And if you seek to make a great fortune out of a little income, be constantly repeating that self-denying but enriching maxim, "I can do without it."

ORIENTAL SCENES.

MARRIAGES IN EGYPT;—MESH'ALS.

The bride and her party, having arrived at the bridegroom's house, sit down to a repast. Her friends shortly after take their departure; leaving with her only her mother

and sister, or other near female relations, and one or two other women,—usually the bellâneh.

The bridegroom sits below. Before sunset he goes to the bath, and there changes his clothes; or he merely does the latter at home, and, after having supped with a party of his friends, waits till a little before the ĕsh'ĕ, (or time of night-prayer,) or until the third or fourth hour of the night, when, according to general custom, he should repair to some celebrated mosque, such as that of the Hhasaney'n, and there say his prayers. If young, he is generally honoured with a zeffeh on this occasion: he goes to the mosque preceded by musicians with drums, and one or more hautboys, and accompanied by a number of friends, and by several men bearing mesh'als. The mesh'al is a staff with a cylindrical frame of iron, at the top filled with flaming wood, or having two, three, four, or five of these receptacles for fire.

The party usually proceeds to the mosque with a quick pace, and without much order. A second group of musicians, with the same instruments, or with drums only, closes the procession. The bridegroom is generally dressed in a Muftân, with red stripes, and a red gib'beh, with a Kashmeér shawl of the same colour for his turban; and walks between two friends similarly dressed. The prayers are commonly performed merely as a matter of ceremony; and it is frequently the case that the bride does not pray at all, or prays without having previously performed the woodoó, like Memlooks, who say their prayers only because they fear their master. The procession returns from the mosque with more order and display, and very slowly; perhaps because it would be considered unbecoming in the bridegroom to hasten home to take possession of his bride. It is headed, as before, by musicians, and two or more bearers of mesh'als. These are generally followed by two men, bearing, by means of a pole resting horizontally upon their shoulders, a hanging frame, to which are attached about sixty or more small lamps, in four circles, one above another, the uppermost of which circles is made to revolve; being turned round occasionally by one of the two bearers. These numerous lamps, and several mesh'als, besides those before mentioned, brilliantly illumine the streets through which the procession passes, and produce a remarkably picturesque effect. The bridegroom, and his friends, and other attendants follow, advancing in the form of an oblong ring, all facing the interior of the circle, and each bearing in his hand one or more wax candles, and sometimes a sprig of hhen'na, or some other flower, excepting the bridegroom and the friend on either side of him. These three form the latter part of the ring, which generally consists of twenty or more persons. At frequent intervals, the party stops for a few minutes; and, during each of these pauses, a boy or man, one of the persons who compose the ring, sings a few words of an epithalamium. The sounds of the drums, and the shrill notes of the hautboy, (which the bride hears half an hour or more before the procession arrives at the house,) cease during these songs. The train is closed, as in the former case, by a second group of musicians.—*Lane's Modern Egyptians.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

DOMESTICATED HUMMING-BIRDS.

These, however, became quite at home; and I may here observe that there was much difference in the tempers of individuals; some being moody and sulky, others very timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first. I have noticed this in other birds also: doves, for instance, which manifest individuality of character, perhaps as much as men, if we were competent to appreciate it. My ordinary plan of accustoming them to the room, and teaching them to feed, was very simple. On opening the basket in which one or more newly-caught humming-birds were brought home, they would fly out, and commonly soar to the ceiling, rarely seeking the window; there for awhile, or against the walls, they would flutter, not beating themselves, but hanging on rapidly-vibrating wings, lightly touching the plaster with the beak or breast every second, and then slightly rebounding. By keeping a strict watch on them while so occupied, we could observe when they became exhausted, and sunk rapidly down to alight: commonly, they would then suffer themselves to be raised, by passing the finger under the breast, to which they would apply their little feet. Having thus raised one on my finger, and taken a little sugar into my mouth, I inserted its beak between my lips. Sometimes it would at once begin to suck eagerly; but at other times it was needful to invite it thus many times, before it would notice the sugar: by persevering, however, they commonly learned. And when one had once fed from the mouth, it was always ready to suck afterwards, and frequently voluntarily sought my lips. Having given one his first lesson, I gently presented him to the line,

and drawing my finger from under him, he would commonly take to it; but if not, the proceeding had to be repeated; and even when perched, the repetition of the feeding and the placing on the line, was needful to induce the habit. If the bird's temper were kindly, it soon began to perch on the line of its own accord; when I ceased to feed it from my lips, presenting to it, instead, the glass of syrup. After it had sucked thus a time or two, it found it as it stood at the edge of a table; and I considered it domesticated. Its time was now spent in incessant short flights about the room, alternating with momentary rests on the line; often darting to another on the wing, when the most rapid and beautiful evolutions would take place, in which the long tail-feathers whisked about in a singular manner. I believe these rencontres were all amicable; for they never appeared to come into actual contact, nor to suffer any inconvenience from them. After close observation to ascertain the fact, I was fully convinced that the object of their incessant sallies on the wing was the capture of minute insects; so minute that they were generally undistinguishable to the human eye. Yet the action of the bird showed that something was pursued and taken; and though from the extreme rapidity of their motions I could not often see the capture, yet several times I did detect the snap of the beak, and once or twice witnessed the taking of some little fly, just large enough to be discerned in the air. Moreover, the flights were sometimes very short; a leap out upon the wing to the distance of a foot or two, and then a return to the perch, just as the true fly-catchers do; which, indeed, the humming-birds are, to all intents and purposes, and most accomplished ones. I judge that, on a low estimate, each captured on the wing at least three insects per minute, and that, with few intervals, incessantly, from dawn to dusk.—*Gosse's Birds of Jamaica.*

COURAGE OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half hissing, half whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats,—delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy, or naturalist, approach their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, utterly unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy Ani and Tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four even to several hundred yards, distance; and even the John-Crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings: hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-trees, to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down, and begins to peck the hog with all his might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down, and turns up his broad side to enjoy it: the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.—*Ibid.*

CAPTURE OF A CROCODILE IN THE CELEBES.

A male crocodile was caught this morning, (November 25th, 1845,) measuring fifteen feet four inches in length; and it is astonishing how quiescent these animals are when taken, allowing their feet to be fastened over their back, and a strong lashing put round the mouth without any resistance, and then brought down, floated between two small canoes. When dragged out of the water to be killed, the monster only moved his tail gently backwards and forwards. Yet, when hungry, it was evident he would attack both men and boats, for the bones of a poor fellow were found in his stomach. It is probable that these cold-blooded reptiles digest their food very slowly, and that one meal, which is a gorge, lasts them for some time, as is the case with the larger serpents; otherwise, if, like the dragon of old, he required a man or maiden for breakfast, the demand would be a heavy drain on a small population. The thigh and leg bones of the Malay were perfect, and the feet had some portion of the flesh adhering to them, and were crushed into a roundish form, whilst the head was found separated at the joinings or processes. The poor man's jacket and trousers were also found, which enabled the relatives to recognise his remains, and, from his having been a fisherman, it was probable that he was attacked whilst occupied with his lines. A Dyak, of Sarambo, who was with him, must have been carried off at the same time.

The mode of taking the crocodile is curious. A monkey or a cat is attached to a stick as a bait, which the monster sucks down lengthways, and when the strain comes on, this gets across his throat. To the stick is attached by a cord a long rattan, (cane,) which floats on the surface of the water, and which the animal attempts to get rid of. In the vicinity of this floating bait a dog is con-

fined on a stage beyond the crocodile's reach, in which miserable position it is not surprising that he should howl somewhat lustily. The crocodile, attracted by this noise, approaches the spot with great caution; and the natives state that, if he encountered any resistance when taking the bait, he would immediately retire without making a second attempt. When, however, he has swallowed it, which he does slowly, as he never suddenly tears the bait, he carries it to the shore, and it is sometimes two or three days before the long rattan is found, as he frequently takes it some distance, and secretes himself among the bushes and weeds of a small creek.

Rather an amusing discussion arose amongst the natives as to the proper course of dealing with our captive monster; and as the question appeared to create considerable interest and much harmless fun, I encouraged them in the important debate. One party maintained that it was proper to bestow all praise and honour on the kingly brute, as he was himself a Rajah amongst animals, and was now brought here to meet the Rajah; in short, that praise and flattery were agreeable to him, and would induce him to behave genteelly in my presence. The other party said, that it was very true that, on this occasion, Rajah met Rajah, but that the consequence of honouring and praising a captured crocodile would be, that the crocodile community at large would become vain and unmanageable, and, after hearing of the triumphal progress of their friend and relative, would take to the same courses with double industry, and every one eat his man for the sake of obtaining the like fame. Having maturely weighed the arguments on both sides, taking also into deep consideration the injury which so unwieldly a captive might do in roaming over my garden and grounds, followed by a host of admirers, I decided that he should be instantly killed without honours. He was despatched accordingly at the common landing-place on the opposite side of the river, his head severed from the trunk, and the body left exposed as a warning to all other crocodiles that may inhabit these waters.—*Capt. Mundy's "Borneo and Celebes."*

THE OTTER.

In solitary and undisturbed situations I have sometimes fallen in with the otter during the day. In a loch far on the hills, I have seen one raise itself half out of the water, take a steady look at me, and then sink gradually and quietly below the surface, appearing again at some distance, but next time showing only part of its head. At other times I have seen one floating down a stream, with no exertion of its own which could attract notice; but passing with the current, showing only the top of its head and its nose, with its tail floating near the surface, and waving to and fro, as if quite independent of all restraint from its owner. If he fancy that he is observed on these occasions, down he sinks to the bottom, where he lies quietly as long as he can without air; and when obliged to rise to breathe, he comes close up to the bank, or amongst weeds, with only his nose above water. If, however, the water is clear, and you persist in watching him, and, by quickly approaching him, oblige him constantly to dive, the poor beast will at last in sheer despair crawl out on the bank, concealing himself in the best manner he can. But it takes some time to oblige him to do this. Otters are very affectionate animals. If you shoot an old one who has young in the vicinity, they very soon appear searching anxiously for their mother; and if you kill the young ones, the parent will come boldly to the surface, and hover about the place till she is killed herself. When a pair of otters frequent a place, if one is killed, the other will hunt for its lost mate in a most persevering manner. If one is caught in a trap, the other remains all night near her, running round and round, in vain trying to get her away. Though usually so noiseless and quiet, on these occasions they make a great hubbub, blowing and snorting almost like a swimming horse.—*Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

It was about the middle of winter that I set off on snow-shoes, accompanied by an Indian, to a small lake, to fetch fish caught in the autumn, and which then lay frozen in a little house built of logs, to protect them for winter use. The lake was about ten miles off; and as the road was pretty level, and not much covered with underwood, we took a train of dogs with us, and set off before daybreak, intending to return again ere it was dark; and as the day was clear and cold, (the thermometer was 35° below zero,) we went cheerily along without interruption, except an occasional fall when a branch caught our snow-shoes, or a stoppage to clear the traces when the dogs got entangled among the trees. We had proceeded about six miles, and the first grey streaks of day lit up the eastern horizon, when the Indian, who walked in advance, paused, and appeared to examine some foot-prints in the snow. After a few minutes of close observation, he rose and said, that a bear had passed not long before, and could not be far off, and asked permission to follow it. I told him he might do so; and said I would drive the dogs in his track, as the bear had gone in the direction of the fish-house. The Indian threw his gun over his shoulder, and was soon lost in the forest. For a quarter of an hour I plodded on behind the dogs, now

urging them along, as they flagged and panted in the deep snow, and occasionally listening for a shot from my Indian's gun. At last he fired, and almost immediately after fired again; for you must know that some Indians can load so fast that two shots from their single barrel sound almost like the discharge in succession of the two shots from a double-barrelled gun. Shortly after, I heard another shot; and then, as all became silent, I concluded he had killed the bear, and that I should soon find him cutting it up. Just as I thought this, a fierce growl alarmed me: so, seizing a pistol which I always carried with me, I hastened forward. As I came nearer, I heard a man's voice mingled with the growls of a bear; and, upon arriving at the foot of a small mound, my Indian's voice, apostrophizing death, became distinctly audible. "Come, Death!" said he, in a contemptuous tone: "you have got me at last; but the Indian does not fear you!" A loud angry growl from the bear, as he saw me rushing up the hill, stopped him; and the unfortunate man turned his eyes upon me with an imploring look. He was lying on his back, while the bear (a black one) stood over him, holding one of his arms in its mouth. In rushing up the mound, I unfortunately stumbled, and filled my pistol with snow; so that, when the bear left the Indian, and rushed towards me, it missed fire, and I had only left me the poor, almost hopeless chance, of stunning the savage animal with a blow of the but-end. Just as he was rearing on his hind-legs, my eye fell upon the Indian's axe, which fortunately lay at my feet; and seizing it, I brought it down with all my strength on the bear's head, just at the moment that he fell upon me, and we rolled down the hill together. Upon recovering myself, I found that the blow of the axe had killed him instantly, and that I was uninjured. Not so the Indian: the whole calf of his left leg was bitten off, and his body lacerated dreadfully in various places. He was quite sensible, however, though very faint, and spoke to me when I stooped to examine his wounds. In a short time I had them tied up; and placing him on the sledge, with part of the bear's carcass, which I intended to dine upon, we returned immediately to the fort. The poor Indian got better slowly, but he never recovered the perfect use of his leg, and now hobbles about the fort, cutting firewood, or paddling about the lake in search of ducks and geese in his bark-canoe.—*Ballantyne's "Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America."*

POETRY.

FAREWELL.

"The last words he was heard to articulate were, 'Farewell.'"—*Death of Wesley, "Family Visiter,"* 1848, p. 95.

"FAREWELL," last words of Wesley's pleasing voice;
Then silence sat on that late ready tongue,
Which through long life made multitudes rejoice,
And with its saving truths hills, vales, had rung.

"Farewell," breathed forth the fervent man of love;
Last words to those around his dying bed:
That farewell said, "I go to saints above,
The kindred spirits of the happy dead."

"Farewell," beloved brother in the Lord,*
The kind companion of my lengthen'd days;
The witness of that pure, that faithful word
I have proclaim'd to my Redeemer's praise.

"Farewell," esteemed, weeping, faithful friends;
Commending now my spirit to its God:
For you my dying prayer to heaven ascends,
That you with Him may have your blest abode.

"Farewell," last words of Pastor's heart sincere,
Glowing in death with fervent, purest flame,
To those whose welfare was to him more dear
Than richest wealth, and highly-valued fame.

"Farewell," loved people of my anxious care;
My hope, my glory, and my crowning joy;
May you the Saviour's choicest blessings share,
And to his praise your lives, your gifts employ.

Long may you be a blessing, and be blest
With fruits of grace, pure love, and constant peace:
Your living faith, by holy works attest,
And daily to the end of time increase.

"Farewell," he softly said, and spoke no more,
But rested from his long, delightful toil;

* Rev. Joseph Bradford.

Expired to live, and evermore adore,
Beneath his Master's bright rewarding smile.

On bended knees, they caught the parting sound,
And hallow'd with their tears that last "farewell;"
And joy'd that he triumphant entrance found,
For ever with his loved Lord to dwell.

Manchester. N.

THE DEPARTED ONE.

Speak to us: thou art laid
So calmly out to slumber, we might deem
Thee smiling in some bright and happy dream:
Why didst thou fade
With youth and joyance on thy radiant brow?
Fair spirit, art thou blest and happy now?

The earth was bright to thee;
Thou look'dst upon its sunshine and its flowers,
And gather'dst gladness for the weary hours:
Life's mystery
Of joy and sorrow it was thine to know;
What heart that speaketh not of bliss and woe?

A woman's soul was thine,
And woman's nature on thy brow was seal'd;
And depths within thy spirit e'er reveal'd,
As a pure shrine,
The countless treasures of affection's might,
And changeless truth, unscathed by earthly blight.

Still flinging a sweet spell
O'er the blest sanctuary of hearth and home,
As a rich sunbeam on the ocean foam,
So didst thou dwell,
Amid thy cherish'd, a fair form of light;
Beloved and loving as an angel bright.

And happy thou to fling
O'er *one* dim pathway gleams of holy peace!
'Mid the deep shadows of earth's wilderness,
Of joy to sing!
Count it rich blessedness *one* heart to cheer,
In life's wild warfare and temptation drear.

Thou restest now: the rush,
The strife of being, are for ever past;
And, calmly shelter'd from the fearful blast,
Thy joyous gush
Of holy rapture and adoring love,
Ascendeth still to Him who reigns above.

Farewell, farewell! thy voice
From earth hath parted, and its music deep
Hath mingled with the lays that melt and steep
In rapturous joys
"Seraphic legions." Be it ours to dwell
E'er with thee on that shore: Farewell, farewell!

Adeline.

JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

(*Imitated from the French of Chateaubriand.*)

Nipp'd in the pride of virgin bloom,
The maiden sleeps in yonder tomb;
And wither'd is that beauteous flower,
That open'd to the vernal shower.
Ah, sweetest rose! ah, peerless maid!
No more ye deck the sylvan shade!

In vain the sun imparts his beams
To lure them back to life's bright dreams;
In vain the zephyrs round them play,
To call them from their bed of clay:
Cold is the maid that sweetly grew,
And crush'd the flower that sipp'd the dew.

Fair Adeline! thy aged sire,
All joyless, tunes his mournful lyre;
And, bending o'er thy hallow'd tomb,
Bewails his daughter's early doom.
Alas! nor tears, nor griefs exprest,
Can move his darling's clay-cold breast!

J. T. Barr.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL SATTERLEY.

Samuel Satterley was born at Teignmouth, Devon, in the year 1829. His mother feared the Lord above many, and, anxious that her boy should be trained in the good and the right way, she sent him, at the age of five years, to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, for which excellent institution he formed a strong attachment, which manifested itself to the end of his brief career, in his attention to its duties, respect for its officers, and devotedness to its interests. Young Samuel always observed a stricter morality than most of his school-fellows, and his mother observes, "He would never tell a falsehood." But notwithstanding his very excellent moral conduct, he lived until his fifteenth year in a state of alienation and guilt, and a stranger to that regenerating work of the Holy Spirit by which alone we are rendered acceptable to God. "Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." (1 Sam. iii. 7.) It pleased God to call Samuel to a sense of his danger, at a love-feast held in the spring of 1844, in the Wesleyan chapel of his native town, when several young persons, being awakened, approached as penitents the communion-rail, to be directed to "the Lamb of God;" among whom was Samuel. For

nearly three weeks he sought the Lord with "strong tears and cries," frequently retiring to the sea-side, and selecting an unfrequented cove; there, amid the thunder of the wind and waves, he supplicated mercy. In a letter to a friend he gives an interesting account of his conversion to God, which we transcribe verbatim:—

"DEAR JOHN,

"I WRITE you this letter to inform you what great things the Lord has done for my soul: He has brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light, from the power of the evil one unto God. I think it was on the 17th of March that I was led to think deeply of my soul's salvation. Ofttimes before that I had strong convictions of my sins, but as often as the Spirit strove with me, so often I resisted it: but on the night of the day above-mentioned, we had a love-feast at our chapel; several were pricked to the heart, and were desirous to know what they must do to be saved; and when I saw others weeping, it had such an effect upon me, that I could not resist the Spirit any longer. I laboured under powerful convictions for more than a fortnight, and on the Thursday morning before Good-Friday, about six o'clock, I found peace with God. I was reading a little book, and I came to these words,—

'My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!'

These words I could then say by heartfelt experience, and I can still say them. The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. Amen.

"S. SATTERLEY."

Samuel's conversion to God was visible in his countenance, and demonstrated in his subsequent conduct. From this time he became a steady and consistent member of the Wesleyan society, saving his pocket-money to pay the usual weekly and quarterly sums required by the Rules. He also became a subscriber to the Mission cause, and agreed with his mother to abstain from butter, for a stipulated sum, for this purpose. He would very often visit the sick chamber, and read and pray by the side of the sons and daughters of distress; a remarkable fact in a youth of fifteen. He was admitted a Teacher in the school he loved so much, and was, as a Tutor, a pattern of diligence and sobriety worthy the imitation of many above his years; at the same time he paid unbroken attention to the work of grace in his own heart: his Bible and his closet were his daily companions; while once a week, early in the morning, he met with others at a friend's house to pray for the blessing of entire sanctification. Thus Samuel became a favourite with all who knew him, and hopes were entertained that he would become eminently useful in the church of Christ. But these fond hopes were to be disappointed. He whose ways are not as our ways, and whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, had determined that this lovely plant should not long be exposed to the blasts of the church below, but that it should be removed to the more genial soil and atmosphere of the church above. Only a few short months had elapsed since Samuel's conversion to God, before he took cold, which induced inflammation of the chest, and the means employed to arrest the disease in its career proved abortive. During his days of affliction, which were few in number, he manifested the most exemplary patience and resignation: when reminded of the sufferings of Christ, he was deeply affected; and on being asked whether he should like to recover, he said, "I am desirous that my will should be swallowed up in the will of God." His Bible was his constant companion in affliction, and when not using it, he kept it under his pillow; but the day before he died his eyes became dim, and he could no longer read the precious volume. On two occasions he invited his friends to hold a prayer-meeting by his bedside, which he appeared to enjoy much. On Friday morning, December 13th, 1844, just before he died, "Now," said he, "I am passing through the valley and shadow of death, but my trust is in Jesus." His poor mother asked if he felt Jesus precious; when, as if recurring to his conversion, he exclaimed,

"My Jesus is mine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!"

And after exhorting his mother to Christian perseverance, he died triumphantly, shouting "Victory! victory!" On the following Monday his corpse was interred in the Wesleyan cemetery, and many persons attended to shed a tear over Samuel's grave. May all who read this paper follow the example of this pious youth.

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes:
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

E. SHELTON.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

SHOREHAM.

AMONG the obscure localities which have been brought into notice by becoming the scene of some good or great man's labours, few have obtained greater notoriety or interest than the village where the venerable

Vincent Perronet exercised his faithful ministry during the greater portion of the career of the Wesleys.

More than one hundred years ago the Rev. John Wesley accompanied Mr. Piers to the lovely village of Shoreham, in the county of Kent, by whom he was introduced to the Vicar for the first time: the interview was so agreeable, that Wesley wrote, "I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever for the acquaintance begun this day."

This expectation was realized in a most delightful manner, by an intimate friendship and intercourse up to the period of Mr. Perronet's death, which took place on Monday, the 9th of May, 1785. This mournful event is thus noticed by Mr. Wesley:—"On this day, May 7th, that venerable saint, Mr. Perronet, desired his grandaughter, Miss Briggs, who attended him day and night, to go out into the garden, and take a little air. He was reading, and hearing her read, the three last chapters of Isaiah. When she returned, he was in a kind of ecstasy; the tears running down his cheeks from a deep sense of the glorious things which were shortly to come to pass. He continued unspeakably happy that day; and on Sunday was, if possible, happier still. And, indeed, heaven seemed to be, as it were, opened to all that were round about him. When he was in bed, she went into his room to see if anything was wanting; and as she stood at the feet of the bed, he smiled, and broke out, 'God bless thee, my dear child, and all that belong to thee! Yea, he will bless thee!' which he earnestly repeated many times, till she left the room. When she went in, the next morning, Monday, the 9th, his spirit was returned to God.

"So ended the holy and happy life of Mr. Vincent Perronet, in the ninety-second year of his age. I follow hard after him in years, being now in the eighty-second year of my age. O that I may follow him in holiness; and that my last end may be like his!"

With feelings of interest, pardonable in an admirer of Wesley and Perronet, I made arrangements for visiting Shoreham, along with a young friend, early in November. One of the thick fogs for which this month is famed, having covered the face of the country all the morning, we hailed the first beams of the sun as he approached the zenith. Gradually the mist died away, bringing into view the rich colouring of the autumnal foliage of the landscape.

By three o'clock we were on our way from Sevenoaks, the sun shone with a reddish golden hue in a cloudless sky. As we drove along, the aspect of the country increased in interest. The far-spreading hills and dales, beautifully variegated with fields and woods, dotted over with farmsteads, noblemen's seats, villages, and hamlets, excited our admiration. The newly-ploughed fields presented a lovely contrast with those covered with stubble or rich green verdure; while magnificent oak, elm, beech, ash, walnut, lime, plane, and fir-trees, mingled with a variety of shrubbery of every tint, gave an air of mild enchantment to the scene.

Having passed through Otford, leaving the holy well of Thomas à Becket on the right, we wound round a hill which brought us to the lovely village that had so often attracted the founder of Methodism. The first object that drew our attention was the church, in which he had frequently preached the glad tidings of salvation to those whose dust lies slumbering around its walls. As the sun was sinking in the west, we employed the last hour of daylight in sketching the venerable building, and reading the memorials of the departed, engraven on the tombstones, among which we found two of the Perronet family, bearing the following inscriptions:—

"Here lies the body of Mr. Vincent Perronet, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of this parish, and of Mrs. Charity Perronet, his wife. He was a youth endued with every divine grace, with the most fervent devotion toward God, and the most sincere affection for the souls of mankind. He breathed out his pious soul into the hands of his dear Redeemer, on the 7th day of May, 1746, in the twenty-second year of his age.

"Reader, if thou wouldst be as happy as he is, take care that thou art the same devout Christian which he was."

On the next stone to this,—"Here lies the body of Vincent Perronet Briggs, son of Mr. William Briggs, of London, gentleman, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of this parish. This infant died April 8th, 1757, aged two years."

The Clerk of the church being at a distance, we could not get inside to see the stone of the venerable Perronet, who lies buried within the walls.

This interesting place of worship is a fair specimen of an English country church of former days. Towards the west is a square tower, having the main entrance, a clock, and one window in front, and three windows on either side, leading to the centre aisle, having a parallel one on each side. On the south side is a porch, of rustic construction, which admits the worshippers to the centre of the building. The roof is covered with ivy, as also the gable and sides, which gives the whole an air of freshness and rural simplicity deeply interesting.

On the north is an aged yew-tree, bearing evident marks of having braved the winter winds and summer heats of many by-gone years: though the grave-stones are not so numerous as in some country churchyards, the ground is covered with hillocks, which impress the spectator with the thought that this spot is thickly tenanted with the slumbering dead. The vicarage, in which

the Shoreham family spent so many useful, holy, and happy years, stands on the south side, separated from the churchyard by a fence; it bears evidence of having undergone modern improvements, and has, so far, lost its identity with the domicile as it appeared one hundred years ago.

The shadows of evening having overtaken us before our churchyard inquiries were finished, we procured a lantern, by the help of which we obtained all the information we could.

A good Methodist led us to his cottage, to see the late Vicar's BEST dining-table. It is made of plain deal, four feet six inches in length, by two feet four inches in breadth on the top, having one leaf of about the same dimensions,—the other has been lost: the legs are twisted, and one of them turns out at each side to support the leaf: a shallow drawer at each end makes up this useful article of furniture; which, in these days of refinement, would scarcely obtain house-room in the kitchen of an ordinary tradesman. Around this table how many devoted, wise, and holy friends have sat engaged in conversation about heavenly things! Who can refrain from wishing that we had their "table-talk," in the form of a neat octavo? Would it not be worth its weight in gold to the lovers and followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises?

At seven o'clock we joined in the worship of God, in the Wesleyan chapel, with a goodly company of country people, who appeared to inherit the devotional spirit of their former venerable Vicar.

After the service was over, we were shown the identical desk at which Perronet, the Wesleys, and other good Ministers of Jesus Christ, used to minister the word of life to those who repaired to the vicarage. The foot-board is three feet square, and about six inches high, to which the sides and front are fixed, inclining forward about a foot at the top; the book-board is of elm, the front, sides, and foot-board of deal; its simplicity is in keeping with the table, and quite in character with the holy, self-denying men, who used to pour out, in strains of heavenly eloquence, the doctrine of Christ crucified, for the instruction and salvation of their favoured hearers. Somewhat disappointed at not being able to get a sight of the lovely village; we drove home through a dense white fog, wishing it had been clear sunshine, to enable us to gaze once more on one of the loveliest landscapes of the loveliest county in England!—On a subsequent visit, we were favoured with a sight of the interior.

SHOREHAM CHURCH.

On passing through the ivy-mantled porch, the first object that arrests the eye is the baptismal font, in the centre of a large square pew, near the door. It is formed of stone, plain, massive, and rough. In a direct line beyond, on the north side, against the wall, near the centre, is the pulpit; on the left of which, above the platform of the pulpit-steps, is the family tablet of the venerated Perronet: the centre-piece is of white marble, bearing the inscription, which is surmounted by a tapering slab of grey, forming the ground, on which are two cherubs and some drapery, in white, while under the tablet there is a base of black and yellow marble; the whole is surrounded by

a broad border of black paint, after the manner of country church monuments. On the tablet are the following mementos:—

"Near this place are deposited the remains of Mrs. Charity Perronet, late Wife of the Rev. Mr. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of this parish. She was the daughter of Thomas Goodhew, of London, Esq., and of Mrs. Margaret Goodhew, his wife. Her soul was translated out of this vale of sorrow and suffering February 5th, 1763, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. The all-wise God, for reasons infinitely wise, had long held her in the furnace of spiritual affliction, where she deeply mourned the want of Christ. But after the Lord had tried his dear servant, even as gold is tried, and had humbled her to the very dust, he then exalted her to that kingdom of bliss and glory, where all tears are for ever wiped from her eyes. Reader, if thou thus mourn, thou also shalt be comforted."

"Near this place, also, are interred the remains of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, fifty-seven years Vicar of this parish. Obiit May 9th, 1785, Æt. ninety-one. Be ye followers of him as he was of Christ."

The interior of the church is quite plain; the double roof is supported by arches resting on five pillars, running east and west. The old oak rafters and beams of the roof contrast well with the rough whitewashed plaster of the ceiling and walls. Six plain Gothic windows throw a sober light through the building, the walls of which are, to a considerable extent, covered with monumental tablets and escutcheons of the principal families of the parish: among which are the Borretts, the Mildmays, and the Gregorys. The family vault of the Borretts is a recess on the north side of the pulpit. Some pieces of the statuary are well executed. Beyond the eastern gallery is the communion, which is perfectly free from Popish appendages. The western gallery is appropriated to the choir, and the Sunday-school children; while the body of the church is divided into large family-pews.

Over the whole interior there is an air of sacred, solemn calmness. The fact that the voice of the venerable Perronet was heard within these walls for more than half a century, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and that the Wesleys also often occupied the pulpit, gives it a peculiar interest to the visiter who is acquainted with the history of those great and good men, whose associated labours were crowned with a degree of success unsurpassed since the apostolic age.

PETER SAMUEL.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

THERE is a race of hereditary robbers and murderers in India, known by the name of Thugs. These monsters in human shape have been reformed and civilized under the influence of the Gospel and the labours of Christian men, and may yet be the light of the eastern world. So powerful is divine grace. Their horrible profession and depravity are strikingly illustrated by the following anecdote related by Lieut.-Col. Sleeman, a British officer in India:—

A native commissioned officer of a regiment of native infantry one day told me, (says the Lieut.-Colonel,) that while he was on duty over some Thugs at Lucknow, one of them related, with great seeming pleasure, the following case, which seemed to him one of the most remarkable that he had heard them speak of during the time they were under his charge. A stout Mogul officer, of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjaub to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmuktesur Ghat, near Meeruth, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkey horse, and attended by his *khidmutgar* (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river, he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men, going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he met the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same manner, talked of the danger of the road, the necessity of their keeping together, and taking the advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted; his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bade them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening, another party, that lodged in the same *surae*, became very intimate with the

butler and groom. They were going the same road; and as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends the groom and butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bade the strangers be off. The groom and butler interceded; for their master was a grave, sedate man, and he wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day when they had got to the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had fallen under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran: would his Highness but perform this last office for them, he would no doubt find his reward in this world and the next. The Mogul dismounted; the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread; the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body; called for water, and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down, and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces, to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low under-tone, gave the *shirnee*; (signal;) the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldehee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of winning the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels they knew he carried with him, they had adopted this plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle, as is usually the case with such; and his two servants made no resistance.—*Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections of India."*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. COKE TO THE REV. CHARLES ATMORE.

Off Madeira, Jan. 24th, 1814.

My dear Friend,

As the ships are sending their boats to land, I venture to risk a very short letter to you. You will, of course, if it reach you, be so kind as to excuse its shortness, and the haste in which it is written. All is well. I was a little apprehensive (and but a little) that I should find so long a voyage, at my advanced years, tedious, and thereby find my body and also my mind oppressed; but, blessed be God, it is quite the contrary. I am quite at home. Perhaps the vile, glorious drudgery in which I was constantly engaged in England, might help to produce these feelings. We are now in the wilderness, on the great ocean. Our soil is barren now; but I hope I shall be able to send you good news from the eastern world. How light you have made my heart, (all of you,) by entering so fully into the Missionary spirit! Please to give my love to all the members of your District Committee, (to whom I write through you,) and more particularly to Mrs. Atmore, Mr. Vasey, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Yewdall, and to my most obliging friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth, and their family.

I am, my dear friend,
Yours very affectionately and faithfully,
T. Coke.

P. S. O, remember Sierra-Leone! The words of the Governor, in his pleasing letter to me, were, "From the growing state of the population of the colony, and from the security to their (that is, Missionary) endeavours, I conceive it to be the situation of all others in Africa, the best adapted for disseminating the principles of useful knowledge, and spreading abroad the excellent precepts and heavenly doctrines of the Christian religion.

"In such a laudable work, I shall feel pleasure in co-operating with the views of your Society, in whatever mode they may point out.

"Charles W. Maxwell."

SHEEP OF THE EAST.

The Israelites and their patriarchal fathers had large possessions of sheep; and the allusions to sheep, to flocks, to shepherds, and to sheep-keeping, are frequent throughout the sacred books. There are two varieties of sheep in Syria. The first, called the "Bedouin sheep," differs not much from the large breed in Britain, except that the tail is somewhat longer and thicker, and the ears rather larger. They derive their name from the circumstance that the flocks of the Bedouins are composed of this species. The other species is very common in Syria, and on account of its extraordinary tail has been much noticed by nearly all travellers in the East. The carcass of one of these sheep, without including the head, feet, entrails, and skin, generally weighs from fifty to sixty pounds, of which the tail makes up fifteen pounds; but some of the largest breed, that have been fattened with care, will sometimes weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, the tail alone composing a third of the whole weight. This tail, a broad and flattish appendage, has the appearance of a large and loose mass of flesh or fat upon the rump, and about the root of the tail; and from the odd motion it receives when the animal walks, one would suppose it was connected to the animal's body only by the skin with which it is covered. This skin is usually invested with thick wool on the upper surface of the tail. In the Egyptian variety this tail is pendulous and broad throughout; but in the Syrian variety the tail narrows almost to a point towards the end, and the extremity is turned up. This is a great convenience to the animal. The sheep of the extraordinary size mentioned before, are very rare, and usually kept in yards, so that they are in little danger of injuring the tail as they walk. But in the fields, in order to prevent injury from the bushes, the shepherds, in several places of Syria, fix a thin piece of board on the under part, (which is not, like the rest, covered with wool,) and to this board small wheels are sometimes added. From this, by the help of a little exaggeration, we have the story of the oriental sheep being under the necessity of having carts to carry their tails. This could never be necessary in Syria, where, from the manner in which the extremity of the tail is tucked up, no enlargement of size could make it trail on the ground. The African sheep do not enjoy this advantage; and with respect to them it may not be equally necessary to dispute the story told by Herodotus, Ludolph, and others. The tail is entirely composed of a substance between marrow and fat, serving very often in the kitchen in the place of butter, and, cut into

small pieces, makes an ingredient in various dishes. When the animal is young, it is little inferior to the best marrow. The only allusion to this appendage which we can discover in the Scriptures is in that which names the "fat of the tail," or the "fat-tail," as one of the parts of sacrificial victims which was to be consumed upon the altar. The mutton is fat and well-flavoured throughout the year, except for a few weeks in the spring; and the want is then supplied by excellent lamb.

Rauwolf states that the sheep brought from the mountains to Jerusalem are allowed to feed for some time on the fragrant, delicate, and wholesome herbage which the neighbourhood affords; and that the mutton of that city has, in consequence, a peculiarly pleasant flavour. Among the Arabs, and, from them, in the towns, there is a way of preserving mutton, by boiling and potting it in large earthen jars, covered up with its own tallow or dripping, which is poured in a boiling state upon the meat as it lies in the jar.—*Pictorial Palestine.*

TABLE-TALK.

BARBARIAN LOVE OF DRESS.

A YOUNG Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough-going beau in the world. Broadway and Bond-street furnish no subjects that will spend as much time, or endure as much crimpling and confinement, to appear in full dress. We think that we have observed such a character constantly employed with his paints and his pocket-glass, for three full hours, laying on his paints, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, with visible satisfaction, from time to time, the progress of his attraction. The Chief and warriors in full dress, have one, two, or three clasps of silver about their arms, and generally jewels in their ears. Painted porcupine-quills are twined in their hair. Tails of animals hang from the head behind, or from the point where they were originally appended to the animals. A necklace of beads, or alligators' teeth, or claws of the bald eagle, or common red beads, or, wanting these, a kind of rosary of red thorns, hangs about the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that tinkle as the person walks. If to all this, he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat, of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt, he steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers a simultaneous noise, and apparently considering his appearance with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. —*Flint.*

TAHITIAN CHRISTIANITY.

BEFORE we laid ourselves down to sleep the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence, and without the fear of ridicule or any ostentation of piety. At our meals neither of the men would taste any food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the Missionary are fixed on him should have slept with us that night on the mountain-side. Before morning it rained very heavily, but the good thatch of banana-leaves kept us dry. At daylight, my friends, after their morning prayer, prepared an excellent breakfast in the same manner as in the evening.—*Darwin's Researches.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WE MUST HAVE PIOUS TEACHERS.

FROM the Report of the North London Auxiliary, it appears, that in several of the schools all the Teachers are church-members, with the exception of *one* or *two*. On what ground is this exception made? Why is a great principle to be marred by a unit? So long as the impression exists, that the functions of a Sunday-school Teacher may be discharged by those who have made no open profession of faith in Christ, so long will the church fail duly to estimate the solemn and momentous character of the work. We feel that much of the complaint made against both Ministers and churches, for not taking a sufficiently deep interest in Sunday-schools, is levelled at the wrong parties, and that the blame is attributable to the Committees of the schools. If the latter refused to receive as Teachers any except men and women of known decided piety, and possessing, at least, mediocrity of talent, the former would be compelled to entertain far more elevated conceptions of the institution than now prevail. We fully admit that the intro-

duction of the rule might oe productive of a temporary inconvenience; but our conviction of its necessity, and our faith in the divine blessing, resting upon an object so immediately directed to the glory of God, assure us that it would be but temporary. Better, far better, to diminish the number of classes by one or two, than to introduce agency which we have no promise on the part of God to bless. The Spirit, by whose power alone the heart can be renovated, is emphatically denominated the "Holy" Spirit; He dwells in none but renewed souls; the channels through which his graces flow are sanctified channels; and never can we expect to witness a large measure of his converting influence in our schools until we mould them according to his will. With exceptions to his ordinary rule we have nothing to do. Because He occasionally appears to deviate from his usual mode of operation, we are not therefore justified in arguing upon it as though it were a general principle always to be observed. It would be just as rational to contend that because God sometimes overrules the fracture of a man's leg for the purpose of arresting attention to His truth, and which issues in the conversion of the soul, therefore we ought to break the leg of every unconverted man, with a view to his salvation, as to infer that because He sometimes permits an unconverted Teacher to be the instrument of awakening serious concern in the heart of a child, therefore unconverted Teachers have his sanction for the labours in which they are occupied.

On examining the statistics contained in the Report which has led to these remarks, we find that out of the one hundred and twenty-three scholars admitted into church-communion, twenty-five—a fraction more than one-fifth—are from ONE school. True there is in connexion with this school another, from which the return is *nil*; but the second is only preparatory to the first, the fruit therefore is gathered in it; still, for the two schools we have twenty-five. Why cannot all schools be raised to the same state of efficiency? We have strong confidence in the union subsisting between means and ends; and if the means adopted in those schools were employed in all, we have no doubt that returns equally cheering would be the result. We should then have had presented in this Auxiliary alone, about one thousand additions to the churches, arising from twelve months' Sunday-school instruction. What would be the light in which this would be regarded! Churches would then *feel* the importance of Sunday-schools, and both the agency and pecuniary means necessary to sustain them be promptly and vigorously afforded.—*Sunday-School Magazine.*

ANECDOTES.

THE LATE MRS. E. FRY, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

WITH Miss Garrett she visited the Penitentiary at Portsea. While they went over the house, the unfortunate inmates were assembled in the parlour, where they were all standing, when Mrs. Fry, and the party with her, returned to the room. This lady describes Mrs. Fry as "sitting down, laying her bonnet on the table, and making some inquiries as to the arrangements of the place, and the conduct of the young women there." Two were pointed out to her as being peculiarly refractory and hardened: without noticing this, she addressed some words of exhortation and advice to all; and when she arose to go away, she went up to these two, and, extending her hand to each of them, said, in a tone and manner quite indescribable, but so touching,—"I trust I shall hear better things of thee." The hearts that had been proof against the words of reproach and exhortation, softened at the language of hope and kindness, and both burst into tears.

[Mrs. Fry was superior to the folly of weak nerves and delicate sensibilities. In the discharge of the Samaritan's duties she could compel herself to view and dress wounds;—]

On the road, they saw a man lying apparently at the point of death. Mrs. Fry immediately went to him, desiring her daughter to open her dressing-case, and bring a phial of brandy, which, from her frequent attendance in sickness, she had learned always to have in readiness.

She knelt down by the poor man, whose head she found dreadfully torn: she carefully replaced the scalp, which was lying back, tied it down with her pocket-handkerchief; then gave him brandy, and he began to revive. After a time a cart came by, into which she had him lifted, and carefully conveyed to the next village. He had been driving a powerful team of horses; they ran away, and the wagon-wheel went over his head. He died in Norwich hospital, after lingering some weeks, and apparently ready for that solemn change.—*From her Memoirs, Journal, and Letters.*

HISTORIC SPORTSMAN AND PROFESSOR.—RARE SHOT.

ONCE, when he (Sir Fowell Buxton) was staying with Mr. Coke at Holkham, a well-

known Professor was also one of the visiters. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting party: care, however, was taken to place him at a corner of the covert, where it was thought the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him, "Well, what sport? You have been firing pretty often." "Hush!" said the Professor, "there it goes again;" and he was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been set to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters, dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the Professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. "But," said Mr. Buxton, "the man had never discovered that the Professor was shooting at him."—*Memoirs of Sir F. Buxton.*

A SENSITIVE LADY.

A YOUNG lady, endowed with the most delicate nerves, mentioned, one evening, to a few friends assembled in her drawing-room, that she had a horror of the rose. "The perfume of this flower," said she, "gives me the vertigo." The conversation was interrupted by the visit of a fair friend, who wore a rosebud in her head-dress. Our fair heroine turned pale directly, tossed her arms, and fell gracefully in a *syncope* upon the ottoman. "What a strange nervous susceptibility! What a delicate and impressible organization!" cried the spectators. "For mercy's sake, madam, go away! Don't you see that you have caused this spasm?" "I?" replied the astonished lady. "Yes, of course: it is the perfume of the rosebud in your hair." "Really, if it is so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower; but judge before you sentence." The flower, detached from the head-dress, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators; but their solicitude soon gave way to a different emotion. *The fatal rosebud was an artificial one.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., DIED OCT. 26TH, 1751.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, an eminent Dissenting Divine, was the grandson of the Nonconforming Rector of Shepperton, in Middlesex, and was born in London, June 26th, 1702. He received his earlier education in the metropolis, whence, in his thirteenth year, he was removed to a private school at St. Alban's, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Samuel Clarke, the Dissenting Minister of the place, who, moved by the consideration of his love of learning, and the slenderness of his means, (for he had been left an orphan at the age of thirteen,) placed him, in October, 1719, under the tuition of Mr. John Jennings, who kept an academy for the education of Nonconformist Ministers, at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, where, in 1722, he became a Preacher. In 1725 he removed to Market-Harborough, and in 1727 became assistant to the Dissenting Minister there, preaching alternately at Kibworth and Market-Harborough. When his tutor, Mr. Jennings, died, Doddridge was considered as a young man well qualified to fill his situation in the academy, and the Dissenters now earnestly solicited him to undertake the office. This he accordingly did, and opened his academy at Midsummer, 1729, at Market-Harborough, whence he removed in December to Northampton, and in March in the following year he was ordained, according to the mode usually practised among Dissenters.

Over the Theological Academy at Northampton, Doddridge presided for twenty years, during which he acquired high reputation as a Preacher, a tutor, and an author. The most popular of his works is the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;" and the most useful is his "Family Expositor," in 6 vols. 4to.; which has been often reprinted in 6 vols. 8vo. His "Course of Lectures," published after his death, by Mr. Samuel Clarke, 1763, 4to., is also a work of great utility, and was re-published in 1794, 2 vols. 8vo., by Dr. Kippis, with extensive and valuable improvements. To Doddridge, also, the Dissenters owe some of the best hymns which are sung by them in their public services.

In 1750, his constitution, always feeble, began to exhibit symptoms that alarmed his friends, who earnestly urged him to remit his assiduous application.

At length he was obliged to submit, and to withdraw from all public services to the house of his friend, Mr. Orton, at Shrewsbury. But as his disorder gained ground, his medical friends recommended him to make trial of the Bristol waters; from which, however, he derived little benefit. He was now advised to pass the winter in a warmer climate; and, at length, he was prevailed upon to go to Lisbon, where he died, on the 26th of October, 1751, the thirteenth day after his arrival.

His remains were deposited in the burying-ground belonging to the British Factory in

Lisbon; and his congregation erected in his meeting-house a handsome monument to his memory, on which is an inscription drawn up by his friend, Gilbert West, Esq.

He left four children, one son and three daughters; and his widow survived him more than forty years. His character, for amiability, benevolence, and piety, stands high among the Dissenters. As a Preacher he was much esteemed, and very popular; but his biographers have had some difficulty in vindicating him from the charge of accommodating his discourses to congregations of different sentiments.

One of his descendants published, in 1829-31, a collection of his correspondence and private papers, 5 vols., 8vo.—*Rose's Biographical Dictionary.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Mr. Edward,	Hampton-Cottage,	Plymouth,	70	April 27th, 1848.
Baker, Mr. George,		Faversham,	78	May 4th, 1848.
Benney, Henry,		Marazion,	44	June 10th, 1847.
Blackburn, Mr., sen.,		Coningsby,	84	April 12th, 1848.
Booth, William,	Northowram,	Halifax,	60	April 18th, 1848.
Boast, Miss Ann,	Trinity-square,	Fourth London,	18	April 21st, 1848.
Britton, Mrs., sen.,	Hanham,	Kingswood,	67	Feb. 11th, 1848.
Burgess, Mrs.,		Launceston,	81	May 3d, 1848.
Capel, Mrs.,		Bristol, North,	61	April 21st, 1848.
Chapman, Mrs.,	Trumra,	Moira,	59	Jan. 17th, 1848.
Cole, Mr. William,	Keston,	Croydon,	70	Jan. 30th, 1848.
Cook, Mrs. S.,	Tenby,	Pembroke,	64	May 9th, 1848.
Dale, Mrs.,		Whitchurch,	36	Mar. 24th, 1848.
Dyer, Mr. John,	Brayford,	South-Moulton,	66	May 27th, 1848.
Eddy, Mr. Andrew,		Marazion,	69	Jan. 2d, 1848.
Farley, Mrs.,		Erris-Mission,	45	March 2d, 1848.
Forster, Margaret,	Holly-Bush,	Durham,	78	May 14th, 1848.
Franklin, Mrs.,	Rushden,	Higham-Ferrers,	51	Feb. 13th, 1848.
Gardner, Mr. Samuel,	Lesbury,	Alnwick,	82	April 10th, 1848.
Gunne, Martha,		Roscrea,		Oct. 7th, 1847.
Hatchard, Mr. John,	Wimborne,	Poole,	69	May 12th, 1848.
Hickson, Miss,		Glossop,	25	April 26th, 1848.
Jackson, John,		Thirsk,	68	April 14th, 1848.
Lambe, William, Esq.,	Aubourn-Hall,	Lincoln,	48	April 14th, 1848.
Millington, Mrs.,	Summer-Hill,	Dudley,	81	May 10th, 1848.
Millington, Mr. T.,	Guisborough,	Stokesley,	44	April 14th, 1848.
Neall, Elizabeth,		Marazion,	73	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Neale, Samuel,	Pytchley,	Kettering,	71	Sept. 28th, 1847.
Newey, Mr. James,	Wheeler-street,	Birmingham,	80	April 20th, 1848.
Newman, Mrs.,	Globe-road,	Third London,	73	April 29th, 1848.
Nichols, Mrs. Frances,	Crewshole,	Kingswood,	52	March 8th, 1848.
North, Mrs.,	Albion-place,	Fourth Leeds,	64	Sept. 3d, 1847.
Oakley, Elizabeth,		Kettering,	44	Feb. 26th, 1848.
Ogle, Mr. John B.,		Bolton,	27	April 29th, 1848.
Painter, Mrs.,	Brightwaltham,	Newbury,	66	March 9th, 1848.
Pope, Mr. James, sen.,	Mitcham,	Croydon,	78	Jan. 20th, 1848.
Robinson, Mr. John,	Blackhill,	Shotley-Bridge,	34	Feb. 13th, 1848.
Russell, Mrs.,	New North-road,	First London,	48	April 20th, 1848.
Savage, Mrs.,		Whitchurch, Salop,	55	Feb. 25th, 1848.
Scott, Mr. James,		Lincoln,	62	Feb. 20th, 1848.
Scott, Mrs.,	Peterhead,	Aberdeen,	61	May 5th, 1848.
Sherwin, Mrs.,	Bantley-Hall,	Uttoxeter,	67	Feb. 8th, 1848.
Small, Ann,		Burton-on-Trent,	55	Dec. 26th, 1847.
Smith, Miss Alice,	Flaxmoss,	Haslingden,	18	Dec. 28th, 1847.
Spicer, Mr. James,	Kennington,	Fourth London,		May 13th, 1848.
Taylor, Miss Ann,	Post-Office,	Knaresbro',	30	April 27th, 1848.
Thorn, Mrs.,	East-Coker,	Sherborne,	27	March 27th, 1848.
Wareing, Martha,	Pytchley,	Kettering,	47	Nov. 8th, 1847.
White, Margaret,		Marazion,	49	May 30th, 1847.
Woranop, Mr. Jonas,	Low-Moor,	Bradford, West,	84	March 24th, 1848.
Wrigglesworth, Mr. W.,	Dry-street, Essex,	Gravesend,	56	March 25th, 1848.

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CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. IX.

A STEAM-BOAT SCENE.

A MINISTER residing in one of the flourishing ports of this "sea-girt isle," received an affectionate invitation from a distant Christian church to re-open their sanctuary of worship, which had been closed for a season for the purpose of enlargement. The place and neighbourhood from whence the request came having been the field of his early ministerial labours, he felt a pleasure in consenting to render the required assistance, that he might again visit the brethren among whom he had preached the word of the Lord, and see how they were prospering. At the approach of the appointed time, along with a young friend who was preparing for the office of the ministry, he went on board the steam-packet by which they were to be conveyed to the nearest point of the locality of his old-esteemed friends. The weather was wet and stormy; the waves of the watery flood were violently agitated, so that most of the passengers were induced to seek shelter in the cabin from the falling rain and spreading spray. It was soon manifest that the company were of a mixed character, not more varied in age and circumstances than in conduct and conversation. The females, with becoming modesty, retired from the company of the males, and formed a select circle to themselves.

The Minister, having provided himself with a new publication he was anxious to read, seated himself alone, and commenced his pleasant employment: his young friend, not being so prepared, seemed disposed to gather instruction from the profitable teaching of observation. A party, accounting themselves gentlemen, of profane speech and depraved deportment, proposed that cards should be resorted to, to while away the dull hours of the voyage. "Do you know," said one of them, addressing the Minister, who for a moment had ceased from reading, "do you know, we wished to amuse ourselves with cards yesterday on our voyage in this packet, but we had a *Parson* on board, who took possession of the table for writing, and refused to give it up unless a majority of the passengers required him to do so; but we will secure it to-day." The Parson, so called, was a co-Pastor of the Minister; a man so ardently intent on gathering and imparting useful knowledge, that the hours of detention in the steam-packet could not be uselessly spent. He had not so learned the worthlessness of time, nor the nonentity of probationary being.* Having secured the table, and procured the cards, they

* The late Rev. Richard Watson was the so-called *Parson*.

requested the young friend to join them in their unintellectual employment of scattering the spotted playthings. Ardent in his youthful sacred love, and glowing with burning zeal for his God, and hoping to overawe them by his challenge, he replied, "Yes, if you will first ask the blessing of God upon them." But they were too hardened in their wicked ways to be daunted by the proposal, and with scornful effrontery replied, "We are not disposed to do so, but have no objection for you to pray over them;" and, having placed them in order, they added, "Now, Sir, we are ready for the prayer." This unexpected profane levity abashed the young friend, and they had their ungodly triumph. The conversation during their silly employment was interlarded with expressions not to be recorded, being insulting both to man and to the Most High; yet they acknowledged the existence of a God, they also were familiar with the name of hell, and the name of that being for whom the habitation of darkness and torment was prepared. The woes of that dreadful abode became the subject of their impious mirth, and they boasted of the sport they should have there, in rolling each other over in its liquid floods of fire. This profane conversation was followed by an inquiry, "Where is such a one?" (whom they mentioned by name;) "where has he hid himself? he was the merriest of us all yesterday." The name arrested the Minister's attention: he had known one of that name, a resident in the town to which they were going; known him as an early intimate friend, a holy and happy man, a zealous, devoted member of a Christian church: and could it possibly be he? could he have so fallen, become so depraved, as to be the companion of those who were a disgrace to human nature? the very vilest of the profligate vile? Alas! it was too true, the absent one was the very person who had sunk into such depths of degradation. He had seen the Minister, and, fearing to be seen and known by him, he had hid himself in the fore-cabin; glad rather to mingle with the common sailors than meet the eye, and expose himself to the admonitions, of his once-beloved Pastor. O, cursed, hateful, blighting sin, that thus could turn the once Christian friend and happy man into one of the most depraved beings! how ruthless, how destructive are thy doings! By this time the broad waters of the deep were changed for the rapid current of the majestic river, and the shades of night had also spread their sable mantle over sea and land. The passengers were expecting a speedy arrival at their destined habitations, when a dreadful concussion filled every mind with consternation. A rush to the deck was instantly made, when it was ascertained that the packet had run foul of a ship going down the river, and had sustained considerable damage; and the alarm was given that the steamer was in danger of filling with water, and might go down. In these circumstances the Captain was found in a state of inebriety; and the crew were so confused, as at first not to know how to act. By the blow the vessel had received, she had completely veered, and was going in the wrong direction. A demand was made for the long-boat to be lowered; and orders were given for the packet to be run ashore, that a watery grave might be avoided. The females, to whom the Minister was known, clung to him in the excitement of dismay, as if he could save them; and with difficulty he released himself from their grasp. The wicked card-players were not disposed, if possible to avoid it, to realize their boasted sport in hell. Regardless of the females, they only sought their own safety by placing themselves in a position to take possession of the boat, which could receive only a small portion of those on board. And there, in the midst of appalling dismay and confusion, stood the amiable young friend, calm and quiet, not in the least moved by the apparently inevitable consequences which were likely to follow. Addressing him, the Minister inquired, "Can you swim?" the answer was,

"No, Sir." "Then," directed the Minister, "go and try to save your life in the boat. I can swim; and when I perceive the packet sinking, I shall spring into the water, and trust to the goodness of God to help me to reach the land." It was a period of solemn suspense and intense anxiety; but, through the providential kindness of God, the packet continued to float, and the shore was made. An examination of the damage received was instituted, when it was discovered that an opening of considerable magnitude had been made in the side of the packet, a few inches from the water: this was promptly covered with strong canvass, and as the tide was still rising, the vessel again floated and pursued her course. The late fear-stricken, ungodly men, once more became wickedly bold, and wished to resume their game; but one of the females, who thought their sin had occasioned the alarming visitation, had committed the cards to the disposal of the flood. A review of this scene presents to the observant mind the kind interposing providence of God, mingling mercy with admonitory dealings. Had the incident taken place when the packet was crossing the rising and receding boisterous waves, she must have rapidly filled with water, and sunk as lead into the mighty deep; and few, if any, would have escaped death; and too many were evidently unprepared for an appearance in the presence of God. But it occurred when gliding on the flowing tide, having scarcely a ripple to disturb its smoothness. The scene also shows the vast superiority of confident piety, to the profane boldness of ungodliness. The wicked can sport with danger and death, and with the most tremendous solemnities, when viewed at a distance; but let them become near and present, and they quail and tremble, having no refuge or rock to rest upon but feeble, fearful self. But the righteous prove the Lord is a strong-hold in the day of trouble; in him they repose, in him they are confident; and though in circumstances of perplexity and peril, they may feel, yet they are not afraid, possessing their soul in peace, confiding in their God. What lasting profitable influence the terrors of the scene might have on those concerned, the day will reveal; but on the absent one who hid himself from the presence of man, there is reason to fear no salutary consequences followed. He continued his downward course, and the circumstances of his death favoured not the indulgence of hope concerning his final state.* The young friend ultimately became an efficient Missionary in a foreign land, where his "flesh now rests in hope." Of him it is recorded in the annals of the Christian community to which he belonged, "He was undaunted by difficulties, bold in his reproofs of sin, and patient under insult and injury: he was zealous for the salvation of souls, and was honoured by his Master with eminent usefulness. In his last sickness he triumphed in God, and at length quietly fell asleep in Jesus." The Minister yet survives to record his ardent prayer,—

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!"

Manchester. N.

* He forms the subject of "Scripture Truth confirmed by Example," page 67 of this volume of the "Christian Miscellany."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE REV. J. BURGESS,

Formerly an Officer in the Army, afterwards a Wesleyan Minister.

From Gloucester Mr. Burgess was removed, in 1797, to Worcester. There was at Worcester a very affectionate society, among whom, for many years, Messrs. Knapp and Lee were particularly distinguished. There was also an instance of peculiar female excellence in Miss Clarke, who had long adorned the Gospel in all things. She highly valued Mr. Burgess's ministry, and admired his spirit; and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess were favoured with her intimate friendship. For humble love, Christian simplicity, and constant self-denial, she was eminent; like Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley. These excellent women being of kindred spirits, there was much mutual esteem and affection between them. Miss Clarke usually went once a year to spend a few days with Mrs. Fletcher; and on her return had many striking anecdotes to relate.

It was customary at Christmas for Mrs. Fletcher to give away garments to the poor. One day, while she and her maid Sally were busy in cutting them out, she remarked, "My dear Mr. Fletcher used to be much pleased to see us engaged in this way. I wonder whether he now takes any interest in it, or knows what we are doing." She then mentioned an old woman who lived at some distance, saying, she had not seen her for some time, and feared she was unwell; and folding up a garment, she desired Sally to inquire about her, and to take the first opportunity of sending it to her. The next morning, while they were at breakfast, they were not a little surprised to see the very person come in. She told them she had been confined some time with a bad leg, and should not have thought of attempting to walk so far, but she had dreamed in the night that Mr. Fletcher came to her, and said, "You must go to the vicarage in the morning; for my wife wishes to see you: she has been inquiring about you, and has something for you." Mrs. Fletcher considered this to be a very satisfactory proof that Mr. Fletcher did know what they were doing, and took some interest in it. (Pp. 61—63.)

Mr. Burgess's Superintendent, during the two years he spent at Worcester, was the Rev. Francis Wrigley; who, having been well acquainted with the Rev. John Wesley, used to relate many interesting anecdotes relative to that great and good man. One of these, which, perhaps, has not hitherto appeared in print, has been placed on record by Mrs. Burgess.

One day, in the course of some familiar conversation, Mr. Wesley said to Mr. Wrigley, "Brother Wrigley, if a poor person offer you any little present, always accept of it; for you may be sure he does it out of love, and you will grieve him if you refuse it. Sometimes an article of small intrinsic value may be found very useful. I will give you an instance." Mr. Wesley then proceeded to state the following particulars:—

During one of his journeys through Ireland, he preached one afternoon at a certain place; and being expected in the evening at a town several miles distant, he desired that the chaise might be ready at the door; that, as soon as the service was ended, he might set off without loss of time. As he was going out, the people crowded about him, to shake hands and bid him farewell; and just as he was stepping into the chaise, a shoemaker belonging to the society pressed forward, and put into his hand a small parcel, tied up in brown paper, saying, "It has occurred to me, Sir, that this may be of use to you on your journey." Mr. Wesley thanked him affectionately; and, not having time for any inquiry or explanation, he slipped the parcel into his pocket, and set off immediately. After some time he thought he would examine the parcel; and on opening it, he found a shoemaker's awl, with a

good strong waxed thread attached to it, just ready for executing a job of cobbling: as these things were not then wanted, he wrapped them up again, and replaced them in his pocket, smiling at the oddity of the circumstance.

It was a lonely and rugged road on which they were travelling; and when they had got about half way, after a sudden jerk, the horses stopped, and the driver alighted and stood by their side, apparently much concerned. "What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Wesley. "Matter enough!" replied the other: "one of the leather traces has snapped in two, and I do not know how we can get on." "Have you no cord, or no way of fastening it together?" "No, I have not. I don't know what to do." "If you had an awl, and some strong waxed thread, could you sew it together?" "Yes, I could; but I must go several miles to obtain them." "Not so: here they are, quite ready for you." The driver accordingly set to work, and in a short time mended the broken part, so that they were able to proceed on their way, and reached the appointed place in good time. But had it not been for the poor shoemaker's present, the congregation would probably have been disappointed, and it is hard to say when or how the evening's journey could have been accomplished. (Pp. 66—68.) D. H. A.

THE TWO FUNERALS.

It was a lovely day in the pleasant month of July, 184—: the neighbouring corn-fields were gently waving to the passing breeze, and the low murmuring of the rippling wave was heard from the adjacent beach, when the slow and solemn sound of the funeral-knell issued from the old tower of a church on the coast of Hampshire. A number of respectable persons had assembled to witness a mournful scene. The corpses of two of their fellow-beings, who had died suddenly, were about to be deposited in the "house appointed for all living." The first company which reached the churchyard gates consisted of a few sorrowing relatives who followed a coffin of diminutive size, and which contained the mortal remains of a lovely infant, about twelve months old, who was suddenly torn away from his distracted parents by a fit of apoplexy. The next scene, marching in slow military procession, was the funeral of an officer, who, a few days previously, laid violent hands upon himself, and by that rash act hurried himself unbidden into the presence of his Maker and Judge. The departed man was Adjutant in —— regiment, and had lately returned with his comrades in arms from a distant British colony. A disappointed love affair is said to have operated painfully on his mind, and to have led to the commission of the wicked deed. A few minutes before the occurrence of the fatal act, he conversed rationally with a brother officer. A report produced by some destructive weapon brought several persons to his apartment, when a frightful spectacle presented itself. It appeared that he had placed the muzzle of a loaded pistol in his mouth, and then discharged it. The awful scene may be imagined. The dying man spoke no more, but continued to breathe for half an hour, when his spirit passed into eternity.

How different were the circumstances under which these two immortal beings quitted this world! In the first case, here is a lovely infant, full of health, affording comfort and hope to his parents, taken away in a moment. But the hand of the Lord did it. He who had given, was now pleased to take; and the event was the result of wisdom and goodness. "Blessed be the name of the Lord." As to the spirit of the precious little one, it passed, through the merits of Christ's atonement, into the deathless region of heaven.

In the contemplation of the second case, the mind shudders, and dark and dismal thoughts rise in rapid succession. Here is a man in the bloom of health, and in the prime of life, who, it is said, had risen by merit from the ranks to fill the honourable post which he occupied, deliberately depriving himself of earthly existence, and rushing into the presence of a holy God, covered with suicidal blood. There is no scriptural ground for entertaining the slightest hope of his final salvation. Is the soul of this once-gallant soldier not saved? Then the determination to which we are obliged to come, is, that it is lost, for ever lost. When his body was committed to the ground, the Clergyman said, "In sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." How fearfully improper!

Reader, it is evident (1.) from the above statement, that the unhappy officer had not the fear of God before his eyes, or he would have been prevented from the perpetration of the bloody deed. Do you fear the Lord? Have you a filial dread of offending him? "Blessed is the man" that is thus "in the fear of the Lord all the day long." (2.) It is evident that Adjutant —— loved the creature more than the Creator; he loved the sinner more than he did the Saviour, "who is God over all, blessed for ever." Do you love God? do you love him above every other being in the universe? and do you give demonstration thereof by keeping his commandments? It is meet, and right, and your bounden duty, thus to love the Almighty. (3.) Are you a bereaved parent, full of grief on account of having recently had to follow a beloved infant to the silent grave? Dry up your tears. Your little one is "taken from the evil to come." Prepare, O prepare, to meet its emancipated spirit before the throne of God. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

W. W.

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER AND THE REV. C. SIMEON.

The Rev. Charles Simeon once visited Mr. Fletcher, at Madeley, and the account he gives of his visit is truly delightful. As soon as he entered his house, and told him that he was come to see him, as his journey lay that way, Mr. Fletcher took him by the hand, and brought him into the parlour, where they spent a few minutes in prayer, that a blessing might rest upon his visit. As soon as they had done prayer, Mr. Fletcher asked him if he would preach for him. After some hesitation, Mr. Simeon complied, and away they went to church. Here Mr. Fletcher took up a bell, and went through the whole village, ringing it, and telling every person he met that they must come to church, for there was a Clergyman, from Cambridge, come to preach to them.

The account which Mr. Simeon gives of his behaviour during the whole of his visit, gives one an equal idea of his goodness and zeal for the cause of God. He came to a smith's shop, in the course of one of their walks together during the period, and could not forbear entering it. And here it is astonishing how he spoke to the several persons who were labouring in it. To one of them, who was hammering upon the anvil, "O," says he, "pray to God, that he may hammer that hard heart of yours!" To another, that was heating the iron, "Ah! thus it is that God tries his children in the furnace of affliction." And so he went round, giving to every one a portion suitable to the business in which he was engaged. To another, when a furnace was drawing, "See, Thomas, if *you* can make such a furnace as that, think what a furnace God can make for ungodly souls!"

THEOLOGY.

THE TEMPORAL CLAIMS OF THE WESLEYAN MINISTRY.

A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE TIMES.

(*Concluded from page* 297.)

"Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? Say I these things as a man? or saith not the law the same also? For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."—1 Cor. ix. 7—14.

BESIDES, there is another consideration which may be mentioned here, and which is often forgotten by defaulters. Wherever a Methodist Minister is, the necessary expense of his maintenance will fall; that is, the people among whom he is stationed will have to raise a stipulated sum towards his support. Therefore, every society expects each member to bear a part of the general burden, and contribute his share of the several expenses. And he who refuses to do so, does, in fact, take so much out of the pockets of others as he compels them to pay for him. Has he any right to do that?

Then again, as to the idea of considering contributions in support of the ministry as a gratuity; the remarks we have already made will serve to show its falsity. But so do the "Rules of the Society," which every member receives on being admitted among us. It is there expressly stated, that every member is required to pay one penny a week, and a shilling quarterly, except in cases of extreme poverty. So that this is a stipulated condition of membership. Every person on entering the society, therefore, engages to bear his part of the necessary expense of the ministry; and what he gives is not a gratuity, or charitable donation, but a just and equitable payment. It is most improper to regard a Minister as dependent on alms; to speak as if he were supported by the charity of the very poor. The payments made are a just right, as much as a tradesman's bill: he has as good a claim for what he receives as the lawyer for his fee.

Thus much may be said regarding the ministry in the light of an ordinary occupation; but there is a higher consideration. The Methodist Minister, and they who employ or attend his ministry, believe that he has been called and set apart for this work and office by the Holy Spirit; that he is not only the servant of the church, but a Minister of Jesus Christ. Now God has made laws for this case; for such persons, for all Ministers who are divinely commissioned, there exists positive enactment. Under the law of Moses, they who served at the altar lived of the things that were brought to the altar; they who ministered in the temple lived of the holy things: and "so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." No consideration is higher than this; God commands that they who are instructed by his Ministers should support them. The Minister is to impart to the people spiritual things, he is sent to them for that purpose; they, in return, are to supply him with carnal things, to contribute to his support.

Let this matter be received with attention; let those, who in all fairness ought, contribute their share towards the general support of the ministry among them, and in many societies a brighter day will dawn upon the people. Why should not the local expenses of Methodism be borne by the people who incur them; as is the case with small and poor Dissenting interests? Many persons have become so accustomed to look for foreign aid, that they forget their own duties, and societies continue in pauperism for years, which, by the smallest effort, by a faithful and rigid attention to rule, might and would have been self-supporting. Hence the large sums which are expended from public funds in connexion with even large societies, and the necessity for abridging labours in neglected districts. Entire neighbourhoods exist yet in England, where the pure Gospel is rarely preached, and the people are without the means of

grace and salvation. But this ought not so to be: there should not be a village or hamlet in this country unvisited by Methodist agency; and there need not. Methodism ought to possess the land; for it is able. It was raised up by Divine Providence to evangelize England; to teach the people of the neglected districts the way of salvation by faith in Jesus; to go into the darkest abodes with the torch of heavenly truth, and force the light into benighted spirits; to take the Gospel to those who would not seek it, and carry the messages of mercy to the very abodes of persons who could not be induced to travel to a distant place of worship. This is its mission: this is not the whole, but it is a very important part. Why then has it not more fully, why, in the space of one hundred years, has it not accomplished its avowed object, and taken possession of every town, village, &c., in the entire country? Has it been unfaithful to its trust; and is God giving the work and the honour to others? Has its agency been diminished, or rendered less available than in the days when, giant-like, it went to its task and accomplished such prodigies? Is it decaying from very age; and growing feeble, decrepit, and infirm? Does it possess fewer men, less temporal means, fewer facilities now than formerly? Methodism was never more able than now to do this work. Why then is it not done; why not done at once? Partly, we fear, because of the existence of an evil of comparatively modern growth in the societies; the unwarrantable, unreasonable love of pauperism, and the consequent refusing to bear the necessary local expenses of supporting the cause. The public funds of Methodism, which ought to be devoted to an enlargement of the work in the country, to maintain Ministers in districts where there are no members, and the people perish for lack of knowledge, are applied to assist societies in meeting their local expenses. In some cases this may be necessary; but we are persuaded those cases are not really so numerous as they appear to be. There are, we have reason to believe, hundreds of persons who, though enjoying all the ordinances and helps of Methodism, and not by any means in destitute circumstances, give nothing, in any shape, towards the support of the ministry among them. The consequence is, that their share of this purely local expense, which they are well able to bear, and which common honesty demands they should bear, falls upon the public funds. This is the class of persons which stands in the way of Methodistic improvement and enlargement: like the bog which receives all that comes, and returns nothing but noxious vapours; they obtain the culture of Methodism, and repay it only by unnecessarily increasing its expenditure, and so interrupting and retarding its progress. To local and universal Methodism alike are they a bane rather than a boon; they injure the society they enter, as well as the general body.

We see in the list of paupers, places where, other circumstances tell us, very few persons are found who cannot bear their proportion of the public expense, and who have a claim to be excused from the regular Methodistic payments. Why then do those places apply for and obtain grants? why are they not self-supporting? Because they have so many members who pay nothing; and after the surplus has been applied, arising from the liberal contributions of those who love and feel it a privilege to support the cause, there remains a large deficit. And pray who are these non-paying members? Are they the very poor? No: it is notorious that parties in the depths of poverty do more to support the cause of God than many in vastly better circumstances. We will mention an illustrative fact: it is one of a large class which we have known:—An aged couple, who had been Methodists many years, and when in good circumstances, as operatives, had contributed liberally to the support of the cause, were, by a series of afflictions, reduced to poverty, and forced home to their parish. They were allowed six shillings per week from the parish-board. The rent of their little cottage was one shilling and twopence per week, leaving four shillings and tenpence to subsist on. Yet they paid for two sittings in the chapel, at one shilling each per quarter, gave each a penny a week at class, and sixpence for the ticket, and generally gave something at every collection. At one quarterly visitation the Minister said to the female, "I think, sister, you cannot afford to give anything for your ticket." She, however, gave her little sum as before; and afterwards observed to a friend, that her mind was much pained by the Minister's remark. "When I was in better circumstances," she said, "and could give my shilling or half-crown, all was right; but now I am poor, I am to be prevented from giving anything. While I live, and have anything, I will, as far as I am able, support the cause." And so she did. Well, in the

same society, there were a young man and his wife, who had one child, and an income of eighteen shillings per week, with a cottage to live in rent-free: they gave one half-penny each per week at class, and sixpence for the ticket.

We repeat it, the great defaulters are not among the very poor; but among operatives in middling circumstances, and young people. For the latter we often hear excuses made: they have, it is said, no money, and ought not to be required to bear any burdens. With regard to such young persons as are mere children, and whose entire earnings are under the control of their parents, this plea may be good enough; but these are a small part of the societies. There are hosts of young people for whom this excuse cannot be made; who are well able to support the cause of God. If they have no money, how do they manage to dress so finely? by what means are they enabled to follow the newest fashions? It has been remarked, that more money is spent by young people in useless trinkets and unbecoming ornaments, than would be required as their share towards the support of all the institutions of Methodism. Then, as to the other class, many of the men spend far more money in tobacco, which is a perfectly needless and useless indulgence, than would suffice to meet all demands which the society makes upon them. They can afford to spend twopence a day in snuff and tobacco; but it is impossible for them to spare twopence per week for religious instruction. Look at this ridiculous position, and let the man blush to call himself a Christian who loves smoke better than the Gospel!

Let the rule of the society be acted on in this case; let each person, not unemployed or dependent on the parish, pay his full quota of one penny a week, and a shilling a quarter; and a great change will ensue. This is not a mere money question: the interests of Methodism and religion are connected with it. No man loves Methodism who is unwilling, so far as his ability extends, to support it. We ask, for your own sake, for the sake of the societies with which you are connected, for the sake of the multitudes who are as yet unvisited by our agencies, for the sake of our beloved Methodism, for the Saviour's sake, whose cause you believe Methodism to be, that you whom this paper concerns, will act as men, as Methodists, as Christians; and a brighter day will dawn upon our Connexion. Let every member do his duty, and Methodism has nothing to fear, but will yet possess the gate of her enemies.

THE SPIRITUAL MERCHANT.

A Sketch, by Mr. Samuel Medley. Preached on Wednesday, October 29th, 1777.

"For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."—Prov. iii. 14.

From this we propose,

I. To consider the Christian under the character of a merchant, and show how he answers to that character.

1. A merchant is and must be a *living man*.

2. He must be a *diligent man*.

3. He must be a man of punctuality and dispatch.

4. He must be constant and regular in his correspondence.

5. He must know and be attentive to the state of his affairs.

6. He is a man of a truly honourable calling.

7. He is a man of a very useful calling.

8. He must prepare for and expect to meet losses.

II. To consider the articles of his trade.

1. He trades in gold; by which we may understand the love and grace of God.

2. He trades in jewels and pearls; or the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and all his gracious and glorious blessings and benefits.

3. He trades in wine and oil; or the sweet and gracious influences and comforts of the Holy Ghost.

4. He trades in pleasant fruits; or the sweet and soul-refreshing blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

5. He trades in fine linen and goodly apparel, which is the righteousness of the saints.

6. He trades in arms and ammunition, even the whole armour of God.

7. He trades in rich and pleasant spices; or the duties, walk, and practice of evangelical holiness.

III. The stock he trades with.

1. With the love of Christ, which is unchangeable.

2. With the power of Christ, which is omnipotent and invincible.

3. With the wisdom of Christ, which is infallible.

4. With the truth and faithfulness of Christ, which can never change.

5. With the merits and righteousness of Christ, which are invaluable.

6. With the offices and characters of Christ, which are various.

7. With the glorious exaltation and intercession of Christ.

IV. The port he trades to; namely, HEAVEN.

1. A distant port.

2. A rich port.

3. A safe port.

4. A free port. *No taxes!*

5. A royal port, the residence of King Jesus.

6. A heavenly port.

V. Show the difficulties, trials, and losses he is liable to in this trade. He meets with difficulties, &c.,

1. From storms and tempests.

2. From bad servants;—a sinful body and a wicked heart.

3. From thieves and robbers;—an evil world and Satan.

4. From false merchants;—hypocritical professors.

5. From wars and piracies;—contentions and sad sinful lusts.

6. From calumny and falsehood.

VI. The manner in which his trade is carried on; namely, by books, by letters, by good bills, by running cash.

1. By books.

(1.) The Bible.

(2.) His memory, which is his day-book.

(3.) His judgment, which is his journal.

(4.) His affections, which are his cash-book.

(5.) His conscience, which is his ledger.

2. By letters; namely, his prayers.

3. By good bills; namely, the promises of God.

4. By running cash;—visible comforts.

VII. The profits and losses of his trade; and show in what this merchandise is better than silver or gold.

1. The merchandise of silver, &c., is uncertain; but this is sure.

2. The merchandise of silver, &c., is unsatisfying; this is soul-satisfying.

3. The merchandise of silver, &c., is short; but this is eternal.

4. The merchandise of silver, &c., is hurtful; but this is beneficial.

5. The merchandise of silver, &c., has no profit at death; this has.

6. The merchandise of silver, &c., can never assure a man of heaven; this does.

Its gain is better than fine gold.

1. He gains true peace in his conscience.

2. He gains true holiness of heart and life.

3. He gains fellowship and communion.

4. He gains true comfort, and a joyful assurance of heaven.

5. He gains a glorious victory, and triumph over death and hell.

6. He gains a joyful resurrection.

Conclusion, with a few words,

I. To the real Christian.

1. Be diligent and punctual in your heavenly trade.

2. Examine and post your books.

3. Labour to enlarge your heavenly trade.

4. Let no crosses or difficulties discourage thee.

5. Rejoice in the hope of enjoying all thy gain at last.

II. To the Christless sinner.

1. Think what a losing trade thou art engaged in.

2. Consider well the warning, Matt. xvi. 26.

3. Reflect how much of thy precious time is lost.

4. Remember the dreadful account at the day of judgment.

5. Remember it is not too late: thou art yet on mercy's ground, under mercy's joyful sound, and within mercy's mighty reach!

ON PRAYER.

EXERCISE I.

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."—John xiv. 13.

THIS passage is frequently repeated by pious persons, and yet few of them enjoy that confidence in God which they ought to possess, and place that trust on his own gracious words, which, considering the source from whence they proceeded, is at the same time their duty and privilege to do. But whatever others do, or leave undone, let us, as in the presence of Him who knows the secrets of all hearts, and who has been witness of every act that we have performed, bear in mind that he knows every thought before it is expressed in words. God is acquainted with what is now occupying the mind of each individual. He knows the heart that desires to follow him notwithstanding the scorn of this scoffing world. It is not necessary to speak aloud in order to attract the divine attention.

Jehovah has full cognizance of the plots of the wicked before their acts are perpetrated. He hears the swearer's oath; and the blasphemy of the infidel enters his ears. With holy indignation

he beholds the worldling who turns religion and its professors into ridicule. And then shall he close his ears to the cry of his children? Will he turn away his eyes when the knee is bent, and the heart bowed before his throne? O believer, if you question the presence of Christ when you go with sincerity to his footstool, you are acting a part as dishonourable to the Supreme Being as he who denies that there is a God. But perhaps the disciple is ready to say, It is because I am so unworthy and sinful that I think the Holy One will not hear my supplication. What! shall the God of truth falsify his own statement? "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." No! trembling Christian, God will not, cannot lie: he has said, "It shall be done for them;" and therefore, simply because he has said it, it shall and must be done.

Remember, you must present your petition in the name of Jesus, and not in your own. Suppose you wished some favour from an earthly Monarch, but were convinced that, on account of your meanness and poverty, it would be impossible for you to obtain an audience with him, and a person both friendly towards you and in favour with the Sovereign, knowing your wishes, said to you, "Ask for it in my name, and whatever you desire will be granted you; for he knows my worth, and will give what you ask for my sake." Now that friend is Jesus: the Father knows the infinite value of his Son's atonement, and will give whatever the sinner desires or asks in his name. Go! ask in faith for that strength which you feel you stand in need of; carrying with you to the mercy-seat this gracious promise of a faithful God, "I will do it." He will bestow upon you all that you desire, even deliverance from, and power to resist the temptations of, your dreaded enemy. So shall you in life repose on the assurance of a covenant-keeping God; and in the hour of your last mortal strife, you need not fear the gloom of death's dark valley, for He whom you have trusted in life will support you in death. N. S.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

He is the fittest to preach that is himself most like his message, and comes forth not only with a handful of this seed in his hand, but with a store of it in his heart, the "word dwelling richly in him." Yet, howsoever, the seed he sows, being this word of life, depends not on his qualifications in any kind, either of common gifts, or special grace. People mistake this much; and it is a carnal conceit to hang on the advantages of a Minister, or to eye that much. The sure way is to look up to God, and to look into thine own heart. An unchanged, unsoftened heart, as an evil soil, disappoints the fruit. What though sown by a weak hand, yea, possibly a foul one, yet if received in a clean and honest heart, it will fructify much. There is in the world a needless and prejudicial differencing of men, out of which people will not come, for all we can say. The working, or not working of faith, doth not depend upon the difference of the external ministry and gifts of men: for what greater difference can there be that way, than betwixt the Master and the servants; betwixt the great Prophet himself, and his weak, sinful messengers? And yet many of those that saw and heard him in person were not converted, believed not in him; and thousands that never saw him were converted by his Apostle, and, as it seems, even some of those that were some way accessory to his death, yet were brought to repentance by this same Apostle's sermon.

Learn then to look above the outward ministry, and any difference that in God's dispensation can be there, and know, that if Jesus Christ himself were on earth, and now preaching amongst us, yet might his incomparable words be unprofitable to us, not being mixed with faith in the hearers. But where that is, the meanest and most despicable conveyance of his message, received with humility and affection, will work blessed effects.

Not to go wrong in our way, take heed not to mistake our guides, (especially as so many in all ages give themselves out for such,) that they mislead us not, wrapping error in truth's mantle; yet there is ever something to a discerning eye that will readily discover them. As for the grand deceiver, the devil, the vulgar fable, that in all apparitions whatsoever, there is still the shape of a cloven foot, holds true; for there is something in their carriage that narrowly eyed will tell what they are.—*Leighton.*

HUMILIATION.

Humiliation does not consist in those ceremonious observances which are wit-

nessed by and acknowledged of man, but in that real abasement of heart which is seen only by the Almighty. It does not lie in those acts of self-denial which man considers worthy of praise, and which in the eye of God only show forth still more the real emptiness within. No; humiliation should proceed from the genuine feelings of our heart, from a real knowledge of our lowness, from a true sense of our unworthiness, from the remembrance of Jehovah's infinite love to his weak and miserable creatures. But though this humiliation issues forth, and proceeds from the heart, it shows itself in those little actions which, though oft unseen of man, pass not unwitnessed by Jehovah's all-seeing eye. In the passing circumstances of life, in the trivial duties of the day, in the renouncing some darling pleasure, in the rejecting some proffered favour, in the refusing some wished-for honour; in these, and the like of these, true humility is found. It is feeling how weak we ourselves are, and placing all our confidence in God; it is knowing the foolishness of our own will, and submitting to be guided in all by the pure and perfect will of Jehovah. Humiliation likewise teaches us to be kind and charitable to the failings and imperfections of our brethren, to bear unkindness and neglect, to forgive injury and wrong, to love our enemies, "doing good to them that hate us, and praying for them that despitefully use and persecute us." It assists us to suffer with resignation all those trials the wise Creator has thought fit for us to bear; and shows how richly we deserve them. It enables us to keep a strict watch over all our ways; to mortify and subdue our bodies, to avoid all those things which tend to pamper and corrupt the flesh; and to live in a constant state of mortification and self-denial. And humiliation is the only way of attaining happiness, the only road that leads from earth to heaven, the only path whereby we may discover our lost and miserable condition, and which by teaching us the real nothingness of ourselves, leads us to seek mercy, from the only source that can afford it.

HEGESIAS.

SELFISHNESS.

NEVER let us encourage the fatal sin of wrapping ourselves entirely in self. We cannot do better, or employ time more profitably, than in discovering and rooting out our evil inclinations, in enlarging our knowledge and ideas of our own depravity, and in seeking assistance from above to enable us to conquer and overcome our failings; and to do this should be our frequent occupation. But to be constantly planning some scheme whereby we may satisfy and please our carnal lusts, and gratify our vicious inclinations, is certainly the road to folly, which leadeth to eternal destruction. When we assist others, though we do them good, we do ourselves far more; for the man who is always thinking of himself, has not only his plans to form, but his disturbances and miseries to reflect on; while he who, not always engaged with self, seeks to diffuse good to all, has less time and opportunity to meditate so particularly on his peculiar circumstances. But let not the receiving good be our reason for bestowing it. No, let us act on a better basis, on a nobler principle; on a real desire to do good to man, for the glory and honour of God.

ZENO.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

HAPPY man, whosoever thou art; thou canst look by an eye of faith at the Gospel as the charter of thy liberties; at the condemning law as cancelled by thy Surety; at the earth, as the footstool of thy Father's throne; at heaven, as the portal of thy Father's house; at all creatures in heaven and earth, as an heir is wont to look at his father's servants, and which are therefore his so far as he shall need them; according to that "all are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—*Arrowsmith.*

While we are in this life, our best and securest condition is exposed to a world of sad and uncomfortable accidents, which we have neither the wisdom to foresee, nor the power to prevent; and where shall we find relief if there be no God?

We have a thing called reason within us, which is very ingenious in giving stings to our miseries, and vexing us with cutting reflections of them; but is not able to qualify one grief, or minister the least of any solid comfort to us.—*Dr. Scott.*

No man living can find where the depth of reason lies in denying every thing, and proving nothing; in questioning the truth of first principles, and bidding defiance to the common sense of all mankind.—*Dr. Trapp.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

CONVERSION OF A SOLDIER.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE FRIENDS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND OF MISSIONS.

In preaching from Martha's faith last Sabbath morning, I observed among the soldiers one who had recently come with a company of his regiment from Canada, and who appeared to take an unusual interest in the sermon. The poor young man could scarcely sit unobserved; for the deep feelings of his soul seemed to be moved. I was agreeably surprised to see him enter into my study this morning, as it gave me an opportunity of conversing freely with him on the state of his soul. After apologizing, with tears in his eyes, and in much embarrassment, for the liberty he supposed he had taken in calling upon me, he observed, "I suppose, Sir, you come from the Nottingham Circuit?" "Yes." "Do you know a village called Arnold?" "O yes, I know Arnold very well: do you come from that place?" "Yes; my name is J. H——: I was once a scholar in Arnold Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-school. It was there where I received my first religious impressions, and first felt the need of a Saviour." "Then you have once enjoyed religion?" "Yes, Sir: do you know W. B——?" "O yes, I remember friend B—— very well." "Well, Sir, it was one Sunday morning while Mr. B—— was speaking to us on the necessity of youth being ready to die, that I felt a deep conviction that I was not ready, and I resolved to begin that very hour and seek God with all my heart. I was under deep conviction for sin and seeking pardon for about three weeks: when, at a prayer-meeting held at J. H——'s,—do you know him, Sir?" "O yes; I well remember him." "Well, it was at his house the Lord mercifully pardoned my sins, and made me happy in his love. I was then fourteen years of age; and I began to meet in class. Soon after my conversion to God, I, with eleven others, was dismissed from the school as a scholar, had a Bible given to me, and was received as a Teacher. I kept on my way for about two years, and then I grew weary in well-doing.

DANGER OF WORLDLY HAUNTS.

"I was tempted to go to Nottingham races, and that fully confirmed me in my backsliding state. Soon after, I was sent to Belper to learn the stocking trade. I had not been there long before I broke a sinker of the frame, and was obliged to wait until it was mended. While waiting, I determined to go for two or three days to Arnold, and see my friends. I started off, and having arrived at Nottingham, I went into a public-house in Coalpit-lane; and while eating some bread and cheese, a recruiting Sergeant came in, and pressed me to drink. I foolishly drank too much, and in a drunken frolic enlisted for a soldier. The rest is soon told. I saw my father and friends, and with a heavy heart left England. I embarked with my regiment for Canada, and was in that country nine years. I left it last October, and came to this town (St. John's). After I had been here some time, I found my way to the Methodist chapel: you preached, and again I felt the Spirit of the Lord strive with me. My comrades told me that you came from Nottingham. I wondered then if you knew anything of Arnold, and felt I would give the world to know." Here the soldier burst into tears, and could proceed no further. Indeed, while he was relating his simple story, I felt my whole soul moved. The recollection of many happy hours I had spent in Arnold chapel; the mention of such names as John B——, H——, H——, W——, and others, all united to swell the deep feeling which was ready to break my heart. I blessed God that he had called me to be a Missionary in a foreign land, and that I could there meet with a lost sheep, and lead it back to the fold. I took the soldier by the hand, and affectionately encouraged him to come to class, and unite himself again to God. He promised me faithfully, and after prayer departed.—*Journal*, p. 232.

IMPORTANCE OF WORKING FOR GOD.

My dear brother, go on in the good old way. God works in a thousand instances to show us that our labour is not in vain. Labour to maintain your Sabbath-schools and Missions: for you see, if a poor sinner is missed by one he is caught by the other. Satan thought that he had got final possession of this poor Arnold lad, when he led him first to the race-course, then to the public-house, then to the barrack-room, and last of all to a foreign land. But, no; on the great battle-field of life, where the Captain of our salvation marshals his militant host in hostile array to the powers of darkness, there are detachments of the grand army moving in all directions, and Satan is attacked in all quarters. I hope my Arnold friends are cordially supporting Missions. If you go there any time, tell them my love and zeal know no decay, that my bow abides in strength, and that I give no quarter to the enemy.

J. BREWSTER.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

A FEW PLAIN HINTS TO COTTAGERS,

On the Management of the Sick-room, and the best means of preventing the spread of Fevers and infectious Diseases.

BY T. HERBERT BARKER, M.D.

1. SEPARATE the healthy, particularly the young, from the sick; and let the nurses be over thirty and even forty years of age, if possible.

2. Keep the sick room very clean, sweet, and airy. There should never be a close smell in it: if the weather is warm, the doors and windows should be open during the day; if cold, there should be a small fire; and the chimney should never be stopped up, summer or winter. Let the room be very quiet, and moderately darkened by a window-blind; but all bed-curtains, carpets, table-covers, and unnecessary articles of clothing should be removed; and all food should be kept away, except what is for the immediate use of the sick person.

3. Let the floors be well dry-rubbed every day; all chamber-vessels should be carried away as soon as used, and if there is any bad smell, some *solution of chloride of lime* should be put into them. The solution may also be sprinkled about the room. But these things will be worse than useless, if they lead to the neglect of other means, such as cleanliness and ventilation.

4. Let the sick person's face, hands, and feet, be often washed with warm water and soap, and the mouth be rinsed with vinegar-and-water; the hair should be cut rather short, and combed every day. Change the body-linen and flannel-dress every day, and the sheets once a week at least; let the clean body-linen, flannel, and sheets be thoroughly well-aired. The dirty linen, cotton, and flannel should be put at once into cold water, and boiled before they are washed.

5. Never give spirits or wine, unless ordered by the medical attendant: sick people always feel weak, but such things given at a wrong time will only make them weaker. When these things are required, let them be given in the *exact quantities* ordered. Keep the medicine in one particular place; and all bottles, cups, glasses, and spoons that are done with, should be taken away at once and cleaned.

6. All linen and cotton garments, rugs, &c., which have been used in bad cases of fevers and infectious diseases, should be *boiled* in water before they are washed; blankets and woollen-cloth garments, which cannot be boiled, should be put in a sack and baked in an oven; for the poison of such a disease as typhus fever may be destroyed by a high degree of heat.

7. Well lime-wash or white-wash the walls and ceilings every spring, and even oftener, if fever is in the house or neighbourhood. This can be done so easily, and at an expense so trifling, that there can be no excuse for its neglect. If the cottage has been infected, mix the following articles in a saucer, namely, nitre and oil of vitriol, of each one ounce; and the saucer should be gently heated from time to time, by being held over the flame of a candle, or put upon a shovel of red-hot coals. Besides this, steep portions of linen in some fresh solution of chloride of lime, and hang them in various parts about the room; also freely sprinkle the floors and walls with the same solution.

8. See that the drains from the cottages are covered in; cesspools, necessaries, pig-stys, and dunghills should be as distant as possible from the cottage, and often emptied, cleaned, or removed; dunghills which cannot be removed for some time, should be covered in with clay; all stagnant water should be run off; every cottage should be provided with a bricked cistern, covered with a wooden flap-lid, for all solid and liquid manure, which should be carried out on the land as soon as possible, and not left upon the surface, but immediately *dug into the ground*, particularly in hot weather. In order that the foundations and ground-floor be kept dry, every cottage should be well spouted; and the ground-floor should not be used for bed-rooms if it can possibly be avoided.

9. Carefully avoid drinking to excess, especially ardent spirits, or eating unwholesome food, such as bad potatoes, decaying vegetables, half-rotten fruit, musty or sour meal, unsound meat, stale fish, or drinking stagnant water. In addition to the use of good nutritious food, all persons exposed to infection should avoid long fasts, should take frequent exercise in the open air; but avoid excessive fatigue and exposure to damp and cold, and now and then take a mild aperient dose.

10. IN REFERENCE TO THE SIGNS AND DOMESTIC TREATMENT OF COMMON FEVER. *Signs.*—A person is likely to have some kind of fever if he complain of shivering, head-ache, weariness, aching of the back and limbs, sickness, loss of appetite, with foul tongue.

Treatment.—When these signs appear, put the feet in hot water, and go to bed; take a mild dose of opening physic, eat no solid food, drink toast-and-water, tea, barley-water, or apple-tea. Take no strong drinks; and if the symptoms continue, send for the medical attendant.

11. TYPHUS FEVER. *Signs.*—If it is typhus fever, after the signs given above, there will be hot dry skin, thirst, great weak-

ness and lowness, with a very heavy, dull look of the eyes. It generally lasts twenty-one days, and requires medical attendance. This complaint is very infectious, but it seldom spreads if the room is kept clean and airy; therefore particularly attend to the Rules which have been given, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

12. SCARLET FEVER. *Signs.*—If it is scarlet fever, after the signs given above, there will come on a sore throat, and a bright scarlet rash on the skin. This disease is very infectious.

Treatment.—Gargle often with honey, vinegar, and water; give mild aperients, and light diet,—broth. During recovery, be particularly careful not to take cold. If after this complaint, the water is scanty, and of a dirty brown colour, give a little jalap and cream of tartar, and let the medical attendant know,—because scarlet fever is very apt to be followed by dropsy.

13. MEASLES. *Signs.*—It begins with red and watery eyes, running of the nose, sneezing, hoarseness, and cough; then a raspberry-coloured rash comes out in spots, which soon run into horse-shoe-shaped patches.

Treatment.—Do not give strong drinks; avoid cold, particularly drafts of cold air, but do not keep the room hot or close: give a mild dose of aperient medicine, and let the child lie in bed; if pain in the chest or hoarse croupy cough come on, call in the medical attendant.

14. SMALL-POX. *Signs.*—There are the signs of fever as above, with sickness, pain at the stomach and in the loins, cough, perspiration, and drowsiness; the eyes and tongue are red. On the third or fourth day red spots appear, first on the face and neck, then on the body and limbs; in three or four days more these grow into pocky heads with a little dip in the middle of each.

Treatment.—The medical attendant should always be sent for. When the spots are dying off, do not let the scabs be picked, but anoint them with lard or sweet oil.

Let your children be vaccinated as soon as possible after they have reached the age of three or four months, which can be done without expense to you by medical men duly authorized for the purpose in every part of the country.

15. CHOLERA. *Precautions.*—When this disease is prevailing, abstain from all food that you have known to disagree with you. Use a moderate and regular diet; avoid long fasts, fatigue, sudden chills, drafts; wear a flannel belt round the loins. Most strictly attend to cleanliness, ventilation, and temperance. Cherish a spirit of hope, and banish all fear.

Signs.—Pain at the stomach, nausea, frequent offensive motions resembling rice-water; thirst; cold clammy, shrivelled skin; and sometimes cramp of the limbs.

Treatment.—The slightest disorder of the stomach and bowels should receive early attention; therefore at once send to your medical attendant. In the mean time you may give an emetic of a dessert or table spoonful of common salt dissolved in a tumbler of warm water, or a mild warm aperient of magnesia, rhubarb, and ginger. If coldness come on, place the patient between very warm blankets; and apply bags of hot bran, or bottles of hot water, to different parts of the body: if the pain is severe, apply a mustard poultice to the chest and stomach; and if cramp come on, well rub the limbs with some warm embrocation. In all cases the patient should not be removed from the lying posture. Do not give brandy and laudanum unless ordered by the medical attendant.

CONCLUSION.—With the firm conviction that much can be done to prevent the spread of fevers, *by individual attention to cleanliness and ventilation*, I have brought together these few plainly-written instructions, and would direct your especial notice to Rules 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9.

I am aware that in some instances there may be difficulties in the way of carrying out the suggestions which have been given: at the same time it is certain that very much may be done by care and determination.

CLEANLINESS of houses, premises, persons, and clothes, and VENTILATION, are the two grand preservative measures.

Strict attention to them will do more than any other precautions to prevent the spread of infectious diseases; whereas the adoption of all other means, without cleanliness and ventilation, will be comparatively useless. Bear in mind that a person labouring under an infectious disease is surrounded by a poisonous air, which is effectually weakened and rendered harmless by being mixed with large quantities of FRESH, PURE AIR; but bear in mind also, that the air which surrounds your cottage may be poisoned by filth lying near its windows and doors. Cleanliness WITHOUT must therefore go hand-in-hand with cleanliness and ventilation WITHIN.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A METROPOLIS OF MONKEYS.

BANGALORE itself lies above two miles from the military centre, and is, on that side, completely hidden by a dense *tope* (grove) which stretches round it, and is penetrated at different points by roads leading to the gates,

This grove is a perfect metropolis of monkeys. They swarm in thousands, chasing each other on the roads, capering on the hedges, chattering on the boughs, and grinning hungrily at every one who passes with any eatable. They are a constant pest to every housewife in the town, discovering unsuspected passages to their stores, forestalling the meal, and making a hasty retreat. A native fable, in illustrating the danger of mischievous companions, tells of a man who took a journey, accompanied by his monkey and his goat, taking with him rice and curds for a refreshment by the way. Arrived at a tank, he resolved to bathe and dine. Laying down the bundle with the provisions, he tied the two animals to a bush, and went down to the tank. No sooner had he disappeared than the monkey took the bundle, untied it, disposed of the good things, and then, wiping his hands on the beard of the goat so as to leave plenty of marks, sat down solemnly at the other side of the tree. The poor goat suffered the beating due to her arch companion.—*A Mission to the Mysore.*

EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF INSTINCT.

The similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds; and many species at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labours assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver, which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch very busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings; for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labour, under the circumstances in which if was placed, was altogether superfluous. A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. A bee, which can fly homewards, one or two miles, in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down; and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained: while in his wild state, he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes. An acute observer of animal habits has remarked that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit-hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle in its bill; and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object, by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions.—*British Quarterly.*

THE NYL-GHAU.

This magnificent species, which stands upwards of four feet in height at the shoulder, is a native of the dense forests of India, where it resides alone or in pairs. It is extremely vicious, resolute, and powerful, and will turn upon its pursuers with great fury. Even in confinement it is not to be approached without caution. Previous to making its attack, it drops upon its fore-knees, and in that attitude gradually advances, till within a certain distance of its foe, when it darts suddenly forward with amazing force and velocity. Bold and spirited, however, as it is, it is the most common prey of the tiger. During the day the nyl-ghau lurks in the covert of the

forest, when early in the morning or during the night it wanders forth to feed, invading the adjacent cornfields and cultivated lands. This species is often bred in captivity, both in this country and in India. The female usually produces two at a birth.

The male considerably exceeds the female in size. The general colour is slaty-blue; and the females tawny-red. The lips, chin, and under-parts are white: there is a large white spot on the throat, and two smaller ones on the cheeks. The young males resemble the females in their colour, which is exchanged for slaty-blue on arriving at maturity. A bunch of long, pendant hair hangs from the fore-part of the neck, and a similar tuft terminates the tail. The limbs of the nylghau are well-formed, but when the animal is standing are gathered close under the body, and the tail is drawn in between the hind-legs. The males alone possess horns, which are long, stout, nearly straight, and inclined backwards.

It is certainly a very remarkable animal, which seems to unite somewhat of the characters of the antelope and the ox. It is as large as a stag, but its limbs are more massive; and from the shortness of its hind-legs, it runs with an appearance of awkward effort. Its Indian name signifies "the blue ox." It inhabits the plains of the Indus, the mountains of Cashmere, and probably the chain of the Himalaya. The individual here represented was lately exhibited in Atkins's travelling menagery.

THE BIRDS.

THE "New-Haven Courier" relates the following interesting incident, which occurred a few years ago in one of the villages in Connecticut:—"A young lady, confined to the house by protracted indisposition, was in the habit of feeding a sparrow, which had a nest on a tree near the door, with crumbs of bread. The little creature had a warm heart under her homely dress, and soon learned to love her patron, became exceedingly tame, and would hop about the table while the family were at meals. This was repeated whenever the door was open, till at last her mate was induced to accompany her, and both would pick up the scraps which their fair entertainer, as she lay upon the sofa, scattered near her on the carpet. In the autumn, one of them flew against the window, and tried to get in; but the lady was too feeble to expose herself to the air, and so could not admit her little visiter to a farewell interview. Next spring they both came again, as docile as ever. In the course of a few weeks, as the lady lay

upon the sofa, upon a Sunday morning, being too unwell to go to church, the house perfectly still, and the door open, she heard a great twittering and chirping on the steps. Looking about for the cause, she espied her tame sparrow entering the apartment, followed by several of her progeny, and the partner of her toils bringing up the rear. They all remained with her half an hour, perfectly fearless and at home, till having satisfied their appetites with the morsels which were strewn for them, and expressed their obligations with sweet wild music, they retired to the shrubbery."

THE ORANG-OUTANG.

F. CUVIER is disposed to attribute the highest degree of intelligence among animals to the orang-outang; but he seems to think that this intelligence is confined to the young animal, and that when it grows up it becomes stupid. The one on which this naturalist made his observations, delighted to climb trees; and if any person manifested an intention to mount the tree he had ascended, for the purpose of catching him, he immediately shook it with all his might, in order to alarm the individual who was approaching him. When shut into a room, he soon opened the door; and, if he could not reach the lock, for he was quite young, he mounted on a chair, in order to get at it. When he was refused any object which he was anxious to obtain, he knocked his head upon the ground like a froward child, and would actually injure himself, that he might excite the greater interest and compassion. The only animal of this species that we have had an opportunity of observing was also a young one, about three years of age. Its look and general deportment, however, had more of the gravity of an old man than the volatility of a child. Its eyes were sparkling and expressive, and it seemed to notice everything that occurred around it. It manifested a degree of attachment to its keeper, watching his movements like a child. It examined a ring on the finger of a visiter, looked with curiosity on a watch, and started when a door was suddenly shut with all the nervous sensibility of a fine lady. It frequently covered and uncovered its face with the corner of its blanket, as if playing at bo-peep with its visiters; and on one occasion slily took up a basin of milk, which was intended for another, and drank off its contents. It looked upon a monkey in the same room with apparent disdain, and avoided coming in contact with it; but on an ichneumon, a quadruped which it had never seen before, being introduced, it immediately showed decided marks of curiosity. At first it was afraid to approach the animal, but gazed on it at a distance: at last it came nearer; but, as a means of precaution against any attack, it took a small, light chair, and pushed this between it and the animal. When it ascertained that the creature was perfectly harmless, it laid aside all further precaution, and examined it, and seemed greatly pleased with its motions. Its grave and sedate manners, perhaps, were the effects of a cold climate; and this may likewise be the reason why, according to Cuvier, old animals of the same species lose their intelligence in this country. Its usual mode of walking was a semi-upright position, assisting the motion of its hinder extremities by pressing the knuckles of the fore-arm on the ground. It seemed quite alive to instruction; for a few lessons taught it the use of a spoon in feeding.—*British Quarterly.*

THE CORN-CRAIK.

WE have great numbers of landrails, or corn-craiks, here in their breeding-season. I have for several years first heard them on the 1st of May. Hoarse and discordant as their voice is, I always hear it with pleasure; for it brings the idea of summer and fine weather with it. Oftentimes have I opened my window during the fine dewy nights of June to listen to these birds as they utter their harsh cry in every direction, some close to the very window, and answered by others at different distances. I like to see this bird, as at the earliest dawn she crosses a road, followed by her train of quaint-looking, long-legged young ones, all walking in the same stooping position; or to see them, earlier in the year, lift up their snake-like heads above the young corn, and croak in defiance of some other bird of the same kind, whose head appears now and then at a short distance. At other times, one hears the landrail's cry apparently under one's feet in the thick clover, and he seems to shake the very ground, making as much noise as a bull. How strange it is that a bird with apparently so soft and tender a throat can utter so harsh and loud a cry, which sounds as if it were produced by some brazen instrument! I never could ascertain whether this cry is made by the male or female bird, or by both in common: I am inclined to suppose the latter is the case, as, in endeavouring to make this out, I have watched carefully a small piece of grass, and shot four landrails in it, in as many minutes, every bird in the act of croaking. Two of them were larger and of a redder plumage than the others, and were apparently cock-birds: this inclines me to think that the croaking cry is common to both sexes. Their manner of leaving the country is a mystery. Having hatched their young, they take to the high corn-fields, and we never see them again, excepting one comes across a brood at dawn of day, hunting along a path or ditch-side for snails, worms, and flies, which are their only food; this bird being entirely insectivorous,

never eating corn or seeds. By the time the corn is cut they are all gone: how they go, or whither, I know not; but, with the exception of a stray one or two, I never see them in the shooting-season, although the fields are literally alive with them in the breeding-time. You can seldom flush a landrail twice: having alighted, he runs off at a quick pace, and, turning and doubling round like a dog, will not rise. I have caught them more than once when they have pitched by chance in an open wood, and run into a hole or elsewhere at the root of a tree: they sometimes hide their head, like the story of the ostrich, and allow themselves to be lifted up. Unlike most other migrating birds, the landrail is in good order on his first arrival; and being then very fat and delicate in flavour, is very good eating. Their nest is of a very artless description, a mere hollow scratched in the middle of a grass-field, in which they lay about eight eggs. The young ones at first are quite black, curious-looking, little birds, with the same attitudes and manner of running as their parents, stooping their heads, and looking more like mice or rats than a long-legged bird.—*Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE DAVIS;

Or, the History of a distressed Poet.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
GRAY.

THE late Dr. Currie, in his Life of Burns, the Scottish poet, observes, "It has been too much the custom to consider the possession of poetical talents as exoluding the possibility of application to the severer branches of study; and as in some degree incapacitating the possessor from attaining those habits which are necessary to success in the details of business, and in the engagements of active life. It has been common for persons conscious of such talents, to look with a sort of disdain on other kinds of intellectual excellence; and to consider themselves as in some degree absolved from those rules of prudence by which humbler minds are restricted. They are too much disposed to abandon themselves to their own sensations, and to suffer life to pass away without regular exertion, or settled purpose. But though men of genius are generally prone to indolence, with them indolence and unhappiness are in a more special manner allied. The unbidden splendours of imagination may indeed at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the realities of life into deeper shade."

In applying these observations to the unfortunate individual, whose literary career I will briefly exhibit in this chapter, the reader will at once perceive the justness of their applicability. Like the unhappy Savage, he was "doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands, or dashed upon its rocks."

George Davis was born in Wood-street, Birmingham, about the year 1768. As it was only in the later period of his life that I obtained a personal acquaintance with him, I cannot, of course, say anything of his early years, further than what I occasionally gathered from himself during the several conversations that I held with him. His parents were poor,—miserably poor,—and unable, from want of pecuniary resources, to give him even the rudiments of education. But when he had attained his tenth year, some respectable individual, who had discovered in George a precocity of genius, and some striking indications of talent, succeeded in placing him in the Free Grammar School, founded in the reign of Edward the Sixth. Here he found ample scope for the cultivation of his intellect; and having, by unwearied perseverance in study, passed through several of the higher classes, he had the satisfaction of receiving from the head-master the most flattering encomiums for proficiency in learning. He continued in King Edward's School till he arrived at the age of fourteen. He was then apprenticed to Mr. Swinney, the publisher of the Birmingham and Stafford Chronicle, to learn the art of printing. Here he made rapid progress in his business; and occasionally contributed pieces to the poetical department of the paper; and these early productions of his muse were much admired. But labouring in the same office with persons of the most intemperate habits, and having no pious friend whose counsel might have restrained him from vice, no companion whose holy example might have lured him to the practice of Christian duty, he gradually became initiated into the follies and levities of youth. During the term of his apprenticeship, he lost his mother; and about the close of it, death deprived him also of his father.

In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he formed a matrimonial engagement with an interesting young female, who resided in his own neighbourhood. Every arrangement was made, and even the day appointed for the solemnization of a union, from which he fondly anticipated much domestic comfort,

But a trial awaited him, which he had never contemplated;—a calamity, which destroyed his expectations, extinguished the last gleam of hope that animated his bosom, and dashed aside the cup of anticipated pleasure, when just presented to his lips. The object of his early attachment was suddenly attacked by a fatal disease, which was then prevalent in the town; and the day which had been fixed on for the celebration of the marriage, saw her cold remains committed to the dust.

From his childhood, the heart of Davis had been imbued with a morbid sensibility which rendered him peculiarly excitable. External circumstances produced the most painful impressions on his mind; and the influence of those impressions became too often the main-springs of his actions. With such a constitutional temperament, it is no wonder that this afflictive stroke fell heavily on the heart of Davis, and opened widely the latent springs of sorrow. But being a stranger to religion, he was unsupported by the consolations of the Gospel. While the divine decree was yet sounding in his ears, "Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke!" instead of bowing to the will of God, or calmly submitting to the stroke; instead of drinking of the streams of comfort which flow from the Fountain of living waters, by which his afflicted spirit might have been refreshed; he sought an alleviation of his grief in the chambers of intemperance, and grasped with avidity the intoxicating cup which was to drown his melancholy reflections.

From this time he abandoned himself to dissipation, neglected his business, and by his continued excesses became the pitiable object of disease and poverty during the remainder of his life. Of this he was himself painfully sensible, as will appear from an elegy which he published on the occasion, and in which his feelings and sufferings are most affectingly expressed. This elegy I have seen in his own handwriting; but, from the number of years which have elapsed, I can only recollect a few of the lines. It thus commences:—

"Grief urged the draught which first impair'd my health,
And brought on premature old age by stealth:
For grief has long, too long, protracted thought,
And forced an inundation from the drought.

* * * * *

When last I saw thee in death's fatal grasp,
And nature shudder'd at her finite gasp;—
When from thy cheeks the blooming roses fled,
And the pale lilies wanton'd in their stead;—

* * * * *

The jest, the song, and all the sprightly glee,
Perpetual mementos are of thee."

The indolent disposition of Davis, the necessary consequence of his intemperate habits, had now utterly disqualified him for his usual occupation. He had no firmness of mind, no stability, no fixedness of purpose. A growing lassitude had imperceptibly enervated his mental energies; and no one was disposed to employ him. He was therefore obliged to seek some other means by which to gain a subsistence. He at once entered the inviting field of *poesy*; and as his former lucubrations had secured him a large share of popular applause, he was enabled by the fresh productions of his muse, to realize considerable pecuniary benefit. He wrote much; and most of his pieces were characterized by loftiness of thought, and purity of language; so that in a short time his reputation as a poet became established in his native town.

The following poem, which I still possess in his own handwriting, will be sufficient to show the brilliancy of his genius, and the fertility of his imagination. It was written, as he told me, in a retired field, about a mile from the town of Warwick, while the object which called it forth was before his eyes:—

Contemplation on a Bird's Nest.

"Thou residence of innocence and truth
That baffiest imitation, and deflest
The studied efforts of laborious art
To form thy equal,—what primeval cause
Produced thy symmetry and beauteous order?
Thou art not chance-work,—the plan 's divine!
Though but mere instinct form'd thee as thou art.
The stately residence of splendid pride,
Imperiously extending o'er the plain,
And darting its high pinnacle toward heaven, *

* * * * *

Alike is visible in all His works,
From the small particles of dust that form
The sandy storm of an autumnal day,
To the tremendous cloud-capt Alpine hills.
Though simple, thou'rt convincing proof of this,
And justly may'st retaliate the scorn.
There dwells hypocrisy, deceit, and fraud;
Here honest merit, and ingenuous love.
Now to thy place return: no hand of mine
Shall mar thy beauty, or despoil thy form.
Nurtured by thee, some future day's new dawn
May find some fresh inhabitants of air
Warbling their songs of gratitude and praise;
Extended by responsive echoes, through
The neighbouring forests' solitary gloom.
Thou Architect divine! whose mighty hand
Arch'd the high firmament, and freely gavest
So many proofs of Thy almighty power,—
Accept my adoration:—be Thy will
My everlasting monitor and guide."

It will be needless to recount the sufferings which he endured, or to paint the scenes of poverty and privation through which he was destined to pass, in his declining years, and to which his own imprudence had paved the way. He might have secured the esteem, and lived in the affections, of a large portion of the more respectable inhabitants of the town, who were charmed with the beauty of his verses, and who had contributed liberally towards his support. But his intemperate habits becoming more and more disgusting,

* The reader will have no difficulty in comprehending this sentiment, though it is ambiguously expressed. The author, in transcribing it, must have omitted a few lines, which are evidently wanting to complete the sentence. The poem, however, as here inserted, is copied from Davis's own manuscript.—J. T. B.

it is no wonder that the number of his patrons was gradually diminished. His frequent and importunate appeals for additional supplies of money, also wearied his more intimate friends; so that he had the mortification to find himself slighted and neglected by those who had formerly caressed him. In this state he wandered about the neighbourhood, as an idle vagrant, whom no one cared to notice. He would often, in the daytime, when the weather permitted, stroll into the fields, and sit for hours beneath the shade of some spreading tree, or by the side of a flowing rivulet, for the purpose of study, and in the evening return to some well-known public-house, where he could exhibit to the company the latest offspring of his muse; with no expectation of receiving any other remuneration, than a supper and a supply of drink. On other occasions, he would take a number of copies of his favourite pieces, and carry them to his different friends, from whom he seldom failed to obtain some additional pecuniary help. For many years this was the only means by which he was preserved from absolute want.

At length his health totally failed; and with a shattered constitution, and a spirit broken and depressed by a long series of trials, he sought an asylum in the Birmingham workhouse. Here he continued for some time, till death closed his adventurous career. He died in the winter of 1819, in the fifty-first year of his age. His emaciated remains were placed in a parish coffin, and subsequently interred in a parish grave, in St. Philip's churchyard.

What became of his manuscripts I could never learn. That he had a large collection, is certain; for I have seen in his possession sufficient to fill a moderate volume. I have made many inquiries among his *quondam* friends; but never could receive any satisfactory account of them.

This brief but affecting sketch may furnish some useful hints to the general reader. I will, therefore, close this chapter with a few observations by way of caution and instruction.

1. In the painful disappointment which Davis was called to experience, I have already stated that he sought an alleviation of his grief in the inebriating cup. By this fearful expedient, he certainly realized a momentary relief, a temporary oblivion of his sorrows; but when that evanescent feeling had subsided, when that unsubstantial gratification had passed away, he painfully felt that the antidote was far more distressing than the disease, and that in seeking rest to his afflicted spirit in the chambers of intemperance and revelry, he had gone to "broken cisterns that can hold no water." There is a book which contains more genuine poetry than is found in any human composition, and more true philosophy than was ever learned in the schools of Greece and Rome. Had he consulted that book, or had recourse to its sacred pages in the acme of his wretchedness, he would have found an antidote which no human skill could have prescribed; and in applying to himself that simple promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," a heavenly influence would have stilled the tumult of his unhappy bosom.

2. Davis was a poet of no mean order; a man of an uncommon genius. And the productions of his intellect were duly appreciated by the *literati* of his day. But poverty and misery were his constant attendants through life; and in the humiliating garb of a pauper, he encountered death within the walls of a parish workhouse. But it will be seen from the preceding account, that the poverty of his life, and the misery of his dying hour, were the consequence of his own imprudence, and could only be attributable to the idle and dissolute course which he had so long and so fatally pursued. In his case, the sentiment of Solomon is affectingly illustrated: "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." The brightest displays of talent, and the most rapid advances in the march of intellect, will never be able to wipe away the reproach which must always attach itself to a life of debauchery; neither, with all their concomitant advantages, will they be found sufficient to ward off the horrors of penury, where indolence and dissipation accelerate their approach.

3. Religion, "pure and undefiled," is the only source of happiness. Here we find the proper antidote to the miseries of human life. Had the unhappy subject of this sketch humbled himself before God, and, as a penitent sinner, availed himself of the glorious provisions of the Gospel, through faith in the Divine Mediator, what painful sufferings he might have escaped! What strong consolation he might have secured! The productions of his pen, being the inspirations of a higher spirit, would have contributed to his fame as a *Christian* poet, and proved a rich accession to the number of the songs of Zion. Alas! it was the want of religion that paved his path through life with unnumbered sorrows, and threw a cloud of despondency over his troubled spirit, when struggling with the angel of death.

Reader, take warning before it be too late. "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near." "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom." For "He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul; he that keepeth understanding shall find good."

OUR SERVANTS.

MAXIMS OF PRUDENCE AND ADVICE.

Great caution is necessary as to your forming acquaintances. On the due observation of this rule, depends a principal part of your future happiness and respectability. Let your acquaintances be few, and of your own sex, and such only as are of known good character. Never make friendships with, or take the advice of, milk-people, butchers' or bakers' servants, keepers of chandlers'-shops, green-stalls, charwomen, &c.; for mostly they seek their own interest and profit in everything. If any proposal that is new, or unexpectedly profitable, forces itself on your notice, or if letters are sent you from strangers, be sure you take your mistress's advice before you attend to them. Do not act on your own opinion, or hastily; for you may be as hastily ensnared to your utter undoing. A good mistress ought to be thought more worthy of your confidence, and more able to give you disinterested advice, than a stranger, or any of your fellow-servants. Be sure never to take any new step solely on the advice of those who are interested in the advice they give. Think also of the consequences before you engage in anything, and what your parents would think of it. For want of so doing, many a good servant has become an abandoned woman.

Take great care how you form acquaintance with strange men when you are sent out on your errands. Avoid all such intimacies. They generally lead to unhappy consequences. In the knowledge of most people, instances can be adduced of the danger of such connexions, both to your own happiness, and the safety of your employers' lives and property. I know of an instance, in the neighbourhood of Stockwell, in which the lives of the family were nearly sacrificed by the indiscretion of the servant-girl, who had formed an acquaintance with a man of abandoned character, whom she had admitted through the kitchen-window after the family had retired to rest.

Should it be your lot to be engaged in a family where there are other servants, be affable, obliging, and good-natured in your intercourse with them. It has been well observed, that much of the comfort of servants depends on their conduct and behaviour towards each other, and living in peace and unity together. An uncouth, churlish, disagreeable temper is as unbecoming and as unchristian as it is injurious to our comfort and happiness. Refrain from all disputes and quarrels with your fellow-servants. Feuds and contentions in families lead to the most unhappy results: they provoke resentment, and often occasion loss of place and character. Should you have quarrelled with a fellow-servant, do nothing to injure him or her in the opinion of the family. Your Bible teaches you to love your enemies, and do good to them that despitefully use you. Remember that revenge is the spirit of the devil.

Avoid being a tale-bearer about trifles; and never indulge the abominable and hateful spirit to wish to get into favour by calumniating your fellow-servants. Yet recollect that though you should not be over-officious in communicating to your employers the faults of the rest of the household, you should never suffer them, by a misplaced good-nature, to be defrauded, without giving them, in some way or other, the opportunity of discovering it.

But though it is your duty to live in Christian charity with your fellow-servants, and to exercise towards them all necessary patience and forbearance, remember never to make them your confidants, nor join with them in any reproachful insinuations against, or unfounded aspersions of, your master or mistress. Whatever your opinion may be, keep it to yourself. "A silent tongue," says the proverb, "argues a wise head." Besides, it is your duty to defend the conduct and character of your employers. You eat their bread, and are indebted to them for your comforts; and it is the least part of your duty to show your gratitude to them by abstaining from slandering or defaming them.

Be an example to the whole of the household, in everything that is honest and praiseworthy. Do nothing that you would wish them to keep a secret for your sake. Always be ready to assist your fellow-servants, and to instruct them as far as you are able, if they should find a difficulty in getting through their work, or are unable to do it properly, through illness or other infirmity. For "with what measure ye mete" to others, "it shall be measured to you again." (Matt. vii. 2.)—*Servants' Magazine.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF HELEN HOLLINGWORTH.

Helen, daughter of Robert and Ann Hollingworth, was born at Cair-Moorside, Hunslet, December 30th, 1817. From early life she was the subject of divine impressions; and the Spirit of the Lord strove with her from a child. She delighted in attending

the public means of grace; and on one occasion, when about five years of age, her mother having missed her from home, after searching for her for some time, found her at a public meeting, held on the Moor. Helen was sent to the Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-school, where she was constant and regular in her attendance, and became much attached to her Teacher, who appears to have been devoted to the system of juvenile instruction, paid great attention to her scholars, and earnestly sought their eternal welfare. From some cause or other she left the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and of her own accord joined herself to the Church school; and the lady of the then Incumbent became very much attached to her, and recommended her to the service of a lady of the Establishment. During her stay at the Church school, she had joined the Methodist society, and met in class on the Sunday afternoon.

Being the only one in a large family who had taken any decided step in religion, the Lord made a way for her in many things, which she often referred to as special answers to prayer. After a short period from leaving the Church school, Helen and her elder sister were appointed Teachers in the Wesleyan Sunday-school; and as such Helen continued up to the Sabbath but one previous to her death. Few Teachers were more regular in attendance than Helen. The Sunday-school lay near her heart: she loved her scholars, and was very anxious about their salvation. She regularly visited those who were absent; and was desirous to do all the good she could in the cause of Christ. In her reading-lessons it was her custom to make short comments on each verse, and endeavour to explain the different passages as they came before them. She had great simplicity of speech, and always went prepared with something good for her religious-instruction letters: her aim was to reach the hearts of her children. She continued to fill this responsible situation for ten years.

In July, 1831, it pleased the Lord to visit Hunslet with a blessed revival, and many were added to the church. Helen was one of that number; and having re-united herself to the society, she was determined through grace to hold fast her profession unto the end. She received her first ticket at the hand of the Rev. James Methley, September 13th, 1831. Like Lydia of old, her heart was gently opened. This to her was a source of great uneasiness, fearing lest she was deceiving herself; and of this the enemy of souls took great advantage, and she was often tempted to doubt the reality of that change which the Lord had so graciously wrought in her. Nevertheless, she was the honoured instrument, in the hands of God, of leading her mother and three sisters to feel their need of a Saviour; and she afterwards prevailed upon them to accompany her to class. Having tasted of the good word of life, she was desirous that all about her should experience the same blessing. The class in which she met having increased very much, it was found necessary to divide it, and Helen was appointed Leader. She entered upon this important task with great fear, feeling the responsibility she lay under to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and sought for strength to fill this office well-pleasing in his sight. She was punctual in closet duties, devoting two hours at noon, regularly every day, to private devotion. She always retired to her closet previous to attending public worship, to pour forth her earnest and fervent supplications that the word of life might be made a blessing to her and all who heard it. Her Bible was her constant companion, and her delight; in it she found sweet, spiritual food for her soul. It was her practice to read as much as possible on her knees. Whatever she undertook she was remarkably diligent in performing; and it might truly be said of her, that she was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." She was much attached to prayer-meetings, and found them to be wells of salvation. She loved to be in the company of advanced Christians, that she might hear them relate the Lord's dealings with them. In her dress she was plain and neat; outward show she disliked; hers was the adorning of the mind. Her temper was mild; kindness to all was a feature particularly prominent. She loved and honoured her father and mother, and was never found out in a lie to her parents in her life.

In December, 1844, the health of her sister Martha began to decline; but Martha, too, had chosen "the good part" while in health. For some months previous to her death, it was Helen's custom regularly every day to read and pray with her when no other member of the family could, on account of their grief. In Martha's eternal welfare she took a particular interest; and, amidst all, could point her sister to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Martha bore her sufferings with great patience and Christian fortitude, and could constantly look to the Rock that was higher than her, until it pleased the Lord to take her to himself.

For the last two or three weeks of her life, Helen enjoyed a high state of grace, and made great progress in the divine life: her experience was deep and clear. She felt that to live was Christ, but to die would be her gain. A friend remarked that she thought the Lord was either preparing Helen for great usefulness, or else he was going to take her to himself. The Monday previous to her being taken ill, she felt powerfully impressed to visit the absent members of her class, the whole of whom she saw, not thinking that she never would meet them all again on earth.

She was taken ill on Thursday, October 2d.

Nothing serious was anticipated until Monday, the 6th, when medical aid was instantly called in. Her medical adviser thought she had a slight fever, but feared nothing serious. On the Saturday before her death she said to a friend that she could give up everything on earth to go to her sister Martha. Her disease made rapid progress; but she was as a shock of corn fully ripe, ready to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. A friend calling to see her, named the text from which she had just heard a discourse; Philippians i. 21. She replied, "That is just my experience: 'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'" During the last ten hours of her life she was convulsed, and had but short intervals of returning sensibility; but at these times she appeared to be wrestling with God in fervent prayer. She said but little that could be understood; but the words "dear Jesus,"—"Redeemer,"—"glorious crown,"—were faintly uttered, until the moment of her dismission arrived, when her happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God, on Tuesday morning, October 7th, 1845, aged twenty-eight years.

JAMES NEWTON.

POETRY.

ZION'S TRAVELLERS.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."—Jer. l. 5.

See, on the royal way
That leads to Zion's hill,
Shining unto the perfect day,
Brighter and brighter still,
Those Christian pilgrims, how they journey on,
Unwearied, till the crown of life is won.

'Midst rising doubts and fears,
They enter'd on the road,
With penitential sighs and tears,
Seeking the Lord their God;
But now, with songs, they climb the mount above,
And fear gives place to confidence and love.

The city, fair and bright,
Is ever in their eye,
Where dwell the saints in dazzling light,
Above the starry sky;
Strangers on earth, as all their fathers were,
Their everlasting home, their rest, is there.

Lest they should go astray,
And wander from their Lord,
They ever meekly "ask the way,"
Depending on his word;
That word which guides the traveller to heaven,
By the good Spirit's inspiration given.

"Come," say they, "let us yield
Ourselves to Israel's God;
And with his pardoning mercy seal'd,
And wash'd in Jesu's blood,
Let us his covenant people ever be,
Waiting the promise of his grace to see."

The covenant is made,
And ratified on high:
God, who the earth's foundation laid,
In power and majesty,
Becomes their God, their Saviour, and their Friend,
Their everlasting Portion and their End.

Before the mercy-seat
They all at length appear,
To worship at the sacred feet
Of Christ exalted there,
To chant the wonders of redeeming grace,
And ever view the Saviour's glorious face.

Dartford. T. S.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

I.—PHILADELPHIA.

"And unto the angel of the church in Philadelphia write."

PHILADELPHIA, now called Allah-Shehr, the "city of God," is situated on a declivity of Mount Tmolus, on the banks of the river Cogamus, and was founded by Attalus Philadelphus, the brother of Eumenes of Pergamos, from whom it received its name. It was seated on the high road between Sardis and Laodicea, about twenty-seven miles east of the former city.

The vicinity of Philadelphia to the *Catakekaumena* district rendered it an unfavourable place of residence, on account of the frequent earthquakes with which it was

visited. Its walls are said to have been shaken almost daily; and as its inhabitants lived in a state of constant apprehension, they were consequently few in number. The volcanic region called *Catakekaumena*, or the "burned," extended, according to Strabo, upwards of five hundred stadia, or about sixty-two miles, in length; and four hundred stadia, or about fifty miles, in breadth. It commenced a short distance to the east of Philadelphia, and gave rise to its numerous earthquakes, to the hot waters of Hierapolis, and to the name of Laodicea Combusta. The whole of this district was anciently covered with vines, and is stated by the poets to have been the spot where the monster Typhon was overthrown by the lightnings of Jupiter. The face of the country retains marks of the action of subterranean fires, though these terrible agencies of nature appear to be now extinct.

In this singularly unfortunate territory religion found its firmest stronghold, and here it reigned in its primitive purity and lustre, when most of the other communities of Asia had departed from the faith. The situation of Philadelphia, at a distance from the sea, and having little intercourse with the great trading cities, might possibly favour its preservation from the baneful influence of heresy. We know not at what time the faith was planted in this city; but at the era of the Apocalypse it possessed, if not the most extensive, the purest, of the seven churches addressed. The message conveyed to it is laudatory and encouraging; though visited by persecution, yet no denial of the truth had occurred; and in the times of fiery trial which were seen to be approaching, a promise of support and protection is given as a reward of its integrity:—"*I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world.*" This remarkable statement has been verified in the course of its history; for Philadelphia survived to a modern era the repeated shocks of earthquakes, and the fiery assaults of heathen enmity; and it was formidable enough to arrest the march of Ottoman invasion.

In the little mention which is made of Philadelphia in the ecclesiastical annals of subsequent times, we have one notice which proves how faithfully the "word" of the Lord's "patience" was kept. When the persecution was raging in Smyrna, which consigned Polycarp to the flames, eleven Philadelphians, we are told, were the companions of his martyrdom. These had probably been brought from their native city, to suffer during the public games which were celebrated in Smyrna, and which were attended by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. "Hold that fast which thou hast," said the Saviour to this church, "that no man take thy crown;" and in giving eleven of her members to the flames, we have an impressive instance of constancy and fidelity in death.—*Milner.*

LETTER-CARRIER.'

LETTER FROM A PRIVATE IN —— REGIMENT OF FOOT, ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

[RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES OF SOLDIERS.—Resolved, That a letter be sent to the Superintendent Ministers stationed in those towns where there are garrisons or military detachments, informing them of the standing regulation of the army, which allows the attendance of soldiers at divine service in the places of worship of their own denomination, and urging these Ministers respectively to take suitable measures for gathering into our congregations such soldiers and non-commissioned officers as desire the benefit of our ministry, in conformity with the intention of Her Majesty's Regulations for maintaining the religious privileges of this class of our fellow-subjects. — *Extract from Minutes of Conference*, 1848.]

August 21st, 1848.

REV. SIR,

I PERCEIVE, with pleasure, that the attention of the Conference has been drawn to the consideration of the condition of members of the society serving in the army. The General Order of July, 1839, is, I fear, but little known, even to the soldier himself. As an instance, I may mention the fact, that a soldier lately stationed in the village where I reside, had applied to his Commanding Officer for permission (on the ground of that order) to attend the services of the Wesleyan ministry, and was told in reply that no such order existed. So you perceive that a regulation may be issued, booked, and shelved almost without the soldier's knowledge. He knows it not; and Ministers of religion and civil members of society trouble themselves but little about military matters. Could no remedy, Sir, be suggested for this abuse? Might not this regulation be published, and made known to every Preacher of the Gospel? I knew one, when I was stationed in garrison, who used to go from barrack-room to barrack-room, sit by the soldier's bedside, converse with him concerning the things of God, and acknowledge him where or whenever he met him; and this Minister received from the Christian soldier when on sentry the compliment due alone to a Commissioned Officer. He still lives in the esteem and affection of those who survive. The name of William Barber is embalmed in the memory of not a few. In the hour of pestilence and death, he was to be found at his post; and it was whilst administering the consolations of religion to a dying soldier who belonged to the same company as myself, that he was attacked with the fever, and died. His life and death may be summed up in the single line of the poet; for he truly

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way." *

Is there no remedy, Sir, for the abuse which I complain of? Can the energies of the church be awakened, and the resources of the church called forth, on behalf of the Heathen, the Jew, or the sailor; and can nothing be done for *my* comrades in arms? I presume not to propose any plan; that I will leave to clearer heads and warmer hearts than mine; but pray remember that many of my companions have been dedicated to God in the rite of baptism, and the ceremony has been consecrated by the fervent prayers and hopes of the Minister and the congregation. Some are the children of pious parents, and have been systematically trained to attendance upon the word of God; some have put forth hopeful blossoms, which, for want of fostering pastoral care, have been blighted. The hopes of their parents, the expectations of the church, have been for a time doomed to disappointment. And must it end here? I know, that it may be argued, in reply, that there are the chapels and the public means of grace open to them as to others. But who *seeketh* these wandering sheep? who *strives* to bring back to the Bishop and Shepherd of souls, these "restless wanderers after rest?" The Gospel may indeed be preached, and the offers of mercy proclaimed, but they hear it not; they are not within the echo of its sound; and while many of them are saying in their hearts,

"Rest to my soul I long to find,"

they are ashamed to return; they have not been invited; they imagine that they are shunned by the Christian professor,—possibly on account of the stigma attached to the general character of a soldier; and thus they wander further from the right path. If all the energies both of body and mind are absorbed in the all-important duties of the ministry, could there be found no one in our garrison-towns to step into the breach to pluck these brands from the burning? But it is not in the barrack-room alone that they are to be found, or that such service is needed. It is in the hospital, when stretched

* "Not long afterwards the garrison Chaplain was taken ill, and died; and as there was no one to perform the funeral services for the dead, Mr. Barber offered himself for the purpose, and was accepted. Twice a day, therefore, he went to the ground, on horseback, at eight o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon. He likewise had to visit the sick in the hospital, which was running a great risk; but as he saw that it was the path of duty, he did not shrink from it. He died October 26th, 1828."—*Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Barber.*

upon his lonely cot, his body racked with pain, and his mind burdened with unavailing regret for the past, and tortured with dread of the future; it is then, when he is going down into his grave, and worse than all, "*without hope;*" then, indeed, would the ministrations of the Christian Minister be dearly prized.

I have been more or less connected with the army since 1812. I have stood by my comrade's side when he has fallen in his country's cause; I have watched by his bed when a few hours of fever and pestilence have wasted him; and I can therefore testify how such Christian counsel would be valued.

I have been prompted by the purest motives in making this appeal to you, Sir. If you deem it any way calculated to awaken the sympathy and regard of the church for the soldier's lasting and eternal welfare, my soul will rejoice. I am not aware of any funds which would be required for this purpose save the riches which the church possesses in its Gospel, which might, by its Ministers at home and abroad, be extended to the British soldier in whatever quarter of the globe he may be found. W.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

The Gardens of the Mandarins—Dwarf Trees.—The gardens of the Mandarins in the city of Ningpo are very pretty and unique: they contain a choice selection of the ornamental trees and shrubs of China, and generally a considerable number of dwarf trees. Many of the latter are really curious, and afford another example of the patience and ingenuity of this people. Some of the specimens are only a few inches high, and yet seem hoary with age. Not only are they trained to represent old trees in miniature, but some are made to resemble the fashionable pagodas of the country, and others different kinds of animals, amongst which the deer seems to be the favourite. Junipers are generally chosen for the latter purpose, as they can be more readily bent into the desired form: the eyes and tongue are added afterwards, and the representation altogether is really good. One of the Mandarins of Ningpo, anxious, I suppose, to confer some mark of especial favour upon me, presented me with one of these animals,—plants, I should say; but as it was of no real use to me, and as my collections of other things were large, I was obliged to decline his present, which he evidently considered of great value, and no doubt wondered at my want of taste.

Rice Culture.—Irrigation of Paddy-Fields.—Rice is grown on the lower terrace-ground; and a stream of water is always led from some ravine, and made to flow across the sides of the hills, until it reaches the highest terrace, into which it flows, and floods the whole of the level space. When the water rises three or four inches in height, which is sufficiently high for the rice, it finds vent at an opening made for the purpose in the bank, through which it flows into the terrace below, which it floods in the same manner; and so on to the lowest. In this way the whole of the rice-terraces are kept continually flooded, until the stalks of the crops assume a yellow ripening hue; when the water, being no longer required, is turned back into its natural channel, or led to a different part of the hill, for the nourishment of other crops. These mountain-streams, which abound in all parts of the hilly districts, are of the greatest importance to the farmer; and as they generally spring from a high elevation in the ravines, they can be conducted at pleasure over all the lower parts of the hills. No operation in agriculture gives him and his labourers more pleasure than leading these streams of water from one place to another, and making them subservient to their purposes. In my travels in the country, the inhabitants often called my attention to this branch of their operations; and I pleased them much when I expressed my admiration at the skill with which they executed it. The practice is not confined to the paddy-fields; for I remember once, when superintending the planting of some large trees and shrubs in the garden of Messrs. Dent and Co. in Hong-kong, after I had given them a large supply of water at the time they were put into the ground, I desired the gardener to repeat the dose next morning. But on the following day, when I returned to the spot, I was surprised to find a little stream divided into many branches, and meandering among the roots of the newly-planted trees. As there was no stream there before, I went up to examine its source, and found that it had been led from a neighbouring ravine; a work more easy than carrying a large supply of water in buckets, and at the same time more effectual.

Living at Shanghæ.—Articles of food form, of course, the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables, which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Besides the more common kind of vegetables, the shepherd's-purse, and a kind of trefoil or clover, are extensively used among the natives here; and really these things, when

properly cooked, more particularly the latter, are not bad. Dining-rooms, tea-houses, and bakers' shops, are met with at every step, from the poor man who carries his kitchen or bakehouse upon his back, and beats upon a piece of bamboo to apprize the neighbourhood of his presence, and whose whole establishment is not worth a dollar; to the most extensive tavern or tea-garden, crowded with hundreds of customers. For a few cash, (1000 or 1200; one dollar,) a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea; and I fully believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants.—*Fortune's Three Years' Wanderings.*

POPERY.

TRADITIONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH.

Dr. Rudge, in his sermon on the commemoration of the translation of the Scriptures into the English language, has the following singular and important record:—In a memorial presented to Pope Julius the Third, Oct. 20th, 1553, by the Bishops of Bononia (Jermulæ, Caprulæ, and Thessalonica) relative to the prevailing abuses and corruptions; the following important admission is made:—"We believe, as an article of faith, what the Council of Trent has decreed on tradition, that our Lord Jesus Christ and his Apostles delivered more precepts relating to manners and faith by word of mouth than are in the Scriptures; and that these, without writing, were handed down to us; and although we cannot prove this clearly, (for amongst ourselves we plainly acknowledge, that we have no proofs but some sort of conjectures, to make out what we teach concerning tradition,) yet we confess this to be true, because the Roman Church maintains it. In the days of the Apostles, (to tell you the truth, but you must be silent,) and for several years after them, there was no mention made of either Pope or Cardinals, much less of any of these doctrines, these laws, these constitutions, nor of this sovereignty which we now exercise over people and nations. We have reserved the most considerable advice which we could at this time (1553) give your Holiness to the last." They then proceed to suggest to the Pope that he would use all his force to prevent the Gospel being read; and they add, "Really, whosoever shall diligently weigh the Scripture, and then consider all the things that are usually done in our churches, will find there is great difference betwixt them, and that the doctrine of ours is very unlike and in many things quite repugnant to it."

Stepney. Anti-Papist.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

"Straining all his nerves, he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests.
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without."

Milton.

The history of the famous champion, deliverer, and Judge of Israel, places human nature in a most humiliating light. That such a man as Samson should have reduced himself to the most degrading servitude and contempt of the foes of his country, through the indulgence of criminal passion, shows how moral weakness and physical strength may be united to the dishonour and injury of their possessor. The birth of this extraordinary man, foretold by a messenger from heaven, the directions given for his training, the early development of supernatural muscular power, when "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan," and the important public position in which he was placed, as a Judge and leader of the armies of his country, conspire to show the regard God had for him, and the great things He intended to do for and by him.

With the leading incidents of his life every reader of the Bible is familiar; and as he is chronicled by the pen of inspiration among the worthies whose achievements through faith are held out for our imitation, we may conclude that, ere he died, he was a genuine

penitent, and accepted as such by Him who is ready to pardon and save to the uttermost all who come through Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

After filling the enemies and oppressors of his country with dread at the sound of his name, he was basely betrayed into their hands by an immodest woman, who by teasing importunity discovered wherein his great strength lay. Forsaken of God, weak as another man, he was bound, deprived of his eyes, and thrown into the common prison, where he performed the work of a slave by turning a mill. Humbled, penitent, and prayerful, God returned in mercy unto him, and restored his strength. His enemies being collected in great numbers, with the Princes and nobility, in the great temple of Dagon, their god, to celebrate a feast in honour of the idol, they called for Samson to make sport. After enduring the insults heaped upon him, he was led by his guide to the two main pillars on which the roof of the building rested, that he might rest after his fatigue. On feeling them, he earnestly prayed to God to strengthen him once more to vindicate the wrongs of his country and his personal injuries. His prayer was answered. He grasped the massy pillars, and bowing with resistless force, the whole building rocks and totters, and the roof, pressed with the weight of spectators, rushes down, and the whole assembly perish with himself in the ruins.

P. S.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JOHN KNOX.—Died Nov. 24th, 1572.

At Gifford, a small village some sixteen miles south-east of the Scottish metropolis, in the year 1505, Knox, of imperishable memory, first drew the breath of a life destined, in the order of Divine Providence, to be devoted to the emancipation of his country from the galling yoke of the most corrupt form of cruel and degrading superstition that ever dared to usurp the sacred name of Christianity.

Having acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Latin tongue at the Grammar-school of Haddington, he was entered by his father as a student of the University of Glasgow, in 1521; where, along with the famous Buchanan, he was taught philosophy and theology by the celebrated John Mair, alias Major, who

formerly acted as a Professor in the University of Paris, where he had imbibed a freedom of thinking, speaking, and writing, by no means favourable to the interests of an ignorant, superstitious, corrupt, and tyrannical Church, under whose influence civil, moral, and religious liberty sickened and died. The liberal views of the Professor were readily received by his illustrious pupils, who afterwards carried them out so fully, as to effect a complete civil and religious revolution in the country. The progress of Knox in learning was such, that he was soon created Master of Arts; taught philosophy, even excelling his master in the subtleties of the dialectic art; and he was ordained a Priest before he reached the age fixed by the canons of the Church.

The light which Luther, Melancthon, and their coadjutors, had diffused over Europe, was brought into Scotland by Patrick Hamilton, who, being decoyed to St. Andrew's by the fair speeches of the Clergy, was thrown into prison, and committed to the flames by Archbishop Beatoun, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. "The flames in which he expired," observes a modern historian, "were, in the course of one generation, to enlighten all Scotland, and to consume with avenging fury the Catholic superstition, the Papal power, and Prelacy itself." The Reformed doctrines now caught the attention of Knox, convinced his judgment, and changed his entire views and course of action. The Clergy, alarmed at the change, condemned him as an heretic, and degraded him from the priesthood; and Cardinal Beatoun hired assassins to waylay and murder him.

The opposition of the Clergy proved fruitless. The numbers of the Reformed multiplied rapidly. Under the regency of the Earl of Arran, after the death of James V., an Act of Parliament was passed, authorizing all subjects of the realm to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Now the Bible was to be seen on every gentleman's table, while the New Testament was in the hands of almost every one. The Scottish press was called into active play to forward the pure doctrines of ancient Christianity, while the Reformed Preachers, employed by the Regent as his Chaplains, disseminated them by preaching throughout the kingdom, under the sanction of the highest civil authority.

To the luminous expositions of Scripture given by one of these Preachers, named Thomas Guillaume, or Williams,—and more especially to those of the amiable and enlightened martyr, George Wishart, who excelled all his countrymen in learning, persuasive eloquence, purity of life, courteousness, affability of manners, fervent piety, zeal, and courage in the cause of revealed truth,—was Knox indebted for just views of the Gospel, which now became spirit and life to his soul. Persecuted by his enemies, the Reformer determined to leave Scotland, and take refuge on the Continent; but was persuaded by the Lairds of Langniddrie and Ormiston to retire to the castle of St. Andrew's, then held by the party who had murdered Cardinal Beatoun. Here, in 1547, he carried on the education of his pupils, sons of the above Lairds, delivered lectures upon the Scriptures, and publicly catechised them in the parish church belonging to the city. Those who witnessed the able manner in which he performed these duties urged him to preach; but he stated that he had no call to that. However, one day, John Rough, one of the Chaplains of the Earl of Arran, and who afterwards suffered martyrdom, preached a sermon on the election of Ministers, after which he publicly and solemnly called on Knox to take upon him the public office and charge of preaching, as ever he would avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He should multiply his graces unto him. The congregation joined in the call. Knox, overwhelmed by this unexpected movement, made an ineffectual attempt to address the audience, burst into tears, rushed out of the assembly, and shut himself up in his chamber till the day on which he obeyed the call: his agitation and grief of soul were extreme.

His first sermon, delivered at St. Andrew's, was listened to by a large audience, among which were Major, his former instructer, several members of the University, the Sub-Prior of the abbey, and a great number of Canons and Friars of different orders. A powerful sensation was created: the Preacher struck at the root of Popery, boldly pronouncing the Pope to be Antichrist, and the whole system erroneous and anti-scriptural. The Romanists were alarmed and exasperated, and a convention of learned men of the abbey and University was appointed to be held, to which Knox and Rough were summoned. Knox conducted the defence for himself and colleague with such moderation and acuteness, that Popery received effectual damage, so that this method of defending it was not again resorted to. This triumph of the Reformed cause was soon followed by the administration of the Lord's supper in the *Reformed* mode.

At the end of June, 1547, a French fleet, with a considerable body of land-forces, laid siege to the castle of St. Andrew's. Knox shared the danger, was taken and carried to France; where, contrary to the articles of capitulation, he and his friends were treated as prisoners of war, confined on board the *galleys*, loaded with chains, and exposed to all the indignities with which Papists were accustomed to treat those whom they regarded as heretics. Nineteen months' confinement on board greatly impaired his health, and brought on a fever, from which no hope of his recovery was entertained by any in the ship excepting himself. When his life was despaired of, he declared to his desponding fellow-sufferers, "God will deliver us to his glory, even in *this*

life." This captivity ended in February, 1549, but by what means is not known.

On the 4th of April, 1550, in a large assembly held at Newcastle, the Reformer delivered an ample defence of his doctrine, in the presence of Tonsal, Bishop of Durham, the learned men of his cathedral, and several members of the Council, which effectually silenced the Prelate and his learned assistants, and spread his fame throughout the north of England.

In December of the following year, along with Bill, Harle, Perne, Grindal, and Bradford, Knox was appointed by the Privy Council one of King Edward's Chaplains in ordinary. "These, it seems, were the most zealous and readiest Preachers, who were sent about as *itinerants*, to supply the defects of the greatest part of the Clergy, who were generally very faulty." He was also consulted about the revisal of the Book of Common Prayer, and succeeded in procuring an important change in the Communion Office; effectually excluding the idea of the real corporeal presence of Christ in the sacrament, and guarding against the adoration of the elements; which gave great offence to the Papists, who complained of the influence of "the runagate Scot" in effecting such heretical changes. In the next year he was employed in revising the Articles of Religion previous to their ratification by Parliament.

In 1553, Archbishop Cranmer, directed by the Council, offered Knox the vacant living of All-Hallows, in the city of London, which was followed by Edward VI., with the concurrence of his Privy Council, offering him a bishopric; both of which he refused, on the ground of dissatisfaction with the scriptural character of the structure of the Church of England as it then stood. The sermons of the royal Chaplains inflicted deep wounds on the courtiers, who often writhed under the conscience-tormenting reproofs of the men who dared to be so coarse-minded as to speak God's truth against their sins, with the cutting homeliness of the forerunner of the world's Redeemer. Knox was inferior to none of his colleagues in this duty of plain-speaking.

The death of Edward, on the 6th of July, 1553, called every lover of learning and reformed Bible Christianity to weep, and look with dark forebodings to coming political and religious storms. Mary ascended the throne of England, with promises in favour of her Protestant subjects, which she fulfilled by repealing all laws made in favour of the Reformation, and restoring Popery to its former ascendancy. On the 20th of December, all who favoured the Reformation were thrown out of the protection of law, and exposed to all the penalties of heresy!

Knox retired from this bitter storm of persecution, which raged with unabated fury till *bloody* Mary was sent to meet her cruelly-butchered subjects at the bar of Him, who hath ordained the arrows against the persecutors, and will avenge his own elect, whose souls are under his altar awaiting their final reward.

After studying at Geneva, where he was affectionately received by Calvin, and acting as Minister to the English refugees at Frankfort, Knox visited Scotland, and preached privately in several parts of the kingdom, and then returned to the Continent till the way was opened to him for returning home, by the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of England. His public arrival alarmed the Clergy, whose influence caused him to be outlawed. The perfidy of the Queen Regent, and the cruel proceedings of the Popish party, only tended to kindle a spirit of resistance in the people, who in some instances, under excitement, destroyed the monasteries, and relics of Papal superstition, for which Knox was unjustly blamed. The Lords of the Congregation determined formally to abolish Popery, and set up the Reformed worship in its stead. Their operations were begun at St. Andrew's by inviting Knox to preach. The Archbishop grew angry, threatened, and assembled an armed force to fire upon him should he attempt it. Nothing daunted, the intrepid Reformer made his appearance, and discoursed upon our Saviour's expulsion of the traffickers from the temple at Jerusalem. He continued to preach during the three following days, with increasing power: the result was, that the Provost, Bailies, and inhabitants unanimously agreed to substitute the Reformed for the Papal worship: and forthwith, on the 14th of June, 1559, the church was stripped of its images, pictures, and other Popish appendages. From this period the cause of scriptural Christianity struggled onwards to victory, through every form of opposition which error could assume in fighting for its existence; during which the Reformer maintained his character for consistency, integrity, and fearless determination to conquer or perish in the attempt to free his country from the curse of Papal rule.

On the 9th of November, 1572, he preached his last sermon in the Tolbooth church at Edinburgh, on the occasion of the installation of his colleague and successor, James Lawson, Sub-Principal of the University of Aberdeen; a man eminent for piety, learning, and eloquence: fifteen days after which he closed his eventful life, at the age of sixty-seven, worn out by incessant labours of body and intense exercises of mind, in the cause of his divine Redeemer, for whose glory he cheerfully lived, toiled, suffered, and died.

The conduct of the Reformer towards his Queen, has been bitterly censured by certain writers, and made the ground of many an assault upon the Reformation itself; while the real or supposed crimes of Mary Stuart have been lost sight of in the sympathetic interest created by her youth, her beauty, her elegance of manners, her reverses of fortune,

varied sufferings, and tragical death. The stern principles and temperament of Knox totally unfitted him for addressing *even female royalty in tears* with the soft insinuating pliancy so characteristic of accomplished courtiers; while her French Popish training as little qualified her for governing a people admirably represented in the person of their leader in the Reformation. It is enough to know, that whether Mary was guilty or not, Knox believed she was: hence his rigid and imperturbable bearing, when confronted by those charms against the influence of which none beside himself could stand unmoved.

When his body was laid in the grave, in the churchyard of St. Giles, surrounded by a vast concourse of his countrymen, among whom were Morton, the Regent of the kingdom, and the nobility who happened to be in the city, the Regent exclaimed, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armson, Mrs.,	Mamble-square,	Dudley,	65	June 8th, 1848.
Avery, Mrs. H.,		Redditch,	58	April 18th, 1848.
Barns, Mrs.,		Youghal,		June 6th, 1848.
Baylis, Mr. William,		Redditch,	65	April 16th, 1848.
Beecroft, Mr.,		Lowestoft,	46	May 17th, 1848.
Boast, John, Esq.,	Trinity-square,	Southwark,	61	May 24th, 1848.
Bumby, Mr. John,		Thirsk,	79	May 9th, 1848.
Burgess, Mrs.,		Launceston,	82	May 3d, 1848.
Chisam, Mr. Matthew,	Workington,	Whitehaven,	72	April 27th, 1848.
Clarke, Mr. Henry,	New Bond-street,	Sixth London,	77	May 18th, 1848.
Clay, Mrs.,		Wakefield,	40	July 29th, 1848.
Cooper, Mr. William,	Addington,	Croydon,	68	May 3d, 1848.
Cooper, Emma,	Tooting,	Croydon,	15	March 27th, 1848.
Cope, Charles,	Bloxwich,	Walsal,		April 26th, 1848.
Crook, Mrs.,		Maryborough,	59	June 23d, 1848.
Evans, Miss S. A.,	St. Michael's,	Derby,	26	July 1st, 1847.
Exley, Mrs.,		Bristol,	74	May 10th, 1848.
France, Mrs.,		Southport,	80	June 23d, 1848.
Fox, Mrs. Mary,	Pleasley,	Mansfield,	56	June 6th, 1848.
Gallop, William,	Blagdon,	Banwell,	68	June 5th, 1848.
Grant, Miss,	Farlesthorp,	Alford,	24	June 17th, 1848.
Groves, Rev. Henry,	Wesleyan Minister,	St. Just,	44	Aug. 10th, 1848.
Guy, Mrs. Ann,	Granby,	Bingham,	84	Jan. 22d, 1848.
Hill, William, Esq.,	The Crescent,	SecondManchester,	62	June 16th, 1848.
Jackson, Mrs. Ann,	Brockholm,	Thirsk,	37	June 12th, 1848.
Kear, Mr. Edward,	Blaenavon,	Abergavenny,	70	Oct. 11th, 1847.
Lansdown, Mr. James,		Banwell,	58	May 27th, 1848.
Lewis, Rev. Lewis,	Wesleyan Minister,	Salterton,	36	June 30th, 1848.
Lord, Miss Eliza,		Woodhouse-Grove,	26	Aug. 18th, 1848.
M'Aulay, Mrs.,		Leeds,		June 25th, 1848.
Maltin, Mr. William,		Bristol,	75	June 18th, 1848.
Milner, Miss Eliz.,		Lancaster,	22	May 25th, 1848.
Moreton, Mrs.,	Leftwich,	Northwich,	25	June 3d, 1848.
Morgan, Mrs.,	High-street,	Brecon,	54	June 1st, 1848.
Morley, Mrs.,	North-Cheam,	Croydon,	48	April 22d, 1848.
Mortimer, Mrs.,		Gateshead,	37	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Pollard, Mrs.,	St. Peter's-square,	Leeds,	56	May 22d, 1848.
Pomfret, Mr. John,	West-terrace,	Darlington,	25	Aug. 10th, 1848.
Radford, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Midsomer-Norton,	64	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Ransby, Mr. Samuel,	Bawdsey,	Ipswich,	77	June 8th, 1848.
Ravenscroft, Mr. R.,	Runcorn,	Warrington,	52	March 22d, 1848.
Sampson, Mr. Samuel,	Moor-Monkton,	York,	65	June 5th, 1848.
Simonite, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Horncastle,	83	Aug. 22d, 1848.
Sykes, Mrs. Eliz.,	Slaithwaite,	Huddersfield,		May 10th, 1848.
Taylor, Mr. John,		Bradford, East,	58	June 20th, 1848.
Thorne, Mrs.,	Standalls,	Aylesbury,	46	June 2d, 1848.
Walbank, Mrs. M.,		Keighley,	78	June 9th, 1848.
Wilson, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister,	Delph,	69	July 31st, 1848.
Wood, Mrs.,	Bredgar,	Sittingbourne,	63	June 1st, 1848.
Yates, Sophia D.,	Newton-Heath,	First Manchester,	19	May 5th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1848.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. X.

THE NEW VISITER'S ADIEU.

BELOVED AND BLESSED,—Though the commencement of my abode with you is of very recent date, the period of my departure now draws nigh. Few and fleeting have been my days, yet it must be admitted that they have all been active and eventful. I have never loitered, I have never slumbered: to me indolence and sleep have been unknown. From the first moment of my appearance among you, I have been constantly and universally employed; and so influential, so astounding, and momentous have been the scenes I have witnessed, that the cycle of my existence will form one of the most memorable and interesting pages in the history of the world. During my visit to you, mighty empires have been shaken with strong convulsive changes; governments deemed immovable have been overthrown; thrones environed with the splendour of majesty, and venerable for their antiquity, have tottered to their base; Sovereigns have been spurned and driven from their stations and power, by the meanest of their subjects; crowns have been despised as the baubles of childhood; revolutions have swept away ancient customs and revered charters; and the deep-formed schemes of the wily statesman, designed to tell on unborn generations, have been blasted in a moment. Throughout the wide domains of the *so-called* civilized world, consternation and confusion have reigned: so that the mighty Monarch of the morning has been the houseless fugitive of the evening; and the speculative enterprises of wealthy merchants, perplexed and defeated, spreading ruin and woe through all the industrious grades of society. Citizen against citizen has been engaged in mortal conflict; and the blood of thousands has not only stained the field of marshalled battle, but flowed from the unnatural carnage of the contracted city. Dire disease, also, of the most appalling character, has spread over nations with deadly influence; so that multitudes who even witnessed my advent, have been consigned to the confines of the tomb.

I also must cease to be; but before I take my departure, allow me once more to address you. Listen to my friendly voice, and receive with attention my valedictory instructions and admonitions. Let it be remembered that when I opened my acquaintance with you, I presented myself to your notice, not so much as a visiter of terror, but with the intentions of a gracious friend. He who gave me being and my commission, designed by me to promote your interest; and if to any I have proved more a bane than a blessing, it has been occasioned by their own folly; they have not rightly improved my privileges, nor made the best of my presence with them. Candid and

careful reflection will constrain all to admit that I have been faithful to my engagements, and have redeemed every promise I made when I first claimed your attention. You have them on record in the second month of my existence;* and with my early professions and pretensions preserved for your inspection, I boldly affirm that I have lived for your good. In agreement with the declarations I then made, I have brought to you, and continued among you, various opportunities of becoming useful and honourable, of acquiring wisdom and possessing happiness, of obtaining forgiveness of crimes committed against my progenitors, and of advancing in those possessions and blessings to which you attained during their abode with you. And many of their valuable favours which you had neglected and abused, or only partially improved, my benevolence has renewed and prolonged for your benefit. I have perpetuated the Sabbaths of God, that you might have rest from servile toil, and enjoy the pleasures and instructions of the sanctuaries of righteousness. Through my visit the Ministers of the Gospel have retained their office, and from them you have heard, or might have heard, the essential truths of salvation. I have perpetuated to you various and useful opportunities of reading the Scriptures, that through them you might know the things belonging to your present and eternal peace; yea, during my visit, many wells of salvation have been opened for your spiritual refreshment, many rivers of sacred pleasure have flowed for your welfare, and many advantages have been afforded you to pass the strait gate of repentance into the narrow way of holiness, which you never would have known, but for my friendly visit. Allow me further to remind you, that to my visit, in the order of Divine Providence, you are indebted for your days of seed-time and weeks of harvest; for the refreshing shower, maturing sun, and the precious fruits of the lovely vale, and fertile bounteous hills. Indeed, my mercies have been renewed in the morning, and repeated in the evening; and if you are not insensible to kindness, or ungrateful for blessings, you will confess at my departure that all my days with you have been *crowned with goodness*. It is true that while I have bestowed upon you the rich favours of life and health, I have also spoken to you by the voice of sickness and death: but even these acts of my sojourn with you have been intended to promote your profit and edification; to impress you with the insecurity of life, and the necessity of being prepared to meet your Lord and my Lord, to whom you must account for every moment of my visit, and every gift I have bestowed.

Having thus sought your welfare, I assume the right to inquire, How have you conducted yourselves towards me? Have you esteemed me as a friend, or treated me as a foe? found me to be a blessing, or made me to be a curse? improved my favours so as to be wiser, and holier, and happier, or abused them, to increased depravity, guilt, and condemnation? One or the other has been the result of your deportment towards your kind visiter. Let these questions press on your attention, and have your very thoughtful consideration. If my Sabbaths have been profaned, my Ministers forsaken, my advantages neglected, and my gifts perverted, be entreated to confess your folly, repent of your conduct, and seek the mercy of your offended God; for offences against me, his servant, are considered to be offences against himself, and he inquires, "Shall I not visit for these things?" But before I leave you, permit me to say, however ungraciously you have treated me, however you have accounted me a burden, and even at seasons unkindly or thoughtlessly desired my speedy departure, I have no feeling of indignation and bitterness against you. Of necessity, I must record your transactions,

* See "Christian Miscellany" for February, 1848.

and make a full and faithful report of them to the Judge of human beings: but in so doing, I violate no law of ceremony or of politeness binding on me in the character of a visiter; for so to record and report is one great purpose of my visit; and yours would have been the profit, and mine would have been the pleasure, had all I have been called to witness in your conduct been worthy of your character as intelligent creatures, and consistent with your interest as immortal beings. And even now, after all that has passed, my purposes concerning you are affectionate and merciful. Still I would be to you a blessing; and as I cannot promise you an introduction to my successor, nor even life to witness my exit, allow me to assure you, you especially who have wandered from the path of peace and purity, that it is your wisdom to make haste, and delay not; to amend your ways and your doings, and seek the favour of the God of your being. By the desolations of disease around you, and by the multitudes who have been summoned into the world of spirits during my visit, you have been instructed that you live in jeopardy, and are of mortal birth; yea, by the fleeting character of my days, of which so few remain, you are warned of your rapid flight towards an unchangeable, eternal state. Yet my end, though near, you may not see; yours may first come: but be this as it may, separate we shall, and that in a few days. With some it will be an affectionate parting; with all it might be so, and is to be desired. Many will witness my departure with feelings of solemnity and reverence. They have carefully endeavoured to improve my visit, truly estimated my worth, and treated me with sincere and profound respect; and by so doing they have found me the most valuable of friends, and through endless ages will bless God they were visited by me. We part with mutual regard: I have their love, they have my approbation. With others there is reason to fear it will not be so; and it would have been better for many if they had never known me. My visit has been abused by them to multiply their transgressions against God; and for all I have done to them and for them, they are the more guilty. Dying thus, my remembrance will be to them an endless source of indescribable misery. There is, however, no necessity that any should die in guilt: it is not yet too late to repent and die forgiven. That you may do so, I have one request to make; and though I have been often refused in the vigour of my being, do not deny me in the decline of my days. It shall be my last request, it is my dying request, and it is prompted by the purest disinterestedness, your real interest is its object,—*affectionately receive, and prayerfully improve, the visit of my next of kin, who will soon be with you.* Should you survive me to see him, tender to him your immediate regard, and serve him with devoted fidelity. You may be assured that his visit will be generally similar to mine, having corresponding purposes, claims, dispositions, and blessings; for I shall retire in favour of one of my own family, which is the most ancient and the most enduring family in the world,—a family that can claim untarnished glory, and sovereign rule; for

> "Kings there are, and Kings in power,
> Though not reveal'd in human form;"

a family forming a dynasty that has never been broken in lineal descent, and never can be shaken by the convulsive revolutions of men, and never will be overthrown, until the Supreme Majesty of heaven and earth sends his minister from his sovereign court to proclaim, "There shall be time no longer." Then adieu; for ever in time adieu!

Your expiring Friend, 1848.

Manchester. N.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR DECEMBER, 1848.

THE "Wesleyan-Methodist *society*." In this designation there is something that marks the "extraordinary" character of "the people called Methodists." At their origin, their distinguished Founder named them "The United *Societies*." He designed to form no church of his own. So far from it, he seemed alarmed at the use of every term which had the appearance of such a thing. Hence every chapel was "a room," or "preaching-house;" every Minister "a helper," or "an assistant;" and the time for assembling his followers was "not to be in church-hours." Not that he was diffident of the way he had adopted to save souls from death. He saw, he *felt*, he was doing a great work. But his whole deportment, so far as the formation of a new church was concerned, spoke to every one of his converts in the language of the "Teacher" who "came from God." "See thou tell no man; but go thy way, show thyself to the Priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

Thus it was Methodism rose. Studiously to avoid offence, this inoffensive term was adopted. Some occasional inconvenience may have since arisen in consequence; yet the lapse of a full century has so incorporated, familiarized, and endeared the term, that Methodists in general prefer "society" to the more conventional word "church." Indeed, to their ears, at least, it is more definite to say "member of the society," than "member of the church." "To join the society," is less ambiguous than "to join the church." Especially now; as there is more than one party before the world, who, "trusting in themselves that they are righteous, and *despising others*," arrogate to themselves exclusively the honour of being called "*the* church." In the ecclesiastical charter which God has given to us, we have the honour of a new name, expressive of the *neuter position* assigned us by Providence in the religious world. As "the Friends," (the Quakers,) and "the Brethren," (the Moravians,) we take our stand on chartered right, when we say "society" instead of "church."

Nor has this designation a mere prescriptive expressiveness, an expressiveness arising from custom and good-usage; but also a natural expressiveness, an expressiveness of its essentially distinctive character as a peculiar branch of the church of Christ. Methodism is *social* beyond any other section of the family of God. The principle of sociability deeply enters the essence of the true church; but of all the more prominent denominations of the present day, none is so formally, indispensably, practically social, as Methodism. Looking at its origin and progress as exemplified in the members of former days, the historian must needs record of them that they were a people that "feared the Lord, and *spake often one to another*." What it *was*, it *is*,—a community of God-fearing people, of habits and usages strikingly social.

The text this quarter is, "I understand more than the ancients; because I keep thy precepts." (Psal. cxix. 100.)

By these words our attention is again invited to that inexhaustible theme, the unrivalled moral excellence of the holy Scriptures. Here is the inspiration of God; the mind of God revealed directly to man. Here He hath spoken, whose eyes behold all present existences, all past existences, all coming existences. Here He hath spoken whose "knowledge is infinite;" whose "habitation is eternity." His word must needs be truth. It cannot be otherwise. It is impossible for God to lie. Nor is revelation merely truth

in the abstract. It is that portion of truth which most claims the attention of man. Here are "the things belonging to *his* peace." Here is "the lamp" that "lights" his feet in the pathway to perfection. All moral excellence, all "good works," are taught here: taught, not obscurely, not insufficiently; you are "*throughly furnished*" to them. The Bible, as a great moral directory, is replete with excellence, and full of perfection.

"O, write upon our memories, Lord,
The truths and doctrines of thy word!"

"*The ancients*," in this text, are either the sages of former times, or the very old men of the then living generation, or the counsellors and governors of ecclesiastical or civil affairs; or all these taken together. The wisdom of the "ancients," or sages of former days, was then in repute; as Solomon's wisdom is compared to that of "Ethan," and others. (1 Kings iv. 31.) Indeed, the traditionary principle in human society renders this almost unavoidable. It is probable that the Book of Proverbs contains a choice collection of these wise sayings of the ancients of former times, as well as an ample collection of original ones by Solomon himself. The sayings of old men were in repute also. Elihu, in the Book of Job, intimates that it was a principle generally received, that "with the aged was wisdom." He only pleads, for the sake of argument, that there were certain exceptions. But it is not improbable that the Psalmist here refers to the official "ancients," or the elders of the congregation, the counsellors and governors of the church of God. Their office was one of the oldest and most permanent of the Jewish national institutions. But in whatever light the term "ancients" be viewed, it must refer to the "men of understanding," who were supposed to "know what Israel ought to do;" men looked up to, for wisdom and guidance, in matters sacred and civil.

Now, when the author of this Psalm asserts that he understood more than the ancients, because he kept God's precepts, he suggests several important principles. 1. One of which is, that divine teaching gives superior *tone and strength* to the understanding of man. It improves and invigorates the intellectual powers. "The inner man" is strengthened by divine might. Inspired by elevated sentiments and feelings, and conscious from whence they have sprung, the individual, although poor and unlearned, has often the princely and philosophic bearing of one who "knows all things." It was this which so struck and astonished the learned doctors of the Jewish Sanhedrim. "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled, and took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." Consciousness of divine teaching naturally frees us from the fear of man.

2. Another principle suggested is, that "the Fathers" are to be made light of, when compared with God's word. Modern Puseyism is an idolatrous regard to "the ancients," called "the Fathers of the church." To this error the text supplies an antidote. The teaching of the ancient Fathers we may not despise; but as the light of the moon is only the reflected light of the sun, so all that is true and approvable in the ancients is the reflected light of the Bible. And as the light of the sun is a thousand-fold above the light of the moon, so the productions of men, at best, are of a thousand-fold less value than God's own precepts. Well, therefore, may he say, "I understand more than the ancients," who possesses and practises the word of God.

3. There is another point suggested; namely, that to understand the things of God, we must keep his precepts. If any man would be led into the knowledge of Gospel doctrines, he must *do* the will of God, as far as he knows it. Obedience is the royal road to wisdom. In the school of Christ, the

knowledge of the second lesson is given as a reward for applying and practising the first. Indeed, the withholding of light from the disobedient is no less a dispensation of mercy than of justice. The guilt, demerit, and liabilities of sin, are in proportion to the light under which it is committed. Did not God, therefore, hold back the light of his throne from the wicked, soon would the measure of their iniquity be filled up, and a more sore punishment fall on them than that which overtook Nadab and Abihu. Paul said, "I obtained mercy, for I did it *ignorantly*;" and Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they *know not* what they do." But while mercy is exemplified in withholding knowledge from the proud, and them that do wickedly; in the case of the obedient and the faithful, divine mercy is manifested in giving them continually an increase of heavenly light. Holding on their way, their path shineth more and more unto the perfect day. They keep God's holy precepts, and he lifts upon them the light of his countenance, and makes them "wise unto salvation."

St. Mawes. B. C.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

In January, 1805, he was much occupied in preparations for the installation of the Knights of the Garter; and while conversing on the subject with some persons of high rank, at Windsor, one of them, a nobleman, distinguished by his favour, said, "Sire, are not the new Knights, now meant to be installed, obliged to take the sacrament before the ceremony?" Though there was nothing in the intention or manner of asking this question, implying any levity or irreverence, yet His Majesty instantly changed countenance; and, assuming a severe look, after a moment or two of pause, replied, "No; that religious institution is not to be mixed with our profane ceremonies. Even at the time of my coronation, I was very unwilling to take the sacrament. But when they told me that it was indispensable, and that I must receive it, before I approached the communion-table, I took off the *bauble* from my head. The sacrament, my Lord, is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions." The severity of the King's manner, while he pronounced these words, impressed all present, and suspended for a short time the conversation.—*Wraxall's Historical Memoirs.*

A SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

Copied verbatim from his manuscript, by S. Dunn.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

I. A most dangerous and manifold disease. Dangerous in its beginning, progress, and end; and filthy, and tormenting. Manifold:—all ages, powers, limbs of man in various manners.

II. A most extraordinary Physician. Christ. Natures. Birth. Life. Death. Extraordinary in his skill—goodness—cure.

III. Remedy. His life—his life and death. His blood is the life, and death spilt it. It sprinkles the burning throne, the anguished conscience. It washes from all pollution.

IV. Force of the remedy. "All sin." Sin. All sin. Of youth. Age. Old age. Against God. Man. And soul and body. Aggravated, repeated, crying sins. Sins that men never forgive. It takes away guilt, power, and pollution, as soon as applied.

1. Sinners. Know your sin. Irritate not the disease. Know its consequence.
2. Pharisees. Know your Physician. Mistake not the remedy.
3. Mourners. Come to the one. Apply the other.
4. Despair of no heart-sin. Believers. Backsliders. Persecutors.

THEOLOGY.

GOSPEL SALVATION.

A SKETCH.

"For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men."—Titus iii. 3—8.

THAT ignorance is injurious to the best interests of mankind is evident from God's word, in which he solemnly declares, "That the soul be without knowledge is not good;" and that his "people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The truth of these declarations we find confirmed by numerous facts, which come under our own observation. Many around us not knowing the *necessity* of Gospel salvation, lull themselves asleep in a state of false security, and cry, "Peace, peace," till sudden destruction cometh upon them, from which they cannot escape. Some, through not knowing *the nature* of this salvation, become the dupes of superstition, and are led by its delusive glare, through the miry clay of abominable practices, into the horrible pit of everlasting torment. Some, through not knowing *the way* of salvation, vainly endeavour to establish their own righteousness, and compass themselves about with sparks of their own kindling, till they are doomed to lie down in sorrow. While others, through not knowing the *requisite fruits* of salvation, reject the yoke of Christ, and turn the grace of God into licentiousness. Our text is, therefore, highly important, and deserving of our most serious attention; because, when rightly improved, it most effectually dispels that lamentable ignorance to which we have just adverted. This it does by showing us,

I. THE NECESSITY OF GOSPEL SALVATION.—This appears from the natural sinful state of mankind, as described in verse 3. According to this description, which applies to all mankind, without exception,

1. We are foolish, without understanding, and ignorant.—Ignorant of *God;* of our obligations to him, and his expectations from us. (1 Cor. xv. 34.) Ignorant of *ourselves;* as depraved, perishing, helpless. (Psal. xxxvi. 2.) Ignorant of the way that leads to happiness. (Rom. iii. 16, 17.)

2. We are deceived: being deluded, and wanderers through delusion.—We are deluded *by an enemy;* who ensnares, captivates, and governs us. (2 Tim. ii. 26.) We are *wanderers* from the path of duty, comfort, and safety. (Isai. liii. 6; Prov. xxi. 16.)

3. We are disobedient, unpersuaded, evidently in the wrong, and unwilling to be set right.—God sets the way of life before us, (Deut. xxx. 19, 20; Rev. iii. 20,) but we obstinately refuse to walk in it. (Jer. vi. 16; xvii. 23; Matt. xiii. 15.)

4. We are enslaved: serving divers lusts and pleasures.—Here observe the OBJECTS to which we are devoted: "divers lusts and pleasures;" as, the pleasures of *intemperance and impurity*, by which the lusts of the flesh are gratified; the pleasures of *wealth and worldly grandeur*, by which the lusts of the eye are gratified; and the pleasures of worldly *honour*, by which the pride of life is gratified. (1 John ii. 16.) Our RELATION to these objects: we are their servants; we serve them, we are subject to their commands; (Rom. vii. 14, 19, 23;) and we sacrifice all other interests in obeying them; our peace, our hope, our souls. (Matt. xvi. 26.)

5. We are malevolent: living in malice and envy, hating one another.—We live in *malice;* being disposed to injure our neighbours in their characters, property, and persons, when by such injuries we can serve our own lusts and pleasures. (Micah vii. 2.) We live in *envy;* in pain excited, and malignity conceived, by witnessing the happiness and excellence of others. (James iv. 5.) We *hate one another;* hatred is malice, formed into a confirmed habit by repeated acts. Hatred renders us like Satan himself. (James iii. 14; v. 6.)

6. We are hateful: detestable, abominable, objects of just abhorrence.—We are *abhorred by God*, as sinful and defiled; (Job xv. 15, 16; Prov. xv. 9;) and by

ourselves, when we are brought to know our real state. (Job xl. 4; xlii. 5, 6.)

This being our state, we evidently need salvation; and that our deplorable case may be met with suitable relief will appear by considering,

II. THE SALVATION HERE EXHIBITED. "According to his mercy," &c.: verses 5, 6, 7. This salvation comprises,

1. The washing of regeneration, or of a new birth.—Regeneration, or being born again, implies a twofold change: a *relative* change, by being justified, or having our sins forgiven; (1 John ii. 12;) and a *real* change, by conversion, or being turned from the love and practice of all sin to the love and practice of holiness. (1 John iii. 9.) This change is called regeneration, or being born again, because its subjects are placed in a *new relation* to God; for, from being his enemies, they become his adopted children and heirs. (Col. i. 21; 1 John iii. 1, 2.) And they are hereby led to *live a new life*. (Rom. vi. 13.) This is called the "washing" of regeneration; because hereby its subjects are *cleansed* from the guilt and defilement of sin. (1 Cor. vi. 11.) This salvation includes also,

2. "The renewing of the Holy Ghost."—By the renewing of the Holy Ghost is meant those continued and enlarged influences of the Holy Spirit, by which the work of grace is confirmed and perfected in the souls of Christian believers. (Eph. iv. 22, 23.) This is called the renewing of the Holy Ghost; because hereby our spiritual comforts are restored after declensions, (Psal. li. 10—12,) our strength is increased in weakness, (Eph. iii. 16; Isai. xl. 31,) and our souls are fully renewed after God's image, by the utter destruction of indwelling corruptions. (Ezek. xxxvi. 25—29.) This renewing of the Holy Ghost we are variously urged to seek. By Scripture precepts, (2 Pet. iii. 14; 2 Cor. vii. 1,) by Scripture prayers recorded for our adoption, (1 Thess. v. 23, 24; Heb. xiii. 20, 21; 1 Pet. v. 10,) by Scripture promises, (Deut. xxx. 6; Matt. v. 8; Luke ii. 13; Rev. xxii. 17,) and by Scripture facts, (Acts iv. 31,) and here: it was "shed abundantly." (Rom. x. 12, 13.) This salvation also includes,

3. The hope of eternal life.—A hope founded on their gracious adoption into God's family, (Rom. viii. 17, 18,) on the promise and oath of God, (Luke xii. 32; Heb. vi. 18,) and on the ascension of Christ. (Heb. vi. 19, 20; John xii. 26.)

4. Observe the general nature of this salvation.—It is a *complete* salvation; from the guilt and pollution of sin, by the washing of regeneration; from all evil propensities, by the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and from all tormenting fear, by the hope of eternal life. It is a *present salvation*, now enjoyed in this life. (See Col. i. 12, 14.) It is a *conscious* salvation, certainly known by those who enjoy it. (Rom. viii. 16; 2 Cor. v. 1.) Such being the salvation of the Gospel, let us observe,

III. THE CAUSES OF THIS SALVATION, as here specified and intimated.

1. The primary or original cause of it is "the kindness and love of God" to mankind.—This is expressed by various descriptive epithets; as "kindness," or an amiable disposition to do us good; (Psal. cxix. 68;) "love," kindness flowing from love; "lovingkindness," not mercenary kindness lent to obtain an advantageous return; "mercy," kindness shown to the sinful and miserable; "grace," kindness shown to the undeserving. To this kindness our salvation is uniformly ascribed. (Luke i. 78, 79; John iii. 16.)

2. The meritorious or procuring cause of our salvation is the mediation of Christ.—We are saved through Jesus Christ. Justification or forgiveness is obtained for his sake. (Eph. iv. 32.) Purity results from the efficacy of his blood. (1 John i. 7; Rev. vii. 17.) And eternal life is also given through him. (Rom. vi. 23.)

3. The efficient cause of our salvation is the influence of the Holy Ghost.—This is shed or poured out to apply the benefits of redemption. (John xvi. 14.) And without this, salvation cannot be enjoyed. (Rom. viii. 9.)

4. The instrumental means of our salvation is faith.—Its subjects are believers. They believe in God; in his existence and goodness. (Heb. xi. 6.) They believe in Christ, by receiving him, and coming to God by him. (John i. 12; Heb. vii. 25.) But such a salvation demands suitable acknowledgments: hence let us consider,

IV. THE REQUISITE FRUITS AND EFFECTS OF THIS SALVATION.—These we learn from the last verse of our text. Here observe,

1. The subjects of salvation should perform good works.—"Good works" include piety, benevolence, and self-government. (Titus ii. 11.) Believers should *practise* these good works; because God requires them; (Micah vi. 8;) he is glorified by them; (Matt. v. 16;) and eternal life is suspended on them. (Rom. ii. 6, 7.)

2. They should maintain good works;

endeavouring to excel in them, (1 Cor. xii. 31,) and continuing in them. (1 Cor. xv. 58.)

3. They should be careful to maintain good works.—By the diligent improvement of all opportunities; (Gal. vi. 10; Eph. v. 16;) and by the conscientious employment of all their talents. (1 Pet. iv. 10.)

4. They should be careful to maintain them on rational principles.—Because they are good; conformable to God's will, the rule of perfect equity; agreeable to the nature and fitness of things; (Ezek. xviii. 25;) and because they are profitable unto men, unto both their objects and agents. Unto their *objects*, or those on whom good works are bestowed, by means of the benefits which accrue from them; and unto their *agents*, or those by whom good works are practised, by the comfort of a good conscience, (2 Cor. i. 12,) and the glory of heaven. (Gal. vi. 9; Acts xx. 35.)

In the APPLICATION of our text we should ever regard it as establishing most important Christian doctrines, reproving and correcting pernicious error, and conveying instruction in righteousness.

1. It establishes most important Christian doctrines; namely, the doctrine of man's natural depravity. For towards God our text declares we are naturally disobedient; towards mankind we live in malice, envy, and hatred; and in ourselves we are foolish, deceived, enslaved, and hateful. (Isai. lxiv. 6.) The doctrine of salvation by grace through faith. (Eph. ii. 8, 9.) The doctrine of Christ's mediation. (1 Tim. ii. 5; John xiv. 6.) The doctrine of the Holy Spirit's influence. (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) The doctrine of the Trinity in unity. Here we find every person in the Holy Trinity mentioned; and all concurring in the work of our salvation. God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, are all distinctly recognised as the Triune God, from whom, through whom, and by whom, our salvation is obtained. Most correctly proper, then, is that language in which the pious so frequently unite,—

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be."

These doctrines our text confirms by pronouncing the declaration which contains them a faithful saying, "This is a faithful saying."

2. It reproves and corrects pernicious errors.—Especially the Pelagian error: that we are self-sufficient for all holy exercises. It is very certain that of ourselves we have not power to renounce evil and do good; and that both the will and the ability to act aright must come from God. He worketh in us both to will and to do, and without him we can do nothing,

"Bound on a voyage of awful length," &c.

The Pharisaic error: that we merit our own salvation. To maintain the doctrine of human merit as it relates to God, is in effect to affirm that we can render something to God on which he has no claim; and that he is dependent upon us for his enjoyments. But these blasphemies need only to be mentioned to be exploded. Reason, therefore, concurs with our text in assuring us that, "not by works of righteousness," &c. The Antinomian error: that good works are unnecessary to our eternal salvation. Good works should, and must be, carefully maintained by all believers; not only because they are good and profitable, but also because the omission of them is attended with apostasy; (see 2 Pet. i. 5—9;) and without them faith is dead. (James ii. 26.) The formalist's error: that baptism with water is regeneration. It is not the outward sign of baptism, but the inward grace represented by it, that constitutes regeneration. Without the renewing of the Holy Ghost, though baptized by an Apostle, as Simon the sorcerer was, we should remain like him. (Acts viii. 21—23.)

3. It conveys instruction in righteousness.—It teaches us our duty as *members of Christ's church*. It particularly shows us what we should seek in order to our obtaining eternal life. We should seek justification, that we may become graciously entitled to heaven; and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, that we may become graciously fitted for heaven. (Rom. vi. 22.) We should seek the assurance of this salvation. (Psal. xc. 14.) How we should seek this salvation: by believing in God. (Rom. iv. 5.) When we should seek this salvation: now, in this life. (Psal. cxviii. 25.) As *teachers in Christ's church*. All teachers in Christ's church are hereby required to "affirm these things constantly." In all our endeavours to train up our souls for heaven, we should constantly aim at laying the foundation of piety well, by insisting on the doctrine of salvation by grace; and of raising the superstructure

ourselves, when we are brought to know our real state. (Job xl. 4; xlii. 5, 6.)

This being our state, we evidently need salvation; and that our deplorable case may be met with suitable relief, will appear by considering,

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minds were fixed on what was past,
that had been done for them; and
withdrawn from a vigilant attention to the
future, from diligence on their part to
'making their calling and election sure.'
Confident in the titles of Christian, of orthodox, of Catholic, of the Church of God, and careless of living 'as *becometh* saints,' they trusted that no deadly error could creep into so holy a community, and adopted, one by one, the very errors (under new names) of the Paganism which had been renounced. Thanking God, like the Pharisee, that they were 'not as other men are,' they became gradually like their heathen ancestors, with the aggravation of having sinned against light, and abused their peculiar advantages. Idolatry of the grossest kind was gradually restored; the worshippers of the one true God manifested in Christ Jesus, paid, practically, their chief adoration to deified mortals; the Scriptures were secluded from the people under the veil of an unknown tongue, and their interpretation fettered, and their authority superseded, even with the learned, by a mass of traditions, which made the word of God of none effect; their sacraments became superstitious charms; their public worship a kind of magic incantation, muttered in a dead language; and Christian holiness of life was commuted for holy water, for fantastic penances, pilgrimages, amulets, pecuniary donations, and a whole train of superstitious observances worthy of Paganism in its worst forms. They trusted in privileges and names, till the privileges were lost, and the names became an empty sound. But still they are as proud of them as ever. Such monstrous corruptions could never have been introduced into any Church by the arts of a worldly and ambitious hierarchy, had not the individual members of it been lulled into false security, by boastfully contemplating their Christian privileges, instead of dwelling on the additional responsibility these privileges create; by priding themselves on names, without bestowing a watchful attention on the things those names denote."

the kingdom of
the family of God
public blessings and
our sons will be like
their youth; and our
daughters like corner-stones formed after
the similitude of a palace. We shall feel
the exalted joy of seeing our children
walking in the truth.

"And a church without blemish or spot shall arise,
A transcript of that which is built in the skies."

F. T.

THE SECRET OF DANGER.

THE following extract from Archbishop Whately's "Essay on the Errors of Romanism," in which he clearly demonstrates "that her corruptions are such that human nature is prone to; that they are rather the cause, than the effect, of the system of the Church; and that, consequently, those out of her pale are not safe from similar corruptions," is so full of wholesome truth, that I should be glad if you could find a place for it in your columns:—

"The Church of Rome was built by Apostles on Jesus Christ, the only true foundation; she was left by them with sound doctrine and pure Christian worship; her members were cautioned by them not to be 'high-minded, but fear;' not to rely on the divine favour as a reason for relaxing personal exertions, but as an encouragement to make them; or to exult in their deliverance from heathen superstition, and their adoption in the place of the disobedient, to be the people, the chosen people, of God, but to take warning from the example of his mercy combined with severity. But they were seduced from humble vigilance to a proud

THE FINAL SEPARATION.

IT is a most solemn and affecting thought, that there will be a final separation at the judgment between many who on

earth were intimate friends and relations. The possibility of such a separation ought to awaken the deepest solicitude in the minds of all who are in danger of being then separated from dear and Christian friends, whom on earth they love as their own souls. Dr. Griffin, with strong faith and ardent piety, and deep contemplation of future and eternal scenes, thus describes it in speaking of the final judgment:—

"It will be the time of the final separation of near and dear friends. The line of division will sunder many a father's house. A parent will be on one side and a child on the other; a husband on one side and a wife on the other; brother will be parted from brother, and sister from sister. When sinners shall look away beyond the gulf, and see in heaven their former acquaintances, the companions of their youth, their neighbours, those who met them from Sabbath to Sabbath in the house of God, who used to sit on the same seat, and kneel by their side in prayer; when they shall look up and see the members of their father's family, those who were nursed at the same breast and partook of their youthful sports; when they shall see a father, a mother, a wife, a child for ever separated from them, and admitted to that banquet from which they are eternally excluded,—O! then there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

"Their sorrows will be increased by a remembrance of the opportunities and privileges they have lost. This remembrance will be awakened in the Jews, when they see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. When sinners shall look back to Sabbaths which dawned upon them with heavenly light; to seasons in the house of God under awakening sermons; to days when they might have had access to prayer-meetings; to years in which their closets offered them a retreat for prayer, and their Bible lay mouldering on its shelf; when they shall look back to days in which the Spirit of God moved upon their minds; to hours when their souls were awakened to prayer by a sense of eternal realities, and when their hands seemed to take hold of the very threshold of heaven; when they shall look back to days of divine power, when Jesus of Nazareth passed by, when multitudes pressed into the kingdom of heaven, and almost bore them in on their shoulders; when they shall reflect how near they came to heaven, and yet fell short; then will they 'mourn at the last, when' their 'flesh and' their 'body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!' 'I had a soul, but prized it not, and now my soul is gone.'" J. G.

DIVINE DELIVERANCE.

EXERCISE II.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations."—2 Peter ii. 9.

"Every one that asketh receiveth."—Matt. vii. 8.

DELIVERANCE from too powerful temptations, and strength to resist those temptations which surround every partaker of Adam's fallen nature, are needful. The heart of man, naturally inclined to evil, is easily led away by the allurements of our wily adversary, who is ever performing his deceitful arts on the souls of those whom he longs to drag down to the abyss of destruction.

By them the wicked are led on farther and farther in their sad, downward career, till the everflaming lake claims them as its lawful prey. But, O, follower of a once tempted Lord, drink in the consolation which this passage affords,—"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations;" while, on the other hand, the demands of his justice compel him to reserve "the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." The former part of the verse alone belongs to you, O blood-washed wanderer over a plain beset with snares! You are tempted, and as long as you continue to inhabit these dwellings of sin and corruption, you must be content to be so: if Satan had the audacity to spread his net before the holy spirit of our ever-to-be-praised Redeemer, shall he not spread it before thee also? There is a difference in being tempted and in yielding to temptation. In the former case no accusation lies at your door; it is the evil one's work alone, without your will or consent: in the latter case you are guilty; for you might have obtained relief if you had sought it. You need never yield to temptation. When the votaries of Satan laugh at piety, they will urge you to deck your countenance with a corresponding mark of derision, and you may feel your heart half-willing; but you know that in so doing you would displease your best Friend, and pour the vinegar of shame into his open wounds. What are you to do? "Every one that asketh receiveth." Lift up your heart to One "able t-

deliver," and cry, "Lord, help me!" That prayer, if faithfully offered, will reach the courts above, and instant relief will be afforded; strength will be given; perhaps power to reprove your companions with humility, tenderness, and love: at least, you will be able to give this proof of disapprobation, that you take no part with them. But there are often conversations in which worldly-minded persons indulge, in which the rules of civilized society oblige Christians to engage. These, though free from the judgment of evil-speaking, are nevertheless unedifying to the hearers, and grieve the Holy Spirit. I mean, what is commonly designated, foolish talking. Those who engage in it are killing time, that precious gift bought for us with the blood and agonies of Immanuel; and those moments which are thus squandered, his infinite mercy urged him to procure for us at so dear a rate. If he had not, most probably we should now have been wailing in hell's quenchless flames, instead of enjoying this season of grace, in which we may repent, and receive the forgiveness of our sins. But, O, Christian! if your soul is grieved by the ungodly converse of your friends, do not dissemble, and appear outwardly to take pleasure in what you inwardly hate: but if you are led into it, and your own conscience condemns you for your want of watchfulness, remember that there is an open fountain, and that "every one that asketh receiveth." Christ is able and willing to wash you as at the first, and to forgive all your transgressions.

O Lord, the adversary walks abroad,
And many wander in the downward road;
But up to thee I lift my streaming eyes:
Listen, O listen to thy servant's cries!

Give me the power the victory to gain
O'er sin, and Satan, and his hateful train:
Help me! O help me! for the Saviour's sake,
And let me of His righteousness partake!

N. S.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

The righteous Lord sits upon that throne; but his face has no frown upon it; his voice has no terror in it. On whatever part of that throne you cast your eye, you see it inscribed with grace in all its variety of application to your circumstances. There is grace to blot out your trespasses, though they be "red like crimson." There is grace to purify your hearts, though they be full of all uncleanness. There is grace to subdue your enemies, though they "come upon you as a flood." There is grace to console you amidst all your sorrows, though they be great, and multiplied, and protracted. There is grace to guide you through life, to cheer you in death, and to carry you to heaven; and, as surely as God sits upon the throne of grace, so surely will he listen to the prayers that you prefer at his footstool, and uphold the character which he himself has enstamped upon it, by freely tendering and imparting to you whatsoever you ask in sincerity and faith. — *Rev. Dr. A. Thompson.*

COMPREHENSIVE CHARACTER OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. *Invocation.*—"Our Father, which art in heaven."

2. *Adoration.* — "Hallowed be thy name."

3. *Petition.*—For the advancement of the kingdom of God: "Thy kingdom come." For the purity of the church and the world: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." For temporal supplies: "Give us this day our daily bread." For the pardon of sins: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." For preservation from the world, the flesh, and the devil: "Lead us not into temptation." For deliverance from ills of every kind: "But deliver us from evil."

4. *Pleading.*—"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever."

The fourth petition implies *confession:* the pleading is also matter of *thanksgiving* and *blessing:* the whole is conducted on the principle of *self-dedication.* It concludes with *"Amen;"* and may therefore be said to contain every part of prayer to which the following mnemonic lines of Dr. Watts refer:—

"Call upon God, adore, confess,
Petition, plead, and then declare
You are the Lord's, give thanks and bless,
And let Amen conclude the prayer."

—*Rev. Thomas Mann.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A LOST CHILD.

A FEW years ago, in the parish of Sydney, in the province of New-Brunswick, America, the following circumstance occurred:—

A young gentleman, who had been out for some days on a hunting or shooting expedition, reached the banks of Bear-Creek, which he was desirous of crossing, being anxious to make his way home before night-fall. To his disappointment, the log-bridge which he had passed the day before, had been carried away by the current, which happened to be very strong in that place. Remembering, however, having noticed a fallen tree, across the stream lower down, he pursued his way. Just as he had reached the spot, and was preparing to cross over, his ear was attracted by the sound of foot-steps upon the dry sticks: the sound was accompanied by a cautious rustling movement among the thicket of wild raspberries that covered the opposite space. With the alertness of a sportsman, anticipating a shot at a deer or bear, his finger rapidly found its way to the lock of his rifle; and while his keen eye was warily fixed on the bushes, the hand, apparently of a child, stained purple with the juice of the berries, was quietly raised to reach down a loaded branch of fruit: another instant, and the fatal ball would have been lodged in the heart of the unconscious victim. A cry of terror and thankfulness burst from the lips of the hunter, as he sprang with eager haste across the stream, and approached the child. It was a little girl, apparently not more than eight years old: her torn garments, soiled hands, dishevelled locks, and haggard face, betrayed that she had strayed from the forest-path, and been lost in the trackless wilderness. The child appeared overjoyed at the sight of the stranger, and told her artless tale with a clearness and simplicity that drew tears from the eyes of her preserver, who felt, indeed, as if he had been an instrument, in the divine hand, sent to rescue the forlorn being before him from a melancholy and painful death. Had not the loss of the bridge led him to seek another spot whereby to gain the opposite bank, she would, in all probability, have perished in that lonely spot; but it was ordered otherwise, and the heart of the young man was filled with grateful emotions. He learned from the child that she had been sent by her mother to carry a basket of food to her father, who was chopping in the wood near the house; but that, by some mischance, she had strayed from the path, and, misled by the echo of her father's axe, she had wandered away in an opposite direction. Every attempt to retrace her steps only led her deeper and deeper into the wood; but still she went on. At first, she said, she cried a great deal; but, finding her tears and lamentations brought no relief, she consoled herself with eating some of the food she had brought with her. When night came on, she was overcome with weariness, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered place, and rose with the first sound of the birds to pursue her hopeless way. When she had exhausted her provisions in the basket, she beguiled her sorrows by seeking for herbs and berries. Fortunately, it was the season of summer fruits, or else the poor wanderer must have perished. On the third night she lay down to sleep, and heard, as she supposed, the tread of cattle near her. She said she was very glad, for she thought the dark creatures she saw moving about in the dim light must be her father's oxen; and she called to them very often, "Buck, Bright!" but they did not come nearer, and she wondered she did not hear the ox-bell. Another night she saw two great black, shaggy dogs, which she thought were neighbour Hewet's dogs; but when she called them by their names, they stood up on their hind-legs, and looked hard at her, but did not come near her, and soon went away into the wood; and she knew they were dogs, for that night she heard them howling. In all probability these animals were bears; for the woods abounded with those animals, and the stream the hunter had crossed bore the name of Bear-Creek: the howling, most probably, arose from wolves: but her innocent heart knew no fear. The day after this, she found herself near a deserted shanty: the clearing on which it stood was overgrown with strawberries and raspberry-bushes; and here she remained, picking the berries, and sleeping beneath its sheltering roof at night. She led the hunter to her solitary hut; and here he proposed leaving her whilst he went in search of help to convey her home, or to some dwelling-house; but the little creature clung to him with passionate weeping, and implored him so pathetically not to leave her again alone in the dark, lonely forest, that his heart was not proof against her entreaties; and, though weary with his own wandering, he took the little foundling on his back, and proceeded on his journey, occasionally resting on the fallen timbers to ease him of his burden. The shades of night were closing in fast upon them; and the weary pair were making up their minds to pass another night under the shade of the woods, when the sound of water and the working of mill-wheels broke upon their ears; and soon the light of the last glow of sunset broke through the trees in the distance; and the child, with a shout of joy, proclaimed they must be near a clearing at last, for she saw light through the stems of the trees. Gladly did the poor way-worn

travellers hail the cheerful sight of the mill, and the neat log-house beside it; and gladly did the kind inmates of the place receive and cherish the poor lost child, who had been sought for till hope had departed from the hearts of the sorrowing friends, and she was reckoned among the dead. She had wandered away miles from her home, and been absent many days: but she had been supplied with water and fruits, and her spirits had been wonderfully sustained during her wanderings. —*Church of England Magazine.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

LADY W. M. GLENORCHY AND HER MOTHER.

THIS lady was distinguished, during the last century, for her benevolence and piety. She was born at Preston, in North Britain, in the year 1742. She was the daughter of Dr. William Maxwell, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and of great respectability. Four months previous to her birth the Doctor died; and on her excellent and amiable mother, afterwards Lady Alva, devolved the task of educating her daughter. The instructions she received were such as to impress the heart, as well as to enlighten the understanding. Her mind was strong and vigorous, yet polished and delicate. Her memory was retentive, her person interesting, her behaviour affable, her imagination lively, and her temper excellent.

Her juvenile years, though seriously watched over by her intelligent mother, were nevertheless too much devoted to the follies and gaiety of fashionable life. When, however, she had attained the age of twenty-three years, her mind was aroused by a serious illness to reflections on her present character and future prospects; and, musing on the first question in the Assembly's Catechism, "*What is the chief end of man?*" —"*It is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever;*" she asked herself, "Have *I* answered the design of my being? have *I* glorified God? and shall *I* 'enjoy him for ever?'" Thus reflecting, she gradually saw and felt the sinfulness of her nature; perceived the total alienation of her heart from God; and sought for pardon and grace. Like many young professors of religion, she endeavoured for awhile to conceal from observation the change which was wrought in her heart, and, as far as possible, to compromise with the world; but such conduct she soon discovered to be incompatible with spirituality of mind. She determined then on making an open and decided profession of Christianity, and to cause her light to shine. Her feelings were expressed in the language of our poet:—

"Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good."

She employed much of her time in acts of benevolence, in wise and pious conversations, in an extensive, judicious, and profitable correspondence with persons eminent for piety, and in every other means for promoting the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints. She spent much money in printing and in circulating religious tracts: at her desire and expense was composed and published a Gaelic translation of Alleine's "Alarm to the Unconverted," which has been blessed to many in the Highlands of Scotland.

Lady W. M. Glenorchy paid great attention to the religious instruction of the poor. In Edinburgh she erected a large chapel, and added to it a free school for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, which she liberally endowed. Her executrix (the late Lady Maxwell, of whom it may be said, as our beautiful Christian poet has said of the late Mrs. Fry, "She was an angel ready-made") by her desire erected at Hotwells, near Bristol, a neat and commodious chapel. For these and similar actions, the worldly and irreligious branded her with the name of Methodist. What then?

"For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

On the 17th of July, 1786, this "elect lady" was summoned to receive that reward which, on every diligent and faithful servant, God has promised to bestow.

She bequeathed by will five thousand pounds for the education of young men for the ministry in England; five thousand pounds to the Society in Scotland for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge; and the greater part of the residue of her property to charitable and pious purposes.

"Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they:
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!"

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

"Hopes that are angels in their birth,
But perish young, like things of earth."

THERE is a small market-town in the north of England which I have occasionally visited, not merely to gaze on the fine romantic scenery which abounds in the neighbourhood, but chiefly to enjoy the sweets of friendship in the society of one of my earliest companions, who for several years resided in the town, and who has long since been buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.

The town is situated on the side of a range of hills, which extends to a considerable distance. It consists principally of one long street, with a variety of detached dwelling-houses scattered here and there in the vicinity. About the centre of the street, is a public hall, in which has been held, from time immemorial, an annual assembly, generally called the *Christmas Ball*, on account of the season of the year at which it takes place. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm with which this yearly assembly is anticipated, more especially by the younger portion of the inhabitants;—a sad proof of the natural alienation of the heart from God.

In the winter of 18—, a circumstance occurred, in connexion with one of those periodical festivities, which, from its fatal consequences, has left an indelible impression on my mind; the particulars of which I will now recount, with a sincere hope that they will prove a warning to my young readers.

In an elegantly-built house, which was generally known by the appropriate name of *Woodbine Cottage*, and which was pleasantly situated in the suburbs of the town, there lived, at that period, an aged couple, whose integrity of character, and generosity of disposition, had secured them the respect of their neighbours. As they possessed a little property, they were enabled to procure many of the comforts of life, and to enjoy the luxury of assisting the stranger in distress. They had only one child, a lovely daughter, whom they named Rosina. The suns of twenty summers had already passed over her head, and the mountain breezes which sported around her native town spread a lively freshness on her youthful cheek. Seven other children had preceded the birth of Rosina; but they successively withered within the grasp of the "spoiler," all of them dying in their infancy. It is no wonder, therefore, that the anxious parents should feel a peculiar interest in their only-surviving child. Many a long day, while Rosina was yet an infant, would the anxious father linger near the cradle of his babe, and think of his dear children who were slumbering together in the churchyard among the hills; then hastily brushing a hot tear from his eye, he would breathe a silent, fervent prayer to heaven, that this last hope might not be blighted; that this final pledge of affection might be spared, to be the comfort of his declining life; and that, if it were the will of God, he might not go down to the grave childless. And many a dreary night has the equally anxious mother watched her tender charge, with sleepless and unremitting care; fearful that the same stern dispensation which had severed from her bosom so many darling babes, would again visit her peaceful dwelling, and once more pronounce her a bereaved mother.

The child grew, and the parents were happy. The voice of mourning for the dead was lost in expressions of gratitude for the living.

Time rolled on, and Rosina attained her twentieth year, beautiful in person, and highly-cultivated in mind. Under the tuition of her pious parents, she had also acquired a reverence for religion, and a sacred respect for the means of grace. Every morning and every evening, the voice of prayer and praise was heard in that happy cottage; and twice on the Lord's day the aged couple, with their blooming daughter, regularly attended the parish-church, where the Gospel was preached in simplicity and faithfulness; for the Rector was a pious man, and had long experienced the truth of what he preached to his parishioners. But though Rosina had occasionally been the subject of keen convictions, and had often felt a desire to make a surrender of her heart to God; though she had, for a length of time, valued the privilege of sitting under the Gospel ministry; she was still a stranger to that vital change, that new birth unto righteousness, which is so essential as a meetness for the kingdom of heaven.

It may be proper also to remark, that though in appearance she was healthy and vigorous, she was naturally subject to a disease of the heart, which, especially in seasons of excitement, occasioned much uneasiness of mind to herself, and the most distressing forebodings to her tender parents.

About this period of her life, it became painfully evident that she had lost much of her relish for spiritual things, and that her desires for salvation had considerably abated. With unfeigned regret, her parents saw that their only-surviving child was hankering after worldly pleasures and amusements. She had recently formed an intimacy with several

young ladies in the town, who, though respectable in circumstances, were well known to be opposed both to religion and religious ordinances. In a short time the unsuspecting girl imbibed the spirit of her new companions; the admonitions of her parents were forgotten, the fear of God was gradually cast away, and the pleasures of the ball-room and of the theatre constituted the absorbing subjects of her thoughts and conversation.

The Christmas ball was now at hand. Every preparation was made by the votaries of pleasure to render this festivity more attractive than any which had preceded it. The interior of the Town-Hall had been painted, and otherwise beautified. Several amateur musicians from a distance had been engaged to perform on the occasion. Lord and Lady A——, and several of the more influential families in the neighbourhood, had consented to be present, and to take part in the amusements of the evening. Invitations had also been forwarded for many miles round; and an unusually large attendance was expected.

Rosina had already made arrangements with her new associates, to accompany them to the ball. She was not, however, so infatuated, or so steeled in heart, as to make these arrangements without the knowledge of her parents; for though she had previously determined not to be thwarted in her designs by any arguments of her parents, she importuned them, with tears in her eyes, to allow her to attend the ball. Their consent, however, was never obtained.

The important evening at length arrived; and many a young and thoughtless heart beat high in anticipation of the pleasures of the dance. None appeared happier than the deluded Rosina, whose bosom glowed with a transport of tumultuous joy, as she stepped into the carriage which was to convey her to the scene of gaiety.

On entering the assembly-room, her feelings became more and more excited. The rich profusion of lights, which superbly illuminated the hall, the happy faces and splendid dresses of the company, and the exhilarating sounds of music which proceeded from the orchestra, threw her into a delirium of delight, to which, in the circumscribed limits of the domestic circle in which she had hitherto moved, she was an utter stranger.

It may reasonably be asked, Was it possible that the deluded girl, with the religious training she had received, and the consistent example which her pious parents had uniformly set before her,—was it possible that she could enjoy the scene of vanity and dissipation, without some disquietude of conscience, some poignant sense of her folly? No! In the midst of scenes and sounds which are congenial to the carnal mind,—which tend to fan the unholy flame which the heavenly Spirit has long been striving to extinguish,—and which naturally excite the worst passions of the human heart, the young Rosina felt that she was on forbidden ground. The secret springs of feeling were opened in her heart by the power of the inward monitor. The recollections which these feelings awakened in her mind, involuntarily carried her thoughts to the home from which she had wandered, to the parents whose admonitions she had slighted; and ever and anon she sought a more retired part of the room, that she might, unseen and unheeded, wipe away the tears which had dimmed the lustre of her dark blue eyes.

The merriment was now at its height. The music and the dancing became increasingly attractive; when suddenly a check was given to the hilarity of the evening. A scream, wild and almost unearthly, was heard in the centre of the hall: an unusual bustle pervaded the assembly, and it was soon discovered that the young and lovely Rosina had fallen lifeless on the floor. The medical gentleman, who had been immediately summoned, attributed the suddenness of her death to an affection of the heart, to which she had been subject for many years.

Her body, beautiful in death, was conveyed to the house of her parents, in the same carriage, which had taken her to the fatal ball. And will the reader credit it? I was in the town at the time, and can vouch for its truth:—after the corpse had been removed, *the ball went on!* the musicians still played, and the company still danced to the sound of the violin, till the first blush of dawn warned them that it was time to separate.

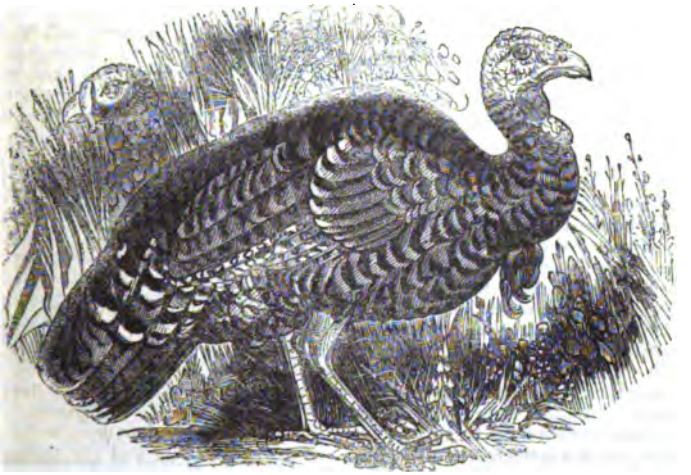
I will not attempt to describe the grief, the agony, which lacerated the feelings of the unhappy parents as they hung over the inanimate body of their only child. From that fatal hour, the voice of joy and of gladness was never again heard in *Woodbine Cottage*. The returning spring, which gradually resuscitated the faded flowers, could not revive the withered hopes of its aged inmates; nor could the sunny smiles of summer chase away the melancholy which was brooding over their desolate hearts. And before the winter again stripped the woods of their verdure, they were carried to the churchyard among the hills, and laid in the same vault which had been successively opened to receive the bodies of their departed children.

In recording these particulars of this "Christmas ball," as a warning to the young, I am aware that many of my readers will attribute the fatal incident which occurred, more to natural causes than to any obvious proof of the divine displeasure against such public amusements. It may be argued that, as she was already the subject of a disease which rendered her liable to sudden death, she was in equal danger of meeting her fate in one place as another; in the house of God, as well as in the ball-room. This I allow. But the fact is incontrovertible:—she had been to the sanctuary a thousand times, and to the ball-room but *once*; and in the

latter place she breathed her last. Besides, who would wish to die in such a place, in the midst of frivolity and dissipation, and surrounded by the vicious and the thoughtless? "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

But Rosina went to the ball, in opposition to the wishes of her parents. She was therefore guilty of disobedience; and that act of disobedience occasioned irremediable anguish to the authors of her being, and accelerated their progress to the grave.—"*Mores perduxerant leges in potestatem suam, nec magis sunt multi obnoxii quam liberi parentibus.*"

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE TURKEY.

"Man, cruel man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board."
Gay's Fables.

If we are indebted to India for the peacock,—where, in their wild state, they fly in coveys, glittering in the sun, or may be seen roosting in the trees, in such numbers, that an author describes them as almost hiding the foliage with their plumage,—and to the eastern countries for our pheasants, we have to thank the New World for that more homely, but more useful bird, the turkey, which, there is reason to believe, was never known in Europe till about three hundred years ago, when it was imported from America;* but which has now been so widely spread, that, in some places, (as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea,) they have nearly returned to their originally wild state; and near Smyrna, such immense flocks of turkeys approach in the depth of winter, that a traveller speaks of purchasing four of the largest size for about five shillings. In the "Perfect Description of Virginia," a small pamphlet published in 1649, we read,—"With the manner how the Emperor Nichotowance came to Sir William Berkeley, attended with five petty Kings, to doe homage, and bring tribute to King Charles. With his solemne protestation, that the sun and moon should lose their lights, before he or his people in the country should prove disloyall, but ever to keepe faith and allegiance to King Charles:"—it is certified, that they (the colonists) have "for poultry, hens, *turkeys*, ducks, geese without number." But we do not find the *turkey* in the list of the goodly provision made for the enthronization of George Nevill, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV.; nor does it appear in the "Regulations of the Household of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512. But long before the date of the oldest of the

* Mr. Gosse, author of "The Birds of Jamaica," contends that the turkey is indigenous in the Antilles, having been found by the Spanish discoverers, and domesticated by the Indians; and that the European domestic breed is descended from West Indian, and not from North American, parentage.—Edit.

books on Virginia and Carolina, above mentioned, the bird was common in the farmyards of Europe. About the 15th of the reign of Henry VIII., 1524, mention is made of it by Baker:—

"*Turkeys*, carps, hoppes, piccarel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

Pierre Giles, in his additions to Ælian, 1535, gives a most accurate description of the turkey, as being then in Europe, and says, that he had seen it, and that it was brought from the New World. In 1541, we find a constitution of Archbishop Cranmer, directing that of such large fowls as cranes, swans, and turkey-cocks, there should be but one dish; and we find the bird mentioned as no great rarity at the inauguration dinner of the Serjeants-at-Law in 1555. Much more evidence might be adduced; nevertheless, we think that its introduction into this country must have taken place about the year 1530, and into other parts of Europe about the same time. Pennant says, "It was first seen in France in the reign of Francis I., and in England in that of Henry VIII."*

With us hen-turkeys are dull, and seem less capable of enjoyment than any birds known. We have watched them stretching out their necks, and stupidly looking for a quarter of an hour together at a small tuft of grass, making short, low cries all the time. On going up to examine what occasioned this, we have found a toad or a frog concealed in the grass. Curiosity, more than fear, appeared to have attracted the turkeys to the spot. They are bad mothers, and frequently trample on their young, appearing to disregard its cries. Unlike the hen, they do not take any trouble in procuring food for their brood.† We are not, indeed, without instances of wild turkeys at this day, in our own country; and a curious anecdote has reached us of a friendship taking place between a flock of these birds and a partridge. About eight or ten years ago, a cock-partridge joined himself to a flock of turkeys, and remained with them constantly during the whole summer, autumn, and winter. He took great liberties with the old turkey-cock: when he saw him going to pick up a worm, or any seed, he used to run under him, between his legs, and snatch it out of his mouth, the turkey-cock never resenting the indignity. Early in the spring he left them, as it was supposed to find himself a mate for the pairing season But in the beginning of autumn he rejoined his old friends, and continued with them as formerly, until the next pairing-time, when he again disappeared, but returned no more, having probably been killed.

In the month of May, a turkey-hen was sitting upon eggs, and as the cock in his solitude began to be uneasy, and appear dejected, he was allowed to remain in the same space along with her. He immediately, on being admitted, sat down by the hen; and it was at first supposed that this was a mere mark of affection, but it was soon found that he had taken some of the eggs from under her, which he carefully covered with his own body. The maid who looked after the poultry thought this mode of hatching would be attended with little advantage, and therefore put the eggs back again under the hen; but the cock was no sooner at liberty than he again carried some of them away as before. The owner, when he observed this, resolved, for the sake of experiment, to let the cock have his own way, and caused a nest to be prepared with as many eggs as its large body was able to cover. The cock seemed to be highly pleased with this mark of confidence, sat with great patience on the eggs, and was so attentive to the care of hatching them, that he scarcely took time to go in search of food. At the expiration of the usual time, twenty-eight young ones were produced; and the cock, who was now in some measure the parent of this numerous offspring, appeared a good deal perplexed when he saw so many little animals pecking around him, and requiring his constant vigilance: they were therefore removed, from a fear that he might tread upon or neglect them.*

Z.

† Broderip's "Zoological Recreations."
‡ Rose's "Gleanings in Natural History."

* Bishop Stanley's "History of Birds."

SNOW.

WHAT a vast fund of amusement and instruction does that beautiful invention, the microscope, afford! If we look at snow, and see the beautiful shapes in which it falls, we cannot but be struck with the sublimity and order in which it is arranged. Likewise with hoar-frost, or damp upon a wall: on viewing them through this little instrument we find them composed of whole forests of trees, which are most probably inhabited. Can the infidel view these and say, "There is no God?" He cannot: he dare not. For while the whole creation sings and says, "There is a God," how shall poor mortal man, who is but dust, deny his Maker? R. X. N.

VORACIOUSNESS OF THE EEL.

WHILE one day standing on the low ledge of a rock, enjoying the delightful scenery of the Tay, I witnessed a very striking, and, so far as I know, novel exhibition, touching natural history, being nothing less than a chase upon *terra firma* of a crab by an eel, and illustrative, in a remarkable manner, of the eagerness with which the latter animal pursues its prey. My attention was drawn to the spot by a rustling sound, when I saw

the fugitive in the act of emerging from the water. The eel, of large dimensions, soon followed. After promptly effecting a landing on the rock on which I was standing, which both of them did with great dexterity, the crab took to his heels with all manner of despatch, and showed his pursuer the advantage of the possession of a supply of limbs. The eel, however, nothing daunted, although labouring under the primeval curse of a serpent, dashed after him with the utmost eagerness; but it was soon obvious that the locomotive machinery of the latter was dismally at fault. He wormed, twisted, and oscillated himself to and fro to comparatively little purpose, although in this way he kept up the chase for a considerable distance, until at length, on my approach, both of them made a short cut, and got again into the water.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A SERPENT.

In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary cells, where the disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, at Madras, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman, belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and, being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary confinement. Soldiers in India have bedding partly furnished by the Honourable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock; and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed his sleeping-furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air-hole which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock externally, on which the building was placed. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind; but he knew that it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot.

Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither: he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him; but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or a touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and lastly over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast was come, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as one of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock, last night," was Jock's reply. "Why didn't you call to the

guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't: so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit: did you know that you would have died instantly?" "I kent that very weel," said Hall; "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them: sae I just let it crawl as it liket." "Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best, after all; but it was what no man in a thousand would have done." When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same; and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bedfellow.

A SAGACIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND.

At certain seasons of the year, the streams in some parts of North America, not far from the coast, are filled with fish to an extent you could scarcely credit, unless you had witnessed it: and now comes the Munchausen story. A real Newfoundland, (which, by the by, is a far slighter dog than we in England generally conceive,) belonging to a farmer, who lived near one of those streams, used to keep the house well supplied with fish. He thus managed it:—He was perfectly black, with the exception of a white fore-foot; and for hours together he would stand almost immovable on a small rock which projected into the stream, keeping his white foot hanging over the ledge as a lure to the fish. He remained so stationary that it acted as a very attractive lure; and whenever curiosity or hunger tempted any unwary fish to approach too close, the dog plunged in, seized his victim, and carried him off to the foot of a neighbouring tree; and on a successful day he would catch a great number.

GOOD FOR A GOOSE.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his paper on "The Intellectuality of Domestic Animals," gives the following anecdote, which is by far too good not to receive the benefit of a wider circulation:—At the flour-mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or gosling. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck-eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated; and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, "Leave them to my care," she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble; but it is a fact that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event: day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humour, numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

OUR SERVANTS.

WHY DO YOU KEEP A SERVANT?

If we are to rely upon the popular voice, we must believe that there are in the present day no faithful servants; or, if they be "faithful," they possess no intellectual qualifications: in other words, "they are not clever enough to be rogues." Were these complaints confined to old housekeepers, we might think that they were not so well-fitted to encounter the difficulties of life as in their youth; in short, that they were rather querulous, and were approaching that state of mental and physical debility in which "the grasshopper becomes a burden." But it is not so. The newly-married pair, speaking in confidence to friends and relatives, say, with too much truth, "Our chief difficulty is with our servants: we are happy with each other, surrounded with worldly comforts and smiling friends, but our peace is disturbed by the unfaithfulness, idleness, or incapacity of our domestics." If such be the complaint of the bride, what is the language of the youthful mother? With a deep sigh, she exclaims, "I am obliged to leave my babe to the

care of a careless, perhaps, a deceitful, nurse, in order to look after, and often to assist, a negligent and idle cook or housemaid, or, more commonly, a 'servant-of-all-work.'"

To all such complainers we would gravely put the question, "Why do you keep a servant?" We do not mean by this inquiry to ascertain whether a domestic is kept because the wife is unable to do her own household-work; or because she has other and more important duties to occupy her time; or whether her husband's position in society requires it: we simply mean, "Do you not expect that, in some way or other, the addition of a domestic servant to your household will contribute to your welfare?" "In plain terms, do you take a young person into your family with a view to *her* advantage or *your own?*" Truth will require the candid avowal, "It is to benefit myself, and those who are near and dear to me."

We have thus a candid acknowledgment that some advantage is to be derived from keeping domestics; and for this some adequate return is to be made. We expect them to do a certain amount of work: we, in return, give them wages, partly in board and lodging, and partly in money. We expect from them honesty and truth, and we are willing to act with integrity towards them; that is, we do not put upon them more work than we had engaged for them to do when we fixed the wages we would give, nor do we intrench upon their promised hours of rest or relaxation. We also expect them to "keep holy the Sabbath-day." Do we set them the example? Do we enable them to enjoy its privileges? It is true *we* may be punctual in our places at the appointed hour of worship; but what have we left for our domestics to do at home? Will they have time before our return to read a chapter, or a hymn, or offer up a Sabbath prayer? This is too seldom in the thoughts of the young housekeeper. She too often forgets that this day is to be a period of rest to *all;* that the Great Lawgiver did not overlook the "woman-servant," or the "man-servant," when he commanded the Sabbatic rest. It would be both wise and kind in employers so to arrange their household duties during the week, that the Saturday might be "a day of preparation." In doing up the parlours and bed-rooms, for instance, say, "Let them be dusted with more than ordinary care, so that they will need little in the morning." When preparing dinner, "Let this or the other be done now, and put aside for to-morrow, as it is the Sabbath." And early in the evening, let the inquiry be made whether everything that can possibly be done over-night is finished; and if not, let the employer show her respect for the sacred day by rendering such assistance as the circumstances of the case and the inexperience of the servant may require.

But is this the plan generally adopted by those who have the charge of families? It often is the case that the domestics do not receive either encouragement or help in preparing, during the preceding week, to make the first day a period of rest from worldly employment and worldly care; and yet, when the servants prefer a visit or a walk to attending the house of God, or a foolish tale to the study of His word, employers exclaim, "Our servants do not regard the Sabbath, nor value its ordinances!"

We expect, too, that those who serve us should have our welfare and comfort at heart, and that they should evince a due regard to our wishes and feelings. But do we not too often forget that *they* also have personal feelings and social claims? There is no need to make a personal companion and *confidante* of a domestic servant; but a woman of right feeling, especially if she have but one female in her establishment, will think it her duty to ascertain whether the poor girl have parents, brothers, and sisters, and what position they occupy. She will make such arrangements as will enable the "solitary one" to see them, or write to them, at proper times; and she will show her sympathy in the purest feelings of the human heart, by inquiring occasionally after their welfare. Nor will she by this means risk the loss of her dignity: judicious kindness may create affection, but it will not lead to familiarity.—*British Mothers' Magazine.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. RICHARD TAYLOR.

BY MR. JOHN TROTTER.

Richard Taylor was not blessed, like many, with God-fearing parents, neither was he favoured with a religious education; and having to go, when very young, to work in the coal-mines, where there are generally a great number of wicked men and boys, he soon drank freely into their spirit, sank deep into sin, and became distinguished for wickedness. He continued in his career of iniquity for many years, contracting more guilt, and wandering farther from God. He went to great lengths in sin: fighting, swearing, drunkenness, and many kindred practices appear to have been his chief

delight. And he continued in that state until God stopped him in his mad career. After his conversion to God, he often looked back with strange feelings "unto the rock whence he was hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence he was digged."

The Almighty made use of a variety of means to bring him to repentance; and he often resolved to give over sinning, and give God his heart. But his resolutions, being made in his own strength, soon gave way. These methods were at length successful: he was brought to repentance; and the sincerity of it was manifested by his ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well. Being thus brought to a discovery of himself as a sinner, he inwardly groaned for redemption. Whole nights were spent in tears and prayer, while seeking the great blessing of the forgiveness of sins. And he did not plead in vain. One night, while engaged in this holy exercise, he resolved not to give up until he obtained the blessing. And towards the break of day the Day-spring from on high visited him: he was enabled to trust in Him, and God in mercy spake peace to his soul; said to him, in effect, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee: go in peace, and sin no more." He knew then for himself that he was a new creature in Jesus Christ, and could rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This great change took place in him during his residence at Cowper-square, near Blyth, at which place he was then employed as a miner; and having to go early to his work that morning, to use his own language, he said, "I went to the pit a new man."

This change of heart naturally produced a change of conduct, which was soon seen by his fellow-workmen; and though he was very much persecuted by them, yet they could not help taking knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. At that time he united himself to the Wesleyan-Methodist society, and continued a consistent member of the same until he joined the church above. And having been such a notorious character previous to this, it soon spread all over that part of the country that Richard Taylor had become a Methodist.

Being thus changed from nature to grace, and made a partaker of the love of God, he became deeply anxious for the salvation of his family and ungodly neighbours: hence he commenced labouring in God's vineyard, and became as zealous for the glory of God as he was once in the service of sin. Being a man of a firm, unbending disposition, he feared none while about his Master's business. He was especially faithful in reproving sin, and would not suffer it upon any occasion.

About two years after his conversion, he felt moved by the Holy Spirit of God to preach the Gospel; and though he was deeply conscious of his own inability for the work, yet the path of duty was before him, and he found he must obey God rather than man. He met with much opposition; but he persevered. And although he laboured under many inconveniences, his preaching was not in vain: many, through his instrumentality, were brought to God. In 1809, under the superintendence of the Rev. D. M'Allum, he became a regular Local Preacher. His sermons were generally practical and very scriptural: he always substantiated his statements by a reference to the word of God. He was very punctual in fulfilling his appointments, and commencing at the proper time. He laboured in the capacity of a Local Preacher for about forty years.

He was ardently attached to Wesleyan Methodism. In his judgment there was no system to be compared with it. And he knew how to appreciate its ordinances, especially its prayer-meetings, class-meetings, &c. He was a Class-Leader himself for many years, and took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge.

Being naturally a man of strong passions, he found it necessary to discipline himself, to "keep his body under." Hence he practised much self-denial; and felt it to be his duty to practise "fasting or abstinence." Often has he, after a hard day's work in the pit, been known to come home, and with the food he ought to have taken himself, supplied the need of a destitute family.

He was a man of persevering prayer. The spirit of prayer was the atmosphere in which his soul breathed: it seemed to be his "vital breath," his "native air." Sometimes he would plead with God for a whole night, on behalf of his family and neighbours. It is believed that his first wife was brought to God in answer to his prayers; and she continued a consistent Christian to the last. His second wife also was noted for piety; and, about three years before the decease of her husband, she died in the triumph of faith. From that time he was more or less afflicted, but never confined to his room until six weeks before his death. But, notwithstanding the painful and trying nature of his affliction, he manifested a spirit of calm resignation to the will of God; and whenever he expressed a desire to recover, it was that he might be more useful in the cause of God. When he was given to understand that, from the nature of his affliction, there was no hope of his recovery, his language was, "The will of the Lord be done." He now turned his attention more particularly to the heavenly world; and often expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

During his affliction he was often visited by his Christian friends, who conversed freely with him about the great concerns of eternity, and to whom he expressed the strongest confidence in God. On the Thursday before his death, one asked him if he

had any doubt on his mind in reference to his acceptance with God. He answered, with uncommon firmness, "No, not any; and the ground of my acceptance is the atoning blood of Christ;" exclaiming,

"My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

His throat being the part most affected, he could take little or no food for a considerable time, so that his sufferings towards the last were very severe; but he continued to bear them with Christian fortitude until Saturday morning, the 18th of January, 1846, when his sanctified spirit was dismissed to its vast reward, in the seventy-third year of his age. The last words he was heard to utter were, "Come, Lord Jesus! and come quickly."

POETRY.

THE NATIVITY.

'Twas in the silent hour of night
That a small shepherd band
Over their flock kept silent watch,
In Judah's pleasant land;

When suddenly, athwart the gloom,
A blaze of light appears;
And each of the companions looks
A thousand untold fears.

And, lo! the angel of the Lord,
In glorious form array'd,
Before them stands, and bids them not
Be anxious nor dismay'd.

"Fear not!" he said, "for unto you
Tidings of joy I bring:
This day a Saviour, Christ, is born,
In David's city King.

"And this to you shall be the sign,—
The holy babe you'll find,
Within a manger low he is
In swaddling clothes confined."

His mission done, a heavenly host
Around the angel bend;
While fervent praises from their lips
In solemn chorus blend.

"Glory to God!" they all exclaim,
"And peace on earth be given!
Good-will to men—for Jesus reigns,
The Lord of earth and heaven!"

EDITH.

PRAYER IN THE DESERT.*

'Twas vesper twilight, and the desert spread
Around them as wide ocean, hush'd and calm;
Through arid wastes, o'er burning pathways led,
How sweet the rest 'mid evening's dewy balm!
Meet emblem of the pilgrim's holier peace,
When ceased his conflicts in life's wilderness.

Silent they stood,—the deep blue heavens on high,
The thronging stars as on their spirits gazing;
And waken'd hearts thrill'd out responsively,
To hope still chasten'd, love their sorrow chasing:
They were lone wanderers, and they sought above,
Strength, aid, and guidance from the Source of love.

Yes, aid they needed, e'en 'neath desert skies,
And pathless solitudes around them sleeping:
Their world was *with them*, in the sanctuaries
Of their own spirits, life's swift moments steeping
Each in its hue of gladness or of sorrow,
Each a swift witness on one fearful morrow.

Their world was with them,—thoughts untold yet vain,
Wild hopes that grasp'd at shadows undefined;
Aspirings lofty, thirstings for earth's gain,
Close offspring of the fetters sin had twined,
The spirit's incense on earth's altar lying,
No murmuring tone, no melody replying.

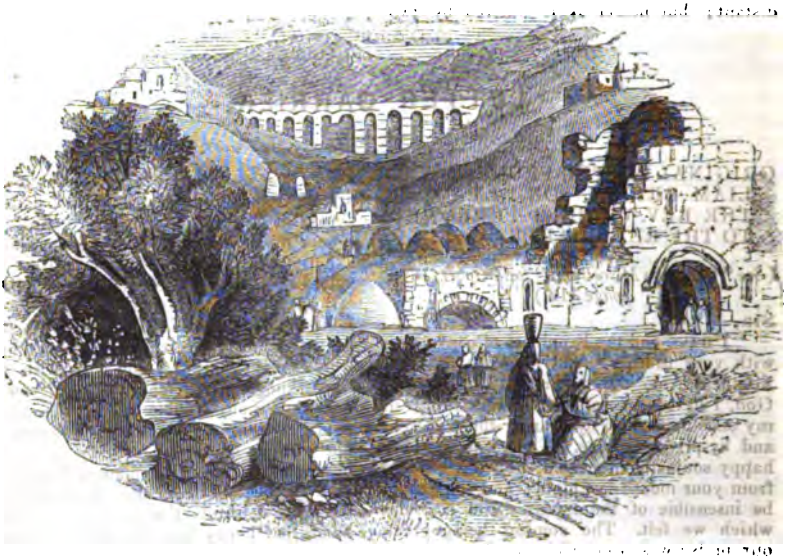
And in their "heart of hearts" the exiles' grief,
Clinging and deep'ning day by weary day,
Fond memories girt them, changeful still and brief,
They might not linger o'er life's summer day;
Yet as a vision love's sweet home they view'd,
And wept their lonely parted solitude.

Deem not the world far from thee, thou who dwellest
Neath the sweet shelter of the household tree;
'Tis in thine heart! the hopes and joys thou tellest,
The soul's dark conflict, and its victory.
Lean on His arm who calls thee to the skies;
Learn but of Him, the' eternal Sacrifice!

Dudley. ADELINE.

* Subject of an engraving in the "Art Union."

ORIENTAL SCENES.



THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

II.—LAODICEA.

THERE were four places of this name, which it may be well to distinguish, in order to prevent them from being confounded with one another. The first was in the western part of Phrygia, on the borders of Lydia; the second, in the eastern part of the same country, denominated Laodicea Combusta; the third, on the coast of Syria, called Laodicea ad Mare, and serving as the port of Aleppo; and the fourth, in the same country, called Laodicea ad Libanum, from its proximity to that mountain. The third of these, that on the coast of Syria, was destroyed by the great earthquake of Aleppo, in August, 1822, and at the time of that event was supposed by many to be the Laodicea of Scripture, although in fact not less than four hundred miles from it. But the first named, lying on the confines of Phrygia and Lydia, about forty miles east of Ephesus, is the only Laodicea mentioned in Scripture, and is that one of the "seven churches in Asia" to which St. John was commissioned to deliver the awful warning contained in Rev. iii. 14—19. The fulfilment of this warning is to be sought, as we take it, in the history of the Christian church which existed in that city, and not in the stone and mortar of the city itself; for it is not the city, but the "church of the Laodiceans," which is denounced. It is true that the city is utterly ruined; but this is the case with innumerable other towns in Asia Minor. It is the precise reference to the seven *churches* as such, without any other reference to the cities than as giving them a name, which imparts a marked distinction to the Apocalyptic prophecies. But this has been little heeded by writers on the subject, who somewhat unaccountably seek, in the actual and material condition of these cities the accomplishment of spiritual warnings and denunciations. At the present day, would an authorized denunciation of "the church in London," as in danger of being cast forth for its lukewarmness, be understood to imply that London itself was destined to become a heap of ruins, with its bridges broken down, and its palaces and temples overthrown?

Laodicea was the capital of Greater Phrygia, and a very considerable city at the time it was named in Scripture; (*Strabo*, p. 578;) but the frequency of earthquakes, to which this district has always been liable, demolished, some ages after, great part of the city, destroyed many of the inhabitants, and eventually obliged the remainder to abandon the spot altogether. Smith, in his Journey to the Seven Churches, (1671,) was the first to describe the site of Laodicea. He was followed by Chandler, and Pococke; and the locality has, within the present century, been visited by Mr. Hartley, Mr. Arundell, and Col. Leake.

Laodicea is now a deserted place, called by the Turks, Eski-hissar, (Old Castle) a Turkish word equivalent to Palæ-kastro, which the Greeks so frequently apply to

ancient sites. From its ruins, Laodicea seems to have been situated upon six or seven hills, taking up a large extent of ground. To the north and north-east runs the river Lycus, about a mile and a half distant; but nearer it is watered by two small streams, the Asopus and Caprus, the one to the west, and the other to the south-east, both passing into the Lycus, which last flows into the Meander. (*Smith*, p. 85.)— *Kitto.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM BRIGGS, SON-IN-LAW OF THE REV. VINCENT PERRONET, TO THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

(*See "Christian Miscellany," for October*, 1848, *page* 312.)

SIR,

I HAVE had the happiness of conversing with your brother,* and likewise with Mr. Maxfield, from whom, through the grace of God, I have seen wonderful enlightenings in my once-dark soul, by hearing them preach, and by private advice. I was one of those happy souls that received the word of God from your mouth last night; and you cannot be insensible of the raptures and ecstasies which we felt. The comfort being great, our praise was wonderful; our hearts being full of joy, insomuch that they then overflowed with the love of God: especially mine did then, and never before in such a manner.

My desire is to be always full of such love, but, as human infirmities abound, at present, I cannot enjoy so great a blessing long together; and the only reason I can assign for it is, I converse with none but worldly-minded people. I have a great desire to serve God always, and in all places; but, alas! in some places I am interrupted by the vain-talking of my worldly friends, so called: their kindnesses are great snares; their gifts, pleasures, (called innocent,) and friendly speeches are slow poisons to my soul. Why? because the love of God is not so firmly fixed in my heart as to withstand the shock of leaving all, which I must do, sooner or later; but, being young and inexperienced, I thought it not fit till I consulted those more experienced than myself.

I have no acquaintance amongst the true followers of Christ that I might speak freely to, that I might receive their advice gladly; which makes me trouble you with these lines, knowing, for Christ's sake, you will not think it any trouble at all. The grace of God grows more and more in me every day: not without backslidings. My desire is to be acquainted in what manner I must proceed to be admitted into closer fellowship with the faithful; that is, into a society or band, that I may hear the word of God expounded, and learn to be continually singing forth the praises of my God and Saviour. As these desires are from one who desires to glorify God in all his actions, (as he is my witness, I lie not!) so I hope you will not reject me my desire of assisting in those solemn assemblies, with my heart and voice, in singing forth the praises of the great God, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

I rejoice in the Lord to see you in health; and I pray God to continue it, for the honour of Him, and the health of our souls.

I am your friend and servant, for Christ's sake,

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Monday morning, Nov. 22d, 1742.

Direct for me at Mr. Gladman's, Trunk-maker, in Leadenhall-street.

* The Rev. John Wesley.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

CUNNING OF THE MONKEY.

A FRIEND has just made me a present of a small kind of monkey, about nine inches high, of a light brown colour. His antics are often very amusing. I fasten him by a chain to a thick pole in the compound, at the top of which is his house. He will sometimes turn his water-pot upside down, and sit on it in the gravest possible manner. He will then perhaps stoop down and gather a blade of grass, and examine it as attentively as though he were inquiring to what species and genus it belonged. Perhaps by this time several large knowing-looking crows, something like English magpies, have collected round him, holding their heads on one side, and looking as

if they were listening very attentively to his lecture on botany. Presently you would see the sly little monkey turn his eye to see how near they are, and then with one bound he will catch hold of the nearest crow by the neck; but the crow is the stronger of the two, and always gets away safe. These crows are as common as sparrows, and quite as tame, for they will hop into the verandah, and pick up anything the parrots drop.

REPTILES IN INDIA.

I WAS crossing my compound in the dusk a few evenings ago, after feeding my fowls and ducks. I walked slowly, thinking of England, and my children, when I happened suddenly to cast my eyes upon the ground. I started back on perceiving within two paces of me the dreaded cobra de capello; its head raised, its hood expanded, and manifesting every sign of anger. Two, or at most three, steps more, and I should have trodden upon it and received the fatal bite. Unfortunately I had no stick in my hand. I called the servants to bring bamboos; but by the time they came it had glided into its hole, and I went home thanking the Supreme Being who had saved me from the fearful danger. Since that time I have not been out without a large bamboo in my hand; for, although I have stopped up the hole, yet the cobra de capello is, no doubt, still in my compound. The bite of this snake is most deadly.

During the last fortnight I have heard of three persons having been killed by it in Midnapore. Two of them were hunters, the other was one of the wives of the Rajah. She put her hand into a cupboard to procure something, when a cobra, which had concealed itself there, bit her. When a person is wounded by this venomous reptile, he generally expires within an hour. The only possible cure, and that is an uncertain one, is to swallow every few minutes a glass of brandy with some *eau de luce*, or smelling salts, dissolved in it, while a man stands near beating you with a heavy whip. Or, instead of this, you may be fastened to a carriage, and compelled to run as fast as possible. The object is to keep you awake; for the danger of the bite consists in the heavy lethargy it produces. The remedies applied, however, are sure to bring on a violent fever, which frequently proves fatal. Few diseases in this country last longer than an hour or two. Fever, cholera, and inflammation of the liver, the three great scourges of India, commonly prove fatal within from two to twelve hours, so that no one can exist here without being constantly reminded of the uncertainty of human life. It is curious that I, who dreaded so greatly the reptiles of India, should have been at once sent to the station where they most abound; for there is probably no place in Bengal where serpents and lizards are so plentiful. Our house is infested by numbers of centipedes, which get on the chairs and on the clothes in a most unpleasant manner. However, we have neither of us yet been bitten.

I have not seen a scorpion alive. My wife and I were walking in the compound the other day when we saw a very large snake looking at us through the hedge of aloes. It was of a light brown, and was, I think, five or six feet long.

The other day my servants brought me in a venomous snake which they said they had killed in the compound. I took it up by its tail and carried it into my wife's dressing room to show it to her. I laid it down on the floor, and it soon began to wriggle away, and raising its head, turned at us. Fortunately there was a stick at hand; and taking it up, I killed the animal with one blow. So great is the dread of them here, that no one ever sleeps without a light, lest, stepping out of bed at night, he should place his foot upon some venomous creature: most people keep a long bamboo in every room. We never put on our shoes without first examining well to see that there is nothing alive in them. The oil which we burn in the evening and at night is extracted from the cocoa-nut, and has a most agreeable smell. For this purpose cocoa-nuts are brought from Ceylon and all the neighbouring islands. This oil could not be used in England, because it is congealed into a sort of fat when the thermometer is at 64°.

AN INDIAN BEAR.

ABOUT a fortnight ago the Judge went out shooting: he came to a large hole under the root of a tree, and heard a loud growling. He is a courageous man, so he was not afraid; but he told an Indian, who was with him, to get behind the tree, and then poke a long stick into the hole. Presently the growling became very loud and savage; and then out jumped an enormous bear, one of the most savage sort, a large black bear. The Judge was ready, and shot it when it came out. On examining the hole, three young bears, only a few days old, were found. He sent for some Indians, who carried the dead body, and also the cubs, home; and then, as he knew that I was fond of animals, he sent the three little ones to me. They are very ugly, and cannot see yet. One of my goats had just had a kid; so I told the cook to make the kid into soup, and I brought the goat to the young bears. One man held the goat, another covered her eyes with his hands, and a boy held up the cubs to suck. The goat did not like it at all at first; but now she is quite contented, almost as much so as if they were her own young ones. I have given two of them away. In England you never taste goat's-milk: it is most delicious; far better, I think, than cow's-milk: we use it every day. Each goat, after the kid is taken from her, gives about three-

quarters of a pint a day. The Judge has promised me a bottle full of the pure bear's grease.—*Acland's "Manners and Customs of India."*

ANECDOTES.

ERSKINE AS CHANCELLOR.

Being entirely unacquainted with the law of real property, which is so peculiarly essential in a court of equity, he did purchase a copy of the most popular digest upon this subject; and being caught with a volume of it under his arm, he said, "he was taking a little from his *cruise* daily, without any prospect of coming to the end of it." But I cannot find that he made any systematic or vigorous effort to initiate himself in the doctrines of equity; and, on the contrary, I have been told, that, finding he got on more smoothly in the Court of Chancery than he expected, he undervalued the difficulties of his situation, and was not much dissatisfied with his own qualifications and his own performances. Gratifying Hargrave with a silk gown, he got this deep though dull lawyer to work out the authorities for him; and with such assistance, he thought himself equal to most of his predecessors.—*Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."*

THE SAILOR BOYS.

A boat full of men was seen (says Mr. Brenton) proceeding to an East Indiaman, and I, who was at the time walking the deck with the Captain, was ordered to take a boat and examine them. I found them sheltered under a regular protection signed by the Lords of the Admiralty, and stated to be in force for three days from its date. The date had been omitted, perhaps purposely; and the paper had probably been procured by a crimp, in order to cover the men he was in the habit of sending down to the ships at Gravesend. The boat, therefore, was brought alongside the Sibyl; and the Captain, not finding any prime seamen amongst them, was satisfied with taking two healthy looking Irish lads, Mike and Pat Corfield by name, one about twenty years old, and the other under nineteen. The lads were greatly distressed at being put on board a man-of-war, of which they had undoubtedly heard many terrible things. It was, however, past twelve o'clock when they arrived, and the pipe had been just given for dinner. The young Irishmen were accordingly supplied with their portion of bread, soup, and meat; when Pat, smiling through his tears, said, "Mike, let us send for mother!" This little speech, so original, and so full of affectionate expression, was related to the amusement of the officers for the moment, and was soon forgotten; but many weeks afterwards, when the ship was at Spithead, a boat came off, in which was not only the mother, but also the little brother of the Corfields. This meeting was, as may be supposed, affecting in the extreme, and seemed to interest every one in their favour. The whole family were of course to live, while they remained together, upon the allowance of the two sailors; but the officers having interceded with the Captain, little Edmund, the younger brother, about ten years of age, was put on the books, which gave a third allowance: in the mean time the two elder had procured and slung a hammock for the mother, and another for the little fellow, and every accommodation was given them by their shipmates, to whom this conduct had endeared them. The mother, by washing, more than furnished her quota for the mess, and the whole were kept by her care so clean and tidy that they were noticed for their good appearance.—*Memoir of Admiral Brenton.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE TEACHER'S MONITOR.

I. A Sunday-school Teacher should be *converted.*

"Thou which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" (Rom. ii. 21.)

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

Question for consideration.—Is it likely that an unconverted Teacher can *train* his class for the kingdom of heaven?

N.B.—The duty of a Sunday-school Teacher is not to give up teaching; but to GIVE UP THE WORLD.

"My son give me thine heart." (Prov. xxiii. 26.)

II. A Sunday-school Teacher should be *intelligent.*

"To much love in the heart, you should seek to add much light in the mind."—*James.*

He who undertakes the office of teaching the young, should feel the obligation of a diligent and systematic perusal of the word of God.

"The Teacher must seek for self-improvement if he would do good in the Sabbath-school. *One-fourth* part of an hour, every day, diligently and wisely improved in self-cultivation, will help a man to grow in wisdom."—*Todd.*

"Apply thine heart to understanding." (Prov. ii. 2.)

III. A Sunday-school Teacher should be *persevering.*

"If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." (Heb. x. 38.)

Perseverance in any undertaking is the mark of a great mind. No work tests it more than Sabbath-school teaching. Is it not the duty of a Teacher to deposit, under God, the seed of the kingdom in the heart of the young? Time and patient waiting are needed ere its growth and fruitfulness will appear.

"Did the Son of God labour through a life of poverty, agonize in a death of torture for immortal souls, and will you cast from you their interests because a little sacrifice of time and ease is required on the Sabbath? Can *you* pretend to fellowship with Christ?"—*J. A. James.*

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." (Gen. xlix. 4.)

IV. A Sunday-school Teacher should be *punctual.*

SUM. If twelve Teachers in one school are each five minutes behind the hour when instruction begins, how much time have the young lost by this irregularity?

Question.—Are GOD, the CHURCH, and the YOUNG, to be robbed of so large a portion of valuable instruction, because Sunday-school Teachers are *too* indolent to cultivate the habit of punctuality?

"Will a man rob GOD?" (Mal. iii. 8.)

V. A Sunday-school Teacher should be *benevolent.*

"And he took them up in his arms, and *blessed them.*" (Mark x. 16.)

In the kingdom of Christ, great learning is not demanded, great and striking and splendid talents are not necessary. To be useful, to bring souls to Christ, and to win the crown of life, *holy, devoted,* disinterested piety is the great thing needed.

"For the conversion of the young, a *frozen heart,* a *dead* piety, narrow views, and stinted labour WILL NOT DO."—*Todd.*

"And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." (John ii. 17.)

VI. A Sunday-school Teacher should be eminently *devotional.*

"Ask, and it shall be given you." (Matt. vii. 7.)

Your *closet* should be the constant scene of your anxiety for their welfare. God loves the prayers of his people. Importune him, therefore, to bless your efforts. Confess to him that the work of conversion is all his own. Hang the interests of this school upon his arm, and lay them down in the light of his countenance.

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. iii. 10.)

ENCOURAGEMENTS.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.)

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. xxv. 40.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ALMOND.

As the almond-tree is a native of Syria and Palestine, and extends from thence to Affghanistan, and is not likely to have been indigenous in Egypt, almonds were very likely to form part of a present from Jacob, even to the great men of Egypt; the more especially as the practice of the East is for people to present what they can afford in their respective stations. The form of the almond would lead to its selection for ornamental carved work, independently of its forming an esteemed esculent, as well as probably yielding a useful oil. In Eccles. xii. 5, it is said, "The almond-tree shall flourish, and the fruit of the caper shall droop, because man goeth to his long home." This evidently refers to the profuse flowering and appearance of the almond-tree when in full bloom, and before its leaves appear. It is hence adduced as illustrative of the hoary hairs of age, in the same way as the drooping of the fruit of the caper seems to refer to the hanging down of the head. Mr. Kitto mentions the almond among the first trees that flower in January. "There are two species of *amygdalus* in Palestine; the common almond-tree, and the peach-tree; and both are this month in blossom in every part of Palestine, on both sides of Jordan. It was doubtless from this winter-blossoming of the almond-tree, not less than from the snowy whiteness of the blossoms, that the hoary head of the aged man is, by a beautiful metaphor, said in Scripture, to flourish like the almond-tree."

This interesting tree, whose pink and white blossoms appearing before the leaves,

make our gardens gay in the early spring, bears two varieties of fruit, the sweet and the bitter almond. The sweet almond is known best as a mere luxury in this country, though the apothecary makes great use of it in emulsions for coughs and colds. By long pounding in a mortar, the oil and the substance of the almond become so thoroughly mixed, that a kind of milk is formed, which I have seen put into tea, like cow's milk, during a sea voyage.

The bitter almond yields a great quantity of that powerful medicine, yet terrible poison, prussic acid; notwithstanding which, the smell and taste are so agreeable, that confectioners, particularly in Italy, used it to flavour many of their sweetmeats and cakes.

The Jews, both of ancient and modern times, naturally reverenced the almond, as it was the subject of one of the miracles wrought at the time when they were brought up out of their Egyptian bondage, and received the law which distinguished them among all nations as the people of God.

When the heads of the families of Israel presented their rods or staffs before God, the rod of Aaron, though long cut from the tree, budded, blossomed, and even bore fruit; a miracle which confirmed the priesthood for ever in the family of Aaron and his sons.

Hence it is that on the days of great festivals, when the ancient Jews would have presented palm-branches in the Temple, the modern English Jews, who cannot obtain a palm-branch, carry a bough of the flowering almond to the synagogue.

So, as the almond failed not to their patriarchs in the days of dearth, it cometh to their hand in this day of worse and more bitter privation; as a token that God forgetteth not his people in their distress, nor the children of Israel, though scattered in a foreign land, though their home is the prey of the spoiler, and their temple is become an high place for the heathen.—*Kitto.*—*Lady Calcott.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

RICHARD BAXTER.

DIED DEC. 8TH, 1691.

AMIDST the political storms excited by the misgovernment of the Stuarts in the seventeenth century, which shook the throne of England to its foundation, and for a season wrought an entire change in the government of the country, there arose some of the most illustrious characters which ever adorned the pages of national history.

In this tempestuous era the British mind seems to have arrived at its full strength. As the exigencies of the period called for master-minds to rule the storm, and form the

conflicting elements of society into shape, unity, and harmony, so a gracious Providence interposed, and supplied men whose deeds have enrolled their names among the noblest that ever graced the annals of patriotism and piety. With regard to theology, it was the Augustan age. The names of Howe, Baxter, Owen, and their gifted fellow-labourers in the field of sacred literature, throw an imperishable halo around it.

The author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" was born at Rowton, in Shropshire, Nov. 12th, 1615. Though his ancestors made a considerable figure, the family estate was so encumbered with debt, as to prove a great hinderance to his education, which evil was aggravated by the neglect of his Teachers, who disgracefully forgot their obligations to their distinguished pupil, whose delicate state of health demanded very special consideration. Mr. John Owen, master of the free-school at Wroxeter, was the only one who gave him any help in classical studies. Having received all he could teach him, Baxter held the position of "captain" of the school for some time. The want of means deprived him of a University course, to make up for which he was put under the care of the Rev. Richard Wickstead, Chaplain to the Council at Ludlow, who was allowed by the King to educate one pupil; but he spent his time seeking a bishopric, and speaking against the Puritans, instead of instructing his pupil. The free use of an excellent library was the only advantage he enjoyed during the two years he was under him.

When Baxter reached his eighteenth year, he was urged by his reverend preceptor to make trial of a court life, as the most likely to raise him in the world. On his arrival at Whitehall he was courteously received by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, whose kind solicitations failed to keep him beyond one month. A *play* instead of a *sermon* on the afternoon of the holy Sabbath, and little preaching, except against the ignorance and hypocrisy of the Puritans, had no attractions for the author of the "Call to the Unconverted." On his return to the country, he applied himself with such ardour to his studies, as all but obviated the absence of the advantages of the University. His attainments in sacred knowledge were beyond what most ever arrive at in the Universities.

His earliest religious impressions were received from his father, who became serious about the time Richard was born, while reading the holy Scriptures. He had no one to guide or encourage him; Priests and people being alike ignorant of the Gospel, and grossly immoral. On the Lord's day a maypole used to be set up opposite to his door, around which the godless people used to dance till they were tired out.

Though Baxter says of himself, that when a boy he used to be guilty of lying, stealing fruit, levity, pride, disobedience to parents, the recollection of which used to trouble him greatly; yet his father said, with tears of joy, to a friend, "My son Richard I hope was sanctified from the womb; for when he was a little boy in coats, if he heard other children in play speak profane words, he would reprove them, to the wonder of them that heard him." His hatred of profane sports, his fear of sinning, and love of religion rapidly grew upon him, and exposed him to the persecuting enmity of his ungodly neighbours. When fourteen years old, he read "Parsons on Resolution" as corrected by Bunny, which made such serious impressions upon his mind as never left him to the day of his death. A constant prey to disease, he continually walked as if the next step would be into eternity. Between his twenty-first and twenty-third year he had little hope of surviving more than a few months. Yet, zealous for the salvation of souls, he received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Worcester, who also gave him a license to teach a free-school at Dudley, recently erected by Mr. Richard Toley, of Stourbridge. Having received orders without considering fully the Book of Ordination, the Book of Homilies, the Book of Common Prayer, and some points in the Thirty-nine Articles, he repented of his haste on reading Ames's "Fresh Suit against human Ceremonies in God's Worship."

After preaching very successfully to large congregations for three-quarters of a year, he removed to Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, as assistant to Mr. William Madstard. At his first coming, his ministry was crowned with the conversion of several to God. The Vicar of Kidderminster, in Worcestershire, and his two Curates, having compelled the people to petition the Long Parliament against them by their unfitness for the work of the ministry, Baxter was invited to settle amongst them as their Minister; which invitation he accepted. Here he laboured for a while amidst much opposition, ignorance, and profaneness; but the Lord so prospered his efforts that he succeeded in turning many from darkness to light, and diffusing such a savour of piety as rendered Kidderminster as famous for godliness as it had previously been for vice of every kind. Sixteen of his best years of active ministerial labour were bestowed on them, the fruit of which long appeared to witness his devotedness as a servant of Christ. On the Lord's day hundreds of families might be heard singing psalms, and repeating sermons, as one passed along the streets: the good influence spread even to the inns and ale-houses: few families in the town refused to submit to his private catechising and personal conferences, and few left him without tears, or serious promises of living a godly life. Of his six hundred communicants he had good hopes that they were soundly converted, with the exception of about twelve.

When the civil war broke out, he was perplexed as to the course he ought to take. However, he took the protestation required by the Parliament, to defend the King's person, honour, and authority, the power and privileges of Parliament, the liberty of the subject, and the Protestant religion, against the common enemy.

From the conduct of the drunken rabble, he found it prudent to leave Kidderminster for a season. While preaching at Alcester, on the Lord's day, when the Edge-hill fight took place, he had notice that the armies were engaged, by the noise of the cannon. Next day he visited the field of battle. He retired to Coventry for one year, and then for another, in consequence of the war being still carried on, where he preached once a week to the soldiers, and once on the Lord's day to the people. Here he was favoured with the society of about thirty worthy Ministers, who took shelter during the storm that raged throughout England. After the battle of Naseby, near Coventry, he paid a visit to the army, and was confounded to find that the fanatical sectaries were determined to sweep away not only Bishops, Liturgies, and ceremonies, but all who interfered with their wild schemes, which led him to regret that most of the Ministers left the army after the battle of Edge-hill, and also his own refusal to become Pastor of Cromwell's troop. Invited by Colonel Whalley to become Chaplain to his regiment, he left his retreat, and proceeded earnestly to discourse the officers and soldiers out of their religious and political mistakes. He marched with the army, and was present at the taking of Bridgewater, and the siege of Bristol, Sherbourne Castle, and Exeter; and was also with Colonel Whalley before Banbury Castle, and at the siege of Worcester. His success in opposing the fiery-tempered sectaries was such, that he believed, had the Ministers continued with the army, doing their duty, every plot would have been defeated, and the King, Parliament, and religion preserved. The loss of a gallon of blood at the nose so weakened him that he was compelled to leave the army, and retire to Sir Thomas Rouse's, where he daily expected to fall into dropsy, or to die. He freely and fearlessly censured Cromwell's usurpation; and while preaching before him on 1 Cor. i. 10, he showed the mischief of politicians maintaining divisions in the church for their own ends. Soon afterwards, the Protector sent for him, and made a speech to him of an hour's length, about the providence of God changing the government, and favouring the change by such great things done both at home and abroad. Baxter frankly told him that the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and desired to know how they had forfeited that blessing, and to whom that forfeiture was made. He warmly replied, that "there was no forfeiture; but God had changed it as it pleased Him!" On church government, Baxter opposed all extremes. Hence he agreed with all that was really good and true in the different forms embraced by Erastians, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians: and, at the request of several Ministers, he drew up an agreement for church order and concord, embracing the points in which Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents were agreed; and the neighbouring Ministers associated together on this foundation, not disputing, but agreeing to practice what was acknowledged by all. His whole soul was incessantly devoted to the promotion of truth and peace among the different contending sects. He treated with the leading men of the different parties about terms of catholic communion, and lent his assistance in every great movement affecting the civil and religious interests of the nation. The bishopric of Hereford was offered to him; but he declined it, on grounds sufficiently satisfactory to his own mind, and begged of the Lord Chancellor to be allowed to act as Curate under the old Vicar of Kidderminster, in preference to receiving the emoluments of that or any other see. This being refused, he repaired to London, and became joint Lecturer with Dr. Bates, at St. Dunstan's, in Fleet-street. He also preached gratis, once every Lord's day, at Blackfriars, and delivered a week-day lecture in Milk-street.

The spirit of persecution gathering strength to put down all who refused to yield to the claims of an intolerant Episcopacy, Baxter yielded to the storm, and preached his last sermon as a Minister in the Established Church on the 25th of May, at Blackfriars. On Bartholomew's-day, 1662, two thousand of the very best of the Clergy were silenced by the Act of Uniformity; which reduced them and their families to great straits and sufferings, and gave a blow to the Church of England which it never recovered. After this, Baxter was frequently imprisoned and fined, under the Conventicle Act, the Oxford Act, and under various pretences. The first time he was committed to the New Prison for six months, but was released by a *habeas corpus:* this was followed by a series of trials of like kind, which, with his shattered state of health, and the growing infirmities of age, brought him to his death-bed, where he showed remarkable submission to the divine will, saying, "Lord, when thou wilt, what thou wilt, how thou wilt;" declaring to his friends, that he enjoyed a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within. At last, being asked how he did, he replied, "Almost well," and expired, December 8th, 1691. His remains were followed to Christ's Church-yard, London, by a great concourse of devout men and Ministers of various denominations, who made sincere lamentation over him.

Whatever fault may be found with him as

an author, it is plain that no writings exist that surpass his practical works for awakening the insensible, instructing the ignorant, confirming the wavering, comforting the mournful, and building up saints in their most holy faith. Had he written nothing more than the "Call to the Unconverted," and "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," his name must have been held in honour while real piety has a friend in the world.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Abraham, Mr. H.,		Devizes,	17	Sept. 25th, 1847.
Abraham, Miss,		Devizes,	20	July 20th, 1848.
Boswell, Mr. Thomas,	Cookley,	Stourport,	76	June 23d, 1848.
Brittain, Mr. William,		Northampton,	50	March 2d, 1848.
Brook, Mrs. Hannah,	Hopton,	Mildenhall,	92	July 5th, 1848.
Brook, Charles,		Scarborough,	52	July 27th, 1848.
Calvert, Mrs. F.,	Dunmow,	Maldon,	45	July 3d, 1848.
Cawood, Mrs. S.,	Church-Fenton,	Tadcaster,	41	Feb. 25th, 1848.
Chappell, Mrs.,		Manchester,	71	July 19th, 1848.
Clark, Miss Emily,	Rotherhithe,	Fourth London,	28	July 25th, 1848.
Clarkson, Mrs.,	Cheetham-Hill,	First Manchester,	83	Aug. 13th, 1848.
Clifford, David,		Maidstone,	67	July 2d, 1848.
Cockrell, Daniel,	Collingtree,	Northampton,	59	Aug. 10th, 1848.
Davies, Mr. Thomas,		Hereford,	28	June 20th, 1848.
Dennis, Mrs.,		Ashby-de-la-Zouch,		June 30th, 1848.
Gibson, Jane,	Moss-Ends,	Easingwold,	23	Sept. 7th, 1846.
Gibson, Mrs.,	Moss-Ends,	Easingwold,	68	Jan. 18th, 1848.
Gibson, Mrs. Ann,	Cheetham-Hill,	First Manchester,	51	Aug. 12th, 1848.
Green, Mr. Ralph,	Hedley,	Shotley-Bridge,	72	April 5th, 1848.
Hainsworth, Mrs.,	Rukefoot,	Bacup,	73	June 15th, 1848.
Halliday, W. H.,	Heckmondwhite,	Cleckheaton,	18	Aug. 15th, 1848.
Harker, Elizabeth,		Darlington,	94	June 25th, 1848.
Hunt, Mrs.,	Hill-Top,	Wednesbury,	61	July 2d, 1848.
Jones, Mr. William,	Cleobury Mortimer,	Stourport,	52	June 18th, 1848.
Kennedy, Mrs.,	Maida-Hill,	Sixth London,	60	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Mapson, Mr. R.,		Worksop,	56	July 1st, 1848.
Mason, Mrs.,	Cheddar,	Banwell,	65	June 29th, 1848.
Miles, Ellen,		Lewes,	19	May 19th, 1848.
Neave, Samuel,	Richmond-Hill,	Fourth Manchester,	21	Dec. 12th, 1847.
Newton, Mr. George,	Cropwell-Butler,	Bingham,	60	March 18th, 1848.
Newton, Miss,		Houghton-le-spring,	27	July 10th, 1848.
Nicholson, Mrs.,		York,	68	July 21st, 1848.
Palmer, Mrs.,		Redditch,	76	July 19th, 1848.
Parsons, Mrs. Mary,	Douglas-street,	Seventh London,	63	July 24th, 1847.
Perry, Mrs. Ann,	Kidderminster,	Stourport,	78	June 3d, 1848.
Poole, Mrs. Ellen,	Wighill,	Tadcaster,	25	July 9th, 1848.
Raven, Mrs.,	Quorndon,	Leicester,	76	Aug. 9th, 1848.
Rees, Mr. Henry,		Haverfordwest,	39	April 12th, 1848.
Reeve, Mrs.	Braunston-Lodge,	Daventry,	36	June 27th, 1848.
Sawtell, Mrs.,	Ball's-Pond,	Eighth London,	36	Aug. 10th, 1848.
Severs, Mr. George,		Ripon,	37	June 28th, 1848.
Sherwell, Mr. John,		Plymouth,	64	Aug. 16th, 1848.
Skitter, Mrs.	Epsom, Surrey,	Croydon,		Aug. 10th, 1848.
Stubbs, Mr. John,	Bramham,	Tadcaster,	23	Feb. 28th, 1848.
Swinden, Mrs. E.,	Steeton,	Tadcaster,	81	Jan. 18th, 1848.
Thorley, Mrs. P.,		Belper,	61	July 4th, 1848.
Tipper, Mrs.,		Derby,	77	July 10th, 1848.
Twigg, Mrs. Rachel,	Mayfield,	Ashbourne,	48	Jan. 18th, 1848.
Vickers, Mr. James,	Hazel-Grove,	Stockport, South,	84	June 30th, 1848.
Walker, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	York,	50	July 7th, 1848.
Waterhouse, Mrs.,	Hanley,	Burslem,		May 23d, 1848.
Wilton, Mrs.,		York,	86	July 16th, 1848.
Wingrave, Ann,	Collingtree,	Northampton,	25	July 11th, 1848.

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THE EDITORS TO THEIR CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

With gratitude to Almighty God, by whose favour this Work has been conducted to the close of another year, the Editors engage to renew their best endeavours to render the next Volume not unworthy of the remarkable patronage with which they have been honoured. They are much indebted, and their public thanks are respectfully offered, to a number of Correspondents, by whose lively and varied Communications they have been at once encouraged and assisted. The labour thus willingly contributed, it may be confidently affirmed, has not been in vain. The Christian Miscellany has taken its part in an urgently-required effort to stem the overflowing tide of infidelity and sin: and the idea of an annual issue, amounting to nearly Thirty Millions of publications, on the side of dangerous error, is enough to prompt increasing assiduity in maintaining a vigorous resistance. Our Correspondents will oblige us, and the many myriads of our readers, by continuing to employ their friendly pens.

The Conductors offer their affectionate thanks, also, to their numerous Subscribers. If these friends will repeat their kindness in recommending the Miscellany, the most gratifying result is certain. May all Divine blessings attend them; and may God, in *this* and in all things, be glorified through Jesus Christ!

London, Nov., 1849.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JANUARY, 1849.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XI.

THE SOLEMN ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the days of the Prophet Jeremiah the sins of the Jewish nation were many in number, and most criminal in their character; calling forth the terrible denunciations of Jehovah's righteous displeasure. The Prophet wept over their folly, deplored their desolations, warned them of their danger, and exhorted them to repentance. This he did as the only way through which the predicted calamities could possibly be averted; for, as sin had brought them under the judicial dealings of a righteous God, timely repentance alone could deprecate and obtain a removal of divine judgments. But, instead of listening to the admonitions of the sincere friend, true patriot, and Prophet of the Lord, they loaded him with reproach, consigned him to the miry dungeon, and even sought to take his life. Among the most violent of his persecutors were the Priests and false Prophets; Prophets who deceived the people by predicting the reverse of those prophecies delivered by Jeremiah. One of these Prophets was called Hananiah, the son of Azur, who dared to declare that he spoke in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel. Jeremiah boldly opposed him, in the presence of the Priests and people; and, by authority from God, charged him with being a deceiver, saying, "The Lord hath not sent thee; but thou makest this people to trust in a lie." Having done so, he retired, but was sent again to the Prophet with the solemn announcement, "Thus saith the Lord, This year thou shalt die." The announcement was fully verified; for it is recorded, "So Hananiah died the same year." Awful threatening, which was speedily realized! Did the crime deserve the punishment? Doubtless it did. In the name of the God of truth he had not only spoken falsely, but this charge was also brought against him,—"Thou hast taught rebellion against the Lord." Rebellion against an earthly Sovereign, a creature like the rebel, is deemed treason, to be punished with death. But this rebellion was against the Lord, the mighty Creator, the supreme Sovereign of earth and heaven, the King of Kings. It was not merely personal rebellion, but the excitement of a nation against their God, and that by means the most false and profane. Thus the crime was of a most criminal character, one of the vilest of which mortals are capable. Many sins are committed before God: this was directly committed against God; against his character, authority, and omnipotence. The punishment inflicted

was the loss of life. "It was a sin unto death." A being forfeited by rebellion against the Author of that being. A being given to be spent in honouring God as a Father, obeying him as a Governor, and loving him as a bountiful Benefactor; but perverted to acts of ignominy, ingratitude, and disobedience. He, therefore, who gave it, righteously required it of the guilty perverter. Mercy, however, was mingled with judgment; space, a short space, for repentance was afforded. The announcement was made in the fifth month, and Hananiah died in the seventh month. Limited as the period was, it allowed opportunity for reflection, submission, repentance, and prayer; and this rightly improved, though he had sinned unto the death of the body, his soul might be delivered from eternal death through the pardoning grace of a merciful God, who had ever manifested himself ready to forgive the contrite offender. The recorded history of this wicked Prophet is fraught with instruction to the present day. The generation of 1849 may be profited by it. This year has opened on the world; and though the voice of God has not declared to any distinctly and pointedly, "*This year thou shalt die,*" yet of thousands it may be confidently asserted, *This year they will die.* God wisely and mercifully conceals from man the day of his death. Were it known, there is as much reason to fear the knowledge would be pernicious, as there is to hope it would be beneficial. Wisdom, therefore, that cannot err, has shrouded it from human penetration. Still the question may be profitably asked, "Shall I die this year?" Were the crime committed by Hananiah to be always, in the same way, visited on the guilty, the answer would be in the affirmative, "This year I shall die." For who can truly say, "I have not rebelled against the Lord?" Not one among the sons and daughters of men. All have rebelled; and it will be of the Lord's mercy if this year is not to them the year of mortal visitation. Life has been forfeited; the special purpose for which it was given has been neglected; and to purposes the very reverse of its design too great a portion of it has been devoted. Deserved wrath might justly terminate the days of all; but remembered mercy will doubtless spare many. "Shall I die this year?" is also a question of serious probability. Thousands and tens of thousands will; for every moment is marked with the slain of death. I may therefore be numbered this year with its subjects. My youth is no security of continued life; for the young numerously die: it is a period when life's voyage frequently terminates. My health is no security for continued life; for many die in full strength, when their "bones are full of marrow." But I may not have even these securities, however slender: I may be one of sickly and of feeble frame, or I may be already advanced in years, near to death, however remote the goal of life may be. Disease may also be rampant, sweeping over the land of my being with pestilential influence, sparing no state, no station, no period, but multiplying its victims with relentless and uncontrolled power. Thus the probabilities of life or death this year may be against continued life. Then, what conclusion should this call me to make? Doubtless, that as many this year will die, I may be one of the number. Then am I ready to meet the final foe? can I with confidence sustain the mortal conflict? will the combat close on my part with the shout of "Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ?" Or, on the contrary, do I fear the summons? do I dread the struggle? is death to me the King of terrors? Were it indeed announced unto me from the throne of Him in whom I live, "This year thou shalt die!" would the voice occasion fear, trembling, and alarm; a full conviction of mind that to die in my present state would be to die eternally? Then what is my duty? what is my interest? The admonition of wisdom, safety, and righteousness is, "Set thine house in order;" "Prepare to meet thy God." Is this possible?

Yes; for God, who requires it, has provided for it, and waits to be gracious in the forgiveness of my sins, and the renewal of my nature, through the redemption that is in Jesus, and by the washing of regeneration. Then, shall I neglect this, my solemn duty, my everlasting interest? neglect it for a month, a day, an hour? My safety, my peace, my happiness respond, No. Then now I will begin the neglected work. From this moment I will not rest until I know that I am born again of the Spirit, and made meet for an inheritance with the saints in light. Thus should intelligent, responsible, immortal beings reason, resolve, and practise; repelling the device of Satan, that readiness for death hastens death, and unfits man for the enjoyment of life. On the contrary, none can truly know happiness in life but those who can contemplate death with calmness and confidence, through the possession of divine grace. And of all possessed of this grace, concerning whom the decree may have gone forth, "*This year thou shalt die*," it will be to prove, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Manchester. N.

GOING ON TO PERFECTION.

In the holy Scriptures, given to redeemed man by the God of all wisdom, the idea of perfection is associated with humanity above *fifty* times. It is therefore aspiring to an extreme of humility, an extreme of perfection "above that which is written," to disclaim the honour entirely. God has proffered to man the high privilege; it is a covenanted blessing; and, although it may be a great cross for some believers to think of it, it is obviously a plain Christian duty to accept it meekly and gratefully, and to set it before ourselves as the moral standard which we should never rest short of. Every child of God should "be perfect;" and not only so, but in that state of perfection he should be "*stablished, strengthened, settled.*"

But, if those who so believe, that "in them verily the love of God is perfected," should for one moment make their attainment a ground of relaxation, they at once fall from their moral eminence, and are in the utmost danger of a fearful downward course. This danger arises from grieving the Holy Spirit by the twofold sin of pride and sloth: pride, in turning round to gaze on righteous self; sloth, in the inevitable pause and the moral opiate administered by the sight. Perfection in the demolition of everything contrary to love is but preparatory to "going on" to the perfection of the eternally expanding principles of pure love itself. In this sense perfection is unattained and unattainable. Hence the abiding, everlasting duty, "Grow in grace:" increase in the divine favour, and in your attachment to Christ.

The difficulty of clearly understanding this point, and of properly entering into it, is one prime reason why many who have ventured to profess that they "have attained" the great blessing of entire sanctification, have fallen from the joy and the purity of that heaven upon earth. If God does give us power to believe with the heart unto this measure of righteousness, it is a sacred duty to make confession thereof. Yet is the moral peril attending such a confession greater than it is generally estimated. Well, indeed, is it for such professors to "rejoice with *trembling;*" *thoroughly saturated with* "*the* FEAR OF THE LORD," "*the comfort of the Holy Ghost.*"

The path of duty and safety is in GOING ON *to higher perfection.* That the soul may be thus kept in motion towards a higher and yet higher standard of Christian perfection, consider three things.—1. How comparatively low that perfection is which you have yet attained. Admitting that your heart is clean, that all sin—*all enmity to God and man*—is gone, yet lift your eyes upward;

see the hills far above you. It is true that you have attained an eminence; but that eminence is only a little hillock at the feet of the vast "holy mountains." What is a mole-hill to Mount Blanc? How ridiculous to stand on a summit of four inches, in the sublime presence of the highest Alps, towering miles upward, and there boast of your ascending attainments! Is your heart clean? It must be filled, now enlarged and filled again; and again filled and enlarged, and enlarged and filled, until it shall be "filled with all the fulness of God." Consider, 2. That every increase of grace must have a corresponding increase of moral obligation. Augmenting light and love call for the more perfect discharge of an ever-widening circle of duties. In one sense, the larger the measure of grace imbibed, the greater the distance from perfection,—such a perfection as implies a finished, unimprovable state. This perfection, like our shadow, flies before us, and mocks our approach to it. When we have "*done all*," there is more undischarged duty than when we commenced; and that, too, in proportion to the perfection we may have evinced in the discharge of it. So that "going on to perfection" is not only a duty of permanent, but of increasing, obligation. The more perfect your *present* obedience, the stronger the claims which God has on you for still more perfect *future* obedience. Consider, 3. That to "finish our course," and receive our final reward, is the visible, abiding standard of human perfection. It was in reference to this that the "perfect" Apostle said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." This was the prize at the mark, towards which he *pressed*. Till we attain this perfection, perfect believers must take care that the sound of this loved, hated, dangerous word, "perfection," (a word which some are "not yet able to bear,") does not betray them into the sin of pride, or the sin of sloth. Therefore, until we have "*so run*" that we have "*obtained the prize*," "GOING ON to perfection" must be our Christian motto.

N. O.

THE THREE PARALLELS.

IT is interesting to trace the harmony of the divine procedure both in the operations of providence, and the influence of grace. There have been in the church of Jesus Christ three distinguished characters, who were born in different countries, and lived in different ages; and yet in whose history are found several striking traits of similarity.

The first of these, both in order of time and quality, was the great Apostle of the Gentiles, ST. PAUL. This man was of Hebrew origin by both parents, who gave him a double name; Saul, from the Hebrew *Shaul;* and being born in a Roman city, of which he was free, they gave him the Roman or Latin name of Paulus. This man was educated in the highest branches of the learning of that day. He was piously disposed from his youth; and so zealous was he for the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish church, that, whilst persecuting unto death those who dissented from that mode of worship, he really believed that he was doing God an acceptable service. Such were his views whilst rigidly conforming to all the outward forms of the Mosaic ritual, but a total stranger to the religion of the heart. But no sooner had he received the knowledge of salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a call from him to preach the Gospel, than, without consulting his own ease, honour, or emoluments, in obedience to the divine command, he went and preached the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ, which before he had so zealously laboured to destroy. This brought upon him a flood of persecution from his countrymen the Jews, and exposed him to numerous perils from the Heathen. But none of these things moved him. Inflamed with

love to his Redeemer, and the souls of his fellow-sinners, he ascends Mars' hill, that emporium of idolatry, and with a courage that dares to look death and him that hath the power of it, even the devil, in the face, without fear, and there, in the presence of their idols, their altars, and philosophers, erected the standard of the Cross, and preached unto them Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners. His grand theme was justification by faith in Christ Jesus, and great success attended his ministry, with violent persecution, in every place. He closed his life and labours with the triumphant exclamation, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

The second character of the three parallels is DR. MARTIN LUTHER, by birth a German. He also was brought up a scholar; and, contrary to the intention of his father, entered himself as a Monk of the order of St. Augustine, at Erfurt. He zealously pursued his studies, and conformed with untiring diligence to all the rigid rites and ceremonies of the Church, hoping thereby to gain the divine peace and favour. While thus vainly labouring for salvation, he providentially found in the library a copy of the sacred Scriptures, which he diligently perused; and, by the light of divine truth which illuminated his mind, he saw the fallacy of seeking salvation by the merit of works, and that the only way by which a sinner can be reconciled unto God, is by faith in the atoning merit of our Lord Jesus Christ. No sooner had he experienced that peace with God which is the immediate effect of justifying faith, than he began to preach the same unto others. This soon exposed him to all the fiery indignation and bloody persecution of the Papal power. Yet, amidst all their foaming rage, like Paul, he could say, "None of these things move me." When summoned to appear before the Diet at Worms, his friends, knowing that the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome is not to keep faith with heretics, reminded him of the case of John Huss, and strove to dissuade him from going; but he declared his determination to go, were there as many devils there as tiles upon the houses. He appeared before the Diet, and nobly defended his doctrines and conduct, though opposed by the Legate Eckius, whom the Pope had entrusted with his bull against Luther, and commanded to carry it into execution. But the Lord raised him up a powerful protector in the Elector of Saxony. Regardless of the bellowing of the Pope's bulls,—in one of which he said, speaking of Luther and his doctrines, "If this pestiferous canker cannot be cured with gentle medicines, sharper salves must be proved, and fiery searings,"—he still preached and wrote in support of justification by faith alone, without the merit of works, and declared, "This doctrine shall never be overthrown, neither by the Emperor, the Turk, the Tartar, the Persian, the Pope and his agents, nor by all the devils in hell." By the kind providence of God he escaped the snare, and was brought to his native place, where he died in great peace.

The third character in the parallel is the REV. JOHN WESLEY, a man of more than ordinary literary attainments. From early life until its close, he was warmly attached to the ceremonies and worship of the Church of England. At that period, experimental religion was at a very low ebb in this country.

> "The spirit was in the letter lost,
> The substance in the shade."

By diligently studying the Scriptures, he discovered his want of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. This he sincerely but vainly

sought, by rigidly observing the rites and ordinances of the Church. After a long and fruitless search for peace with God as the reward of his devout services, he was providentially brought into the company of some pious Germans, who taught him the way of salvation by faith, by which he became possessed of a sense of the divine favour, the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. He then began to preach this almost obsolete doctrine of justification by faith. The churches where he preached were crowded, and many were the seals of his ministry, which raised up a host of persecutors, as if he had introduced some dangerous heresy. The church-doors were closed against him; he was branded with preaching Popery, encouraging sedition and rebellion, and was called an enemy to God, the Church, and the King. Professors and profane treated him as a common enemy; but the same gracious Providence which defended Paul from the murderous designs of those who lay in wait for his life, and preserved Luther from the deadly Jesuitical snares that were laid for him, threw the shield of his protection over Wesley, or he would not have escaped the murderous mobs at Wednesbury, in Cornwall, and other places, encouraged, as they frequently were, both by the Clergy and the Magistrates. Not because he was spreading heresy and sedition, but because he was awakening a drowsy ministry to a more faithful discharge of their duty, and fanning the dying embers of vital religion in the Church. Through his faithful labours, thousands, who were ripe for any revolutionary purpose, were turned to seek the salvation of their souls; and thus our country was preserved from the deprecated scourge of a revolution. The revival and propagation of vital godliness in the numerous societies of which he was the founder, has been a blessing to thousands of families, and will be to generations yet unborn.

The parallel in the history of these distinguished characters appears, 1. In their strong prejudices in favour of the Churches in which they were educated. 2. In the conversion of their souls to God, by an act of faith in the atoning merit of the Redeemer's blood. 3. Having found this salvation themselves, they began to preach it to others, and similar effects followed in each case. By the preaching of justification by faith, St. Paul beheld the Pagan philosophy of Greece and Rome deserted by its advocates, and numbers of them turned from the worship of dumb idols to serve the true and living God. When the Papal Church had buried the pure precepts of the Gospel under a mass of traditionary legends and idolatrous rites, Luther began preaching justification by faith in Christ; the people understood and embraced it; the confessional was deserted, the sale of indulgences suspended, masses for the dead discontinued, and the power of the Roman Pontiff was shaken to its centre. The preaching repentance toward God, faith in Jesus Christ, and holiness of heart, which are the standard doctrines of the Wesleyans, have produced similar effects in all parts of the world. 4. It is most prominent in their deaths. Paul could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Luther committed his soul, and his family, with holy confidence into the hands of his Redeemer. And Wesley closed a long life of labour and success, saying, "The best of all is, God is with us!"

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!"

J. B. H.

THEOLOGY.

GOD'S RULE OVER THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

A SERMON.

"I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off. But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him."—Psalm xxxvii. 35—40.

The general subject of the psalm may easily be stated. It contains a collection of exhortations and encouragements addressed to the righteous, not to allow the apparent prosperity of the wicked to disturb them, or turn them from the right path. All may be summed up in two leading facts:—The prosperity of the wicked is only earthly, uncertain, and brief. The righteous always have the divine favour and protection; and as this produces true good now, it shall issue finally in good complete and eternal.

The subject is one which has always occasioned perplexity where its true principles have not been understood. Heathen philosophy could never explain it. From the Psalms (note this and the seventy-third as instances) it is plain that it has often been an occasion of temptation to the righteous. It was so in those days. It is so still. In great mercy the Scriptures supply the remedy.

The paragraph selected for the text compendiously notices the whole, in reference to both the wicked and the righteous, explaining the true condition of each class.

I. The true condition of the wicked. —1. *Who are these?* No society can exist without order and mutual confidence: even among thieves honour is observed as to themselves. Men usually call those wicked who violate this, grossly and notoriously. But they seldom apply it more widely. The thief who tried to cheat his fellow-robber would be called wicked. He is not called wicked for breaking the higher law of society. So in society, the notoriously profligate are wicked; but if men observe the social rules, the term is not applied. But it must be. Men live under God's rule. He requires willing submission to himself; shown in actual obedience to his laws. Now, men may observe social order, and totally forget God, doing all for themselves, and nothing for him, even when they do what he commands. These, for this reason, as well as the grossly profligate, are the wicked in the sight of God. They are *ungodly;* for he is not in all their thoughts: they are *evil-doers;* for their actions are always directed to a selfish end.—2. Now, *generally and numerically speaking, the wicked are by no means universally prosperous.* If we take the lower walks of life, wickedness, when it exists, is usually notorious, and is often connected with much squalid wretchedness and domestic misery. Intemperance, want of cleanliness, extravagance, slothfulness, frequently appear associated with deep distress. They who recommend relaxations which encourage such habits, are the real enemies of the poor, and know nothing of the principles which promote social good in all classes. Going by *numbers*, sin will be found to lead to suffering more extensively than many suppose.—3. But, certainly, though for the most part in other social positions, *the wicked do sometimes seem very greatly to prosper.* "They are not in trouble as other men, their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart can wish. They speak loftily. They set their mouth against the heavens." So spoke of them the tempted saint in Scripture. Let us analyse the entire case. (1.) "I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay-tree." The marginal reading is, "like a tree planted in its own soil." He is where all is natural to him; and the world will love its own. He has none of the restraints which limit the righteous. Conscience is not his rule. He feels himself at liberty to use the means which seem most likely to succeed. For instance, he has no regard for the Sabbath; and thus has no trifling advantage over his God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping neighbour. And thus in many respects. And as the tree grows best in its own appointed locality, the worldling is most likely to advance and flourish in the world. (2.) And yet this is very fluctuating. Heathen observation

of the affairs of men, led to the adoption of the emblem of *the rolling wheel of Fortune.* The lowest rise, the highest fall. So the psalm. They are in slippery places. The world loves its own, it is true; but men love themselves best. When rivalry comes, they will help to pull down those whom they helped to exalt, if they may thus help themselves. And it is often remarkably exemplified in posterity. The house they built lasts for their own day; in the next generation tokens of decay appear; in another or two it crumbles to dust. Even in relation to worldly prosperity, therefore, though for a time the tree flourishes, yet it passes away; we seek it, and it is not found.—4. The wicked, though they may forget God, are, as truly as the righteous, *under the divine government, and its administration.* They often prosper; for they are not children whom the wise and tender Father chastises. But they die. They pass from this earthly place. It is to go to the judgment of God. The rich man who was clothed royally, and feasted sumptuously, died, and was buried. But though he had forgotten God, God had not forgotten him. His whole life, all his works, had been recorded in the book of the Ruler, and by that record was he condemned by the Judge; and, therefore, "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." See the end of his prosperity; see the result of his wickedness. His righteous doom is everlasting punishment. The tree is cut down and dried, and its spreading branches only supply the larger quantity of fuel for the eternal burning.

II. Contrast with all this THE TRUE CONDITION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—1. And who are *these?* "Mark the *perfect* man, and behold the *upright.*" In them, moral nature is changed; for their governing principle is a reigning desire to glorify God, by doing his will. They are new creatures in Christ Jesus, because they have sought and found in him mercy and grace. Even from the first they are so far perfect as completely to be governed by reference to his will; and walking by this one rule, the very standard of uprightness, they are upright. They keep innocency, and do the thing that is right; and looking to him who has done such great things for them, he does still greater, sanctifying them throughout, and upholding them in blamelessness.—2. One issue of this way, an *end* which they immediately secure, is *peace.* They are filled with all joy and peace in believing, and by habitual confidence in God, the peace of God, passing all understanding, keeps their heart and mind in Christ Jesus.—3. Observe their *condition.* (1.) Ordinarily, their godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. In the lower walks of society religion is immensely valuable. Here, the righteous is more excellent than his neighbour. Cleanliness, domestic order, temperance, economy, industry, the enjoyment of the "dinner of herbs," in divine content and thankfulness, and health, give them a real, often overlooked, prosperity, which, though not splendid, and attracting the gaze of the world, is as sweet to them, as it is important in its social results. (2.) Not that they are without trouble. They are not in their own soil, and an opposing world may often distress them. Besides, they are God's beloved children. He is training them for heaven. And, ordinarily, for full deliverance from worldly corruption, for the full development of the virtues whose assemblage makes them partakers of the divine nature, chastening is a requisite instrument. God chastens them for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness. But these, though not joyous, work for them the peaceful fruits of righteousness. And in the darkest moments light arises to them. Above the thickest clouds there is a bright sunshine. (3.) So that, knowing the divine plans, and assured of the divine favour, they calmly commit their way to the Lord. They know that the end of all things is at hand; that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and their own sorrows only as for a night. They, therefore, fret not themselves because of the ungodly, but trust in the Lord, and do good. And in him they always find salvation, both spiritual blessedness, and help in time of trouble. They delight in him, and he gives them the elevated desire of their heart.—4. And to them, also, cometh *the end;* and, every way, *that is peace.* (1.) In the hour of death, its sting is extracted, and faith, hope, and love give the most triumphant victory. (2.) And follow, in faith, the disembodied spirit. Lazarus, delivered from the burden of the flesh, the body full of disease and sores, awakes to the view of the blessed angels who bore him to Abraham's bosom. The penitent thief on the cross, after the sharp but short agony of dissolution, when the soldiers "brake his legs," finds himself still with his confessed Lord, not on the cross, but

in the paradise peopled with the blood-washed throng. Ages of conflict were well purchased by the blissful peace of being "ever with the Lord." (3.) And the end of all things comes. In perfect safety, and in view of endless bliss, they see the final cutting off of the wicked. They behold the rebels, some of whom had triumphed in their rebellion, now driven away in their wickedness. They go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

Can you hesitate in your choice? Had righteousness nothing but trouble in this world, wickedness nothing but pleasure, as reasonable creatures, can you hesitate? And as we have shown them, such are the facts. With earnest belief admit them, and choose life. And thus viewing them, what if the wicked prosper, what if you suffer? You see the plan of the divine administration. What sources of joy open to you! What prospects of hope spread before you! Be willing to suffer with Christ. The suffering shall soon be over; the reign with him will be eternal. Fret not because of the ungodly; but trust in the Lord, and do good.

JUST AS YOU ARE.

Anxious sinner! if you would save your soul, hasten to Christ, just as you are.

Just as you are; for he came to save you just as you are. Had there been no sinners, he had never made atonement; he had never invited men unto himself; he had never authorized the offer of mercy. If you come in any other character than that of a guilty, ruined sinner, you mistake the grand characteristic of the Christian religion, and will assuredly never experience its blessedness.

Just as you are; for you will never be any better prepared. You have spent a whole lifetime, long or short, in trying to make yourself good; but God loathes you more and more, as you go about to establish your own righteousness. All you can do has no merit, and will never propitiate the favour of Him from whom alone must come your blessing.

Just as you are; for he waits to be gracious to you. He has invited you as a sinner: why should you wish to present yourself in any other character? Can you doubt that such graciousness will secure your assistance as soon as you come unto him?

Just as you are; for his grace is infinite, and cannot fail to cover the whole extent and enormity of your guilt. Did he not know the whole case of ruined sinners when he undertook the work of redemption? Has he not all fulness in himself? and can there be a case so desperate that he cannot rescue and save?

Just as you are; for it is only as a sinner saved that you will have any disposition or capacity to rejoice or to join in the blessed anthems of the redeemed. O! what is the theme of their present and their eternal praises, but the grace that has made them clean in the blood of the Lamb?

Just as you are; for he may not wait longer if you delay. O! hell is peopled with those who have refused until the compassionate Saviour has turned from them, and wept over their infatuation that decided their ruin.

Just as you are; for you have nothing else to give.

Penances are of no account with him; all your righteousness is as filthy rags; even your confessions, and lamentations, and self-reproaches render you no more acceptable in his sight. It is only your polluted soul that he wants, and only that have you to give. O, then, wait no longer, but make the resolve to go to Jesus just as you are. Give yourself up to him to be saved just as he sees fit to save, and say,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do."

—*Religious Record.*

HOLY CONFIDENCE.

Exercise III.

"In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears."—Psalm xviii. 6.

David knew where to fly when oppressed with trouble. When the floods of ungodly men made him afraid, his refuge was Omnipotence. In the affliction of his soul, he lifted up his voice and cried unto the Lord; and the mighty God heard him, and inclined his ear to his complaint; and soon the sweet singer of Israel could change his mournful notes into songs of joy, for the deliverance from his enemies, which he sought in prayer, was vouchsafed to him. David's God is still supreme Governor: still he orders the stars in their courses, and appoints the way of man upon earth. What a

costly privilege for sinful man to be permitted to enjoy intercourse with so mighty a Being! You, O Christians, are oppressed! An evil world opposes the good desires and intentions which the Holy Spirit implants in your soul: Satan is allowed to vex our souls here, and we are often in a mournful case.

We are tasting the bitterness of a sinful world, and the sad consequences of our actions, together with our first parents' mournful bequest. But let us pour out our tale of woe into the ears of Him who heard the Psalmist's prayer; and the Lord will light our candle, and will enlighten our darkness. O praying disciples, lay hold with a firm heart of the assurance that the same merciful prayer-hearing God will listen to and grant you your request. Your possessing a sinful nature has nothing to do with the matter. There is found for you a holy substitute, who will present your petition to the Father. Go, like David, and cry. Like him, lift up your voice to the throne of the Most High. Remember, David's prayer was heard; and if you have his faith, yours will be also.

I feel temptations round me rise,
And, Lord, to thee I lift mine eyes!
I fear to grieve that boundless love
That brought thee from the realms above;
My faith would mount on airy wings
To reach thy throne, O King of Kings!
If David's supplication thou didst hear,
Thou wilt not turn away my humble prayer;
But thou wilt grant me all that I request,
And lead my spirit into heavenly rest.

N. S.

OBTAINING GOOD BY DOING GOOD.

Benevolence is a fundamental law of our moral being; and the man who labours for his fellow-men, secures thereby the gratification of his most commanding principles of action; but he who labours for himself alone, stirs up against his own peace some of the most operative elements of his nature. The Deity knew well that a disposition to labour for selfish ends is destructive of man's true interests; and that a disposition to labour for the common good is the only sure way of securing good for self; therefore has he devolved on us many acts of beneficence which he might himself have performed as easily as omitted. He might speak a single word to the Hindoo widow, as she ascends the funeral pile of her husband, and she would go down again in her right mind; but he chooses to set the spectacle before our own eyes, and to let us hear the shrieks of the self-immolating woman, so that our compassion may be moved, and our energies enlisted in her service. He calls us to the banks of the Ganges, and bids us look upon the mother, forcing from her breast the child that weeps and struggles to remain with her, and throwing it into the stream where the eager alligators are gambolling for their prey. He could easily rebuke the frantic mother, and she would press her loved one closer to her bosom; but he chooses to touch our pity, and appeal to our benevolence, and to command us, "Send my Gospel into all the world, that it may cast out the demons of superstition, and may let the bond-slaves of Heathenism go free." He bids us walk, in our imaginations, over the dolorous way travelled by the car of Juggernaut, and walled on either side with the bones of crushed victims. He sets before our eyes hundreds and thousands of living men, hanging from transverse beams upon hooks that have perforated their muscles, and swinging round and round in torture. He places all these barbarous scenes before our vision, so that the eye may affect the heart, and the heart be roused to a holy purpose, and the purpose may move us to pray for the conversion of the Gentiles. And not only to pray; for how shall they be converted unless they hear the Gospel, and how shall they hear it without a Preacher, and how shall one preach it except he be sent; and who shall send the Missionary, if we remain supine? For us to do the work is left; for our good it is that we address ourselves to the world in earnest; for the highest good of our whole character, the good of benevolence encouraged, of philanthropy developed, of a spiritual temper cherished and strengthened; a good purchase at great expense, even the miseries of our fellow-men; they suffering so that we may be made more compassionate; a good, therefore, which for their sakes, and for our sakes, must not be left unaccomplished.—*Professor Parke.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.

Whilst reading an extract, entitled as above, in the "Wesleyan Magazine," for

March last,* I was much struck with the following remark:—"One thing in this verse deserves our particular attention; namely, that the grace we are encouraged to ask, is grace for *present need*, and not present grace for *future supposed necessities*." And though this important truth, as it has been there applied, refers especially to those Christians who forecast some trial of the severest kind, and pass judgment upon themselves according to the present state and temper of their mind, with respect to that supposed trial, still I think it may also forcibly apply to him who is sorry for his past transgressions, who is convinced of the happiness of serving God, and who feels the misery of living in sin. Under these convictions he approaches the throne of grace to obtain mercy; but then he begins to say with himself, "Ah! what will my companions think about my giving myself to God? what will my family say? I know it is my duty to testify to all around that I have got the blessing; but I feel I cannot." And thus, instead of earnestly and boldly pleading for present grace to enable him to believe, to enable him to give up every thing that would keep him from God, he forecasts trials which, in his present state of mind, he knows he could never go through; and thus allowing devotion to flag, and his mind to become discouraged, he gives up seeking the blessing, and again gets careless.

Now, my friends, if any of you feel this to be your experience, let me tell you it is a most unwarrantable manner of proceeding, to perplex yourself about what may be called properly a *future supposed necessity*. You cannot tell the calm delight, the holy joy, the heavenly peace that shall reign within your bosom when you can read your title clear to mansions in the sky. Doubtless when this is your happy experience, you will be enabled, nay, you will rejoice, to testify of God's lovingkindness towards you. O my dear friends, let me entreat of you to come boldly to the throne of grace. Argue not, reason not, with Satan. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; let not anything put you off from obtaining the evidence of your sins forgiven; and then, if you continue faithful, God will give you grace to help in every time of need. In life you will be enabled to glorify his name by a good testimony; and cry, in death, "Behold, behold the Lamb!" JACOBUS.

* Abridged edition.

A GOOD HEARER.

WE hear much said about good Preachers, but the text above-named is worthy of a discourse.

1. A good hearer will come to the sanctuary to *hear*.—He is hungry and thirsty, and wants living bread and living water. Other people come there for divers other purposes than that of hearing; but that is his errand. Therefore he will have ears to hear.

2. And he will *come promptly*.—He is interested, and in earnest, and he feels that he has something to do with the Alpha as well as the Omega of divine service; and he cannot interrupt other people's hearing by a late arrival. You will find the good hearer in his place in good time.

3. And he must hear with *much prayer*.—He did not forget that before he left home, but warmed up his heart into a fit state to receive the word ere the hour of public worship arrived; and he kept on keeping his heart warm, by frequently lifting it up to the throne of grace. "These frequent looks of the heart to heaven," says Leighton, "exceedingly sweeten and sanctify our other employments, and diffuse somewhat of heaven through all our actions." So the good hearer thinks, and his own practice eminently sanctifies the employment of hearing the word, and makes it profitable.

4. The good hearer *hears for himself*.—There are plenty of people who turn all the arrows of divine truth to the souls of other people, and apply the discourse, most carefully and faithfully, to the cases of those about them. But the good hearer ventures to suppose that the being addressed by the speaker is himself, and acts accordingly.

5. The good hearer is a *doer* of what he hears.—Some go on swimmingly with most other matters about hearing till they come to this; but here they halt. Hearing is one thing, and a pretty easy and comfortable thing. But doing is another thing, and often a very uncomfortable affair. People are not very fond of putting them together. But the good hearer will not suffer them to be separated.

Besides all the good they do to themselves, good hearers accomplish another most important object: they make good Preachers. How it sets a speaker on fire to see the hearers wide awake! all eyes and ears drinking in his words, as if

life hung upon them. The sight kindles him wonderfully. The warm blood shoots rapidly along his veins. There is a powerful stimulus to increased energy and zeal. He preaches an hundred-fold better for having those good hearers.

I have heard of "Preachers preaching people to sleep;" but I have seen hearers hearing Preachers to sleep. They heard so stupidly, languidly, sleepily, that they put all the fire out there was in the speaker's heart. Their indifference disheartened him. How could he preach zealously and fervently when those who had not gone already to sleep were nodding around him, on the verge of it, in all directions?

"But it is his business to keep us awake by his zeal and energy." But so is it your business to keep him awake by your felt and manifested intense interest in his preaching. Such attention would rouse, comfort, and animate him. Why not give it to him? If you wish him to be a good Preacher, be a good hearer. It will do more toward that object than all the other things together which you can do. Try it.—*N. E. Puritan.*

"YE DID RUN WELL; WHO DID HINDER YOU?"

Yes, ye did run well. Ye began the Christian race with zeal and spirit. The little band of disciples felt their hearts cheered within them when they saw you starting in the good way, and marked the alacrity and apparent heartiness with which you gave your aid to the cause they so much loved. None were more regular in their appointed place in the sanctuary; none more punctual in the hour of prayer and social intercourse; none more ready to speak a word for Christ. Yes, ye *did* run well: most cheerfully do we give you this commendation. But, alas! this is all that can be said in your favour; ye *did* run well: we may not say, "Ye *do* run well." A change, a sad, fearful change hath come over you. Something hath evidently hindered you, turned you back. Your seat is now often vacant on the Sabbath, and seldom filled at the evening prayer-meeting; and when you do venture in where those that fear the Lord speak often one to another, you choose a retired seat, (is it from humility?) and your voice is no longer heard encouraging your fellow-pilgrims to press onward. Why is this? who hath hindered you? Who? Was it your brethren? No, they rejoiced when they saw you running well. Was it your Pastor? He feels too deeply the need of all the fellow-helpers he can get for the truth, to lay a straw in the way of any, even the weakest of the flock. Was it good angels? There was joy amid the angelic throng when they saw you set your face heavenward. Was it God the Father? He placed heaven, with all its glories, at the end of the race, and bid you run. Was it Jesus? He died that you might run, and so run as to obtain. Was it the Holy Spirit? He first wooed you from the broad way of destruction, into the straight and narrow way of life. O no! the thought is blasphemous: it could be none of these. All good men on earth, all glorified saints and angelic spirits in heaven, and, above all, the infinite and incomprehensible Godhead, combined to cheer you on in your course, to influence you to continue to run well. Who, then, hath hindered you? Certainly an "enemy hath done this." No one that desired your happiness for this life, or that which is to come, would have sought to turn you back, or laid a stumbling-block in your pathway to life. Yes, whoever it was, be assured it was an enemy. O, find him out! Give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you have found out this enemy that is surely compassing your ruin: and, having made the discovery, show him no mercy, for he deserves none; if he hath hindered you in your way to heaven, he is your deadliest foe; whatsoever may be his pretensions, cut him off for ever.

And now remember, if you had not stopped to parley with the foe, you had not been hindered: with all good men and holy angels, and God himself, on your side, no one, not the arch-enemy himself, could turn you back, without your consent. Remember this when you begin the race anew.

Above all, consider how much precious time you have lost, while thus hindered. Indeed, what better off are you than if you had never started? You are nearer the judgment; but that you are any nearer the victor's crown may well be doubted. O, arouse thee; start anew in the Christian race! Let nothing hinder, nothing turn you back again: you cannot afford it, you have no time to waste thus. The race is still before you. Time flies with lightning speed. Night, the night of death, comes on apace: soon its shadows will close around you, and you will stumble to rise no more.—*Herald of the Prairies.*

DIVINE PROV DENCE ILLUSTRATED.

FIDELITY TO GOD REWARDED.

THOSE who have no confidence in God,—as a revolting world, alas!—are slow to understand his promises or his providences. Were it not so, they would cease to trample on the law of the Sabbath from considerations of worldly prudence. Obedience to this law, as a general fact, secures a present as well as a future reward. Present loss may indeed be sustained by it sometimes; but let the sufferer still trust in God, and he will find, in the end, that his confidence will not be disappointed. The following is a beautiful illustration of the doctrine:—

WILLIAM REED, THE BARBER.

In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber, who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the Minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his Minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as, the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent.

He discontinued Sunday dressing, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw, actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was nicknamed a Puritan, or Methodist. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced as to take a cellar under the old market-house, and shave the common people.

One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, *as he did not like to violate the Sabbath.* This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears, and asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not time to hear. Here is half-a-crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed," said the astonished barber. "William Reed," echoed the stranger: "William Reed! by your dialect you are from the west." "Yes, Sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, Sir: one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him dead."

"Come along, follow me!" said the stranger: "I am going to see a person who says *his* name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he whom you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

They went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way, in a most extraordinary manner; and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face" in vain.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND HIS MOTHER.

"DEAR as you are to me," wrote the mother of John Quincy Adams to her son, "I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that an untimely death cross you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child." And, alluding to her father, she said, he "left you a legacy more valuable than gold or silver; he left you his blessing and his prayers that you might become a useful citizen, a guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of your country."

TOO LATE FOR MY CHILDREN.

AN aged woman once made this statement:—

"Neither my mother nor any of my family were pious; yet, when I was a child, I often wished that some Minister, or some one who knew the Saviour, would kindly tell me how I could be saved by His merits.

"I went regularly to church twice every Sabbath, but not one of the messages from the pulpit seemed intended for me. I felt that I was helpless, impotent, and blind; but that I would be willing to rise and follow the Saviour if any one would take me by the hand, and raise me up, and lead me to His feet.

"O! had any one done this for me, then I had not been suffered to train up a numerous family without God, and without hope. I am now nearly sixty years old, and it is only ten years since I found the straight and narrow way that leads to life.

"My six sons are young men grown, and most of them have families of their own. They are manly, intelligent, and dutiful, and appear to love and respect their mother as they should do. But when I would speak to them of a Saviour's love, and would fain persuade them to obey his commands, or impress upon them their obligations to obey Christ, it is as if I recommended a new religion.

"My own early neglect of the great salvation, to my unspeakable sorrow, I now find is, in the hands of my impenitent children, the most powerful weapon of defence against the convictions of religious truth and duty.

"They tell me that religion becomes me in old age, and is the staff upon which I should lean as I descend to the grave; but that I did not think as I now do when I was young and ardent, and had health and spirits to enjoy the world.

"As I did not make religion the great business of life when my children were young, I can now, in my old age, but seldom make it the topic of conversation with any of them. If they are ever to be indoctrinated into the great truths of the Bible through my instrumentality, I shall be compelled to use great caution. No human being, save a mother, can tell my fears and anxieties, lest some, perhaps all, of my children die impenitent."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. BARR.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

A SKETCH.

"'Tis not the diamond ray,
Nor vesper star-light, nor aught beautiful
In this ascending sun, or in this world,
Can bring us back her image."

SHE was a stranger to me. But I never gazed upon a countenance more lovely, nor upon a form more exquisitely moulded. Her age was probably about nineteen or twenty. Sabbath after Sabbath she came to the sanctuary, and occupied the same pew. While listening to the word of life, I could not fail to observe the profound attention which she uniformly paid to the sermon; and the holy fervour with which she engaged in the devotional parts of the service. In a few weeks her face appeared less blooming; and her eye, though it had lost none of its natural brilliancy, began to assume a peculiarly ominous expression, which led me to conclude that the latent seeds of disease had taken root in her constitution, and were sapping the very springs of life. At length her seat in the sanctuary became vacant. MARIA had disappeared.

The winter passed away, with all its clouds, and winds, and nipping frosts; and spring, with its "ethereal mildness," again visited the earth. All nature rejoiced at its return; and the voice of gladness was again heard in the land.

One morning, at an early hour, I received

a message from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, requesting me to call on his daughter, who was at that time confined to her bed, and from which she was not expected to rise. I hastily obeyed the summons; and after crossing a few beautiful meadows and shady lanes, whose banks were covered with primroses, and other vernal flowers, I entered a sweetly retired cottage, and was soon seated at the bedside of Maria. The blush of health had forsaken her cheek, and the pallid hue of death was already overspreading her countenance: but that countenance was the seat of mildness and holy placidity; and her faded eyes, as she raised them silently to heaven, beamed with an expression of calm resignation.

"Well, Maria," I said, "you are waiting your Master's call to glory."

"I am," she faintly answered; "and I know He will not long delay. I long to depart and to be with Christ."

"Then you have an assurance of your acceptance with God, through faith in the divine atonement?"

"O yes; I have enjoyed that assurance during the whole of my affliction; but never more confidently than at this moment."

"But there is a fulness in Christ. Such is the efficacy of his blood, that it cleanses from all sin."

"I feel it. In the early stage of my disorder, while suffering intense weakness of body, the enemy tempted me to doubt its efficacy; but by pleading the promises of God in earnest, faithful prayer, I have been enabled to realize that for which the Psalmist so devoutly prayed: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' Blessed be God! who has made me meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Here the exertion of speaking seemed to exhaust her delicate frame; and I proposed reading a chapter from the sacred volume. She faintly whispered, "Read the twenty-third Psalm."

On finishing this incomparable specimen of Hebrew composition, I observed a heavenly smile playing on her beautiful features; her eyes became animated, and, clasping her almost fleshless hands together, she exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past; my prospect of heaven is bright and cloudless; and I am waiting my call to glory. Come, Lord Jesus! I long to feast in thy kingdom. Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Why is his chariot so long in coming? Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!"

In this holy, this transcendently happy state of mind, the dying saint continued till I rose to take my departure. Previous to my leaving the room, she begged me to call again in the evening, and administer to her the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

"I do not think," she said, "that I shall be spared to see another day. I feel deeply impressed with the conviction that before to-morrow's sun shall dart his beams into this chamber, my spirit will rest with its adorable Redeemer. But I have a particular wish, before I go hence, to commemorate his dying love in the holy sacrament. Then I shall be ready to drink new wine with Him in his own everlasting kingdom."

The evening at length arrived. The sun had just sunk below the horizon; and the western clouds were still radiant with the reflection of his departed beams. Through the grey twilight, I bent my steps to the cottage of the dying maiden. The appearance of her countenance, as I entered the room, convinced me that her end was approaching. Her parents were present, and hung over their beloved daughter with adorable fondness; while the tears were streaming from their eyes.

"Why do you weep?" said Maria: "I shall soon be in glory, mingling with the angels. Do not grieve: our parting is but brief. We shall soon meet again."

As a preparation for the administration of the sacred ordinance, I read the beautiful hymn commencing,—

"Come, thou everlasting Spirit."

All joined in singing it. The occasion was one that I shall never forget. It was eminently a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. My heart was melted; and the tears of joy began to fill my eyes. At the close of the singing, Maria was raised in her bed, and her back supported by pillows, that she might more conveniently receive the memorials of the dying love of Christ. For a moment she appeared to be suffering much bodily pain; and her remaining physical energies were evidently failing. But no murmur escaped her lips; the calmness of Christian resignation still sat on her pale features; and, with a sweet smile, she exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"Can I do anything for you, my dear?" said her anxious mother.

"Nothing," was the reply. "This frail tenement is becoming weaker and weaker, and the shadows of mortality are thickening around me; but Jesus will be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Thus, strong in the principles of the Gospel, she remained, even in the hour of dissolution, as a rock, against which the winds might blow and the billows dash in vain.

When I presented to her the cup, and exhorted her to look for a present blessing, while thus commemorating the sufferings of Christ, she seemed to feel a fresh elevation of soul, a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her happy countenance indicated the grateful emotions of her mind; and, looking upwards, she cried, with considerable energy, "My

cup runneth over. Truly my soul has been refreshed with a draught of the living water which flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

She now requested to be laid in her former position on the bed. This was immedistely done; and her head placed upon the pillow.

"It will soon be over now," she faintly articulated. "Come, mother, and kiss me before I die."

I gazed on the face of the weeping parent, as she stooped to embrace her dying child. It was moistened with tears. The eyes of the father, too, were red with weeping. His heart was full; and hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud. Agitated with the emotions which this affecting scene had awakened in my own bosom, I walked slowly towards the bed, and taking hold of the hand of Maria, I once more looked on her pallid countenance, and found *she was a corpse!* The chariots of Israel had arrived: the saint was prepared; and she was now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

OUR SERVANTS.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm cxix. 105.

REMEMBER these dangers, to shun them:—

1. *Eye-service.*—"Not with eye-service," (that is to say, while your master's or mistress's eye is upon you,) "as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." (Ephes. vi. 6.)

2. *Dishonesty.*—"Thou shalt not steal," even in the smallest thing. (Exodus xx. 15.) —"Not purloining, but showing all good fidelity." (Titus ii. 10.)

3. *Deceit and lying.*—Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, attempted to deceive his master, for which he was punished by God, and became a leper all his life. Read his history. (2 Kings v. 20—27.)

4. *Sullenness and impertinence.*—"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again." (Titus ii. 9.)

5. *Impatience under reproof.*—Hagar having fled from her mistress, Sarah, the angel of the Lord said to her, "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." (Gen. xvi. 6—9.)

6. *Conniving at the faults of your fellow-servants.*—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." (Gal. vi. 1.) "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." (Ephes. v. 11.)

7. *Setting or following a bad example in the house.*—"One sinner destroyeth much good." (Eccles. ix. 18.) "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." (1 Cor. xv. 33.)

8. *Idle and foolish conversation.*—"Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks." (Eph. v. 4.) "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." (Matt. xii. 36.)

9. *Sloth and self-indulgence.*—Christ, our Lord, thus warned his disciples against these and other sins:—"But if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the men-servants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers." (Luke xii. 45, 46.) "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." (Prov. xviii. 9.)

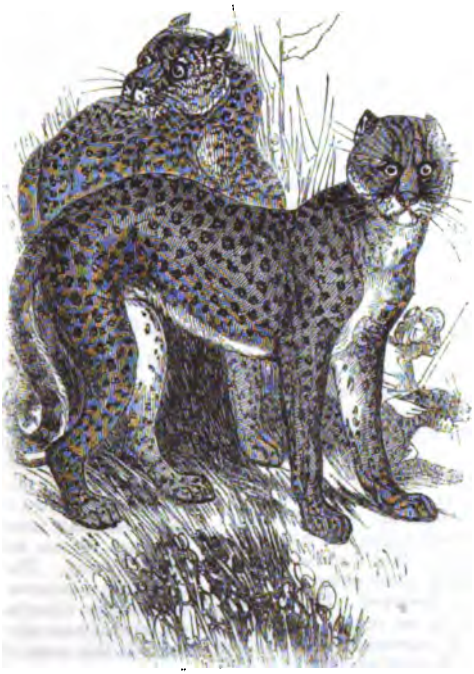
10. *Wasting your master's goods.*—"When they were filled, he said to his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." (John vi. 12.) "Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." (1 Cor. iv. 2.)

11. *Slandering, or speaking too freely of your master's character and concerns.*—"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed." (1 Tim. vi. 1, 2.) "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." (Prov. xi. 13.)

12. *Boldness in dress and manner.*—"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.)

13. *Acting in any way against the light of conscience.*—"But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done: and there is no respect of persons." (Col. iii. 25.) "And that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke xii. 47.) "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James iv. 17.) "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." (Acts xxiv. 16.)—*Servants' Magazine.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE HUNTING-LEOPARD.

THE hunting-leopard, or the cheetah, exhibits in its form and habits a mixture of the feline and canine tribes; so much so, indeed, as to have induced some naturalists to designate it as a distinct genus. Intermediate in size and shape between the leopard and the hound, he is more slender in his body, more elevated on his legs, and less flattened on the fore-part of his head than the former, while he is deficient in the peculiarly graceful form, both of head and body, which characterizes the latter. His tail is entirely that of a cat. He possesses much of the sagacity and fidelity of the dog: his anatomical structure and general habits are undoubtedly feline. The ears are short and rounded. The fur does not possess that sleekness which distinguishes the feline race in general, but has a peculiar kind of crispness; and there is very little appearance of a mane, except that the hair is somewhat longer and more crisp along the back of the neck. This useful and docile species, which it is believed might be reduced to a state of perfect domestication, inhabits the greater part both of Asia and Africa. In India and Persia, where they are employed in the chase, they are carried chained and hoodwinked to the field in low cars. When the hunters come within view of a herd of antelopes, the leopard is liberated, and the game is pointed out to him: he does not, however, immediately dash forward in pursuit, but steals along cautiously till he has nearly approached the herd unseen, when with a few rapid and vigorous bounds he darts on the timid game, and strangles it almost instantaneously. Should he, however, fail in his first efforts and miss his prey, he attempts no pursuit, but returns to the call of his master, evidently disappointed, and generally almost breathless. The claws of this animal are slightly retractile. As a species, it has been imperfectly known in Europe, with regard to its generic character, till of late years; although Bernier, Tavernier, and other oriental travellers have described the uses to which it was applied. Gesner, an early writer on natural history, tells us that Francis I., of France, had a leopard, which he employed in the chase, and which an attendant carried before him on a horse. *Z.*

A SHARK ADVENTURE IN ANTIGUA.

THE "Liverpool Chronicle" contains the following account of a shark adventure, which possesses interest:—"I was in the habit of bathing almost every morning in the sea, near our house, and used to undress in a boat, and go out a little way to enjoy the swimming. Antonio, a Spanish sailor who works for me, and is very much attached to me, and who is a perfect fish in the water, generally accompanied me. On this particular morning I had gone alone: after pushing off the boat a short distance from the beach, and swimming about, Antonio joined me; and we had been in the water about twenty minutes, when I shouted to him to show me the depth of the water (which means, to extend the hands above the head, and descend to the bottom, when, if any portion of the hands and arms be visible on the surface, it will denote the depth). He accordingly disappeared, but rose instantly, looking quite terrified, and shouting '*Tubarua! tubarua! senor!*' 'Shark! shark! sir!' He began to splash and beat the water with all his force, in which exercise I instantly joined, and a monster shark slowly and deliberately sailed away from us. We were quite close to the shore, and a few rapid strokes put us out of danger; but I got a terrible fright, and have never been to bathe since. Had the man not seen the shark on going under water, one of us might have been destroyed. He said that when he saw him he was coming very slowly towards me, as if examining me. We had never previously observed any sharks in that locality."

CORAL REEFS.

THERE are strong reasons for believing that a continent once occupied a great part of the tropical Pacific, some part of which subsided by slow and imperceptible degrees. As portions of it gradually sank down below the surface of the deep, the tops of mountains and table-lands would remain as islands of different magnitude and elevation, and would form archipelagos elongated in the direction of the mountain-chains. Now the coral insect, which constructs the outward wall and mass of the reefs, never builds laterally, and cannot exist at a greater depth than twenty-five or thirty fathoms. Hence, if it began to lay the foundations of its reefs on the submerged flanks of an island, it would be obliged to build its wall upwards in proportion as the island sank down, so that at length a lagoon would be formed between it and the land. As the subsidence continued, the lagoon would increase, the island would diminish, and the base of the coral reef would sink deeper and deeper, while the insects would always keep its top just below the surface of the ocean, till at length the island would entirely disappear, and a perfect atoll would be left. If the island were mountainous, each peak would form a separate island in the lagoon, and the encircled islands would have different forms, which the reefs would follow continuously. This theory perfectly explains the appearances of the lagoon islands and barrier-reefs, the continuity of the reef, the islands in the middle of the lagoons, the different distances of the reefs from them, and the forms of the archipelago so exactly similar to archipelagos of ordinary islands, all of which are but the tops of submerged mountain-chains, and generally partake of their elongated forms.—*Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography.*

FOES OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE rattlesnake has a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward, and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful; but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skilful manœuvre leave but slight chance for his victim either to escape or eject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. When the black and rattle snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds, and then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his coiled body. If he show signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws are tightened; the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of his helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes. The executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear: if so, the coil is resumed and retained, until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin-snake is destroyed in the same way.—*Scientific American.*

THE ROE AND THE WILD CAT.

THE affection of the roe for their young is very strong; and timid and feeble as they are by nature, inspired by the danger of their offspring, they become brave and daring,

and, in their defence, will attack not only animals but men. We were one day passing along the west walk of Eilean-Agais, and, beyond a turn in the path, heard the sound of feet running towards us, and immediately out shot a cat round the corner, and, close at her heels, a doe pursuing her with great eagerness. Knowing that her pursuer could not overtake her, and having no instinctive dread of her kind, the cat did not give herself the trouble to run faster than just sufficient to keep beyond her reach, while the doe pursued her with an angry scrambling pace, and, whenever she was near overtaking her, endeavoured to kneel on her back. This is a mode of attack common to deer as well as cattle, which, when they have overthrown their object, not only gore them with their horns, but bruise and crush them with their knees. At our appearance there was a pause: the cat cantered up the brae to the top of a little rock, where she lay down in the sun to see what would happen between us and her pursuer. The doe, after a few bounds, turned round and looked indignantly at us, and stamped and bellowed in great displeasure: this she continued for some minutes, glancing occasionally at the cat with a strong desire to resume her chase; but, being restrained by a sense of prudence, she slowly ascended the hill, stopping at intervals to stamp and bellow at us, who knew that she had two kids in the junipers upon the crags.—*John and Sobieski Stuart's Lays of the Deer-Forest.*

AN ANCIENT DAHLIA.

In the Travels of Lord Lindsay, the noble author states, that, in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of that patriarchal and interesting land, Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last; and he, therefore, took the tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beauteous dahlia.

POETRY.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Farewell, farewell! thy voice hath tones of music soft and deep,
And memories as of summer flowers, and echoes love would keep;
Upon the tempest's fearful blast uncheck'd, unchill'd they come,
And scatter gladness o'er our path, and glory round our home.

Thy spring-time buds were radiant all with loveliness and light,
Thy summer blossoms flung around rich odours,—beauty bright;
Thine autumn glories cluster'd still o'er hill and golden vale,
Sweet tokens of His changeless love whose promise may not fail.

And thee! a thousand spirits hail'd thy joyous natal morn,
And myriad greetings waited thee from hearts unchill'd, unworn;
Long-parted ones were gather'd then around the household hearth,
And welcome voices spake again in tones of love and mirth.

Yet change hath been upon thy wing, and o'er sweet homes and fair
Hath fallen the shadow of a cloud, the dimness of despair;
And hearts that bounded at thy name lie hush'd in icy sleep,
And mourners wail in agony, sore agony and deep.

Departed year! what records dwell within thine hallow'd scroll,
Of joyous hopes, and golden dreams, yet blighted at their goal:
Of visions radiant as the morn, as vesper fragrance sweet,—
Fair idols shiver'd, shatter'd all in fragments at thy feet.

What say'st thou to the mourning ones?—thou bidd'st them shine on high,
The treasures of their spirits' depths,—the hopes that may not die;
Thou bidd'st them seek 'bove strife and change for deathless love a home,
Where sorrow with its fearful blight, and turmoil, may not come.

So be it! changeful year, farewell! thy sunshine and thy shade,
Thy rainbow hues of loveliness,—thy joys not doom'd to fade,—

Thine anguish and thy weariness,—bid. all
their deep lore tell
In hidden shrines of human hearts:—departed
year, farewell!

ADELINE.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are
brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding
lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy
ways:
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer
buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet the hand the' ephemeral wreath is
holding,
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wings; and friend and
lover
Will to the' embraces of the worm have
gone!

Those who now love thee will have pass'd for
ever;
Their looks and kindness will be lost to
thee;
Thou wilt need a balm to heal thy spirit's
fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is
glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing
die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a fadeless ray;
Come, touch the sceptre; win a hope of
heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from this world
away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of the patient race, appear the goal—
Home of the weary; where, in bliss re-
posing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss;
Though o'er the dust the curtain'd grave is
closing,
Who would not EARLY choose a lot like
this?

W. G. CLARKE.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM "OBSERVER" TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SOME time since I was favoured by Mr. Walker, of Burslem, Surgeon, with the sight of a letter addressed, by your venerable Founder, Mr. Wesley, to Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Aberdeen, who was, I believe, an esteemed cotemporary of Mr. Wesley. I imagine any production of such a pen would be prized by the readers of your talented periodical; but the letter in question contains such an admirable animadversion on an evil especially prevalent amongst your Local Preachers of the present day, (I mean long services and sermonizing,) that I am induced to think you will be glad of the opportunity of inserting it. Though not a Wesleyan myself, I have a sincere respect for the consistent members of the body; and this, I hope, will excuse the liberty I am about to take in addressing a friendly hint to those amongst them who sustain the office of Local Preachers. I am convinced that much good has resulted from the efforts of the Wesleyan lay-assistants. I am equally certain that their ministrations would still be more serviceable, if they were kept within more moderate bounds. I occasionally attend the evening service in the country chapels of my own neighbourhood, and have often had cause to regret the tedious prolixity of the sermon. Three quarters of an hour, I believe, is the usual time occupied in the delivery of a pulpit discourse. Frequently, however, it much exceeds this! At the last service I attended of this description, the sermon was an hour long. The Preacher (who, I have reason to believe, was a really good man, though certainly, in point of eloquence, neither a Watson nor a Bradburn,) seemed conscious of having trespassed on the patience of his audience, huddled up his Hymn-book, and with a benediction of one or two minutes, descended from the pulpit, stating that the lateness of the evening prevented his giving out the concluding hymn. Now, I was one of those who thought that a quarter of an hour's curtailment of his sermon might have been much more calmly endured than the omission of one of Charles Wesley's spirit-stirring hymns. And I was not alone in my opinion. I am informed, the practice of which I complain is not confined to my own

district; and as it really does much interfere with the usefulness of their pulpit labours, I hope that those Local Preachers who favour my remarks with their perusal, will (so far as the remarks are applicable to themselves) profit by them.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
Endon. OBSERVER.

Copy of the Letter.

Hinckley, Feb. 14th, 1787.

DEAR JOSEPH,

CONSTANT exercise will be full as necessary for the establishment of your health as even temperance in speaking. On Sunday morning the whole service may continue an hour and a half. At any other time, morning and evening, our service should not exceed an hour. I cannot at all approve of that dull way of spinning out many sermons from the same text, unless your text be the thirteenth of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, or the Sermon on the Mount. It is this chiefly which occasions so many sermons in Scotland without any application. A sermon should be rather all application. This is the better extreme.

It seemed to be the design and endeavour of Mr. Henry to say all that could be said on every subject; but he will never be imitated herein by any who take either our Lord or his Apostles for their pattern.

I expect to be at Bristol from March 8th to the 19th, at Birmingham on the 24th, at Manchester April the 2d, and at Dublin as soon after as possible. Put forth all the strength you have, and you shall have more.

I am, dear Joseph,
Your affectionate friend and brother,
J. WESLEY.

To the Rev. Mr. Joseph Taylor, in Aberdeen.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIAN IDOLATRY.

VISIT TO VISHNU-PADDA.

ON the morning after our arrival, we visited one of the greatest temples in India, that of *Vishnu-Padda:* it is built of a beautiful shining dark grey stone, and is equal in circumference to many a little village. The principal edifices stand on a high granite rock, and produce a most singular effect, surrounded as they are by a number of low colonnades full of inscriptions and of images of Vishnu. A pointed tower, some forty or fifty feet in height, divided into several stories, and ornamented by numerous volutes, but without a single window, contains the holy images and the footsteps of Vishnu. Its interior is constantly illuminated with lamps, and filled with the fragrance of choice flowers. The entrance to the sanctuary is from within a quadrangular temple-building close at hand, whose round dome is supported by two colonnades, one above the other. The pillars form two rows all round, an outer and an inner one, and in each of these every four pillars are clustered together: the outer line consists of six of these groups; the inner one of four: the height of the columns does not exceed eight feet. Under the colonnades, and in all the courts and vestibules, we saw multitudes of pilgrims, who had flocked hither only to sacrifice their savings to the avaricious rapacity of the fat Priests. It is well known that he who arrives at the shrine in opulence, returns in beggary: the Priest obtains possession of his carriage and horses, or, if he has none, of the very coat he wears. Stupidity and worthlessness are painted in the countenances of these Priests beyond all description. There sits one of them, overgrown and unsightly, idly squatting on the ground, a most disgusting object: before him stands a pilgrim, pointing to three superb Japan bedsteads, hung with coverlets of costly silk, and watching the keen glance of those greedy eyes, as they scan and estimate the gift. It does not suffice,—money must yet be added; and then the ceremony begins. In the first place, the pilgrim's feet are washed, then rubbed with a golden ointment, and a flower of jessamine is next laid upon each foot. This operation of ablution and anointing is performed by a young boy, who represents the family of the Priest, and another person who acts as assistant. This done, the pilgrim receives a pot containing a brown salve, with which he anoints, first the Priest, and afterwards his two coadjutors on the forehead, the breast, and either arm. He then draws forth from within a bag several garlands of flowers, some formed of African marigold, others of jessamine, but all richly adorned with silver spangles; throws one over the Priest's head, and the other over his folded hands, and proceeds to crown the other personages of the scene with similar wreaths; during all which operations, sundry prayers and apothegms are muttered in a solemn whisper. When the ceremony is concluded, the pilgrim departs, minus his money, his gifts, and, if he has faith sufficient, his sins also; and

wends his way home from the sacred shrine with a light heart, and yet lighter purse. It is truly deplorable to behold haggard and tattered mothers, with their half-famished infants in their arms, carrying their last handful of rice as an offering to the temple: cocoa-nuts, too, and necklaces of flowers, are presented by many a poverty-stricken worshipper. To me it is inconceivable how the English can tolerate so mighty an evil! Vendors of sacred flowers, among which jessamine, marigolds, and everlastings predominate, are seated on all the steps, offering their fragrant goods for sale. Two thousand priestly families are said to be maintained at Gaya alone by the offerings of the pilgrims. —*Hoffmeister's Travels in Ceylon and Continental India.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN BURNES.

John Burnes was born October, 1764, near Haslingden, at a small village called Henbreads, and was baptized at Haslingden church shortly afterwards. He spent his early youth in that neighbourhood; and when about eleven years of age, removed into the neighbourhood of Slaidburn. When he was about twenty-five years of age, in 1789, that remarkable man, Mr. William Bramwell, was appointed to the Colne Circuit, which then included Clithero, Burnley, and many surrounding Circuits. In his course he visited Slaidburn, and excited the attention of the whole neighbourhood by the fervency and power of his preaching. The report reached the family of our departed friend. Many attended the services out of curiosity, and some they knew not why. John Burnes being asked if he would go to hear this new Preacher, cheerfully consented, apparently promising himself some amusement. The word reached him under the first sermon. He came home distressed, and earnestly sought mercy until he found it. He removed shortly afterwards to West-Bradford, a small village near Clithero, where he continued to reside about fifty years; during which period he was most successfully employed as a Leader and Local Preacher. The last five years of his life were spent at the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas Whitehead, Esq., of Hollymount, Rawtenstall, Lancashire. During this latter period his time was principally employed in putting off the armour which he had worn for nearly half a century, and preparing for his reward. For a short time before his decease he was unwell, and had a strong presentiment that his end was near. The Sabbath before he died he attended divine service three times; and at his class-meeting seemed remarkably happy, being "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." He expressed his strong conviction that he should never meet them again in this world. This impression was the subject of frequent remarks during the several days succeeding, until Wednesday evening, January 21st, 1846. During this interval he spoke of death without fear, and calmly waited his summons to the paradise of God. He was a little worse than usual on the evening of the 21st, and retired to rest about nine o'clock, never to rise again. On the Thursday morning, when one of the family entered his bed-room, he was found in a fit of apoplexy. He spoke no more; and in the middle of the forenoon he expired, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The subject of this sketch was retiring in his habits; and took more delight in reading, meditation, and prayer, than in the pleasures of the social circle. His Christian experience was of a high order, and none could hear the recital of it without perceiving that he lived "as seeing Him that is invisible." He was a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, as all his fathers were.

Few men enjoyed the means of grace more than the deceased. Sacred truth was his delight, and perhaps next to that the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine. The word of God dwelt richly within him; and this (as those declared who often heard him) gave an unusual simplicity and force to his pulpit addresses. He combined fervour with clearness, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. He lived in habitual preparation for heaven, and realized in his experience the declaration of the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He died January 22d, 1846.

Rawtenstall. William Jessop.

MEMOIR OF MARY ANN ADCOCK.

Mary Ann Adcock, late of Watton, Norfolk, was serious, and possessed a love for the house of God from her earliest days. Some time since, however, at a protracted meeting, she was more fully convinced of her lost and fallen estate. A friend talked with her, and prayed with her, and she was made very happy in God's pardoning love; and there is every reason to believe she never lost the blessing, but enjoyed such a sense of religion as made her exceedingly happy.

She loved God's people, and especially her class-mates; and remembered with peculiar pleasure any one who took an interest in her welfare. The means of grace she constantly attended, and highly prized; and always received divine comfort when there. When she returned home, she would invariably hasten to commune with her Lord in private. Her fervour was such in this exercise, that it was frequently too much for the weakness of her body. She would smilingly say, "I love Jesus. There is a better time coming. O that will be joyful! I feel Jesus is mine, and I am his." Latterly, her affliction assumed a more stubborn appearance, and bade defiance to medical skill. It was evident nature was giving way, and that she was rapidly sinking; but her consolation became stronger. Such an instance of love to prayer, to God, and to her friends, is seldom witnessed. It was evident God was fitting her for the heavenly world. She had seasons of peculiar comfort.

When exceedingly ill, she would often look up, and say, with peculiar feeling,

"O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!"

Her patience was great under her sufferings; for hers was a life of suffering. Little, indeed, of the spring of youth did she enjoy. Reading, prayer, and the means of grace were her only comforts. During the last week of her life she asked several times whether it was thought it would be long before she should die; saying, "How I should like to die!" On Sunday, the day before she departed this life, she said, "Mother, I feel as if I should die;" and, a short time after, added, "O mother! when shall I take my glad wings and tower away, and mingle with the blaze of day?" In the afternoon of the same day she seemed somewhat better, and inquired whether she should get ready for chapel. She indeed walked and talked with God; and greatly delighted herself in him, and in the ordinances of his house; and being by divine grace fully prepared for heaven, the Lord rather suddenly took her to himself, on the morning of Monday, February 9th, 1846, in the sixteenth year of her age.

HARRIET ADCOCK.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

III.—SARDIS.

SARDIS was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Lydia, situated at the foot of Mount Tmolus, in a fine plain watered by the river Pactolus. It is in N. lat. 38° 30'; E. long. 27° 57'. Sardis was a great and ancient city; and from its wealth and importance was the object of much cupidity, and of many sieges. When taken by Cyrus, under Crœsus, its last King, who has become proverbial for his riches, Sardis was one of the most splendid and opulent cities of the East. After their victory over Antiochus it passed to the Romans, under whom it rapidly declined in rank and importance. In the time of Tiberius it was destroyed by an earthquake, but was rebuilt by order of the Emperor. The inhabitants of Sardis bore an ill-repute among the ancients for their voluptuous habits of life. Hence, perhaps, the point of the phrase in the Apocalyptic message to the city,—"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments." (Rev. iii. 4.) The place that Sardis holds in this message, as one of the "Seven Churches of Asia," is the source of the peculiar interest with which the Christian reader regards it. From what is said, it appears it had already declined much in real religion, although it still maintained the name and external aspect of a Christian church, "having a name to live, while it was dead." (Rev. iii. 1.)

Sardis, therefore, the capital of Lydia, identified with the names of Crœsus, and Cyrus, and Alexander, and covering the plain with her thousands of inhabitants, and tens of thousands of men of war; great even in the days of Augustus; ruined by earthquakes, and restored to its importance by the munificence of Tiberius;—Christian Sardis, offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from Pagan persecution, in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and Apostle;—Sardis, again fallen under the yoke of a false religion, but still retaining her numerous population, and powerful defence, only five hundred years ago:—what is Sardis now? "Her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down." "She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the Lady of Kingdoms." "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!" A few mud huts inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain all the present population of Sardis. The only members of the Church of Sardis are two Greek servants to the Turkish miller: and how little operative the spirit of primitive Christianity is on one at least of these men will be subsequently shown.

The objects of greatest interest to the Christian traveller are the ruins of two

churches; one at the back of the mill, said to be the church of the Panagia, and another in front of it, called the church of St. John. Of the former there are considerable remains, and it is almost wholly constructed with magnificent fragments of earlier edifices: it must be this to which Colonel Leake alludes, as being, perhaps, the only one of the Seven Churches, of which there are any distinguishable remains; but there are also some remains of the church of Pergamos. Of the other there are several stone piers, having fragments of brick arches above them, and standing east and west. When Smith wrote, a Christian church, having at the entrance several curious pillars, was appropriated to the service of the mosque.

The following account of Sardis is from Dr. Chandler:—"Lydia was celebrated for its city Sardis, which was of great antiquity, though posterior to the war of Troy. It was enriched by the fertility of the soil, and had been the capital of the Lydian Kings. It was seated on the side of Mount Tmolus, and the acropolis was remarkable for its strength. This was on a lofty hill; the back part, or that toward Tmolus, a perpendicular precipice. One of the Kings, an ancestor of Crœsus, it is related, believed that by leading a lion about the wall he should render the fortress impregnable, and neglected that portion of it, as totally inaccessible.

"Sardis, under the Romans, was a large city, and not inferior to any of its neighbours, until the terrible earthquake, which happened in the time of Tiberius Cæsar. Magnesia, by Sipylus, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Ephesus, and several more cities, partook largely in that calamity; but this place suffered prodigiously, and was much pitied. The munificence of the Emperor was nobly exerted to repair the various damages, and Sardis owed its recovery to Tiberius.

"The Emperor Julian made Chrysanthius, a Sardian, of a senatorial family, Pontiff of Lydia. He attempted to restore the heathen worship, erecting temporary altars at Sardis, where none had been left, and repairing the temples, if any vestiges remained. In the year 400, the Goths, under Tribigild and Caianas, officers in the Roman pay, who had revolted from the Emperor Arcadius, plundered this city. In the subsequent troubles in Asia, the natives, in general, were compelled to retire for safety to the hills and

strongholds. At Sardis they permitted the Turks, on an incursion of the Tartars, in 1304, to occupy a portion of the acropolis, separated by a strong wall with a gate, and afterwards murdered them in their sleep.

"It was on the side of the theatre the effort was made, which gave Antiochus possession of Sardis. An officer had observed that vultures and birds of prey gathered there about the offal and dead bodies thrown into the hollow by the besieged, and inferred that the wall, standing on the edge of the precipices, was neglected, as secure from any attempt. He scaled it with a resolute party, while Antiochus called off the attention both of his own army and of the enemy by a feint; marching as if he intended to attack the Persian gate. Two thousand soldiers rushed in at the gate opened for them, and took their post at the theatre, when the town was plundered and burned."

Previous to quitting Sardis, I was deeply affected by an instance of bad principle in one of the two Christians at Sardis. I was anxious to send a letter to Smyrna, and requested this man simply to forward it by one of the numerous caravans, which are almost hourly passing before the mill-door, and, as an inducement, offered to give him a Greek Testament. I had made the same man a present last December. He flatly and surlily refused to do it; while a Turk, who accidentally came in at the moment, voluntarily offered to convey it, and he was as good as his word.—*Arundell.*

ANECDOTES.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND LORD ELDON.

THE following anecdote told by Lord Eldon was communicated to Lord Campbell by a friend of the Chancellor, and appears in the third series, which has just been published, of the Lives of the Lord Chancellors:—

"He (Lord Eldon) often declared, upon his honour, that he thought his old master had more wisdom than all his Ministers conjointly; an opinion which I have heard him support, by declaring that he could not remember having taken to him any state-paper of importance which he did not alter, nor one which he did not alter for the better. But it ought to be added, that this opinion of the superior wisdom of George III. was qualified by the addition, 'Not that I mean to assert that he would have been more wise if his opportunities of gaining knowledge had not been greater than that of any of his servants. But what is the experience of the oldest of them in comparison of his? And though his manner of stating the result of that experience is calculated to mislead casual observers, yet those who will divest his matter of his manner must come to the conviction that it has been gathered by long and laborious application of powers of no ordinary strength.'

"After the King's mind had become a wreck, and when its native strength could be traced only by the 'method of madness,' Lord Eldon would sometimes describe it, after he had been at the Queen's Council. The following is an instance of this; of which I retain a perfectly clear recollection. It was agreed, he related, that if any strong feature of the King's malady appeared during the presence of the Council, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavour to recall him from his aberrations: and accordingly, when His Majesty appeared to be addressing himself to two of the persons whom he most favoured in his early life, long dead, Sir Henry observed, 'Your Majesty has, I believe, forgotten that —— and —— both died many years ago.' 'True,' was the reply, 'died to you and to the world in general; but not to me. You, Sir H., are forgetting that I have the power of holding intercourse with those whom you call dead. Yes, Sir H.,' continued he, assuming a lighter manner, 'it is in vain, as far as I am concerned, that you kill your patients. Yes, Dr. Bailey;—but Bailey—Bailey,' pursued he with assumed gravity, 'I don't know. He is an anatomist—he dissects his patients; and then it would not be a resuscitation only, but a re-creation; and that, I think, is beyond my power.'

"After His Majesty had, in 1807, changed the Ministry which was so unpalatable to him, I re-appearing as Chancellor, in my former official attire, the King asked, in a whisper, 'My Lord, is not that the *old* wig?' and receiving the reply, 'It is, Sire, the old wig;' the rejoinder was, 'I say, Lord E., why did *you* keep *an old wig?*'"

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

IT is said of Dr. Franklin, that during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for its ingenuity.

According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation.

Christianity was then the great topic. The Church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unsparing severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded, for a moment, universal attention, by asserting in a round voice, that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception, but totally void of literary merit. Although the entire company of Frenchmen nodded a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being at that time a Court favourite, his companions could not bear even a tacit reproof from a man of his weight of influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion. Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book, of rare excellence, which he had just fallen in with at one of the book-stores; and as they had been pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section. All were eager to have the Doctor read a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner, he took an old book from his coat-pocket, and with propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard or read. "That is pretty," said one. "That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph: "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I have read you the prayer of the Prophet Habakkuk."

Let every reader learn wisdom from this incident, and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.—*American Ladies' Repository.*

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN,

AFTERWARDS LORD CHANCELLOR LOUGHBOROUGH.

His mother was equally celebrated for the care of her children and for her poultry; and the first recorded adventure of young Wedderburn was his bold provocation of a turkey-cock, and his narrow escape from the enraged bird. When he was between three and four years old, having provoked a fierce turkey-cock, by hallooing to him,—

"Bubbly Jock, your wife is a witch,
And she is going to be burnt with a barrel of pitch,"—

the animal flew at the child, laid him flat on the ground, and seemed disposed to peck his eyes out, when he was saved by his nurse, who rushed in to the rescue with a broom in her hand. A young lad, then acting in the family as assistant to the gardener, having witnessed this scene, and many years afterwards, when passing through London, having been carried into the Court of Chancery to see Lord Loughborough in all his glory, instead of being, as was expected, overwhelmed with admiration and awe, after he had coolly contemplated him for some time, at length exclaimed, "Weel! weel! he may be a great man noo; but I mind fine he was ance sair hadden doon by his mither's bubbly jock."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

POPERY.

THE PRIEST AND THE IRISH MILKMAN.

The following amusing instance of Irish wit, on the part of a Roman Catholic milkman, in foiling the attempts of a Priest to make him give up reading the Bible, was related by Dr. Dowling of this city, in an address during the anniversary week.—*New-York Recorder.*

On reaching the milkman's humble cabin, in the county of Kerry, the Priest thus addressed him:—"Why, my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the Bible: is my information correct?" "Sure it is true, plase your Riverance; and a fine book it is, too."

"But you know," said the Priest, "that it is very wrong for an ignorant man like you to read the Scriptures." "Ah!" replied Pat, "but you must be after provin that same before I consint to lave it off."

"That I will do from the book itself. Now turn to 1 Peter ii. 2, 'As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Now you are only a babe, and are therefore wrong to read the Scriptures yourself. You are here told to 'desire the sincere milk of the word;' and one who understands what the 'sincere milk' is, must give it you and tend you."

Pat listened attentively to the Priest's authoritative address, but no way at a loss

replied: "But be aisy, your Riverance, while I tell you. A little time ago, when I was took ill, I got a man to milk my cows; and what do you think he did? why, astead of giving me the rale milk, he chated me by putting wather into it: and if you get my Bible, perhaps you may be afther serving me the same. No, no. I'll kape my cow and milk it myself, and then I shall get the sinceere milk, and not, as I might from you, mixed with wather."

The Priest thus finding himself defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther, said, in a conciliatory tone, "Well, Pat, I see you are a little wiser than I thought you, and as you are *not quite* a babe, you may keep your Bible; but don't lend it or read it to your neighbours."

Pat, eyeing his admonitor very cunningly, but seriously, replied: "Sure enough, your Riverance, *while I have a cow, and can give a little milk to my neighbours who have none, it is my duty to do so, as a Christian; and, saving your Riverance, I will.*"

The Priest, concluding that the honest milkman was rather a tough customer, gave up the argument, and walked off abashed.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

REMEMBER you are dealing with souls which are to live eternally; that they are now like the melted silver, capable of receiving impressions which will last for ever. Then stamp upon them the image of Christ; and though it may show but faintly now, God will bless your faithful, prayerful efforts, and bring out that image to shine as a star in glory. Remember that Christ, the great Teacher, is your pattern; and that, in order to be a faithful Teacher, pleasing God, you must be like him.

Like him *in prayer*.—The stillness of night and early morn witnessed his earnest supplications for his disciples.

Like him *in teaching*.—The hearts of his hearers burned within them, and their souls were quickened by his words.

Like him *in spirit*.—Peaceful, meek, humble, and pure in heart.

Like him *by the way*.—Ever uttering words of comfort and kindliness to all who came to him troubled.

Like him *at all times*.—Doing the will of your Father in heaven.

Like him *in knowledge*.—Possessing the knowledge of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Nothing is so important to a Teacher's success, as to find the avenue to the confidence and love of his class. There is a key that will unlock this door, and there is only one. A Teacher who has a *warm heart* will invariably find it. He must not only love his class, but he must convince them of his love. To do so he must have much of the spirit of his Master. His soul must be warmed by the fire of the Holy Ghost. He must go from his Bethel to his class; and when he speaks, it should be evident to them that he has "been with Jesus." They should be able to see that his heart throbs with love to the Saviour, and that he has met them because he is yearning with a desire to do them good. O, how worthless are the labours of a cold-hearted Teacher! He will freeze up the young hearts around him, though glowing with all the ardour of childhood. Sabbath-school Teacher, get thee a warm heart. Thou wilt else be little better than a sinecure in God's nursery.—*American Publication.*

TABLE-TALK.

ORIGIN OF A PRINCE.

THE first *Prince* Menzikoff sold rolls, in his youth, in the streets of Moscow. One day, he entered by chance the kitchen of a boyard, or Russian nobleman, with whom Czar Peter the Great was to dine that day. The boyard himself was present, giving his orders, and spoke to the cook about a certain dish, which was known to be the Czar's favourite dish. The young Menzikoff saw that when the cook turned away, the nobleman threw into it a small white powder. As this awakened his suspicion, he paid particular attention to the dish, so that he might recognise it; and then he went out, and walked up and down before the house, until the arrival of the Czar.

As soon as Menzikoff saw him, he cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing, and approached the

Czar to make himself seen. Peter called to him, and asked him some questions, to which he answered so happily, that the Prince said to him, "I will keep thee in my service." Menzikoff inclined, and accepted with joy. At dinner-time, without having received the order, he entered the banquet-hall, and placed himself behind the seat of Peter. When the certain dish appeared, he bent down, and whispered to him not to touch of it. Peter got up, and with a smiling countenance, under some pretence, he took the young man into the adjoining apartment, where Menzikoff explained to him his suspicions.

Upon the Czar's return to the table the boyard offered him again of the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side, and invited him to eat with him. The nobleman immediately changed colour, and said that it became not a subject to eat the same as the Emperor; who, seeing his embarrassment, took the plate and offered it to a dog, that swallowed all its contents. But a few moments after, he begun to run and to howl, then staggered and fell, and soon expired. The boyard was secured, but the next morning he was found dead in his bed.

Menzikoff did not have to sell rolls any longer: the first step to his rapid fortune was made, and his descendants are a much esteemed and wealthy family in Russia.—*Traveller.*

GIBRALTAR IN JANUARY.

WHAT shall I say to you of this wonderful rock? Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the vegetation with which its mighty bosom is all over embroidered. What think ye, at this season, of clusters of the white and odoriferous narcissus-polyanthus, and whole beds of lavender-flowers of the deepest purple and most aromatic fragrance? Every few yards you encounter beautiful shrubs, of which I know not even the names; and the broad rough stems and fan-like foliage of the palmetto mingle in mild abundance with the gigantic leaves of the aloe, and the uncouth and unwieldy bunches of the prickly pear. Some parts are all blue with periwinkles; and here and there the wild tulip shows half his bulb, about the size of a turnip, among tufts of the most delicious herbs. Lower down are almond and damascene trees in full blossom; and here and there a noble old pine waves in gloomy majesty side by side with the light and feathery cork-tree. The atmosphere—it is indeed paradise to breathe it! All is fragrance, verdure, and bloom. The indescribably beautiful Almeyda, with its geranium hedges and gorgeous-coloured flowers, occupies the broad esplanade at the base; while the blue surface of the Mediterranean, backed by the solemn outline of the Granada and Barbary hills, finishes the picture. You have no idea what a nice little clean, pretty, bustling town Gibraltar is. The fortifications are a source of astonishment and delight to me. Their extent, size, and beauty must be seen to be appreciated. And as for the streets—there you behold a daily masquerade of all nations! You are absolutely bewildered with the incessant variety of feature, complexion, and costume which you encounter at every step. The noble countenance of the Spaniard, shadowed by his black steeple hat; the turbaned Moor, with his clear olive cheek and large eye; the African Jew, with his hideous cowl of striped cloth; the Turk, the Negro, the Italian, and, though last, not least, the well-fed, fair, and comely Englishman, mingle in the variegated gala of this romantic town.—*White's Fragments of Italy.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CUCUMBERS.

"We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."—Num. xi. 5.

"And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city."—Isai. i. 8.

THE word *kishuim* is translated *cucumbers* in our authorized version, and the correctness of this rendering has been almost universally admitted. It first occurs in Num. xi. 5, where the Israelites, when in the desert, express their longings for the melons and the cucumbers of Egypt. It does not follow that this term always indicates the same species, since in the different countries it would probably be applied to the kinds of cucumber most common, or perhaps to those which were most esteemed in particular localities. All travellers in the East notice the extensive cultivation and consumption of cucumbers and other herbs of the same tribe, especially where there is any moisture of soil, or the possibility of irrigation. Thus, even in the driest parts, the neighbourhood of a well is often occupied by a field of cucurbitaceous plants, generally with a man or boy set to guard it from plunder, perched up on a temporary scaffolding, with a slight protection from the sun, where he may himself be safe from the attacks of the more

powerful wild animals. That such plants appear to have been similarly cultivated among the Hebrews, is evident from Isai. i. 8, as well as from Baruch vi. 70: "As a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers keepeth nothing, so are their gods of wood." (*Kitto.*) Egypt is still a land of cucumbers, and the picturesque image of the Prophet is constantly recalled to the memory of the modern traveller in Egypt, by the vast plantations of cucumbers on the banks of the Nile. There, as of old, the peasant has his lodge, that he may water his rich plants with the *shadoof*, or, as the Scripture expresses it, "by the foot;" and that he may guard his little property from the robbers of the Nile, who, though of a different class, are not less formidable to the cultivator than those of the time of Herodotus. Besides the common cucumber, there is a delicious species peculiar to Egypt, called the *cucumis chate*. It grows in the earth around Cairo after the inundation of the Nile, and nowhere else in Egypt. The fruit is sweet, cool, watery, and in substance like the melon: it is eagerly sought after by the highest classes, who assert that it is the wholesomest fruit in the country.* They are also seldom protected by enclosures, but cultivated in large open fields, open to various kinds of intruders. Often has a travelling party paused, on arriving at such grounds, to bargain with the watchman for a supply of his refreshing fruit; and, on such occasions, often seeing no object around to a great distance in the plain but this watchman and his solitary domicile, have been forcibly reminded of the peculiar appropriateness of the image of desolation suggested by the Prophet. In England, the cucumber has not been brought to the degree of excellence which is ascribed to it in the East.

* Scripture Herbal. By Maria Calcott.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

REV. RICHARD WATSON.

BORN FEB. 22D, 1781; DIED JAN. 8TH, 1833.

FAR beyond the limits of the Christian body which was honoured and edified by his ministry, the name of Richard Watson is known, and will ever live in the esteem and veneration of every lover of good men, his eminent talents and services having brought glory to God, and benefits to a sin-suffering world. Though necessarily identified with a particular section of the church of the living God, his intellectual greatness and deep piety elevated his soul above the influence of sectarian littleness, and rendered him, like the illustrious Robert Hall, the common property of the church universal, without destroying his attachment to the doctrines and discipline which it was his delight to explain and defend, both by his lips and his pen. When ushered into the world, he was so feeble, as to give his fond parents little hope of his being spared to throw around them a lustre which few parents derive from their offspring. Of the famous Sir Isaac Newton it is reported that at his

birth he was so small that he might have been put into a quart mug, and so delicate as to inspire little expectation of his living to a good old age, and becoming one of the master-minds of an admiring world. So it was with Watson, who survived extreme infantile weakness, and lived to impress the minds of hundreds of thousands with a sense of his intellectual and moral greatness.

His first essays at literature were made under the tuition of an old lady who kept a school; and were such as to force her often to exclaim, when hearing his lessons, "Bless thee! thou wilt be a great man." Surely in this she spake as a Prophetess. When about six years of age, he was placed under the care of a Clergyman, who for two years diligently taught him the rudiments of the classics. His aptitude for learning was singularly great; and his thirst for reading such that, ere he reached his sixth year, he read, with intense interest, sixteen volumes of the "Universal History," besides other books, and practising drawing at the same time.

On the removal of the family to Lincoln, he was put to a private seminary, where the boys used to remark, "Dick Watson will make a capital Parson: he is so good a reader." At the end of two years he was placed at the Grammar-school, at Lincoln, under the care of two Clergymen, where he diligently read Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, with Homer and Xenophon. Rapin's "History of England" gave him such delight, that he would sit reading it in the midst of the bustle and conversation of those around him, without being in the least disturbed; a trait in his mental character observed by all who knew him, to the close of his life.

When fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to a Mr. Bescoby, near his father's residence; but, getting associated with some mischievous boys, a change for the worse was soon perceptible in him: his studies were neglected, and he proceeded so far as to assist others in disturbing the public worship of God, to violate the holy Sabbath, and to ridicule religion; which exceedingly distressed his friends, and filled them with anxious fears as to the result. But God, who is rich in mercy, arrested him in his ruinous career, and called him out of darkness into marvellous light, ere "his lamp was" judicially "put out in obscure darkness."

Under a sermon preached by the late Rev. George Sargent he was deeply convinced of sin. Those whom he used to persecute, now sympathized with him in the anguish of his soul, and directed him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. He was enabled to believe that Christ died as a sacrifice for his sins; he put his trust in Him for pardon and holiness; and according to his faith it was done unto him: his darkness was turned into day, and his soul filled with joy and peace in believing. To the day of his death, he retained a vivid recollection of the exercises of his mind at this critical period of his religious history. The change was complete: his entire spirit and deportment showed that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. He united himself to the society, diligently attended the means of grace, redeemed every moment of his time, and his heart overflowed with compassion towards his persecutors, and all unsaved sinners, for whose salvation he wrestled with God in earnest prayer. The day after he completed his fifteenth year, he preached his first sermon, in a cottage at a village called Boothby, a few miles from Lincoln. From this attempt he went on calling sinners to repentance in surrounding villages, in the midst of much opposition and persecution. His master, delighted with the progress of his singular apprentice, nobly gave up his indenture, saying to his father, "Your son has learned everything that I am able to teach him." This providential circumstance left him at liberty to indulge his divinely inspired passion for preaching the Gospel to perishing sinners. Believing that God called him to the work of the Christian ministry, he obeyed a summons to Newark, early in 1796, to do the work of the Rev. T. Cooper, whose health had failed; where he continued to labour acceptably till the following Conference, when Mr. Cooper earnestly pleaded that Mr. Watson might be received on trial as a Travelling Preacher, but unsuccessfully, on account of his extreme youth, being then only fifteen years and six months old, though in stature six feet two inches.

At this early age, his deportment was so grave that it was remarked he was more like a man of forty years of age, than a youth of sixteen, exhibiting an admirable mixture of Christian cheerfulness, sobriety, and seriousness; while in the pulpit he discharged his duties with the self-possession of an aged Divine. The year following, Mr. Cooper's health continuing delicate, he again called Mr. Watson to his aid, who was received on trial at the following Conference, and returned as having travelled one year. During his probation he gave himself to reading, to exhortation, to teaching; and his profiting appeared in all things, so that on arriving at the age of nineteen years and a half he was solemnly set apart to the full duties of the Christian ministry, with the cordial approbation of his fathers and brethren.

From his skill in argumentation he sometimes indulged familiarly among his friends in stating and defending various forms of religious heresy; which gave rise to suspicion of his orthodoxy, and subjected him to such treatment, that he withdrew from his ministerial work, and entered into business in 1801, a step he deplored to the end of his days. Soon afterwards he joined the Methodist New Connexion, where he rapidly rose to eminence, both as a Preacher and a

writer. While stationed at Liverpool, his ministry was specially attractive to young persons of education and intelligence, who were allured by his intellectual power and impressive eloquence. Among those benefited, was the late Rev. John James, who, many years afterwards, was happily associated with him as Secretary for the Missions.

In 1811, having preached at Stockport, one Sunday, Mr. Watson, on his way to Manchester, in the evening met, for the first time, with the Rev. Jabez Bunting; and, however casual this meeting seemed at the time, a friendship commenced between these two great men, which proved of immense and lasting benefit both to themselves and the cause of religion: two such minds have rarely been associated so long in devising measures for diffusing the Gospel throughout the world. His health having failed, towards the close of 1811, he tendered his resignation, and retired from the Methodist New Connexion, being dissatisfied with its discipline. Having no prospect of his health being restored, he became a private member of society in the Wesleyan Connexion, and engaged himself as Editor of the Liverpool Courier, the duties of which office he discharged with great ability. On being admitted into the society, he remarked, with deep feeling, that, for the first time during the last eleven years, his mind was then fully at rest. However, it pleased God to restore him so far as to induce him to accept the pressing invitation of several of his friends to offer himself for the ministerial work in 1812, when he was received by the Conference, and appointed to a Circuit. The Rev. T. Jackson, in his "Memoirs" of this distinguished Minister, observes, "Never did the Wesleyan Conference receive into its communion a Minister of greater and more useful talents, or of more sound and enlightened piety; and never was a Methodist Preacher more ardently attached to his brethren, and to the doctrines and order of the body, than Mr. Watson, from the time of his re-admission, in the year 1812, to the end of his days."

Hitherto the burden of directing and raising supplies for carrying on the Missionary work of the Wesleyan body devolved on the Rev. Dr. Coke, whose holy, apostolic zeal for the salvation of the Heathen, led him to resolve on carrying the Gospel to the benighted millions of the East, after having crossed the Atlantic eighteen times for the same purpose, though sixty-seven years of age: he burst into tears, like Paul on another and similar occasion, when his brethren endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, and said to the Conference, "If you will not let me go, it will break my heart!" His appeal proved irresistible: leave was granted, preparations made, and in December, 1818, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Clough, Squance, Harvard, Erskine, Ault, Lynch, and M'Kenny, he turned his back for the last time upon England, and his face towards India, full of the idea of rescuing its idolatrous myriads from soul-destroying idolatry, and bringing them to the Redeemer. But his days were numbered; his work was finished; the great Missionary leader was called to enter into the joy of his Lord during the night of May 3d, 1814, and his remains were committed to the great deep in latitude 2° 29′ south, longitude 59° 29′ east. His loss was immediately and extensively felt. His place must be supplied; but who could enter into his labours? To meet the emergency, the Rev. George Morley suggested the formation of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; the Rev. J. Bunting, then his colleague at Leeds, and several Ministers and friends, heartily approved of the plan; a public meeting was appointed to be held at Leeds, on October 6th following, and Messrs. Buckley and Watson preached preparatory sermons. The Missionary flame spread: the example of Leeds was followed throughout the country. From this time Mr. Watson became identified with the Missionary cause, and continued to the close of his life to devote his splendid and useful talents fully to its interests. Though he continued to the day of his death to struggle with disease, his shattered health exercised little perceptible influence on his mental powers; for though the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day. His high character, preaching, and writings exercised a most extensive and favourable influence on the prosperity of the Mission cause, which interested him with increasing power as long as he lived. When first connected with the Missionary Society, the annual income scarcely amounted to £7,000, the Missionaries to sixty, and the members under their care to about fifteen thousand; but before he died, by the blessing of God, he saw the income raised to £50,000, the Missionaries to more than two hundred, besides Catechists, Teachers, and other assistants, and the members to nearly forty-four thousand.

After a life of physical suffering, devoted piety, and extraordinary labour in the service of his Redeemer, this truly illustrious man entered into his heavenly rest, at ten minutes past eight o'clock, on the morning of January 8th, 1833, having nearly arrived at the fifty-second year of his age; leaving behind him ample evidence of the greatness, strength, purity, energy, and fervid diligence of his mind. Highly endowed with all the elements which go to form a great character, he cultivated and applied his talents with an industry that knew no limits short of their full and incessant application. The elevation to which he rose in the church was reached by untiring efforts, aided by that divine influence under which he constantly lived, moved, and breathed. For him to live was Christ, and to die eternal gain. The Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by the

Rev. T. Jackson, third edition, royal 18mo., give such a description of the man, that whoever desires information concerning him ought to read the volume without delay, that they may see what he was as a man, a Minister, and, above all, a true Christian, whose example and writings must excite a powerful influence on all who sincerely desire to follow "those who through faith and patience inherit the promises." To all engaged in teaching others, and especially to young Ministers of the Gospel, this Memoir is invaluable; yea, more, it is indispensable, particularly to Wesleyans, of whom its subject was one of the most eminent.

P. SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Mr. Edward,	Hampton-Cottage,	Plymouth,	70	April 27th, 1848.
Alsop, Miss	Baslow,	Bakewell,	50	July 26th, 1848.
Armett, Mary,	Bankhouse,	Leek,	84	Sept. 2d, 1848.
Bamford, Rev. S.,	Digby,	Nova-Scotia,	78	Aug. 14th, 1848.
Barrett, Mr. J. J.,	Westmoreland-st.,	Dublin,	24	Oct. 3d, 1848.
Blackett, Rev. James,	Wesleyan Minister,	Leeds,	70	Sept. 29th, 1848.
Blatherwick, Mr. Thomas,	Blidworth,	Mansfield,	52	Sept. 18th, 1848.
Blinston, Mr. J.	Warburton,	Altrincham,	70	Oct. 1st, 1848.
Boast, Mr. M.,		Stockton,	68	Sept. 8th, 1848.
Bunnett, Mrs.,		Lynn,	62	July 3d, 1848.
Byrd, Mrs. Sarah,	Bengeworth,	Evesham,	80	Sept. 15th, 1848.
Caney, Mrs.,		Market-Raisen,	29	Sept. 29th, 1848.
Clements, Mrs. F.,	Bengeworth,	Evesham,	66	July 31st, 1848.
Cooke, Ann,	Norton,	Stockton,	70	Aug. 30th, 1848.
Crook, Mrs.,		Maryborough,	59	June 23d, 1848.
Darnbrook, Mrs.,	Goole,	Snaith,	22	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Davis, Miss H.,		Liverpool,	28	Sept. 11th, 1848.
Davy, Mr. William,	Thorpe,	Wainfleet,	66	June 16th, 1848.
Ellis, Mrs.,		Liverpool,	78	Aug. 24th, 1848.
Farrington, Mr. William,		Biggleswade,	59	Aug. 6th, 1848.
Gibson, Mrs.,	Stone-hall,	Longford,		Aug. 14th, 1848.
Hearnden, Mr.,	Gabriel's-Hill,	Maidstone,	22	Oct. 1st, 1848.
Hewerdine, Mr. John,	Harlaxton,	Grantham,	65	Jan. 4th, 1848.
Hutchinson, William,	Accrington,	Haslingden,	38	Sept. 3d, 1848.
Johnson, Thomas,		Bristol, North,	20	Oct. 2d, 1848.
Keay, Peter,	Bloxwich,	Walsall,		Sept. 5th, 1848.
Kelley, Mrs.,	Heckmondwike,	Cleckheaton,	22	Aug. 15th, 1848.
Ledson, Capt. T.,	Goole,	Snaith,	55	July 18th, 1848.
Longden, Mr. Jon.,	Rainow,	Macclesfield,	23	Oct. 3d, 1848.
Murdock, Rev. A.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Dungannon,	82	Oct. 3d, 1848.
Newton, Mr.,	Heaton-Norris,	Stockport,	84	Aug. 22d, 1848.
Norman, Mr. William,	Holkham,	Walsingham,	33	Sept. 27th, 1848.
Oakes, Mrs. L.,	Brompton,	Rochester,	85	Sept. 14th, 1848.
Oldfield, Mrs.,	Cheetham-Hill,	Manchester,	40	Sept. 17th, 1848.
Paine, Mrs.,	Haddenham,	Thame,	72	Aug. 25th, 1848.
Perrins, Catherine,	Kidderminster,	Stourport,	21	July 29th, 1848.
Raynar, Miss,		Barnsley,	22	Sept. 25th, 1848.
Rimmington, E., Esq.,	Hutton-Sessay,	Easingwold,	45	Aug. 25th, 1848.
Rolison, Sarah,	Bloxwich,	Walsall,	30	June 14th, 1848.
Rogers, Mrs.,		Barnstaple,	68	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Rutledge, Rev. James,	Wesleyan Minister,	Wexford,	82	Sept. 5th, 1848.
Ryall, Mrs. Amelia,	Gelly-Have,	Newport, Mon.,	73	Aug. 23d, 1848.
Schofield, Mrs.,		Oldham,	56	Aug. 29th, 1848.
Scott, Mrs. Sarah,	Goole,	Snaith,	53	Aug. 12th, 1848.
Somerset, Mrs.,		Doncaster,	22	Aug. 26th, 1848.
Stephenson, Miss,	Kilham,	Bridlington,	40	Aug. 16th, 1848.
Wall, Mr. James,		Tewkesbury,	68	Sept. 19th, 1848.
Webb, Mr. Joseph,		Wellington,	79	Aug. 24th, 1848.
White, Mr. John,	Newtownards,	Donaghadee,	62	Aug. 15th, 1848.
Wilkinson, Mr. William,		Liverpool, North,	53	June 19th, 1848.
Willott, William,	Harrop,	Macclesfield,	83	Sept. 3d, 1848.
Yewdall, Mr. W.,	Rawden,	Yeadon,	54	Sept. 23d, 1848.
Young, Mr. Robert,	Brusselton,	Bishop-Auckland,	56	July 30th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

THE LAST TIME MR. WESLEY PREACHED IN THE OPEN AIR.

In a manuscript now before me, the late Rev. Robert Miller remarks:—

"October, 1790, Mr. Wesley paid us a visit in the Sevenoaks Circuit, and being published to preach in the city of Winchelsea, he asked me concerning the state of the society. I informed him that the members were not so zealous, nor so free from discord, as I could wish; adding, 'I hope, Sir, you will give us a good rousing sermon.' To my surprise, he preached from, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand;' and the tears then shed, and the religious feeling excited, were such as my eyes had never beheld. While we were dining at the house of the amiable John Haddock, Esq., Mr. Wesley whispered to me, but loud enough to be heard by all the persons in the room, 'Brother Miller, it is not fair to kick a man when he is down: be assured that it is not the way to set him on his legs again; neither is it the more excellent way to be always telling those who are low that they are cold or lukewarm. Set the promises before them, and get them to look to Him who can heal the wounded spirit.' Mr. Wesley had ordered the table on which he stood to be placed about twenty yards from the front of a high building, and was taking his station with his face to it, when I said to him, 'If you please, Sir, you had better have the table set against the wall.' Afterwards he thus addressed the friends who were dining with him: 'Brother Miller wished me to stand, while preaching, with my back to the wall; forgetting, I suppose, that I preached out of doors before he was born, if not before his father was born. Many of my Preachers have killed themselves for want of judgment by preaching out of doors: they have stood so as to have nothing to collect the sound of their voice. Any person may preach out of doors with as much ease as in a chapel, if he will only stand in such a way as to have the people between him and some high building.'

"Mr. Wesley preached again that evening, at Rye, and at five o'clock the next morning; and after dining at Sevenoaks, forty miles from Rye, I, with several other friends, visited the seat of the Duke of Dorset, in company with Mr. Wesley, when the judicious remarks which he made on the paintings, and the anecdotes he related concerning several of our Kings and other great men, showed at once his discriminating judgment and retentive memory. After preaching that evening, Mr. Rankin, who was with him, said to me, 'Brother Miller, you sing too loud; and if you live seven years, you will be wiser than you are, about singing.' Mr. Wesley looked at me very affectionately, and said, 'If brother Miller is not a fool, he will be wiser to-morrow.' At five o'clock the next morning he preached a powerful sermon

from, 'We are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' I once asked him if he believed men could be saved when they would. His answer was, 'I believe that all men may be saved *if* they will, but not *when* they will.'" SAMUEL DUNN.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How many hearts have sighed in secret after happiness, who never ventured to confess to their companions that she was a stranger to their bosom!

Happiness is an object that all men pursue: there are those who plunge into the vortex of pleasure in search of her, and exhaust all the energies of their nature in the perpetual effort to be gay. Some seek for her in the prowess and hazard of warlike achievements and military renown, amidst the clangour of trumpets and the roar of cannon; others think they shall attain possession of the prize, as they nobly rise to power and distinction, and win hard-earned honours from the Senate or the Bar; and many expect to find the siren in the paths of literature, when they shall have plucked and worn the laurels of undying fame. Alas! they have all been compelled to own, from their inmost soul, that happiness is to be found in none of these: the phantom has eluded their grasp; and they read upon the face of their most distinguished success, that *this* also "is vanity and vexation of spirit."

We once heard a sketch of the autobiography of a French gentleman, which would illustrate this subject, if we could depict the narrative in the simple and naïve eloquence of the original. The gentleman in question was remarkable for the urbanity and cheerfulness of his manners; his presence diffused gladness wherever he appeared, and his benevolent efforts to soothe and relieve human misery in every phase in which it presented itself to his notice, made him an object of general esteem. A friend who was riding out with him one day, inquired how he had attained such an enviable state of equanimity of mind and overflowing philanthropy. He replied, he could best answer that question by relating a brief history of his life, if his friend thought it worthy of his attention. The proposal was hailed with joy, and he resumed:—"I am a native of one of the most important cities of France. From the earliest period of my recollection I experienced a yearning desire to be happy; and as soon as I was able to reason thereupon I determined to check every evil propensity, to cultivate every noble faculty, and to follow every pursuit which would tend to happiness: in fact, I resolved *I would be happy*, at whatever cost. Being favoured with easy circumstances, respectable connexions, and pleasant associations, combined with some vivacity, and the sanguine temperament of youth, I never doubted the fulfilment of my wishes, but confidently expected that as soon as I should have finished my studies, and shaken off some of the trammels of boyhood, I should be completely happy.

"Time wore away: the prize which was to be my bosom's inmate through life was not yet secured, nor was my resolution forgotten; hope still pointed to the future. My father now drew my attention to the necessity of fixing on a profession, and preparing my mind to apply to it in good earnest. He inquired if I had thought seriously on the subject, and felt any preference. In truth I had not, touching the case practically: but it so happened that a chemist lived near us, who was a very shrewd and agreeable man. I delighted greatly in his blandness and intelligence; he was an enthusiast in science, and *he* seemed always *to be happy*. That was just what I wanted. I ruminated upon it until I had insensibly associated the notions of chemistry and happiness in my fancy, and came at length to the sage conclusion that they were

part and parcel of each other! So I told my father, if he had no objection, I should like to be apprenticed to our friend the chemist. He regarded me with unfeigned astonishment, and said, he had never perceived in me any taste for chemical studies or experiments: he judged wisely that I was deficient in the patience, skill, and science requisite to make a good chemist. He foresaw my disappointment; but kindly said, if such indeed were my choice, after due deliberation, he would not cross my humour, but I should make the trial. So, to the chemist I went; and now I deemed my happiness was sure. But, alas! I was little prepared for the business of the laboratory, with all its patient investigations, and nice manipulations, to say nothing of the compounding of drugs, which I hated mortally. My perception gradually opened to the fact, that there was no necessary and essential alliance between my chosen calling and my heart's desire: and then, with the fading away of my day-dream, my cheek grew care-worn, my step became less elastic, and my deportment grave. My father marked the signs, and divined the cause. 'You have had enough of chemistry, my son,' he said: 'it turns out as I expected; and as we have forborne to have your indentures drawn, I will release you, and you shall make another choice, which I hope will be more judicious.' Never captive rejoiced more in his freedom: it seemed to my imagination that the clog of 'hope deferred' was smitten off, and that I might start anew in the race after happiness.

"Meanwhile I had formed a friendship with an attorney; a man of letters, and varied accomplishments; much coveted in society for his fascinating manners. This turned my attention to the law; and when I listened to my friend's brilliant sallies of wit, admired the flow of his eloquence, and the sparkling of his hilarity, I bethought me, that the legal profession opened out the high-road to happiness: and here was the demonstration. Then I would be a lawyer; and my buoyant spirit rejoiced again, when my kind parent approved of my proposal, and wished me all success, while he enjoined the need of application and diligence. To my delight, I was received into the office of my friend to make trial of this new scheme. I have said that my heart beat high, and 'hope told a flattering tale of joy to come.' I will not describe the entrance of misgiving, or the progress of doubt which soon clouded my mind, as I pursued with dogged perseverance the proverbially *dry* study of the law: suffice it to say, that at the close of my probation, I had discovered, to my sorrow, that there was no natural and unalienable link between jurisprudence and happiness. But it was the profession of a gentleman: it offered me a competency. I loved my superior, and was on agreeable terms with my companions in the office; so I was articled, and in due time became a lawyer: but *I was not happy*.

"Time wore away. I had established a practice, and enjoyed a fair reputation in my native city; and now, I most assuredly thought, I had discovered the true way to be happy; for I succeeded in winning the hand of a lovely and sensible woman, who had long possessed my heart. I was married, and I did enjoy in the plenitude of refined affection as much bliss as a man can know who lives without God in the world: but cares, anxieties, and sorrows, inseparable from humanity, arose; and, alas! though I wore the semblance of gaiety, and was perhaps an object of envy unto many, I must acknowledge that in my heart of hearts *I was not happy*.

"Time wore away. I was walking into the country one day, when I perceived a man in advance of me singing very sweetly. He bore the appearance of a pedlar with his wares slung across his shoulders; but there was something in his blithe and easy carriage, and in the rich, full tones of a sonorous voice, which arrested my attention, and irresistibly attracted me. I sped forward

softly, that I might get near enough to hear every note, and yet keep free of the chance of interrupting him. I listened with deep interest to the outpouring of his melody; and when the song was finished, I joined him, saying, 'That is a charming air, *mon ami:* I never heard its like before:' then regarding him fixedly, for there was a blending of dignity and joy in his countenance, I added, 'Will you permit me to ask you a question, and will you answer me, *a stranger*, truly?' 'I will, Sir, if I can,' he said. 'Well, then, *are you happy?*' He paused, and looked at me for some moments; then replied, in solemn accents, '*Yes*, Sir, I thank God *I can* say I am happy.' 'And what has made you so?' I asked; 'for I have been all my lifetime seeking after happiness, and I have never found it.' 'I will tell you the secret, Sir, for half a franc,' he said. I made no reply, but instantly put my hand into my pocket, and presented to him the small coin. He slung round his pack, and as he opened the capacious case, I perceived it was full of books; and I felt indignant, for I believed he was going to offer me a song-book, or some such bagatelle. I had half turned away, when he selected a small volume, and holding it reverently towards me, said, with an emphasis I shall never forget, '*This*, Sir, is the key that unlocks the gate which leads to happiness: take it, and read it with earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit may become your teacher, and lead you into paths of pleasantness and peace!' I opened the book; it was 'The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' I am not sure that I ever saw it before; I had certainly never read a line in it; but now I perused it with deep attention, and the Holy Spirit enlightened my dark understanding to see wondrous things written in this holy law. I soon experienced peace and joy in believing on 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world;' and through the abounding mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I can now testify that *I have found* in this blessed book, what I so long sought vainly in the world,—'*the way to be happy!*'"

M.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Does it ever occur to you, my Christian brother, that your attendance on the prayer-meeting will greatly encourage your Minister, and your absence will greatly dishearten him? Such, we know from experience, is the fact; and it is a fact of too much importance for you to overlook. He is the servant of the church; and whatever stimulates and encourages him, exerts a most favourable influence on the church and congregation. He will preach better; better perform all his pastoral duties; be more spiritual and instructive; for he will feel that his efforts are appreciated, that he is not labouring in vain and spending his strength for nought. It is in no small degree owing to this influence that the preaching during a revival of religion, is more direct, spiritual, and searching than at other times. How was Paul encouraged when he was met on his way to Rome, at Appii Forum, by Christian brethren, who came to express their sympathy for him and their interest in his work! He blessed God, and took courage. On the other hand, how was Elijah disheartened for want of a similar support! Why do we find that bold servant of God, who was not afraid to face a nation of idolaters, fleeing into the wilderness, and there mourning over his fate? It was because he was left alone; because there were no people of God to gather around him, and sustain him by their sympathy and prayers. How would his heart have leaped for joy, and with what determined courage would he have gone preaching the truth of God, even to the doors of Jezebel's palace, had but a part of that

inglorious seven thousand come out of their hiding-places and shown themselves, by their meetings for prayer and other ways, as the servants of God! If the assurance that there *were* such persons, were fitted to encourage him, how much more to *see* them, and see them engaged in the performance of duty! Alas! there are too many professing Christians who bear a close resemblance to Elijah's church. God only knows whether they have bowed the knee to Baal. It requires more grace than is ordinarily possessed by a Minister of Christ for him not to feel his heart sick within him, when he sees every week, at the prayer-meeting, the most conclusive evidence that many of his church feel but little, if any, interest in the object for which he is labouring. He studies hard to make necessary preparations; leaves all other business, however pressing; goes through cold, and heat, and storm; in health and out of health often, and finds,—what does he find?—a comparatively small number present, while very many, who ought and might have been there, are about their usual business. No one but a Minister can know the trials connected with this subject. Many, we are aware, do not think of his feelings, or consider the influence of their conduct on his usefulness. Others, still, may think that he need not trouble himself about it. If he does not feel troubled, grieved, and afflicted, he is not fit to be a Minister. He sees in such developments an index of the character of those for whose souls he watches. He sees that they are disregarding their covenant vows; casting off their Christian armour; exposing themselves to the temptation of the world, and the evils of the adversary; that they are dishonouring the cause of Christ, and exerting an influence destructive to the souls of men.

Is not one of the causes of the low state of religion in the church to be found in the melancholy fact that the prayer-meeting is forsaken? Is not this one reason why people become disaffected with their Minister, and wish for a change? Would it not be well for them, after being at the expense of sustaining the institutions of the Gospel, to conduct themselves in a manner essential to the prosperity and usefulness of the institution? Think of these things, and be found at the next prayer-meeting, and never again absent yourself unnecessarily.—*Congregational Journal.*

MOUNT EGMONT, NEW-ZEALAND.

One of the most striking objects in New-Zealand which arrests the attention of the traveller on the western coast by sea and land, is Mount Egmont, standing in majestic grandeur ten thousand feet from its base, and in the distance, in winter, looking like an immense sugar-loaf. The rays of the rising and setting sun upon the snow on its summit and sides, and upon the clouds which flit around it, produce the most beautiful colours, striking the beholder with admiration and delight at the skill of the Great Architect. At this time it seems to soar above the black clouds which surround it, stretching up its snowy head; like the Christian in trouble, who sings, with the poet,—

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head," &c.

There it is, with its spotless white coat, emblematical of the garments of the saints; reminding one of the beauty of holiness; and almost an object of adoration to the New-Zealanders; those of them who are Christians frequently referring to it in describing their experience. They have a tradition that this mountain originally stood alongside of a still larger mountain, called Tongariro, in Taupo, and were *man and wife;* that, having quarrelled, Mount Egmont moved off, and they have been separated ever since! Some time ago a large mass of earth slipped away near Tongariro, burying the celebrated Chief Heuheu, and several of his people, and among them his son, Thomas

Walker, baptized in Hokianga by one of the Wesleyan Missionaries, after the celebrated patriot of that name, which excited extraordinary interest among the natives. The Heuheu was a heathen Chief; and the accident was attributed to the influence of the heathen god called *Taniwha*, to the great amusement of all who have embraced Christianity. WILLIAM WOON.

AWFUL DEATH OF A BACKSLIDER.

IN a village bordering on the east coast of Yorkshire resided a young man, who had been deeply convinced of sin under the heart-searching ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, and for a season his friends entertained hopes that these convictions would result in a sound conversion of heart to God. But the enemy, who knew well how to suit his temptations to the state of this youthful heart, succeeded in inducing him to associate with his former ungodly companions; and, having given way to a spirit of levity and thoughtlessness, these convictions began to wear off, and again he fell into sin. The Almighty, who is ever rich in mercy, and who willeth not that any should perish, in love to this young man's soul, laid his hand upon him, and in the hour of affliction he again sought the Lord sorrowing; at the same time promising, that, if his life was spared, and he should be again restored to health and strength, he would fully give his heart to God. The people of God visited him, and watched over his soul; and in answer to their fervent prayers, the Lord, for Christ's sake, remembered him in mercy, and he was again raised from his bed of sickness. But, alas! how often are promises of reformation, made on a bed of sickness, like "the morning cloud, and the early dew which passeth away!" No sooner was this youth restored to health, than he again joined his thoughtless companions, and once more was "led captive by the devil at his will." Time rolled on: in vain did those pious friends eagerly wait for the fulfilment of the vows which he had made while passing through the furnace of affliction. Once more he was brought to the verge of the grave. Prayer was again offered in his behalf; but, having persevered in a course of sin against the clearest light and knowledge, the Spirit ceased to strive. (Gen. vi. 3.) In vain did the people of God exhort him to return to the Lord; the promises and threatenings of the Scriptures were alike disregarded; his state of mind became more and more distressing; and, as he sunk in the arms of death, the last words which quivered on his dying lips, uttered in an agony of despair, were, "I am damned, and lost for ever!" (Prov. xxix. 1.)

THE DELAYING SINNER.

I HAVE read of a good Pastor, who zealously exhorted a man of loose morals, belonging to his charge, to a speedy repentance, and reformation of his evil ways; and when he could bring him no farther than a faint resolution to do this hereafter, he desired him, that if sickness should seize upon him, he would chase it away, and tell it he was not at leisure to be sick. "And if death come," said he, "bid it be gone, and tell it thou hast other business than to die. Or if thy soul be separated from thy body, let it not appear before thy Judge till thou hast repented." "This," saith the man, "is very foolish counsel, since it is not in my power to hinder sickness or death from seizing on me, when God pleaseth; or to hinder the appearance of my soul before him after death." "True," saith the Pastor; "but if thou knowest thou canst not do this, thou art the fool, who art still for deferring thy repentance to another season, when sickness may arrest thee, and death may summon thee to this tribunal, before that season come."—*Whitby.*

THEOLOGY.

CAUTION AGAINST SELF-DECEPTION.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. D. LLOYD, LATE OF LLANBISTER.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. vi. 7, 8.

We have here an instance of the plain manner of teaching used in the Scriptures. St. Paul is desirous of showing the certainty that holiness in this life will be followed by happiness in the next, and exposing the folly of those persons who think that they may spend their lives in sin, and yet go to heaven when they die: he says to us, in words which cannot be misunderstood, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is well known how much the fruitful crop of the husbandman depends upon the improvement of the seed, and a right preparation of the soil. If he should let the season pass by without sowing his seed in the earth; if, instead of sowing good seed, he should sow only cockle or darnel, the consequence must be, that, while his wiser and more industrious neighbours shall be gathering the fruits into their barns, he will be reaping only shame, vexation, and poverty. Thus it is with sinful souls. This life is the seed-time of eternity. If the opportunity be once lost, it can never be recovered. If it be turned to a bad use, there will be no preventing the consequences. What a man sows here he shall most certainly reap hereafter: "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

These are plain truths; and truths as important as they are plain. They are truths in which we are all infinitely concerned: truths, my dear readers, which it would be well to fix deeply in our minds. To this end let us consider the two kinds of husbandry which men follow with respect to their souls, and the different produce of each as these fruits are set forth in the text.

I. We have a description of the man who soweth to the flesh.

By *his flesh* is meant not merely the body, but that evil and depraved state of the soul which he inherits from Adam, and brought with him into the world. "For that which is born of the flesh is flesh." It is called in Scripture by many different names, which plainly show what it is; as "*the body of sin;*" and again, "the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." Since the tree, however, is best known by its fruits, these are distinctly enumerated by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. They are, "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murmurings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." More need not be added to explain this point: these are most fatal seeds, indeed; and these are the seeds which they are sowing who mind the things of the flesh; fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; obeying sin and the lusts thereof. Of such it may be truly said, "God is not in all their thoughts." That is, to any good or real purpose. Such are strangers to the exercise of repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. What godly sorrow, indeed, can he feel for sin who in his heart loves it? What daily trust can he place on Christ for pardon and strength who knows not of his guilt and weakness? In short, his treasure being on earth, his heart will be there also. He minds earthly things.

Such is the man alluded to by the Apostle in my text; and such are his pursuits: and what will be the fruit of his labours? As he has sown, so shall he reap. He has sown to the flesh, and of the flesh he shall reap corruption. The pleasures of sin are but for a season. They all perish in the using. They cannot satisfy the soul now, and they leave a sting behind; broken health, accumulated diseases, ruined fortunes, disappointed wishes, soured tempers, infamy, and shame, are among those fruits which usually come of walking after the flesh.

But if a man escape all these evils, if he here live in comfort and prosperity, yet this state of existence cannot last long. He must one day die, and then he will fully reap the corruption for which he has been so long labouring. "Then shall he eat of the fruit of his own way, and be filled with his own devices." He may, when too late, find out the misery of his

own choice. All the wicked gratifications in which he has here placed his happiness will be no more; and if he die as he lived, without repentance and without pardon, where God is he can never come. This is the end of the man who soweth to the flesh: "he shall of the flesh reap corruption."

We have,

II. AN ACCOUNT OF THE MAN WHO SOWETH TO THE SPIRIT.

The spirit is directly contrary to the flesh: for as the flesh is that evil nature which we inherit from the first Adam; so the spirit is that new and holy nature which comes to us by Jesus Christ, who is the second Adam, the Lord from heaven.

It is called the spirit, because the Holy Spirit is the author and supporter of it; because it puts into us spiritual desires and affections; and because it enables us to become spiritual worshippers of God, and to give to him in some measure a spiritual obedience. There can be no true religion in the soul of man but what is first begun and afterwards carried on by the Spirit of God. For as "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, so that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." It is also a new and spiritual nature which aspires to heaven; there it places its divinest hopes; and its ardent wishes centre there. Hence the real Christian is said to be born again of the Spirit; to be saved by the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Great and glorious are the consequences of the spiritual birth; for the spirit also is known by its fruits, and its fruits are amiable and most desirable: they are such as, if they abounded amongst us, would convert a solitary wilderness into an Eden; and make the desolate and barbarous earth, the present habitations of cruelty, to become again like the garden of the Lord. Joy and praise should be heard therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. The fruits of the Spirit are also enumerated by St. Paul, Gal. v. 22, 23. They are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," to which are added, righteousness and truth.

To sow, then, to the Spirit is to live under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, and in every part of our conduct to bring forth the fruits of righteousness and peace. It is the same with what, in other places, is called "walking in the Spirit, and minding the things of the Spirit;" yielding your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. The man who soweth to the Spirit, then, is one who lives unto God, and serves him with a willing mind. Awakened to a sense of his demerit and danger as a sinner, he has fled to Christ for refuge; and, in the habitual exercise of faith and prayer, trusts him for pardon, grace, and holiness. As he lives to God, he lives not to the world. He does not indeed leave his station, nor neglect his proper duties in life. His conscience does not suffer him to be slothful in business. He attends with diligence to the concerns of his proper calling, as being a part of the work which the Lord has given him to do. But though the spiritual man is *in* the world, he is not *of* the world. His heart is not fixed here. None of these things are his treasures; his affections are set on heavenly things, and not on things on the earth. Meanwhile he prays, with the Psalmist, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us;" and, in an humble sense of God's love and favour, he looks for a pleasure far beyond that which the greatest worldly prosperity can bestow. While he thus pursues and secures his eternal interest, he is the least selfish and the most disinterested of all characters; so he lives not to himself, but for the good of all. He thinks kindly and tenderly of his brethren to the utmost extent of his Christian charity. He feels a pleasure in exerting a spirit of benevolence to all; he prays for all, and wishes the salvation of all. As to his own spiritual warfare, he is fighting under the banner of Christ against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and, as he spares no sin, so he loves to practise self-denial, and labours daily in all watchfulness to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man. Is he called to suffer? He suffers patiently, assured if he suffer with Christ he shall also reign with him. Is he afflicted? He murmurs not, knowing that he who sows in tears shall reap in joy. And what shall he reap? The text tells us, "life everlasting." This shall be the fruit of his labours; this the reward of his patient continuance in well-doing. He has sown to the Spirit, and of the Spirit he shall reap everlasting life. All the ways of religion are truly ways of pleasantness and peace. The truly religious man, that is, he who sows to the Spirit, enjoys, even at present, in no small degree, the fruit of his labours; for to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. He feels while in the world an inward peace and joy of which they who sow to the flesh have no knowledge or conception. He has peace with God. He has the

testimony of an approving conscience. He has a hope full of immortality! That Holy Spirit under whose guidance he lives, dwells with him as a Comforter; infuses into his heart divine consolations; and at times, it may be, fills him even "with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

All this, however, is but the beginning, the foretaste, the earnest of that happiness which is laid up for him hereafter. Faint at present are our ideas of the glory which is prepared in heaven for them that love God; glory which in the words of the text is described as "life eternal." To raise our thoughts of it, however, and to give us high notions of its greatness and excellence, it is set forth in Scripture as "a kingdom which cannot be moved," "a crown of righteousness," "an inheritance incorruptible," "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" in short, a glory which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive." This will be the harvest which he who now sows to the Spirit shall hereafter reap of the Spirit; while those who sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, and suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. The spiritual sower will reign with Christ in glory, and will feel a happiness which knows no end, and which will be growing greater and higher for ever and ever.

Having thus led you to consider the truths set before us in the text, I shall now shortly apply them.

There is one question, my brethren, which I would suggest in the most serious and earnest manner to every one's heart: To which are you sowing, to the flesh or to the Spirit? You must be sowing to one of them. Consider how important a question this is. If you are now sowing to the flesh, you will of the flesh reap corruption. Nothing but a timely and total change of heart can prevent this consequence. Examine yourselves, your hearts, on this great point. You may be deceived as to your real state. But remember the charge in the text, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked:" you cannot deceive him. He clearly sees whether you are sowing to the flesh or to the Spirit. May he give each of us grace to discern clearly.

There are some marks of sowing to the flesh so plain, that the slightest attention will discover them; for those who live in the practice of any known sin are sowing to the flesh. In this case, my brethren, the matter is as clear as the day; there can be no doubt of your actual state: and, O, what a dreadful harvest will such reapers have! Such of you may flatter yourselves you shall escape at last. But be not deceived; God is not mocked. He will render to every one according to his works. Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, shall be upon every soul of man that doeth evil. As he has sown, so shall he reap.

No one need be at a loss to know what course to take; there is a plain and safe course suggested in the text, which you can take with safety: it is this,—*Sow to the Spirit.* Repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance; pray to God that you may be born again of the Spirit; that by his good guidance and teaching you may be brought to know Jesus Christ and his salvation, so that ye may live under the influence of the Spirit; through the Spirit may mortify the deeds of the body, (the propensities of sin,) and in every part of your conduct may abound in the fruits of righteousness, which are indeed the fruits of the Spirit: so shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly as ye enter the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus sow to the Spirit, and you shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

"IS THERE NOT AN APPOINTED TIME TO MAN UPON EARTH?"—Job vii. 1.

1. There is. Then *we ought to make our final departure the subject of habitual contemplation.*—You may remember what is recorded of an eastern Monarch, who required one of his officers to enter his apartment every morning, with these words, "Remember, Prince, that thou must die! Remember, Prince, that thou must die!" And truly this high and awful matter ought to have due interest and regard from every individual. Events of importance are always made the subjects of contemplation, except by those who are lost to all the claims of reason and propriety. Now, to proceed from small things to greater, ought there not to be due regard paid to that which is so momentous? Are you to die, and will you not think of it? Are you to stand before God, to answer for the deeds you have done in the body, and will you not think

of it? Is there so much uncertainty about the period of your removal to the grave, and will you not think of it? At the appearance of the morning light, will you not think of it? amidst the engagements of noon-day, will you not think of it? in the silence of the evening, will you not think of it? in the secret shades of retirement, will you not think of it? in the haunts of pleasure, will you not think of it? in your hours of relaxation, will you not think of it? in the closet of prayer, will you not think of it? in the great assembly, will you not think of it? We would not require you *so* to think of it, if death were nothing; if it were merely annihilation. But there is a judgment-day; there is an immortality; there is a heaven; there is a hell; there is the bright "inheritance of the saints in light;" there is the fiery prison, where there is "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Then this should be ever apparent; then this should have its due operation on all our minds; then this thought should be uppermost,—

"Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
We're travelling to the grave!"

2. Is there "an appointed time to man upon earth?" There is. Then *we should be induced to moderate our attachment to the world, from which we shall so soon be separated.*—It is remarked by a celebrated writer, that the influence of power, the glitter of wealth, the endowments of person, the gratifications of passions, and all the various attendants of rank and influence, are always deemed to be insignificant *as the last hour approaches;* and he adds, that if this hour were more realized, they would always appear so. If we felt the ground shaking under us, we should not be so eager to build upon it. Do I speak to the votaries of covetousness? to the votaries of wealth? to the votaries of fame? to the votaries of ambition? to the votaries of power? I would challenge all to look attentively at the text, "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?" And, O! will you indeed push on, careless, reckless of immortal pleasure, of immortal riches, of immortal fame? Will you eagerly pursue pleasures which are so soon to fade? Will you embrace shadows which are so soon to be dissipated? Will you fix your affections on objects which are so soon to be scattered and blighted? O, it is with the grave open at your feet; it is in the very prospect of eternity; it is within sight of the bar of God; it is with the word of God sounding in your ears, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "Brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." And is there no voice from the midst of all this doctrine that calls upon you now to awake and arise? Brethren, one and all of you, because there is "an appointed time to man upon earth," we call upon you in the language of the ancient Prophet, or rather, in the language of the Prophet's God, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted."

3. Is there "an appointed time to man upon earth?" There is. Therefore, *you should be induced to seek an interest in that redeeming system by which you may depart in peace, with the prospect of eternal happiness.*—My brethren, while you are informed by the word of God of the certainty of your departure from the present world, of the uncertainty of the period when that departure may take place, and while you are told that after your departure you must stand before the judgment-seat, and receive a sentence which shall raise you to heaven, or sink you to hell; you have also heard that there is a system by which your everlasting happiness may be secured. By believing on the Son of God, by trusting in the mercy which he has revealed, by experiencing the change which he reigns to effect, you may look forward to death with joy, and regard it as the entrance on everlasting life. Earnestly, earnestly indeed, should this be impressed on your minds. O, if there be a death-bed on which you are to lie, would you not have something that might make it light and easy? If there be an eternity, would you not have that given to you by which it might be brightened; that by which its darkness and gloom might be made to disappear? Would you pass into eternity under the grasp of the King of terrors, and then plunge deep into the gloom and darkness of despair and horror? O, can you bear it? can you bear to think of it? My brethren, I would have you put this matter beyond the necessity of such in-

quiries, by getting upon solid ground. "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Then, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Seek to be wrapped in the mantle of his righteousness, and be found looking for the coming of his glory. If you consider not here, you are lost; if you neglect here, you are lost; if you forget here, you are lost! "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Then, I beseech you, brethren, one and all, "*to-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," lest he "swear in his wrath that you shall not enter into his rest!"

4. Is there "an appointed time to man upon earth?" There is. Then *we should be induced to pursue with Christian diligence those great employments which the Gospel has proposed.*—I speak now more particularly to Christians who profess to be converted by the grace of God. My brethren; you say that you have been awakened to righteousness; that you have been "justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" that you are concerned to acquire preparation for another world; that you have "numbered your days," and "applied your hearts to wisdom." *Then*, because there is "an appointed time to man upon earth;" because the existence of man will be terminated by death; because that existence is confined to a narrow compass; because its duration is uncertain; and because, when you leave this world, you are to enter upon another and an eternal world; you are called upon to be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." You will remember the words of the great Redeemer, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." You will remember, also, how our Lord, in John xi. 9, speaks of the great duty of diligence. He said to his disciples, "Let us go into Judea again." They sought to dissuade him from circumstances of personal danger; but he answered them, "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." My Christian brethren, for *yourselves* you should indeed be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Have you not seen many useful lives taken away in the midst of their career? Have you never seen the sun of those who promised much to the church, go down while it was yet day? Have you never been compelled, in the bitterness of your souls, to exclaim, "My Father, my Father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Does not the very place in which we now stand remind you of many such seasons? Do you not remember many whose souls glowed with ardent zeal, and who were eminently successful in the cause of God, removed into eternity while you were just congratulating yourselves on having them among you? And what is the result of all this? My brethren, every garment of mourning, every marble monument, every tomb, every grave in yonder burial-ground, all your recollections and all your feelings, all you hear, and all you behold, unite to give force to the admonitions of the word of God, and sound with a voice that should reach to our very hearts, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Go forth, then, "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Let your motto be, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Let holy zeal and diligence pervade all your actions. Think not of the world, or its honours, or profits, or pursuits: let your souls be fired with the noble ambition of having it written for your epitaph, "He was a burning and a shining light."—*Rev. James Parsons.*

STEADFAST PIETY IN YOUTH.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion." Let no ridicule, no taunts, or reproaches, make you ashamed of Christ or of his words. Let the wicked be ashamed who transgress without cause; but glory ye in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. Seek to obtain a deep-felt conviction of the truth of God, and a growing perception of its transcendent excellence; and, in the overflowings of a heart rejoicing in the possession of this invaluable treasure, hold forth the word of life to an unbelieving world. Put not your light under a bushel, but cause it so to shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Let the beginning of your

Christian course and your Christian warfare be signalized by the ardour of piety, as well as the ardour of youth; that, whether your course shall be short or long in the present world, you may obtain at last the approbation of your divine Master, and may receive the "crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give, at the last day, to all them who love his appearing."—*The Sins of Youth, by Dr. M'Farlan.*

A PRAYERLESS CHRISTIAN.

What is that? Those words are contradictory. I have heard of a lifeless speaker; of a soulless miser; and a heartless mother. I think those phrases are intelligible. No one is misled by them. No one believes that a dead man literally speaks; but there are many men whose speaking has very little life. We do not suppose that even the miser has no soul; but people generally think that what he has must be exceedingly small. No mother is literally without a heart; but I have just read of one who gave her child to strangers, and devoted herself to infamy. And she is said to be intelligent. Heartless, is a very mild term to employ in characterizing such a mother.

But a *prayerless Christian!* I do not understand what that can be. I can about as easily conceive of a perfect harp without strings, or a flowing fountain without water, or a sun without light, as of a Christian without prayer. Doubtless there are many professed Christians who do not pray. The persecuting Saul was a very prominent professor. I presume he repeated his forms of prayer daily. Nevertheless, Saul lived without prayer. He was a persecutor and blasphemer; and how could he pray? But when he ceased to be Saul the persecutor, and by rich grace was made Paul the Christian, one of the first things we find recorded is, "Behold, he prayeth." It was surprising intelligence to those whom he had persecuted. They could hardly credit their own eyes and ears. But they knew the power of redeeming grace. It abounded to the chief of sinners. When they heard from the highest authority that Saul prayed, they knew that he was a changed man,—a Christian. Did Paul continue to pray? Yes, night and day, and as long as he lived. And, speaking by the Holy Ghost, he enjoined on his fellow-Christians that they should "pray without ceasing." He would as soon have thought of living without food as without prayer.

Can any Christian live without prayer? Not long. A professor may; but can a true child of God live long in the neglect of prayer? No. A Christian without a closet! A Christian who does not love the duty of prayer! who neglects the prayer-room! A Christian parent who has no family altar! O do not dream of such things; such contradictions. Talk of the blind man who is filled with raptures when the rainbow spans the heavens, or the deaf man who is ravished with soft music, but tell me not of the man who loves the Saviour of sinners, and yet does not love prayer.

"But do not real Christians sometimes neglect prayer for a season?" I fear they do. I must think that David was living so when he was indulging in that memorable, fearful course of sin. "How long may a Christian neglect prayer?" I know not. I would not advise you to make the experiment. The wish to make such a trial would, of itself, be strong evidence that you are not a Christian. One of the last things to be mentioned is, the effort of a Christian to live without communing with God. How unnatural, and how ungrateful! Does he love the Saviour who desires not to pray to him?

No, professed disciple of Christ. Do not try how long you can live without prayer; but seek to know what it is to continue "instant in prayer." The best experiments in religious affairs are those which mortify the flesh, and humble the heart, and bring us into nearness and conformity to God. Prayer is eminently conducive to these results. Go to the Great Heart-searcher with a full and contrite confession of your sins, and plead the merits of atoning blood, and cast your soul on divine mercy, and tell me if you could have been better employed.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A CHILD.

Upon the evening of Friday, the 19th ult., a child, between three and four years of age, daughter of Peter Robinson, shepherd, Cruach, (a detached portion of the farm of Camus-Erochd,) went from home with two brothers, both older than herself; and when they found she could not keep pace with them through the heather and bogs, they advised her to shelter herself under the covert of a large stone, promising that they, after a short excursion, would come back to her. The boys, after making a few turns round the hill, observed their father at some distance, directing, as they thought, his steps homewards, and went to meet him, not suspecting but the child's return home would be soon, (if not already there,) when she found they did not, as they promised, come back to her. It was now very near dusk; and upon learning what had happened, and no word of the child's return, the solicitude of the parents became great. The father immediately betook himself to the hill, searched and traversed during the whole night every knoll and hollow in the neighbourhood, but without success. On Saturday, with what men he could collect, he renewed the search; but with no better success. Notice was then sent to all the surrounding districts and parishes; namely, Rannoch, parish of Fortingal; Braes of Lochaber; Kilmonivaig; Glencoe, parish of Appin; Glenetive and Ardchattan; also to the parish of Glenorchy. From each district a number of old and young men, inured from their youth to the hills, to the number of fourscore and upwards, collected; and in separate companies, with a space of twenty or thirty feet intervening between each man, and from the spot where the child was left, as a centre, made excursions of three, four, and sometimes five miles to every point of the compass, but with no better success.

The search was renewed on Monday with as many as could be got; but still no trace of the child. It was then thought advisable to rest upon Tuesday, especially as it was allowed the poor wanderer could not have survived Monday night; and, in order to redoubled exertions, to take in a more extended range and wider ground on Wednesday. Upon Tuesday night, between eight and nine o'clock, the father was looking after some cattle, at a distance of about a mile and a half from his house, not thinking about his child, which he now believed he should never more see dead or alive, when he was surprised to hear from a site where a shepherd's hut had been formerly, but now a complete ruin, a well-known but feeble cry of "Father, father!" Here, on the fourth day from her disappearance, the child was found; her clothes torn to shreds, her legs and feet swollen, and in the last stage of weakness, but still sensible. The situation is upon the very confines of the county; the nearest dwelling is the stage of King's House, upon the military road to Fort-William, upwards of five miles distant. The surrounding hills and moors are among the most dreary and bleak in the Highlands,—the haunt of the otter, the wild cat, the martin, &c.; where the red deer range unchecked, and the eagle rears its young unmolested. What made the case more distressing was, that a great deal of rain fell upon the hills on Friday night and Saturday morning, flooding rills and mountain-streams greatly. She has not yet been able to give an account of how she passed the four days and nights, or what distance the poor thing had travelled in endeavours to reach her home. She continues in a very feeble state, and fears of her ultimate recovery are entertained.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

The following interesting article is illustrative of the old axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction." The facts contained in it are as interesting as remarkable, and will not be read without exciting a feeling of goodly sympathy for the heroine of the tale, and of admiration for the distinguished man who may be called its hero.

Crossing the Hackensack bridge, near Newark, one day in the rail-road car, in company with Governor D——, of New-Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had once witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot. He was in a stage-coach with some eight or nine passengers, male and female, and as they were crossing the bridge at this point, one of the former remarked that thirty years before he had been crossing the river at that very spot, in a stage-coach filled with passengers as now; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable rickety old structure, ready to fall on the least provocation; that the waters of the river were at the time very much swollen in consequence of a sudden freshet; and that when the coach got about midway on the bridge, one of the supporters gave way, precipitating all hands into the dark and rapid waters. After great ado, however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant, which had been swept from the mother's arms in the struggle, and which now seemed irrecoverably gone. The hearts of the passengers, however, were too deeply touched by grati-

tude for their own escape, and sympathy for the bereaved mother, to allow of their remaining inactive; and those of them accordingly who could swim, plunged into the flood to make a thorough search for at least the lifeless body of their little companion. The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident; and on taking it into the toll-house, and instituting active measures for its recovery, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes, and recognising the face of the now joyful mother. The gentleman narrated the history with a smile of righteous satisfaction at the part he had played in it; but he had scarcely concluded, said Governor D——, before one of the ladies of the company begged him to excuse the liberty she was about to take, in asking him if his name were not Mr. ——? "It is," replied the other. "Then," rejoined the lady, "I was the infant whom you rescued! My mother always remembered the name of the deliverer of her child, and taught the child always to remember it. But it is only now after an interval of thirty years from the time of the event, and here on the very spot where it occurred, that the child finds an opportunity of telling her deliverer how faithfully that name has been cherished." So unexpected a *denouement* as this, said Governor D——, filled us with the liveliest and most joyful surprise; and I am sure every one in the coach at that time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable they ever made.—*American Paper.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

I. IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

MAY the God of all the families of the earth assist the pen of the humble writer, that he may touch the parental conscience, rouse to the discharge of parental obligation, add to parental joys, and through parental instrumentality promote the happiness of earth, and the glory of the world's Redeemer. Amen and amen.

The parental relation is a point of deepest interest. Its importance is not adequately *felt*, nor duly *acknowledged*. The power given to the parent by the wise and beneficent Creator is greater than that entrusted to any other agency. Masters have power; Magistrates have power; Sovereigns have power; schoolmasters have power; Ministers have power; saints and sinners, angels and devils have power; but the relative power of the parent is greater than all. Of course man's greatest power is that which he has over *himself*, that which relates to *personal* salvation. Hence the united energies of all created beings, acting in their *relative* capacity, cannot *force him* to commit sin, or to practise righteousness. Redeemed man is free. God has made him so. By his *own consent* only can he be led captive by evil, or be made the recipient of good. The power in question is the power to "persuade;" the power *instrumentally* to plant moral principle. Here lies the power of the parent; a power in his case never dormant, never inactive, but ever most energetically operating for good or evil. The influence of Magistrates or Ministers, masters or schoolteachers, *may* be useful in rectifying the disorders of human society; but if they have not parental influence on their side, they are earning "wages to put into a bag with holes."

In the recent extensive discussions about education, and the moral amelioration of society by means of it, there is much to encourage the lover of the world's true welfare. But has the *parent* always obtained due notice and honour? Certainly God *honours him*; and we shall not succeed in the educational enterprise if we do otherwise. By divine appointment, the parent is not only the author, but the nurse, the guardian, the governor, the *educator* of the child. Nor is it possible for church or state, man or angel, to alter this arrangement of Heaven. "Honour" to the "father and mother," is the "first" point of "promise" is the world's wholesale amendment. God has laid the universe at their feet: they can create, they destroy.

Legislators, Ministers, Sunday-school Teachers, educators of every subordinate grade, whose object it is to "*render the human mind to the greatest possible extent the cause of human happiness*," "honour the father and mother," or you have little "promise" of large success. In the parental relation you have a heaven-constructed moral machinery for reaching the whole moral world, and of moulding it according to the pattern shown to mankind in the example of the "perfect man" Christ Jesus. Acknowledge the parental right, move more the parental power, take with you the parental host, and you may hope so to train up your charge in "the way they should go," that when they are "old" they shall be found "stablished, strengthened, settled" in the principles and practices of truth and righteousness.

Parents, these remarks are chiefly ad-

dressed to you. Your obligation to yourselves, as agents of the highest responsibility to your children, so absolutely committed to your trust; to the world's weal, so much under your dominion; to the Gospel of Christ, so dependent on you for honour or dishonour; your *moral obligation*, in every view of it, is unutterably momentous. Careless, negligent parents fill town, and country. They are embarked in the ruin of mankind. Hitherto they have been but too successful. But there is an account to be given of their stewardship. When inquisition is made for blood, they cannot be found innocent. O, do not destroy whom God has appointed you to save! But there are honours and joys as well as duties and dangers. God has made it your privilege to "turn many to righteousness," and to share in the reward of those who shall "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

PASTOR.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNBELIEVER'S DEATH-BED.

A SKETCH.

"Fools men may live, but fools they cannot die."—YOUNG.

"The way of transgressors is hard."—Prov. xiii. 15.

THE labours of the Sabbath were over, and the congregation had already retired from the sanctuary. Though I experienced a degree of weariness of body, arising from the exercises of the day, I felt no depression of mind, but enjoyed a sweet elevation of soul; and in the cool of the evening (for the day had been excessively sultry) I retraced my steps homeward. Soon after my arrival, a middle-aged female, respectably attired, was shown into the room in which I was seated; and requested me, in an imploring manner, to call at her house on the following morning, for the purpose of visiting a sick man, who had for the last twelve months occupied an apartment under her roof. "I am sure," she added, "he cannot continue long. The doctor told him this morning that he could do no more for him. But he is a stranger to religion, and I fear a disbeliever in Christianity; for I never knew him to attend a place of worship. I have several times spoken to him on the necessity of seeking the Lord; and, on one occasion, I contrived to place a Bible on the chair by the side of his bed, that he might read its blessed truths for himself: but, in a furious passion, he dashed it against the wall; and began to curse and swear in such a blasphemous manner, that I left the room. I hope you will call: perhaps he may listen to you with more patience."

On hearing this affecting account, I assured the woman that I would call on the following morning. "And may your visit be made a blessing to him," she exclaimed, as she withdrew.

On entering his chamber the next morning, I found the wretched sinner tossing about in his bed; his countenance presenting the picture of absolute despair. At first he refused to converse with me; and told me, with an awful oath, to leave him to his fate, as I could do him no good. "But," said I, "you are a dying man, and on the confines of an eternal world; and I cannot, I will not, leave you to perish in your sins, without sounding the note of alarm, and pointing you to that Saviour who died for the chief of sinners. Hear with what kindness, what condescension he expostulates with you: 'Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet'"—

"Hold!" he exclaimed, his countenance assuming a most savage aspect: "your words are idle: I am not a believer in revelation: the Bible is a forgery!"

I looked earnestly into his face, as he uttered this impious language. Surely I could not be mistaken. I had seen that face before; but, O, how changed! "Will you permit me to inquire," I said, "whether you were not once a Sunday-school Teacher in —— street, London?"

He paused for a moment, as if hesitating whether to answer my question in the affirmative: at length he replied in an irritable tone, "It matters not what I once was. I do not believe the Scriptures."

"But hear me, Benson; for that is your name: did you not believe the Bible when you taught the children to revere its sacred pages, and to live according to its divine precepts? Surely it has lost none of its value since that period."

"Certainly I did then believe it; but I have since discovered a better and more rational system of faith and morals."

"And since you have adopted what you consider to be a more rational system, have you been happier in your soul? Has your conduct been more exemplary? Has your better system, as you call it, armed your spirit against the fear of death? Has it lighted up your dying hour with rejoicing in the prospect of eternity?"

He made no answer; but, covering his face with the bed-clothes, he inwardly

groaned; and I secretly prayed that the Spirit of conviction might lead him to contrition of heart.

"Benson," I again said, "when you left London, you had a widowed mother; a pious, excellent woman. Do you know what has become of her?"

"No," he cried: "I have heard nothing of her for many years; but my conscience has a thousand times reproached me for my rebellious conduct towards her. O that I could see her once again!"

"That privilege will never be permitted you in this world. She died in St. Thomas's Hospital a short time since; where poverty and physical suffering compelled her to seek an asylum. I saw her in her last moments. I was with her when she was summoned from a world of tribulation to a land of light and glory. Her last prayers to Heaven were devoutly offered for the conversion of her rebellious son."

Amazement sat on his pallid features during these affecting disclosures. The tears involuntarily started into his eyes, and began to trickle down his furrowed cheeks. He rolled himself on the bed from side to side, in the greatest agony and mental dejection.

"She had more reason to curse me with her dying breath," he exclaimed. "But I am cursed already. The curse of an offended God is upon me! Hell opens its mouth to receive me! Devils are waiting to torture me! O horror! horror!" And he sank exhausted on the pillow.

After the lapse of a few minutes, he faintly articulated, "O that I had never doubted! Then might I have secured a hope of heaven. But it is too late. Fool that I was, to listen to those abandoned wretches; demons in human form! But they will be my companions in the burning lake!"

"Then you were lured to the path of infidelity by evil company?" I observed.

"O yes; by mingling with the society of a number of depraved beings, who called themselves *Socialists*, I was soon induced to become one of their hated fraternity. Yes, I became a *Socialist;* and consequently a despiser of religion. I was taught to reject the Bible, which had been the guide of my early years; and to blaspheme the name of Him whose praises had been so often on my infant tongue. Having no monitor but my own deceitful heart, I have wandered far in the ways of sin; and having no control over my unbridled passions, I have been led into all the excesses of sensuality and dissipation; till my licentious, dissolute habits have ruined my constitution, and brought me to the brink of the grave, while yet in the meridian of life. A thousand times have I tried to persuade myself that there is no hereafter; and dwelt in imagination on the negative blessing of annihilation. But all would not do. I know there is a God, before whose awful tribunal I must shortly stand. I know my doom. I am lost, lost for ever! O that I had listened to the counsel of my sainted mother; and profited by those holy truths which might have led me to the Friend of sinners! But now they are for ever hid from my eyes!"

"Do not despair," I said: "the Saviour, whom you have despised, is full of compassion. His mercy endureth for ever. He waits to be gracious. Nay, he entreats you to be reconciled. Hear his own promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Avail yourself *at once* of his gracious invitation. Plead his promise. In the eleventh hour cast yourself upon his mercy, rely upon his atonement, and heaven will yet be yours."

"Talk not to me of heaven. I shall never taste its hallowed enjoyments. I tell you my doom is fixed. In a few hours, perhaps a few minutes, my soul will be in hell!"

I now proposed praying with him; but he said, "It is no use. You might as well pray to the winds. Your prayers will produce no impression on me; and God will not regard them on behalf of one, who has nothing to offer but an emaciated body, corrupted in the service of the devil, and a soul laden with an accumulated weight of guilt. No, I am beyond the reach of mercy."

I did pray, however, before I took my departure; and promised to call again in the evening.

The house in which he lodged was almost half a mile from my own residence. And while the summer sun was yet lingering in the western horizon, enfringing with his departing beams the passing clouds, I bent my steps once more to the apartment of the dying sinner. I found him in the same gloomy, melancholy state of mind. The horrors of despair were, if possible, still more strikingly exhibited in his countenance. For a considerable space of time, I expostulated with him on the impiety of distrusting a Saviour, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth. I entreated him, with tears in my eyes, not to delay an application to the blood of sprinkling. But all was unavailing.

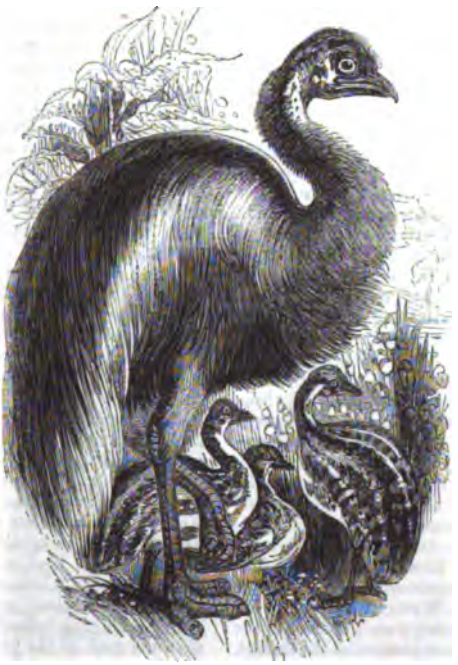
I found the room to be exceedingly close; for the day had been unusually hot. I opened the casement; and as I gazed upon the sky, which was now covered with black clouds, I fancied a storm was fast approaching. Returning to the bedside, I resumed my entreaties and exhortations to the wretched object who lay before me, but with no better success. I then kneeled down at the foot of the bed; and while wrestling fervently with God on his behalf, a most deafening peal of thunder shook the building to its foundation.

"Hark!" said he, starting up in the bed, his eyes rolling with the wildest and most

fearful glances round the room: "Hark! did you hear that volley? The infernal spirits are mustering all the artillery of hell to give me a salute to the regions of damnation!"

The noise which this horrid exclamation occasioned, brought into the room the inmates of the house. As they entered pale with affright, he fixed his eyes on them with a ghastly stare. Then, falling back on the pillow, he uttered an awful groan, and expired.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE EMEU.

In the vocabulary of the early Portuguese navigators the name of emeu was applied to a gigantic bird of the ostrich family, inhabiting the peninsula of Malacca and the great chain of islands to the south and east. This denomination has, however, been long superseded by that of cassowary, derived from its native Malayan appellation. On the other hand the bird now before us was named by naturalists, on its first discovery, the New-Holland cassowary, to indicate its close affinity to the Asiatic species. But the colonists of New South Wales having adopted for the Australian bird the name of emeu, now no longer otherwise appropriated, and naturalists in general having of late years sanctioned this transfer of an abandoned title, there can be no objection to its retention, and no risk of any future confusion in the synonymy arising from the change.

In size and bulk the emeu is exceeded by the African ostrich alone. It is stated by travellers to attain a height of more than seven feet, and its average measurement in captivity may be estimated at between five and six. In form it closely resembles the ostrich, but is lower on the legs, shorter in the neck, and of a more thickset and clumsy make. At a distance its feathers have more of the appearance of hair than of plumage, their barbs being all loose and separate. As in the other ostriches, they take their origin by pairs from the same shaft. The general colour is a dull brown, mottled with dirty grey, the latter prevailing more partic-

ularly on the surface of the bird. On the head and neck they become gradually shorter, assume still more completely the appearance of hairs, and are so thinly scattered over the forepart of the throat and around the ears, that the skin, which is of a purplish hue, is distinctly visible. This appearance is most remarkable in the older birds, in which these parts are left nearly bare. The wings are so extremely small as to be quite invisible when applied to the surface of the body. They are clothed with feathers exactly similar to those of the back, which, it should be observed, divide as it were from a middle line, and fall gracefully over on either side. The colour of the bill and legs is of a dusky black, and that of the iris dull brown.

There appears to be but little difference in colour between the two sexes; but the young on first quitting the shell have a much more elegant livery. A brood of these has lately been hatched at the Zoological Society's garden, in which the ground-colour is greyish white, marked with two longitudinal broad black stripes along the back, and two similar ones on either side, each subdivided by a narrow middle line of white. These stripes are continued along the neck without subdivision, and are broken on the head into irregular spots. Two other broken stripes pass down the forepart of the neck and breast, and terminate in a broad band passing on either side across the thighs. As in the fully grown bird, the bill and legs are of a dusky hue.

The emeu was first described and figured under the name of the New-Holland cassowary in Governor Philip's "Voyage to Botany Bay," published in 1789. To this work Dr. Latham contributed very considerably in the ornithological department; and it is therefore probable that the description of this remarkable bird was furnished by him. The figure, taken from a drawing made on the spot by Lieutenant Watts, is extremely defective. In the ensuing year a second figure taken from the same specimen as the former, but very different in appearance, and equally inaccurate, was given in White's "Voyage to New South Wales," the zoological part of which work appears to have been superintended by Dr. Shaw, whose Miscellany likewise contains a copy of the same figure. A much better representation, although somewhat too highly coloured, occurs in the Atlas to Péron's "*Voyage aux Terres Australes.*" We have searched in vain among the celebrated engravings from Marechal's drawings, constituting the "*Ménagerie du Muséum,*" for the "superior figure" which Mr. Lesson assures us, in his "*Manuel d'Ornithologie,*" is there to be found. Indeed, we know not by what means it could have gained a place in that collection; for no living specimen had then, or for several years afterwards, been seen in France.

In its manners the emeu bears a close resemblance to the ostrich, as might be expected from their near relationship. Its food appears to be wholly vegetable, consisting chiefly of fruits, roots, and herbage, and it is consequently, notwithstanding its great strength, perfectly inoffensive. The length of its legs, and the muscularity of its thighs, enable it to run with great swiftness; and, as it is exceedingly shy, it is not easily overtaken, or brought within gun-shot. Captain Currie, in Mr. Barron Field's "Memoirs on New South Wales," states that it affords "excellent coursing, equalling, if not surpassing the same sport with the hare in England." And Mr. Cunningham, in his amusing work, entitled, "Two Years in New South Wales," gives a curious account of the manner in which it is usually coursed by the dogs. The latter gentleman states that dogs will seldom attack it, both on account of some peculiar odour in its flesh which they dislike, and because the injuries which it inflicts upon them by striking out with its feet are very frequently severe. "The settlers even assert," he says, "that they (the emeus) will break the small bone of a man's leg by this sort of kick; which to avoid, the well-trained dogs run up abreast, and make a sudden spring at their neck, whereby they are quickly dispatched."

If we are to credit the report of the same author, the flesh of the emeu is "truly exquisite, and intermediate, as it were, between that of a turkey and a sucking-pig." But some allowance must be made for the circumstances in which he first partook of it, when he and his companions, abandoned by their Captain, and without any means of procuring subsistence, had no other prospect than that of perishing by starvation, until relieved by the generosity of the fishermen. The English colonists do not appear to have quite so high an opinion of its merits: they compare it to beef, which it resembles, according to Mr. Cunningham, "both in appearance and taste, and is good and sweet eating: nothing indeed can be more delicate than the flesh of the young ones."

"There is but little," he says, "fit for culinary use upon any part of the emeu except the hind-quarters, which are of such dimensions that the shouldering of the two hind-legs homewards for a mile distance, once proved to me as tiresome a task as I ever recollect to have encountered in the colony." Their eggs are held in much estimation, and, according to the same authority, the natives almost live upon them during the hatching season. They are as large as those of an ostrich, with equally thick shells coloured of a beautiful dark green, and are usually six or seven in number; but we have no information as to the manner in which the wild birds form their nest. It probably consists, like that of other ostriches, of a mere cavity scooped in the earth. They seem to pair together with tolerable constancy; and the male bird, as in some other monogamous races, sits and hatches their young.

In captivity the emeus are perfectly tame, and speedily become domesticated. They are easily acclimated in this country, and have been bred without difficulty in various collections; in those, for instance, of His late Majesty, at Windsor; and of the Marquis of Hertford, at Ragley; from the former of which the old birds now in the Society's menagerie were obtained.

STRENGTH OF THE SWORD-FISH.

The sword-fish has occasionally been taken upon the British coasts, and is furnished with a weapon more formidable than perhaps any other species. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," states that a man, while bathing in the Severn, was struck by, and actually received his death-wound from, a sword-fish. The elongated upper jaw forms the sword, which is frequently found three to four feet in length. The fish occasionally attains a length of more than twelve feet, and a weight of more than four hundred pounds. It is said to entertain great hostility to the whale; and some of them will join in stabbing it below, while the fox-sharks will fling themselves several yards into the air, and descend upon the back of their unhappy victim. It is a commonly received notion that it is in consequence of mistaking the hull of a ship at sea for a whale that the sword-fish occasionally thrusts his sword-like beak into the vessel. The force with which this is done must be very considerable: many museums contain planks thus pierced either by the sword-fish or others nearly allied to it. A portion of its sword, about nine inches in length, and two inches in diameter, was sent to the Belfast Museum, taken from the "Euphemia," a vessel which had become leaky on her passage to Brazil. It had been driven not only through the copper sheathing, but also through nine inches of the solid timbers.—*Patterson's Zoology.*

AN ORANG-OUTANG HUNT IN BORNEO.

The next day, between nine and ten, A.M., Williamson and myself started for the lake, in Rajah Ali's canoe, accompanied by a second, containing the two pangerans, who were attended by numerous dyaks. We had not proceeded, however, above ten minutes, before an orang-outang was descried seated amid the branches of a high tree, on the banks of the stream. Startled by the noise, he made off before we could land, and a hot pursuit commenced, the animal being from time to time discovered, as he slowly passed from tree to tree in advance of us, whilst we struggled through the jungle beneath. Having thus crossed a slight ridge of elevated ground, we were stopped by a dark, deep, ugly-looking swamp, and the chase likewise paused, and from the top of a tree kept up an occasional grunting bark. Our hesitation was only momentary, for, throwing off my trousers and shoes, (which I repented,) I took the water, followed by Rajah Ali and many Malays and dyaks, and soon found myself struggling up to the shoulders, with the rifle in one hand, and the ammunition in the other. As we advanced a little the water luckily shoaled to the waist, and I had time to look for the game, which was stationary in the position he had taken when last seen. Rajah Ali was by my side, and firing together at about forty-five yards, it was evident that one or both balls had taken effect; for the huge monster went more and more slowly from one tree to another, whilst we kept loading and firing as fast as our situation allowed; then wading here and there, we enjoyed the full excitement of the chase. The wood rang with shots and the shouts of the dyaks, as, waving their spears and brandishing their swords, they rushed from one spot to another, to gain a view of the devoted brute. At length a fortunate shot from my rifle, through his head, brought him from the summit of a tree, crashing through the branches with a heavy splash into the water. The chase was finished: the height of the animal was four feet one inch, and it was said not to be a large one.—*Journal of Mr. Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak.*

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

When the British army, under the command of the then Sir Arthur Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington, were marching to the siege of Seringapatam, they had to convey their heavy baggage on elephants and camels, and their cannon were drawn by oxen. In many places the roads were very bad, and some of the poor oxen were greatly distressed. The Sergeant had charge of one or more of the cannon, when one of the weakest of the oxen got the wheel of the gun-carriage into a hole, out of which the poor animal, after repeatedly exerting its utmost strength, could not move it. Whilst in this dilemma an elephant came up with his load, and, sympathizing with the poor ox, twisted his proboscis round the stock of the carriage, and lifted it out of the hole. But the ox, wearied with the repeated ineffectual trials of his strength, refused to draw. The elephant let down the gun; and after breathing a little, lifted it up a second time; but the ox still refusing to draw, he let it down again, and with one stroke of his proboscis killed him on the spot. The whole transaction was the spontaneous act of the elephant, without a word being said to him by his driver. J. B. H.

SPARROWS.

THE SPARROW FOLLOWS THE FOOTSTEPS OF MAN.

NOT the least remarkable feature in the history of the sparrow is its almost universal diffusion; for wherever man has fixed his abode the house-sparrow is certain to be found, and apparently of the very same species, and differing but little in size from those inhabiting Europe. Most birds are peculiar to different latitudes, but this genus has an unlimited geographical range.

WHITE SPARROWS.

Some years ago, a brood of young white sparrows, four in number, were observed, scarcely fledged, in Bothwell parish, Lanarkshire. Some boys, on making the discovery, immediately gave chase to the callow brood. In the eagerness of pursuit, three of this unfortunate family were killed: the remaining one was caught, and sent to a gentleman in the Trongate of Glasgow, where it died shortly afterwards. It was not fit for preservation, its plumage being but little advanced. Thus did the beauty of this family cause its ruin.

PUGNACIOUS SPARROWS.

About ten years ago, when walking along Drummond-place, Edinburgh, two cock-sparrows had quarrelled, and fought most determinedly on the roof of a house: one of them fell from the ledge, and the other, taking the advantage of this, flew on the top of him, and bore him down to the flags, where they screamed and fought like two game-cocks. So intent were they on their battle, that I approached and seized them both before they were aware of it; and after carrying them for a little way, I set them both at liberty at the same instant, when they again commenced hostilities, and fought their battle out in the enclosure amongst the trees: one of them fled, and was hotly pursued by the other.

A SPARROW IMPRISONED FOR USURPING A SWALLOW'S NEST.

At Strathendry Bleachfield, in Fifeshire, some years ago, a sparrow had taken possession of an old swallow's nest, and had laid some eggs in it early in the spring before the arrival of these birds; who, it is well known, always return to their old abode, after having migrated for the winter. At the usual season the owner of this nest made her appearance, and naturally claimed possession. The sparrow, however, no doubt knowing that "possession is nine points of the law," refused to abandon a domicile which appeared so comfortable: a small battle ensued, in which the female swallow was joined by her mate, and afterwards by several others of their species. All the efforts of the assembled assailants were, however, ineffectual; and the usurper boldly maintained her place. Finding themselves completely foiled in their object, it would appear that they had held a council of war to consult on ulterior measures; and the resolution they came to, proves that the higher sentiments of right and justice had been called into action. Since the old sparrow could not be dispossessed of the nest, the next question appears to have been, how she could be punished for her unlawful usurpation of a property unquestionably the legitimate right of its original constructor. The council were unanimous in their opinion that nothing short of the death of the intruder could adequately atone for this attempt at maintaining illegitimate possession of her neighbour's property. Having thus resolved, they proceeded to put in execution their sentence in the following remarkable manner. They all quitted the scene of contest, and after a short interval returned with a reinforcement of numbers, each bearing a beakfull of clay, and, without offering the sparrow any molestation, they instantly set to work, and built up the entrance into the nest, enclosing the sparrow within the clay tenement, and leaving her to perish in the garrison she had so gallantly defended.

This extraordinary circumstance was witnessed by Mr. Gavin Inglis, of Strathendry Bleachfield, on the banks of the Leven.

A precisely similar circumstance took place with swallows, at Portobello, near Edinburgh, about thirty-five years ago: the conflict and other circumstances were witnessed by the late Mr. Jamieson, of Portobello, the scene of warfare having taken place in the corner of one of his windows.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE TALENT IMPROVED.

HAVING been much gratified with the articles that have, at various times, appeared in the "Christian Miscellany," under the title of "Our Servants," I thought the following passages from the life of a pious servant, whom I have known and esteemed ever since she was a scholar in my class in the Sunday-school at ——, might prove beneficial and interesting to some of your readers.

In early life J. gave her heart to God, and joined the Wesleyan society. Her first situation was nurse-maid in the family of a pious Clergyman, who thought her too young for so important an office, until, being informed that she had been trained in a Wesleyan Sabbath-school, and also had been a Teacher in it, he was fully satisfied. The children committed to her care were affectionate, but high-spirited and passionate: however, she en-

deavoured to set them a good example; and by treating them with combined mildness and firmness, their warmest attachment was speedily gained. After family worship, one of J.'s little charge, being a thoughtful child, would converse with her about what her papa had said, particularly any typical part of the Bible, referring to the atonement of the Saviour. J. looked upon her charge as young immortals, and, praying for divine aid, tried to instruct them in spiritual matters; teaching them to recite hymns, and reading the Scriptures with them. The above-mentioned little girl would often request J. to read the nineteenth chapter of St. John, repeating the first verse. The death of a lady in the neighbourhood made such an impression on this child's mind, that she remarked to her nurse, "Who knows but death may call at our door the next? and you know, if death comes, we must go: we cannot say to death, 'Go away.'" Soon after, this child was taken ill; and, so long as she remained under the care of J., she would often ask to have her books and hymns read to her, especially one beginning,

"See the blood is falling fast."

The day before she was removed from the nursery, (which was done on account of her increasing illness,) she frequently repeated parts of the twenty-third Psalm; observing, she thought it was the most beautiful of all the Psalms. The following week her short course terminated suddenly, at the early age of six years. The pious father had prayed with his daughter in her affliction, but, not being apprized of her immediate danger, did not converse with her on spiritual subjects; consequently he was in great distress about her eternal welfare, until J. related to him the various conversations she had had with her, at the same time pointing out to him the favourite hymns, which happily tranquillized his mind. Thus this pious servant had the satisfaction of seeing that her efforts, united with the parents', in training up her young charge, were not in vain in the Lord.

J.'s endeavours to do good were also extended to her fellow-servants. She had been at the quarterly visitation for the renewal of tickets, when the Preacher adverted to the great good that might be accomplished by each member trying to gain one soul. Having observed one of the servants under serious impressions, she exerted her influence in persuading her to become a member of the society, and succeeded. The illness of her aged mother rendered it necessary that she should return home for a time; but the children always manifested the utmost attachment to her. J.'s second and last situation was with an invalid widow lady, and of many years' continuance, and was marked by the same anxiety to benefit all to whom she had access. In addition to her household duties, to which she was most attentive, (for she was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,") she had for some years to attend upon the mother of her mistress, who was generally confined to her bed, and also blind. While ministering to her temporal wants, she did not forget the more important interests of her soul, daily praying with her, and reading the Scriptures; and being very anxious about her eternal safety, persevered in praying for her as well as with her. About half a year before the old lady's death, she was enabled to give a satisfactory evidence of her acceptance in the Beloved, to the joy of J., and also of her own daughter, (who had long been a pious and consistent member of the Wesleyan society,) and she continued steadfast in the faith till her life terminated peacefully in her eightieth year. J.'s household engagements were too numerous to admit of much outward exertion in the vineyard of the Lord; but she tried to improve her small opportunities of usefulness. One instance may be mentioned, which was lending Missionary Notices, and other pious books, requesting for the loan of them a small donation. This plan was often the means of realizing a considerable sum of money, which she presented at the Missionary Anniversaries. It would take up too much space and time to enumerate all the instances in which J. endeavoured to fulfil the divine command of letting her light shine before men: enough, however, has been said to show how much good may be done by very humble individuals when their hearts are filled with the love of God and of their fellow-creatures. Some may say that their ability is small: remember that the possessor of one talent is required to improve it, and the Master at the end of the days will demand a strict account of that which He has committed to your charge.

"He who hath much received from Heaven,
Must answer for the charge;
And he to whom the least is given,
That little may enlarge."

J. was endowed with no great or shining talents. Has your education been limited? J.'s was almost confined to what she had received at the Sabbath-school. Are your opportunities of active service in the church of God few and far between? So were hers; but she tried to make the most of them. Let it be said of you, "He hath done what he could; She hath done what she could." Try to imitate J.'s example, and the day of eternity alone will declare the blessed results.

H. S. A.

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MISS RITCHIE, AFTERWARDS MRS. MORTIMER, TO MRS. CROSBY.

Otley, May 1st, 1778.

WITH pleasure, if the providence of God permit, will I meet my dear and valuable friend, though I am not without hope of soon taking a much longer and better journey: I mean to the Bridegroom of my soul. Since I last wrote, my complaints are greatly increased: air and exercise were thought necessary; and Miss Marshall offering to go with me, my dear parents willingly consented for me to go to Macclesfield. Dear Miss Roe is a very pleasing young person; but her mother has so again resumed her authority, that she must either leave her, or be confined from the means. I got no opportunities with her alone, but one by stealth, for about three minutes: her mother catched us, and plainly told me, her daughter should not converse alone with any Methodist. I attempted to reason the case with her; but she told me she would not dispute; she did not think she could alter my way of thinking, and she was determined steadily to pursue her own plan, and did not mean to be converted by me. My heart feels for poor Hetty: do, my love, pray that she may have strength and Christian courage to act as she ought.

We both went and came by Manchester, and stopped there a few days. I had frequent opportunities with Mrs. Wright: she is a precious soul, and in the midst of various trials to which her situation exposes her, is kept very simple and lively. She begs her kind love to you, and would esteem it a great favour would you give her a few lines. She is well satisfied all you said to her some time ago proceeded from love, but in that thing has cause to believe she did right.

It is now near a week since we returned; and I either have not recovered the fatigue of my journey, or else I am much worse than when I went from home. My friends think this month I shall either be better or worse: if better at the end of it, or the beginning of June, I intend, with the Lord's will, to come to Pocklington; if not, I shall greatly rejoice in hopes of soon being called to appear before the God of love. O, my dear friend, how great is his goodness! how great is his beauty! My whole soul is filled with his glorious presence. I am entirely at my dear Lord's disposal, and wholly resigned to his will. My heart and affections are already in heaven; and, glory be to my dear Lord! my soul enjoys uninterrupted communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit. I cannot help rejoicing at the transporting thought that soon my Lord will say, "Come up hither;" and now, when pain and sickness over my weak flesh prevail, so abundantly does our gracious Lord refresh my spirit, that I am always more than conqueror. Indeed, my soul does "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." Praise our faithful God, my dearly-beloved friend; and may we ever join to adore and love. I believe we shall,—yes, in yon blest world,

> "Surely our kindred souls shall join,
> Surely my friendly shade shall mix with thine;
> To earth-born pain superior, light shall rise
> Through the wide waves of unopposing skies,
> Together swift ascend heaven's high abode,
> Rejoice with angels, and converse with God."

O what a prospect does my faith behold! The Lamb shall lead to living fountains, from one scene of wonder to another. Yes, from glory to glory shall we be changed:

> "Implunged in the glorious abyss,
> And lost in the ocean of love."

Let me hear from you, my dear friend; and tell me when you intend being at Pocklington, and all you think will do me good. Pray excuse for me to Dr. Tindall in regard to writing: to-night I am to have a blister to my side; and if it prove as that I had last year, it will incapacitate me for the use of my pen for some time. I am not yet so ill as I was in June and July last year; but still I have much pain in my breast and side, a short cough, spitting of blood, and a great weakness over my whole frame; indeed, I have many good symptoms; the harbingers of death appear, and my soul is thankful. I could wish my dear friend to bring my papers with her to P——; and if I do not meet you there, they may be sent from thence. Pray have you that copy of a letter I once wrote to Mr. B—— with you? If you have, do send it me, (provided I do not see you,) along with the others; and all you have of your own, and Mr. Wesley's, along with those you were to have kept in case I had last year died, shall be given you on my decease; but do let me have that letter to Mr. B——, and do not keep a copy of it: I will tell you, should we live to meet, my reason. I am well assured you will own it sufficient. Our dear father is in Ireland, and not expected in England till July. The Conference is to be in London, as Mr. Atlay writes the chapel will be ready. Mr. and Mrs. Brammell send their kind love. Our family send theirs also. Pray give my kind love to dear Miss Tindall, Mrs. Bourn, Mr. Hunter, P. D——, and all friends. May the God of love be ever with you, and guide all your steps! So prays, my dear friend, your unworthy child,

ELIZABETH RITCHIE.

Mrs. Crosby,
at Mr. Bourn's, Castlegate, Scarborough.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH ALLIN.

ELIZABETH ALLIN was born in August, 1833, of pious parents, at Newmillerdam, in the Wakefield Circuit. She was an amiable and tender-hearted child, and won the high esteem of her parents by her affection and obedience. At an early period she developed a strong regard for the Sabbath-school, the means of grace, and religious instruction; and eagerly embraced every opportunity of acquiring scriptural knowledge. Not, however, until she attained the age of eleven years, did she deeply "grieve at having grieved her God." One Sabbath evening, whilst in the chapel, it pleased the Lord to bestow upon her the "repentance which needeth not to be repented of." She cried earnestly for mercy, and continued to seek the Lord with a broken heart for five weeks, when she was enabled to "believe with her heart unto righteousness," and exclaimed,

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear," &c.

Her religious experience was remarkable for its clearness. She often expressed her views and feelings with surprising correctness, simplicity, and beauty. Her zeal was ardent, carrying her, in some instances, beyond the strength of her delicate frame. On the last Sabbath of her life, when extremely weak in body, she begged, with an importunity and affection which her parents could not resist, that she might be permitted to attend the lovefeast; which she did, and richly enjoyed. On the Monday following, she went to her class-meeting; and her earnestness to obtain the sanctifying grace of God was apparent to all present.

The day following she was seized with the severe affliction which speedily terminated her short earthly career. During her illness she was subject to frequent attacks of convulsion. On recovering from one fit, she said, "Mother, I thought I was dying; but felt assured, if I did, I should go to Jesus." After recovering from another attack, she affectionately embraced each member of the family, and, turning to her parents, asked them to forgive all her past faults. This being granted, she thanked them for having taught her "the way that leads to joys on high." Her mind was evidently in "a calm and heavenly frame." Associating the interests of her relatives with heaven, she said, "I have lately read a tract on 'A whole Family in Heaven;'" and added, "I hope it will be so with us." After speaking in most pleasing terms of her safe and happy state, she requested that her respects might be presented to the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, and thanks tendered to him for having permitted her to attend his "religious instruction class," at Wakefield; adding, she should be thankful if he would tell all with whom she had met how happy she was, and that she was *sure* she was going to be with Jesus in heaven. For a short time, she appeared to be engaged in self-examination; after which she said, "Father, I have sometimes thought I was a hypocrite; but I believe I am not. I believe I love Jesus." The father asked if she had never felt herself a sinner; when she replied, "O yes, father, the vilest of sinners!" After adverting to the time when she sought God with a "broken and contrite heart," she was seized again with convulsion, and appeared as if in the article of death. Unexpectedly, however, she recovered a little strength, and lifting her feeble arm, was heard in whispering accents to say, "Vic—vic—victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb! 'Though I pass through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

Though weak, and the subject of much suffering, she manifested great concern for a backsliding companion, and sent her a warning message. Many young persons having called to see her, she exhorted them all earnestly to serve God. Observing her mother weep, she said, "Mother, don't weep: your Elizabeth will soon rest with her Saviour! What a Christmas I shall have! I shall be with Jesus, and drink of the wine of his kingdom." Her breathing became very difficult, and life was evidently fast ebbing, when she exclaimed,

> "Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

Then, as if conscious that the time of her departure was at hand, in holy exultation she added,

> "Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly."

She continued but for a few minutes, and then changed mortality for life, as she was in the act of repeating the following lines:—

> "'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
> Whose Spirit shall guide me safe home;
> I'll praise him for all that is past,
> And—"

Thus died Elizabeth Allin, at the age of twelve years, December 24th, 1845.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

IV.—THYATIRA,

A city in the northern border of Lydia, about twenty-seven miles from Sardis, the seat of one of the seven Apocalyptic churches. (Rev. i. 11; ii. 18.) Its modern name is Ak-hissar, or "the white castle." According to Pliny, it was known in earlier times by the names Pelopia and Euhippa. Strabo asserts that it was a Macedonian colony. The Roman road from Pergamus to Sardis passed through it. It was noted for the art of dyeing, as appears from Acts xvi. 14. Luke's account has been confirmed by the discovery of an inscription in honour of Antonius Claudius Alphenus by the corporation of dyers. It still maintains its reputation for this manufacture, and large quantities of scarlet cloth are sent weekly to Smyrna. The town consists of about two thousand houses, for which taxes are paid to the Government, besides two or three hundred small huts: of the former three hundred are inhabited by Greeks, thirty by Armenians, and the rest by Turks. The common language of all classes is the Turkish; but in writing it the Greeks use the Greek, and the Armenians the Armenian characters. There are nine mosques, and one Greek church, and one Armenian.

"The appearance of Thyatira," says Mr. Arundell, "as we approached it, was that of a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amidst which appeared the minarets of several mosques, and the roofs of a few houses at the right. On the left, a view of distant hills, the line of which continued over the town; and at the right, adjoining the town, was a low hill, with two ruined windmills.

"Thyatira is a large place, and abounds with shops of every description. The population is estimated at three hundred Greek houses, (the Papas told us five hundred,) thirty Armenian, and one thousand Turkish. We visited the Greek church: it was a wretchedly poor place, and so much under the level of the churchyard, as to require five steps to descend into it. The Priest told us that the Bishop of Ephesus is the *Archiereus* of Thyatira. We intended to give him a Testament; but he seemed so insensible of its worth that we reserved it, as it was our only remaining copy, and bestowed it afterwards much better.

"We had not been long in our lodgings before an immense troop of horsemen took possession of the khan. It was the new *Motslem* of Aidin-Guzel-hissar, with his numerous suite, all superbly dressed, on his way from Constantinople to his government; bearing an order to depose the present *Motslem*, the friend of Dr. Pascal, and the enemy of poor Dandoria.

"It was an interesting sight, and gave a more oriental appearance to the khan and town in general than anything I had yet seen. These were evidently Turks of the Court, and strongly contrasted with those of the remoter districts. It was amusing to see these dandy gentlemen attending with

their coarse hair-bags to receive the allowance of barley for their horses. We had some reason to fear the want of a lodging; but a respectable young Greek, of Therma, who said he was of French extraction, most kindly gave us his chamber, where we were extremely well accommodated. Mr. Hartley had a long and serious conversation with this young man and several of his friends, who seemed more impressed by the truths he spake to them than any I had yet seen on our journey."

"Very few of the ancient buildings," says Smith, "remain here: one we saw, which seems to have been a market-place, having six pillars sunk very low in the ground, about four spans only left above.

"We could not find any ruins of churches; and inquiring of the Turks about it, they told us there were several great buildings of stone under-ground; which we were very apt to believe from what we had observed in other places, where, digging somewhat deep, they met with strong foundations, that, without all question, have formerly supported great buildings. I find, by several inscriptions, that the inhabitants of this city, as well as those of Ephesus, were, in the times of Heathenism, great votaries and worshippers of the goddess Diana.

"The city has a very great convenience of water, which streams in every street, flowing from a neighbouring hill to the westward of it, about a mile off; there being above three thousand five hundred pipes, if the Turks may be credited, to convey it to every part of it. It is populous, inhabited mostly by Turks, who have eight mosques here, few Christians residing among them; those Armenians we found here being strangers, who came hither to sell sashes, handkerchiefs, &c., which they bring out of Persia. They are maintained chiefly by the trade of cotton-wool, which they send to Smyrna, for which commodity Thyatira is very considerable."

"It is this trade," says Rycaut, "the crystalline waters, cool and sweet to the taste, and light on the stomach, the wholesome air, the rich and delightful country, which cause this city so to flourish in our day, and to be more happy than her other desolate and comfortless sisters."—*Arundell's Seven Churches.*

POETRY.

THE ORPHAN.

On thy fair brow
Are shades of pensiveness, befitting not
Sweet girlhood's gladness; lonely is thy lot,
For childhood's dreams are fading swift away,
And thou art waking to life's earnest day.

Yes, lone art thou!
The tones of other years are in thy breast,
A mournful melody too sad for rest;
And memories haunt thee of the joyous years,
When thy heart's rapture spake in smiles and tears.

The world hath nought
Like that which thou hast lost,—the holy love
That brooded o'er thee as a gentle dove,—
The fond, deep yearnings of a mother's heart;
The love that in thy childish griefs had part.

It reacheth not
Of the deep sympathies, and trembling hope,
And burning love, for ever soaring up;
Of thy soul's agony, as it doth stand
On the dim borders of the spirit-land.

For thou dost dwell
As one on earth, yet with the parted dead
Still holding converse; and sweet influence shed
From hearts beatified doth on thee rest,
Linking thee ever with the pure and blest.

Yet sad the spell!
It whispereth ever but of broken ties,
And blasted hope by life's realities;
Of golden dreams of joyousness and light
Bedimm'd and shrouded in the gloom of night.

O look above,
And gather solace to the lonely heart!
Where lost ones greet in rapture ne'er to part,
There dwell the loved and cherish'd; on that shore
Shall ye not greet in bliss for evermore?

The hallow'd love
Of spirits resteth on thee; now arise,
And gaze still steadfastly into the skies,
And light shall kindle on life's darksome road,
To guide thee homeward to thy Father, God.

Dudley. ADELINE.

AN HYMN

FOR THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Sung by the Society in Bristol, on Sunday, December 5th, 1779.*

JESUS, thy hated servant own,
And send the glorious Spirit down,
In answer to our prayers;

* See Atmore's "Memorial," p. 294. See Wesley's Works, vol. iv., p. 171. A separation took place at Bath, and the Society was in a flame at Bristol, in consequence of a dispute with the Rev. Edward Smith and Alexander M'Nab.

While others curse, and wish him dead,
Do thou thy choicest blessing shed,
And crown his hoary hairs.

Not for his death, but life, we pray:
In mercy lengthen out his day,
Our venerable guide.
LONG MAY HE LIVE—thy flock to keep,
Protect from wolves the lambs and sheep,
And in his bosom hide.

LONG MAY HE LIVE—for England's good,
The church redeem'd by thy own blood,
And through thy Spirit turn
Sinners from sin to righteousness;
While thousands and ten thousands bless
The day that he was born.

LONG MAY HE LIVE—to serve thy cause,
To spread the victory of thy cross,
To minister thy grace;
And late, to swell the joys in heaven,
With all the children thou hast given,
Appear before thy face.

Thou God that answerest by fire,
With fervent faith and strong desire,
Whom we present to thee,
Fill with pure love his ravish'd breast,
And let the Spirit of glory rest
On all thy church—and ME.

ME, ME, thy meanest messenger,
Admit his mightier bliss to share;
And, intimately one,
Through life, through death, together guide,
To sing with all the sanctified,
Around thy azure throne! C. W.

Copied from the *printed hymn* circulated at the period above-named, by T. Marriott. Folio.

HYMN.

REJOICE! my soul, rejoice
In Christ, my Lord and King:
Be tuned, my heart and voice,
My Saviour's praise to sing.
Tell to the world His grace,
(If mortal tongue can tell,)
In all His wondrous ways,
My Lord did all things well!

Exalted high above,
He stoop'd (how low!) on earth:
O what amazing love
That to this thought gave birth!
In sorrow pass'd His days,
For guilty man He fell;
In all His loving ways,
My Lord did all things well!

By that great sacrifice,
A guilty rebel, I
To heaven can lift my eyes,
And "Abba, Father," cry.
I soon shall see His face!
For ever with Him dwell.
In all His glorious ways,
My Lord did all things well!

Then sorrow, grief, and fear
From every breast shall fly;
And every bitter tear
Be wiped from every eye!
And this sweet song of praise
Through heaven's high arch shall swell,—
"In all His gracious ways,
The Lord did all things well!"

THOMAS MILLS.

ANECDOTES.

BENEVOLENCE OF HER MAJESTY.

ON Thursday, the Mayor entertained a distinguished party at the Town-Hall, consisting of Sir Edward Cust, and the officers of the regiments now stationed here; also the Committee of gentlemen who have been so actively engaged in the distribution of the funds raised for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the "Ocean Monarch." In proposing the health of the Queen, after gracefully alluding to the conduct of Her Majesty on the melancholy occasion of the accident off Spithead, and to the liberality of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, on the occasion of the loss of the "Ocean Monarch," his Worship stated, that he thought it was due to Her Majesty to mention a little circumstance of which they were not aware, connected with the loss of that unfortunate vessel:—A little child about three years of age was saved; it was unknown, unclaimed by any one, and unable to give any account of itself; it formed, amidst the general distress, one of the most touching, because the most destitute, cases. This circumstance reached the ears, and arrested the maternal sympathy, of Her Majesty, who immediately, with that quiet and unostentatious benevolence which ever characterizes her, privately intimated her intention to have the child taken care of, respectably educated, and put forward in the position in life to which it appeared to belong. This benevolent intention, which, if carried into effect, would probably not have been allowed to transpire, has only been frustrated by the discovery of the natural guardians of the child, to whom it has been restored.—It is hardly necessary to say that the relation of this incident produced

a deep impression on the company, and the toast was received, if possible, with more than the usual enthusiasm. — *Liverpool Journal.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A CHINESE JUGGLER.

THE emperor of all the jugglers, magicians, necromancers, and conjurors appeared: he commenced operations by placing his box in the centre of the room; he then stript off his jacket, thus appearing in a state of nudity from the waist upwards, having a white cloth twisted round his loins. He next took his long tail of plaited hair, and twined it round his head, and being thus prepared, he opened his box, and took therefrom an ordinary basin or bowl, of about eighteen inches in diameter, closed the lid of the box, leaving it exposed completely to our view: he then walked round the room, allowing each individual separately to inspect the basin and handle it; the whole of the time talking in his native language, which we afterwards learned was a species of incantation. We were all sufficiently satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one, and perfectly empty. He then placed it on the floor, about five feet from the box, untwisted the cloth from round his waist, which was in size about a yard and a half long, by one yard wide, and which he threw over the basin, spreading it out, continuing during all the time his mumbling. In about half a minute, he raised the cloth from the basin, exposing it to view, when lo, and behold! to our astonishment, it was filled with limpid water, and a fish of three or four inches long was swimming about in it! He took up the bowl, and handed it to each spectator, as he had previously done; and we satisfied ourselves that there was no deception, but that the water was indeed veritable, and the fish a living one. How this was accomplished, we leave it to others more learned in necromantic arts to solve; but this is certain, that there was no false lining or bottom to the basin; and it was impossible to have changed the vessel, or to have put anything into it, as the performer did not approach it from the time of placing it upon the floor until after he had withdrawn the cloth, and we had seen the limpid water in it. After we had sufficiently satisfied ourselves, by examining the contents of the basin, he replaced it in the box, and took therefrom a green flower-pot, filled with mould, which was about twelve inches in height, and eighteen inches in diameter. Holding this in one hand, and exhibiting what appeared to be an ordinary seed in the other, he handed them round, for inspection after the previous fashion; he then made a cavity in the mould, and placed the seed in it, covering it carefully with the earth; he afterwards set down the flower-pot where the bowl had previously rested, covered it in like manner with the cloth, and recommenced his mutterings, which occupied about ten minutes, after which he withdrew the cloth, and we beheld a young and tender plant in the flower-pot, about two inches above the mould; this was of a beautiful bright green colour, with the leaves folded about the stem, one within the other, and apparently a healthy plant, having all that freshness peculiar to one which has just burst from the parent earth, but of what botanical species we are not in a position to determine. This was handed round by the enchanter, and examined by all, with the same feelings and expressions of surprise, but with no less care and accuracy, than the water and fish which had preceded it. He again placed it in its previous position, recovered it with the cloth, and recommenced his incantations, which continued for about twenty minutes; during which period, we observed the cloth gradually rising in a conical form over the spot where it covered the flower-pot, until it had risen about a foot and a half, when the cloth was again withdrawn, and to our increased amazement we beheld the tender plant grown into a small shrub, regularly formed, clothed with verdure, and having its branches covered with buds and leaves; and again the same examination was resumed: we were equally convinced of the shrub being a *bond fide* one, and of the impossibility of deception, as we had been of the truth and accuracy of what we had seen on the two former occasions. The *replacing, recovering, remuttering* were all severally *renewed*, and after the lapse of half an hour, the cloth was once more removed; and need we say that the amazement of the spectators was considerably augmented, by discovering that the shrub was now clothed with blossoms and flowers, in appearance resembling those of the China-aster! — *Dublin University Magazine.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ANISE.

THE word "anethon" occurs in Matt. xxiii. 23, where it is rendered *anise:* "Woe unto you,—for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin." By the Greek and Roman writers it was employed to designate a plant used both medicinally and as an article of diet. The Arabian translators of the Greek medical authors give as its synonyme *shabit*, the name applied in eastern countries to an umbelliferous plant, with flattened fruit, commonly called "seed," which is surrounded with a dilated margin. In Europe the word has always been used to denote a similar plant, which is familiarly known by the name of "dill." Hence there is no doubt, that, in the above passage, instead of "anise," *anethon* should have been translated "dill;" and it is said to be rendered by a synonymous word in every version except our own.

The common dill is an annual plant, growing wild among the corn in Spain and Portugal; and on the coast of Italy, in Egypt, and about Astracan. It resembles fennel, but is smaller, has more glaucous leaves, and a less pleasant smell: the fruit or seeds, which are finely divided by capillary segments, are elliptical, broader, flatter, and surrounded with a membraneous disc. They have a warm and aromatic taste, owing to the presence of a pale yellow volatile oil, which itself has a hot taste, and a peculiar penetrating odour.

The error in translation here pointed out is not of very great consequence, as both the anise and the dill are umbelliferous plants, which are found cultivated in the south of Europe. The seeds of both are employed as condiments and carminatives, and have been so from very early times; but the *anethon* is more especially a genus of Eastern cultivation, since either the dill or another species is reared in all the countries from Syria to India, and known by the name *shubit;* while the anise, though known, appears to be so only by its Greek name *anison.*—*Kitto.*

POPERY.

INTOLERANCE OF POPERY.

THE lady of a dignitary of the Church of England died during my residence in Rome. Her husband wrote an inscription intended for her tomb, in which he, naturally, introduced words referring to the hope of the deceased in the resurrection through Christ. The proposed epitaph, as drawn up, was, of course, submitted to the ecclesiastical Censor for his approval: that official struck out the words alluded to, and returned the inscription so erased and altered. There was a discussion subsequently, on an appeal before the Censor in person; and he decided, with many courteous observations, that the objectionable matter must be omitted on the ground, FIRST, (hear it, ye blind believers in the liberalized spirit of Popery,) that it contradicted the fundamental doctrine of the Church, in asserting that an adult out of the pale of the Church could be saved; and, *moreover*, (hear it, ye unblushing asserters that Popery is not averse to the promulgation of the Bible,) that it violated another infallible rule of the same infallible tribunal, by quoting Scripture! "But," said the charitable Censor, "you may ascribe to this lady all the virtues in the calendar, provided you do not invade the doctrine of the Church." I saw myself, when in Rome, the original inscription, with the lines struck out by the hand of this pious Censor of Pope Gregory; and I am now enabled, by the kind permission of Archdeacon Beresford, (husband of the deceased lady,) to print a copy of the intended epitaph, inserting, within brackets, the parts so erased by the Censor.

Here lieth
[*Until this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality,*]
The body of
Mary, Daughter of Col. H. P. L'Estrange,
of Moystown, King's County, Ireland,
And Wife of the [*Venerable*] Marcus G. Beresford, D.D., Archdeacon of Ardagh,
who died at Rome,
Dec. 31, 1845.
[*To her to live was Christ, and to die was gain.*
She is gone to the Mountains of Myrrh,
and the Hill of Frankincense,
Till the day break, and the shadows flee away.]

The reader perceives, from the date, that this intended epitaph was originally forbidden in the reign of Pope Gregory. Some months after the accession of Pius IX., a memorial, couched in most respectful language, was presented to "His Holiness," craving leave to inscribe the lines already given on the tombstone of the deceased lady. The memorial was, I presume, referred to the proper authorities, and a negotiation ensued, conducted on the part of Archdeacon Beresford by the resident Chaplain, a discreet, judicious gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with Rome. He failed, however, in his kind mission. It was declared to be impossible to comply with so unreasonable an application; and the obnoxious epitaph was as rigidly condemned by, and under the authority of, Pope Pius, as under the rule of Pope Gregory. Politics may vary: the law of the Church is unchangeable.—*The Constitution.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MARTIN LUTHER.

DIED FEBRUARY 18TH, 1546.

THE corruptions which began even in the apostolic churches soon after they were planted, assumed a form, in the course of the revolution of centuries, that obliterated everything characteristic of primitive Christianity. Priests and people sunk so low in the scale of morals as to indulge in the grossest licentiousness, while they continued to retain the Christian name and profession.

The holy Scriptures having been taken out of the hands of the people, and neglected by the Priests, the most degrading dogmas and blasphemous inventions were substituted for the saving truths of "the glorious Gospel."

The church not only died, but lay like an unburied carcass on the face of the earth, sending forth its noxious exhalations to spread spiritual pestilence and death among the nations! In the fifteenth century it pleased God to interpose for the glory of his name, and the good of a perishing world, by raising up a man every way fitted for the emergency.

On the 10th of November, 1483, Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, in Lower Saxony, of poor but pious parents. The day after his birth he was dedicated to God in baptism, and named Martin, after the saint enrolled in the Romish calendar for that day. His father was in the habit of kneeling at the bedside of his infant son, and fervently praying that God would make him a partaker of

his grace, and an instrument of propagating a purer faith than then prevailed in Christendom.

The early education of this wonderful man raised up by God to rekindle the light of evangelical truth in a dark and dreary Church, and for the benefit, if possible, of a still darker world, was calculated to prepare him for the formidable dangers he was to brave, and the severe trials he was to endure in effecting so great a work.

He observed that originally "his father was a poor miner; that his mother had carried firewood which the father had cut, that she might earn a pittance to bring up her children." He was early sent to school, where he was treated with barbarous severity, having once been flogged as many as fifteen times in one day. No doubt this operated unfavourably on his temper throughout life. At fourteen he was sent to the school of the Franciscans, at Magdeburg, to pursue his studies under John Reineo, the friend of his father. His sufferings were not abated: he, with other poor children, obtained his bread by begging during his play-hours. After being one year at Magdeburg, his poverty compelled him to leave: he then removed to Eisenach to some poor relations of his mother, where he was still compelled to beg his bread; till he attracted the notice of a pious daughter of the Burgomaster of Eilfield, named Cotta, who, with the consent of her husband, took him into her house, supported and enabled him to give full attention to his studies. He was thus relieved just when positive starvation stared him in the face, and sorrow had all but broken his young heart. Latin, music, and other branches engaged his attention. On reaching his eighteenth year, he quitted the hospitable roof of his kind and generous patrons, and entered the University of Erfurt, to study philosophy and the jurisprudence of his country. His father made great exertions and sacrifices to support him decently at the University. At the age of twenty he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

At this time he discovered a copy of the holy Scriptures in the Latin tongue; which so struck and influenced his mind, that he longed for the day when he might possess a copy of his own.

His hard studies and religious impressions affected his health, and threw him into a state of melancholy, which was followed by a severe illness, that led him to conclude it would terminate in death. Among those who visited him was an aged Monk, who bade him "be of good cheer, for his end was not yet nigh, inasmuch as God would make him a great man, as well as an instrument of consolation to others." He did recover, and vigorously pursued his studies, till, in 1505, he proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts. Amidst his studies, his mind was severely agitated about the salvation of his soul. The assassination of one Alexis, one of his most intimate college friends, greatly increased this concern; and being overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm near Erfurt, by which his life was endangered, death and judgment appeared so vividly to his mind, that he fell on his knees, and vowed if God would spare him, he would dedicate his life to his service. Returning to Erfurt on the evening of August 17th, 1505, he invited several of his college companions to spend the evening with him, and communicated to them his determination: they remonstrated; he was firm, and that very night he quitted his lodgings, carrying with him only two books, Virgil and Plautus; he entered the convent of the Augustines, being only twenty-one years and nine months old! His parents were overwhelmed with distress, and used every means to turn him from his purpose; but he thought he had a call from heaven, which was above theirs.

All his expectations of finding truth, wisdom, holiness, and peace in a religious house were bitterly disappointed. The inmates were viciously degraded, and he was compelled to spend his hours in the most contemptible employments: his only solace was in perusing a Bible which he found in the convent. His health and strength wasted away; for days would he shut himself up in his cell, where he would appear as if quite bereft of life.

At this time God graciously raised up a friend, who, having passed through the same mental conflicts, knew how to sympathize and advise him. This was John Staupitius, or Staupitz, Vicar-General of the Augustine Monks, in Germany; whose instructions resulted in Luther being enabled to believe in Christ, to the saving of his soul. He saw, embraced, and experienced the saving influence of the vital truths of the Gospel. "Let," said this good man, "Let the Holy Scriptures be your constant study, and your favourite occupation;" at the same time presenting him with a copy of the thrice-blessed book.

After two years' residence in the monastery, Luther was ordained to the office of the ministry, on Sunday, May 2d, 1507. He immediately began to preach in many of the surrounding villages, which tended to improve his health. A year after this, his friend Staupitz having recommended him as a fit person to occupy the chair as Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, he obeyed the call of Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, and left Erfurt, conveying with him a few articles of coarse clothing, a Greek and Latin Bible, a Concordance, a few volumes of the Latin poets, and two or three of the treatises of Aristotle. He was also called to combine the office of Preacher with that of his professorship. Instead of following in the ordinary track, he brought his matter chiefly from the sacred writings;

which, along with a sonorous voice, and dignified manner of teaching and preaching, soon excited general attention and admiration.

Much against his own will, he was sent to Rome, in 1510, to get some disputes settled which had risen up between several of the convents and the Vicar-General of the Augustinian order. This journey dissipated all the visions he had entertained of the sanctity of the priesthood. At a convent in Lombardy, where he was entertained, he narrowly escaped assassination for reproving the sensuality of its inmates. On reaching the convent of the Augustinians in Rome, he fell upon his knees, raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed, "Hail! holy Rome: made holy by the holy martyrs, and by the blood which has been here spilled!" He quickly visited all the sacred places; but was shocked to witness the whole city sunk in immorality of all kinds: Priests and people were alike degraded by sensuality. Profane blasphemies assailed his ear on every side. This visit to Rome kindled in his soul the desire which eventually shook the Papal throne, and spread a purer form of Christianity throughout Europe. Having executed his mission, he was created a Licentiate of Theology on his return to Wittenberg; and the day following, October 19th, 1512, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him.

The zeal of Luther led him to attack the Pelagian heresy. But a greater field for the exercise of his piety and his polemical powers was opened by one Tetzel, a Monk of notoriously vicious character and life, who was employed in the sale of indulgences, to enable Pope Leo X. to raise money to finish St. Peter's church at Rome. The effrontery of this vendor of licenses to sin, roused the soul of Luther to oppose such gross deception and blasphemy. Tetzel cursed the obscure Monk; and, having caused a fire to be kindled in the market-place, he threatened to bring all heretics to the stake who should dare to interfere with his proceedings. Luther, nothing frightened, wrote to Jerome, Bishop of Brandenburg, and to Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, entreating them to stop such a traffic; but, as the profits of the sale of indulgences were to be divided between the Pope and the Archbishop, of course he received no answer. His next step was to denounce the doctrine of indulgences publicly; which he did on the feast of All Saints, by placing upon the doors of the chapel and castle of Wittenberg ninety-five propositions impugning them, and challenging any one to dispute the point with him. Among these propositions, one was, "*The free and gratuitous pardon of sins; or, justification by faith only.*" This blow struck the key-stone of the Papal arch, and rent the fabric from top to bottom.

The conduct of Luther awakened a host of defenders of the old corrupt Church; but every successive conflict only prepared the way for fresh defeats, while the indomitable Monk waxed stronger and stronger, and scattered far and wide the light of scriptural Christianity at once, by the converts he made, by disputing and preaching, and his numerous tracts and books, which amounted to about 300 within the first ten years of the Reformation, 282 the next ten, and to 133 at the close of the last nine; making, in all, 715 books and tracts in the space of twenty-nine years!

Having been cited to appear at Rome, which was changed to Augsburg, Luther resolved to obey, though all his friends entreated him not to venture, as several nobles had agreed to assassinate or drown him on his way thither. Having received an imperial safe-conduct, he appeared before Cardinal Cajetan. Against all the Jesuitism and threatenings of the wily Prelate, Luther stood firm, and refused to submit to any authority except that of the holy Scriptures. Yet he promised to be silent provided his adversaries were also silent. Having baffled the Cardinal, he left Augsburg secretly, and arrived at Wittenberg on the 30th of October; where he was followed by the wrath of his enemy, Doctor Eck, a bitter opponent of the Reformer, who succeeded in getting the Pope to issue a Bull against him, of which he was commissioned to be the bearer. All over Germany it was treated with contempt. At Erfurt, the students took it from the booksellers' shops, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the water, to see if a Bull could swim!

This was followed by another Bull, with no greater success: the good work still grew mightily and prevailed.

The next step was to cite Luther before a Diet to be held at Worms. All who loved him remonstrated against his going; but he replied to his friend Spalatin, "Though there should be as many devils as there are tiles upon the house-tops, I would still enter Worms." He appeared before that august and formidable assembly, and witnessed a good confession: though told by the Chancellor of Treves, that if he did not retract, he must be dealt with as an obstinate heretic. He replied, "May God be my helper! I can retract nothing."

Helpers in the Reformation rapidly multiplied. Men of influence, intellect, piety, and courage appeared. All Europe was agitated; a moral earthquake shook the nations, and Christianity, disenthralled from the bondage in which it had been held during the dark ages of superstition, went forth to shed its life-giving influence, where spiritual death had long held an undisturbed reign. At length the instrument by which God wrought this mighty revolution was called away. Long had he sighed after his heavenly rest. On one occasion he said, "I have finished my journey, and nought remains but that the

Lord should re-unite me to my fathers, and give the worms and putrefaction their due."

On the evening of February 17th, 1546, a disease, under which he had long suffered, returned with redoubled violence: he was removed to his chamber, the Count Albert of Mansfield, with his wife, and several friends, gathered around him: he poured out prayer, and concluded by thrice saying, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth: for thou, O God, hast loved me much;" and then breathed out his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, whom he earnestly longed to behold face to face, and enjoy for ever.

P. SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Reading,	45	Dec. 3d, 1848.
Banks, Mrs.,		First Leeds,	59	Aug. 24th, 1848.
Beech, Mrs.,		Gainsborough,	29	July 2d, 1848.
Biggs, Sarah,	Low-Moor,	Bradford, West,	68	Oct. 13th, 1848.
Bird, Mr. John,	Irthlingborough,	Higham-Ferrers,		Sept. 11th, 1848.
Brigham, Mr. John,	The Grange,	Scarborough,	66	Sept. 27th, 1848.
Bush, Mrs.,	Portland-Place,	Bath,	75	June 30th, 1848.
Castle, Mrs.,		Fourth Manchester,	27	Dec. 6th, 1848.
Chubb, Mrs.,	Stoke-Newington,	Eighth London,	71	Oct. 21st, 1848.
Cooper, Rev. Richard,	Wesleyan Minister,	Windsor,	67	Nov. 23d, 1848.
Davy, Mrs.,	Accrington,	Haslingden,	68	Sept. 25th, 1848.
Dean, Mr. William,		Haslingden,	46	Sept. 20th, 1848.
Frost Mary,	Sharrow-Vale,	Sheffield, East,	73	July 14th, 1848.
Garbutt, Mr. Thomas,		Howden,	36	Oct. 16th, 1848.
Hampson, Mr. David,	Waterside,	Glossop,	46	May 12th, 1848.
Hayward, Miss,		Worcester,	56	Nov. 18th, 1848.
Henley, Mrs.,		Haverford-West,	28	Oct. 18th, 1848.
Hewitt, Francis,		Kineton,	37	Sept. 15th, 1848.
Hill, Mrs.,	Cheetham-Hill,	First Manchester,	57	Nov. 4th, 1848.
Howard, John, Esq.,	Park-Place,	Leeds,	59	July 30th, 1848.
James, Mrs.,		Merthyr-Tydvil,	73	Oct. 31st, 1848.
Jones, Mr.,	Union-Passage,	Birmingham,	79	Oct. 21st, 1848.
Jones, Mrs.,	Dol-y-Clettwr,	Aberystwith,	26	Oct. 22d, 1848.
Knighton, Mrs.,	Raunds,	Higham-Ferrers,	51	Aug. 29th, 1848.
Lewis, Mr. W. J.,		Bath,	28	Sept. 5th, 1847.
Liddle, Mrs.,		Leeds,	68	Oct. 20th, 1848.
Matthews, Mr. W.,		Dublin,	60	Oct. 22d, 1848.
Moor, Mr. Benjamin,	Coleford,	Shepton-Mallett,	81	Oct. 19th, 1848.
Mortimer, Mrs.,	Yedmendale,	Scarborough,	39	Aug. 17th, 1848.
Morgan, Rev. David,	Wesleyan Minister,	Cowbridge,		Dec. 3d, 1848.
Newton, Mr. James,		Glasgow,	26	Dec. 6th, 1848.
Ngatohu, Eneas,	Puketi,	Waimate, New Zea.,		May 9th, 1848.
Norton, Mrs.,		Carmarthen,	32	Sept. 28th, 1848.
Paritawaki, Simeon,	Manawapou,	Waimate, New Zea.,		May 19th, 1848.
Pearson, Mrs.,		Newark,	64	Nov. 2d, 1848.
Rayner, Mr., jun.,		Sheerness,	38	Nov. 3d, 1848.
Saxton, Mr. W.,		Sheffield, East,	53	Nov. 29th, 1848.
Scott, Mr. J. L.,		Bramley,	33	Oct. 20th, 1848.
Shaw, William, Esq.,		Derby,	75	Aug. 4th, 1848.
Smith, Joseph,	Pillerton,	Kineton,		Oct. 4th, 1848.
Southern, Mr. John,	Usworth,	Gateshead,	86	Sept. 17th, 1848.
Tennant, Mrs.,	Hawksworth,	Otley,	64	May 12th, 1848.
Thompson, Mrs.,	Longmarton,	Appleby,	79	Oct. 8th, 1848.
Thompson, Mrs.,		Scarborough,	69	Sept. 14th, 1848.
Woollett, Mrs.,	Ottinge,	Dover,	31	Oct. 20th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1849.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XII.

A DAY AT ST. DAVID'S.

St. David's is one of the most ancient cities in the Principality of Wales. Its present magnificent ruins furnish indisputable evidence of its former grandeur. It is situated on a lofty promontory, on the western part of Pembrokeshire; and is bounded by St. Bride's bay on the south, and St. George's channel on the west. The earliest inhabitants that can be traced were the ancient Britons, by whom it was called Menevia. In those days it was a noted residence of the Druids, and vestiges of various monuments raised by them are yet remaining; exciting astonishment and admiration respecting the way in which such wonderful piles were erected. The exact year when Christianity was introduced cannot be correctly ascertained; but it is reputed to have been the birth-place of St. Patrick, who founded a monastery there in the year 470. In this monastery, which was dedicated to St. Andrew, and accounted to be the nursery of saints, the holy brethren assembled that they might observe their religious duties uninterrupted by the crowds which were accustomed to resort to St. David's. In the year 546 the city became a Metropolitan See in the British Church. This See, it is supposed, was translated there from Corleon, in Monmouthshire, by King Arthur, to shelter it from the power of Saxon fury. It was at this period that its name was changed from Menevia to St. David's, in honour of David its first Archbishop, who became the tutelar saint of Wales. By him the first cathedral was erected, which, with the city, has frequently been visited with the rude spoliations of barbarous invaders. In the year 808 it was laid in ashes by the West Saxons. In 911 the Danes destroyed the whole city. Scarcely was it rebuilt, when it was again visited by the marauding Danes, who burned its adorned church, took possession of its entrenchments, and committed dreadful ravages and numerous murders. The present cathedral was begun in the year 1180, by Bishop Peter de Lien, and finished by his successor. Of this erection a considerable portion was thrown down by an earthquake in the year 1248.* From its present appearance it is manifest that the cathedral was never fully rebuilt. Now, only a very small portion of the venerable pile is available for religious worship, and on this portion the hand of time is making visible depredations,

* "History and Antiquities of St. David's," by George W. Manby, Esq.

and nothing remains of the once-majestic archiepiscopal palace, but mouldering walls covered with the wide-spreading ivy. Some parts of the monastery may yet be traced; showing, that when the cathedral, the palace, and the religious house, were in their full splendour, they must have presented an imposing sight. The city at one time was of considerable magnitude, and defended by massy military walls, which have been destroyed by violence, or fallen through the decay of years. Now it is very contracted, and thinly inhabited, yet possessing considerable local interest. It is well supplied with places of worship. The service of the Church of England is observed daily in the cathedral. The Dissenters, who are somewhat numerous, have their respective chapels; and the Wesleyan Methodists have a neat, small place of worship, which is well attended. In few places is the Sabbath of the Lord more strictly observed, as a day set apart for divine worship, than at St. David's. In this respect it presents a pleasing contrast to the cities and larger towns of England. Among the different religious bodies Christian harmony prevails, and acts of affectionate kindness are manifested; well sustaining the loving spirit of the great Founder of Christianity. Such was, and such is, St. David's.

But "a day at St. David's?" Doubtless many days have been spent there by visiters of various character and pursuits. There, the historian has found abundant scope for his ancient researches; the antiquary valuable specimens of the architectural remains of bygone ages; the geologist employment for his numerous conjectures in its varied strata and majestic marine rocks, which ruggedly rise boldly out of the sea, against which many a firmly-built ship has been dashed to pieces, and the hardy crews have found a troubled tomb. There, also, the tourist has met with interesting subjects for the pencil and the pen, among its solemn ruins, and lofty mountains, which rise above the clouds; affording, when the atmosphere is favourable, an unlimited prospect across the mighty ocean, and a comprehensive view of the inland country. But our day was not spent in any of these pursuits: it was a day devoted to the services of religion, and will not, and cannot, soon be forgotten. It was at a period when the Wesleyan church of South Wales were assembled at their annual meeting to transact the financial concerns and spiritual inquiries of their peculiar economy. The previous day was the Sabbath, when the pulpits of the different denominations of Christians were occupied by the Wesleyan Welsh Ministers; but with these labours these zealous men were not contented. Burning with holy love for the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants, they had made it known, months before, that it was their intention to consecrate Monday to a series of special religious services. To be ready for this sacred festival, many of the members of their community from the adjacent country had repaired to St. David's on the previous Saturday. Some of them had even travelled forty or fifty miles to be present; and the inhabitants of St. David's, with a noble hospitality, opened their houses to the distant visiters, many of whom they had never seen before, but welcomed them as a part of the universal church of Christ: forgetting for the season their distinctive name, they entertained them as the members of a common family. It was an interesting sight, constraining the observation of the Psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" The day opened with summer's splendour; early the rays of the sun tinged the tops of the mountains, and threw forth its bright silver beams into the deep rural valleys, while the neighbouring sea seemed to repose with unwonted calmness. The God of nature smiled on the earth he had made, as if to show his approval of the gathering and acts of his saints. As no one sanctuary of worship could possibly contain the assembled throng, it was appointed that the services should

be held in the open temple of the universe, under the clear canopy of heaven. An elevated platform was erected for the Ministers near the Market-cross, as affording the most ample space. An early morning-service had been published, and long before the denizens of other cities had risen from their beds, the hymn of praise, in the language of the land, was sung by the congregated assembly. This was followed by fervent supplication to Almighty God, through the merit of his Son, to cause his blessing to descend upon them, and rest on the services of the day. Two discourses were then delivered, marked by that energy and feeling which is so characteristic of the ministration of the Gospel in the Welsh language. These were listened to with all that stillness and order which became an employment so sacred. The benediction having been pronounced, the company separated for a short season to obtain refreshment. At ten o'clock, A.M., it being announced that the Representative of the Wesleyan Conference from England would deliver a discourse in the English language, a vast multitude collected together; composed of Clergymen of the Establishment, various Dissenting Ministers, with a portion of their respective flocks, and the Methodists of the city and surrounding neighbourhood. When the Minister ascended the platform, and surveyed the mixed concourse of Pastors and people, rich and poor, (multitudes standing, and others seated in vehicles which had brought them to the place of concourse, and even some occupying the roofs of the houses,) he gave indications that he felt himself a human being, and that without divine assistance he would fail in his onerous duty. The service was opened with singing one of the beautiful hymns of the Wesleyan Hymn-book in which the Welsh generally joined. During prayer the required spiritual assistance was granted; the fear of the creature was lost in the sensible presence of the blessed Creator; and having read a portion of divine truth, the subject of discourse was the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, committed to the trust of Ministers. The subject embraced the divine authority of the Gospel, the importance of its truths, the effects produced by its pure and faithful ministration, with the weighty responsibility of those to whom it was entrusted. These topics were regarded with deep and solemn interest; and on the Preacher observing that the Gospel was the true and only valuable tree of liberty, which if planted in every family and nation would give freedom from the yoke of every oppression, the loud burst of response from the hearers manifested that the Gospel had been felt by many of them in the possession of moral freedom. He was followed by the presiding Minister of the Wesleyans in South Wales. The former lengthened sermon had not in the least abated the interest of the congregation: with intentness they received the word of life imparted to them in the expressive language of their beloved Welsh. This, combined with the piety and talents of the Preacher, could not fail to rivet their attention.

A measured interval being allowed for dinner, the third service commenced. The Minister appointed to open it being well known for his powerful elocution and commanding eloquence, great interest was excited; and if the multitude had not increased, it was evident it had not decreased. The subject was the "living Redeemer;" which he treated in his own peculiar style. The appeals which he made thrilled through the congregation, and even those who understood not the language felt the force of his pathetic energy. He was succeeded by one of his brethren, a Minister of considerable repute, whose easy-flowing address resembled the soft-gliding stream, after the ear had heard the mighty torrents roll. The evening service commenced at six o'clock; when again a double lecture was delivered, deemed by some the most interesting and profitable of the series; manifesting that interest was not jaded, but that the holy zest was graciously continued to the close of this memorable

day. The sun of that day, which had risen with such glory, sank beneath the horizon with peculiar beauty; and, as the shades of night gathered over the earth, the loud voice of glory to God in the highest resounded through the vales, and was reverberated by the lofty hills. Such was "a day at St. David's." It was a holy convocation to the Lord; a day remembered with delight, and spoken of with pleasure, as a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. There can be no doubt, that the blessedness of it will be felt by many through eternity. The visiter from England could not but contrast the patient attention of many, who stood from ten to twelve hours listening to the truth of grace, with the complaints and restlessness of numbers in his own country should the service be somewhat protracted, though comfortably seated in the soft-cushioned pew. Thus, at the very period when various cities of Europe were convulsed with change, and were the scenes of carnage and blood, the inhabitants of St. David's were assembled, in perfect tranquillity, to pay their homage to the King of Kings; responding also, with fervent sincerity, to the prayers offered for the blessing of God to rest on Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in her person, her family, her government, and subjects. Truly it may be said of this favoured land, "Happy art thou, O Britain! who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?"

Manchester. N.

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

The people of God have the Angel of the Covenant to go before them to the promised land; but they must follow him with fear. "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions: for my Name is in him." (Exod. xxiii. 20, 21.)

This was not a created angel, but Jesus Christ, the Angel of the Covenant; because God enjoins them to be aware of him, not to provoke him, and the Name of God is said to be in him. God's Name, which is incommunicable to a creature, is in Christ, because he has all the same essential perfections with God; and all that is knowable in God, for our direction and comfort, is unveiled and laid open to us in him. As this Angel led Israel through the wilderness to the land of Canaan, so he guides all believers through the wilderness of this world, till they come to heaven. He sympathizes with them in all their temptations and afflictions; yet they must be aware of him, and must fear before him. In his love, and in his pity, he redeems them from eternal wrath; yet they must not provoke him by their sins, because, when they tread awry, he will bring them under the rod of discipline, and not let them go uncorrected. He bears them up under all their burdens, and comforts them in all their distresses; and yet they must obey his voice. When we follow this Angel, as our merciful Leader, we must serve him with fear, and rejoice in him with trembling. When we rejoice in his mercy, we must tremble because of our sins. When we rejoice because his compassions towards us are infinite, we must tremble because we are so forward to wander from the way. When we rejoice because he will not forsake us, or cast us off for ever, we must then fear to offend him. This is a fear that will never damp our joy; and we are in a blessed frame when we have this fear always.

Richard Taylor.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."—Num. xxxii. 23.

Example IX.

This warning declaration, addressed unto ancient Israel, admits of a twofold explication of distinct yet similar import:—that sin would be discovered by detection; or, that it would be found out by the punishment with which it would be followed. By either of these interpretations the truth is sustained. Few, if any, commit sin, but it finds them out in its punishment. It frequently entails its own punishment in poverty of circumstances, in disease of body, in loss of character, and desertion of those whose friendship and affection are the most valuable. But these are only the external visitations of sin: there are inward, as well as outward, inflictions attendant on transgression. Man possesses a mind as well as a body; and sin acts on spirit, as well as on matter. It not only destroys peace, but it produces disquietude; not only removes confidence, but it inspires fear; not only deprives of pleasure, but implants positive misery; not only excludes pleasing thought, but occasions the most bitter, and stinging, and often unsupportable, reflections,—the horror of guilt, that hell of conscience, which attends the sinner in all places, companies, and circumstances,—the very burden of Cain, and the anguish of Judas. In this way, more or less, sin finds out all its subjects: this is the rule, from which it is scarcely possible that there should be one exception. It also finds the sinner out by detection; and the shame and disgrace of exposure follow. How frequently, when the scheme has been laid with the profoundest cunning and skill,—when the act has been perpetrated in the deepest darkness of the night, and with the most perfect secresy,—discovery has been made, and that by the most trivial circumstance, or what may appear to some the sheerest accident; but to the Christian mind esteemed a special interposition of the Governor of the world to establish the truth of his word, "*Your* sin shall find *you* out," by the finding out of your *sin!* In nothing, it may be, has this truth been more verified, than in the discovery of the foul deed of murder; and that years after the crime has been committed, when the relation of it has been almost forgotten, and the murderer has fully persuaded himself that his terrible sin will never come to light. Many such illustrations, confirmatory of divine truth, are on record; and one that never has appeared in print is adduced as an additional example. Names must be omitted, but the fact shall be fully stated: the occurrence, though of comparatively recent date, is but little known.

In a rural part of Her Majesty's dominions, there stood a farm-house, in a very lonely, secluded neighbourhood. It was occupied by a farmer, who sustained a character so outwardly decent, as to place him above all suspicion of deeds of desperate daring. He was a single man, and the concerns of his domicile were managed by a housekeeper. Early one morning, of dense misty gloom, she went forth to milk the cows in a distant meadow. She was followed by the farmer, who strangled the woman; and, having done so, placed her body with the head in a flowing rivulet of water, that it might appear she had fallen into the stream in an unconscious fit. In some such way the death of the female was accounted for; and the affair passed away, and was entombed in the oblivion of time. Full twenty years passed over, when a Minister was called to visit a sick man, about the age of thirty. He was supposed to be near death, under the influence of disease that rendered recovery hopeless. On his mind a burden perssed; and he felt that he could not die without disclosing the cause. To the Minister he

made the astounding statement, that, when a boy, he was watching cattle on the top of a lofty hill; and though the clouds skirted the eminence, yet he could perceive what was done in the valley, He then related that he had witnessed the strangling of the housekeeper by the farmer, and the placing of the body in the water; and that he was so terrified with what he witnessed, and afraid, if he named it, that the farmer might do him some mischief, that he had concealed the murder up to that time. It was strongly urged upon him, that, should he recover, it was his imperative duty to make it known; which he engaged to do. Contrary to expectation, his life was prolonged, and health regained. Faithful to his promise, he communicated to a Magistrate what he had witnessed. The accused man was arrested, and brought to trial. The charge was proved: he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Thus under the doom of certain death, his troubled conscience forced him to a confession. That confession was horrifying. It was, that he had indeed murdered his housekeeper, and that he had done so to conceal a former murder committed by him. He revealed, that, prior to this tragical transaction, a cattle-dealer had called at his farm in the way of business; and, the close of the day being near, he was requested to tarry for the night: that he had ascertained that his guest had a considerable sum of money upon him; and, to possess himself of it, he had yielded to the temptation, in the night-season, to take his life, and bury his body. As no one could have any knowledge of what he had done but his housekeeper, he had destroyed her that his conduct might be concealed. Thus was a double murder brought to light; and a sin that promised secresy, found out, and the sinner punished. He died the shameful death to which he was sentenced. How true is the declaration of the Lord of Hosts, "I know your manifold transgressions, and your mighty sins!" (Amos v. 12.)

Manchester. N.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

THE Rev. John Fletcher and his wife were earnestly requested to visit Dublin for a short time. After his last sermon, he was pressed to accept a sum of money, as an acknowledgment of his important services. He firmly refused it; but his friends continued to urge it upon him. At length, he took the purse in his hand, and said, "Well, do you really force it upon me? Must I accept of it? Is it entirely mine? And may I do with it as I please?" "Yes, yes," was the reply. "God be praised, then! God be praised!" said he, casting his brimful eyes to heaven: "behold what a mercy is here! Your poor's fund is just out. I heard some of you complaining that it never was so low before. Take this purse,—God has sent it you,—and bestowed it upon your poor. It is sacred to them. God be praised! I thank you,—I heartily thank you, my dear, kind brethren!"

J. K.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

"I USED to be called a Frenchman," says the late John Randolph, an American statesman, "because I took the French side in political matters; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, had it not been for *one* recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' &c."

J. K.

THEOLOGY.

THE BELIEVER'S WARNING.

A SERMON FOR ALL TIMES.

"Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man."—Luke xxi. 36.

Our blessed Lord spent the last few days of his life on earth in Jerusalem, and its neighbourhood. "In the daytime he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out and abode," doubtless, at Bethany, "in the Mount of Olives." On the evening of one of these days, as he was leaving the temple, a disciple directed his attention to its wonderful architecture: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" The reply of Christ was the startling language of prophecy: "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Man loves to have dealings with the future; and no marvel if words like these awakened the curiosity of the disciples. Accordingly, on the way to Bethany, as Jesus "sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, asked him privately, 'Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?'" We have our Lord's answer to their inquiry in the impressive prophetic discourse from which the text is taken, and which three of the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, have recorded in their Gospels. Whenever God reveals the future to man, it is not merely for his information, much less for his amusement. It is always with the view of promoting his salvation. It was so in the present instance. The Saviour saw good to make known to his disciples things that should come to pass. But the things of which he spake were things that belonged to their peace; the spiritual dangers by which their piety was about to be hazarded; the onerous duties to which they would be called to address themselves; the terrible judgments that should overtake the ungodly and the apostate; the sure and abounding rewards kept in store for the righteous. These are the topics upon which he expatiates. But our Lord did not contemplate the advantage of his Apostles and early disciples alone in the discourse before us. He designed it to be a standing warning and directory to his church in every age of the world. It was at the close of the discourse, and in immediate connexion with the text, that he employed the words recorded by St. Mark, "And what I say unto you I say unto all." The text in particular should be viewed as a solemn charge addressed by the Lord Jesus Christ to all who believe in his name. It forewarns us of DANGER. It prescribes our DUTY. It furnishes the strongest MOTIVE to Christian vigilance and fidelity.

I. The text points us to various DANGERS of the Christian life, enumerated by our Lord in the foregoing parts of his discourse. The direction, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always," refers to these dangers. "Once in grace, always in grace," is no doctrine of the Scriptures. They invariably teach the reverse. A state of salvation does not alter the character of our earthly existence as a trial for eternity. Probation lasts while life lasts. We may be converted, and may afterwards backslide and perish. Such is the uniform teaching of the word of God. Christ assumes this principle in the connexion of the text, and especially warns his people to beware of three evils:—the contagion of error; the influence of discouragement; and the spirit of worldliness.

1. *We are to beware of error.*—"Take heed that ye be not deceived." Christian discipleship always implies belief in the great doctrines of revelation. Apart from a cordial acceptance of "the truth as it is in Jesus," there is no repentance unto life, no enjoyment of pardon, no progress in holiness, no admission into heaven. The Christian salvation in all its stages goes hand in hand with Christian doctrine. Not to believe the truth, is to shut against ourselves the door of mercy. To abandon it when once we have received it, is to let go the anchor of the soul, and expose ourselves to spiritual shipwreck. Christ forewarns us that it is possible we may do this. He does not allude so much to the treacherousness of the heart, or to the crafts of the devil, as to the influence of pernicious error. "Take heed, lest any man deceive you." (Mark xiii. 5.) The history of the church affords melancholy proof that the caution was but too much needed. Scarcely had the Apostles com-

menced their evangelical labours, before "the mystery of iniquity" began to work; and every succeeding age has witnessed the desolations of the ancient spoiler. Not a few deceivers are even now abroad in the world, who deny the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. To say nothing of Christendom in general, how alarmingly prevalent and active are various forms of error in our own country; the most Christian of all Christian lands! With what zeal does a godless philosophy deal out her spiritual poisons under the stolen label of our holy religion! In how many quarters is all that is vital and saving in the doctrine of Christ neglected or ridiculed, and the word of God made void by man's tradition! And how fearfully. wide-spread among us is the merely nominal Christianity, which cares as little for the truths as for the privileges and obligations of the Gospel. Surely ours is not the day when the Saviour's warning is superfluous, "Take heed that ye be not deceived." We, like our forefathers, are loudly called upon to be jealous for the ancient landmarks, and to see well to it, that we be not led away by the error of the wicked, and fall from our own steadfastness. Let no man think his mountain so strong, as that he cannot be moved. But,

2. *We are to beware of discouragement.* —No man truly believes in Christ who does not also love Christ. The love of the soul to Christ, resulting from the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and manifesting itself in universal obedience to the divine commandments, this is the substance of all evangelical religion. Where this love is not, salvation is not. And believers are more or less advanced in piety, according as the love they bear to Christ is more or less intense and influential. New converts are not unfrequently so much affected by a sense of the mercy and goodness of God to them in Christ, that they can scarcely imagine it possible their love should ever abate or grow cold. Like Peter, they are ready to do or suffer anything for the name of their Lord. But He who knows what is in man has graciously pointed us, in the connexion of the text, to more than one class of circumstances which may prove a source of discouragement, and thus induce lukewarmness and apostasy. The Saviour especially adverts to persecution in its various forms; to the general prevalence of impiety and crime; and to the unfaithfulness and fall of Christian professors. How extensively these causes have operated to the prejudice of the love and zeal of many of Christ's disciples in ages gone by, is painfully evident from the records of the church. And those who are most concerned for their own salvation, and for the universal triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom, know well how possible it is to grow weary and faint in the mind because of adversaries. It is not easy to be earnest where all is stagnant, or to hold fast faith and a good conscience at the expense of reputation, ease, liberty, friends, life. Yet further,

3. *We are to beware of worldliness.*— "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." (Luke xxi. 34.) And was this addressed to Apostles? to men who had companied three years with Jesus of Nazareth, and who were just about to go forth to the nations to disciple and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost? Was it needful to put *them* on their guard against sordid cares, and flagrant and fatal wickedness? The words of Christ were never unmeaning. It *was* needful. With what emphasis, then, does the Saviour's language convey to ourselves, in this age of business, and bustle, and pleasure, the admonitory charge, *Beware ye also!* No man can tell to what lengths of iniquity he may proceed if he only neglect to hearken. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

It is not the manner of Scripture, however, to apprize us of spiritual danger without, at the same time, indicating a way of escape and salvation. The text agrees, in this respect, with the general style of the sacred volume; for,

II. It instructs us in DUTIES, the diligent practice of which will prove a safeguard from all evil: "Watch ye therefore, and pray always."

No two Christian duties are more frequently inculcated by the word of God than those of watchfulness and prayer; and it is worthy of remark, that they are usually found in company. The explanation is easy. On the one hand, these duties embrace whatever is necessary to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before God at the appearing and kingdom of Christ. On the other, they cannot be rightly discharged when put asunder. Watchfulness is vain without prayer; and prayer is pre-

sumption without watchfulness. Neither can be safely neglected. The practice of both is to be conjoint and unremitting: *Watch ye therefore, praying always.*

1. *The Saviour exhorts us to vigilance.*—Christian watchfulness may be viewed either as a temper of the mind, or as action flowing from that temper; so that the direction, "Watch ye," imposes a twofold obligation. It requires us to cultivate the temper; and it enjoins the action which we ought to take for our religious security and well-being. The spirit of watchfulness includes two things: first, a scriptural estimate of the value of personal salvation; and, secondly, a conviction that we may possibly fail of the grace of God. Men only keep guard over what they prize; nor will they even do this, if they are not apprehensive of losing it. There is no room for Christian vigilance in the absence of the feelings just named; and Christians are watchful precisely according to the degree of these feelings. It is when we are most thoroughly alive to the preciousness of the heavenly treasure, and are most deeply sensible of our own weakness, and of the number and imminence of our spiritual dangers, that our temper is most in keeping with the realities of our circumstances, and with the will of Christ. To cultivate suitable views of the greatness of the Gospel salvation, and to cherish a lively sense of our constant liability to sin, should be a primary aim of Christian vigilance.

But to watch implies more than this. We must not only feel that our treasure is priceless, and our danger great, but must likewise use the appointed means of conservation and defence. It is a homely but scriptural maxim,—God helps those that help themselves. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." We have no scriptural warrant to expect the extraordinary succours of divine grace, if we neglect to take to ourselves the provided "armour of God."

Are we liable, for example, to the contagion of deadly error? Then let us strive to secure a growing experience of the truth in its saving and sanctifying influence upon our hearts. He is not likely to be tossed about by winds of doctrine, or to be perverted by the cunning craftiness of designing men, who knows, on scriptural evidence, that he has redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins, and that he is daily becoming more and more meet through the operations of the Holy Ghost, for the everlasting inheritance of the saints. But a second precaution should not be omitted. We must also seek to be "mighty in the Scriptures." It was not uncommon in ancient times for Kings who were fearful of assassination by poison, to endeavour to fortify themselves against its influence by the use of medicinal antidotes. The word of the Lord is the effectual antidote to all error; and it cannot be wondered at if those who neglect it should fall in the day of evil. The regular, intelligent, and devout study of the Scriptures is one of the strongest safeguards of Christian faith and piety. The case is similar with respect to the other forms of spiritual danger, against which our Lord has warned us. It is the office of Christian vigilance to anticipate them by suitable precaution. It is possible we may sink under the pressure of discouragement. The word and promises of God are to be made our confidence. "The Lord reigneth," be the enemies of his people never so mighty or furious; and all things are working together for good to them that love Him. "The true sayings of God" are lines of defence within which the faith and hope of the church should fearlessly entrench themselves. And in regard to the spirit of worldliness by which we may be overcome, let us guard against its influence in two ways. In the first place, let us have no more to do with the world than is absolutely necessary. And, in the second place, let us faithfully employ ourselves in doing the work of the Lord. There is an important connexion between Christian steadfastness and Christian diligence. Every believer in Christ is a servant of Christ; and the humblest member of the household of faith has his work. To do nothing in the church is to "measure back our steps to earth again." We cannot more effectually keep the world in its proper place than by earnest and laborious consecration of ourselves to some department of evangelical usefulness.

2. But vigilance is not the only duty prescribed by the text. There is another; and it is one of vast importance. We are to *pray*. "Watch ye therefore, and pray always." Prayer is the soul of religion. To be prayerless is to be godless. The moment a sinner is awakened, he begins to pray. The Christian life can neither be commenced, nor sustained, nor perfected, without prayer. The Scriptures often inculcate this duty as a public, or social, or private act. This is not the immediate aim of the text. The act of prayer must be necessarily limited to specific times and

places. The prayer enjoined by our Lord is to be unceasing. "Watch ye, praying always." It is not so much an act as a temper of the soul, to which he exhorts us. Not that the obligation of the act is excluded. The act is essential to the acquisition and maintenance of the temper; and the temper cannot but induce the act. When Christ commands his disciples to pray always, he means that they are always to live in the spirit of prayer. But what does this imply? It seems to include two things:—(1.) A constant distrust of our own strength and wisdom; and, (2.) Such faith in God, through Jesus Christ, as enables us to realize the fulfilment of his covenant-promises, and to do and suffer his holy will in all things. True it is, that the duties of life will often demand our attention and engage our hands; but the spirit of prayer, and the activities of our worldly calling, are perfectly compatible. We greatly mistake in supposing that obedience to one of God's commandments must involve the violation of another. The mighty river, whose streams are divided by a thousand islets, and whose flood is strewed with the vegetable spoils of many an ancient forest, shall not the less certainly roll on to the ocean; and so the current of holy affection and desire, in hearts that always pray, moves steadily towards God, though innumerable forms of necessary worldly duty may attend its progress. Happy is the man who watches and who prays always! The Lord Jehovah is his shield, and his exceeding great reward.

III. The text supplies us with a powerful MOTIVE to Christian stability: "That ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man." The terrible consequences of apostasy on the one hand, and the future glory of the saints on the other, should be constantly present to our minds, as incentives to circumspection and holy diligence. "The Lord is not slack concerning" either his threatenings or "his promises, as some men count slackness." However man may judge, the day is really approaching, when "all things that offend, and they that do iniquity," shall be purged from Christ's kingdom; and when the righteous shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever. It was a Grecian proverb, "*The mill of God grinds late, but grinds to dust.*" The hearts of men are fully set in them to do wickedly, because judgment against them is not speedily executed; but the great catastrophe will eventually arrive, when sinners of every class "shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Surely the supreme anxiety of the followers of Christ should be this: that in the terrible day of decision and downfal, they may be "accounted worthy to escape" the burning displeasure of the righteous Judge, and "to stand" within the shelter of the mercy and love of the Son of Man.

"O that each in the day of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do!'

"O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!'"

HAS THE CHURCH OBEYED THE COMMAND OF CHRIST?

LET the thousands in our own land from which the means of grace are withheld, answer; let the savage tribes of our western wilderness, answer; let benighted, injured Africa, the hundreds of millions in heathen Asia, the vast numbers who follow after the false Prophet, and who worship the Beast, the islands of the sea, the two millions of unconverted seamen, answer; and, from the whole, will be heard the melancholy response,—No! the Church has not obeyed the high mandate of her great Head. She sits at ease, with the dying shrieks of millions ringing in her ears. In vain does the heathen world unroll before her the sad picture of its degradation; in vain does the Missionary, as he toils alone amidst the wide wastes of Paganism, call for more aid. Vain, as yet, the burning, heart-stirring appeals of those who, with broken-down health, have visited their native shores. She loves her gold, silver, merchandise, goodly apparel, and luxuries of life, more than the souls of men, and will not listen to her duty. I know that something has been done; but, alas! how feeble our efforts, compared with the magnitude and urgency of the work! A few rays from our churches have streamed across the wide waters, upon darkness so dreary and immense, that, like the flickering light of a taper in a gloomy cavern, they serve little else than to make the darkness more visible.

PREACHING AND PRAYING.

Among the common people there is generally a prepossession in favour of preaching rather than praying; and it has a very ill effect, in making them both careless about coming to the prayers, and too indifferent to join in them when they are present. But what is the end of preaching? Is it not to teach people their duty, and help them to understand the word of God? What is the end of praying? Is it not to obtain grace, that they may be able to practise what they have been taught? And what will either of these avail without the other? God hath joined them together, and no man who understands his Christian profession will wish to put them asunder. It will consist neither with decency nor with order, nor indeed with common reason, to be greedy of hearing, and slothful in praying: it is contrary to the nature of the Christian religion; for we preach for others, we pray for ourselves: the best Preacher must be saved at last by his own prayers; and it would be unreasonable to think that his hearers will be entitled to a higher privilege. Even Christ himself, who had preached the Gospel to all orders of men, completed his mission with praying to the Father for his own deliverance in the hour of temptation; and all his children must be delivered by the same means. So that nothing farther need be said to enhance the value of prayer.—*Jones, of Nayland.*

A HINDOO THE INSTRUMENT OF CONVERSION.

The Rev. Dr. Steinkopff once visited a man in Marylebone workhouse, who gave the following account of his conversion fifty years before:—He said, that being in an English vessel off Calcutta, he had gone one Sunday on shore to perform some work. While he was engaged in it, a Hindoo observing him, said to him, "Do you call yourself a Christian?" To which he replied, that he did. "Why," said the Hindoo, "does your God require you to work on the Sabbath-day?" To which he did not attempt to make an answer; but on returning to the vessel he found these questions incessantly recurring to his mind, till they brought him on his knees to acknowledge his ignorance and sin; and from that moment he dated his conversion to God.

EXAMINATION IN AFFLICTION.

We should examine not only our conduct, but our opinions; not only our faults, but our prejudices; not only our propensities, but our judgments. Our actions themselves will be obvious enough; it is our intentions which require the scrutiny: these we should follow up to their remotest spring, scrutinize to their deepest recesses, trace through their most perplexing windings; and lest we should in our pursuit wander in uncertainty and blindness, let us make use of that guiding clue as furnished by his word, and by his Spirit, for conducting us through the intricacies of this labyrinth. "What I know not, teach thou me," should be our constant petition in all our researches.—*H. More.*

PRAYER IS INFLUENCE.

Appeals, entreaties, and petitions, between man and man, move the affairs of this world; but in the church they move heaven. All those other things which we have described as exercising influence, become spiritually useful only by that power which descends in answer to prayer. Other means may be influential, but the amount of their influence is calculable, bearing a proportion to the power employed; but prayer, by engaging a divine power, sets all calculation at defiance. Other means may be good; but what must *that* be, the effect of which is to bring down *Goodness* Himself!—*Dr. Harris.*

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM OLD AUTHORS.

For men to resolve to be of no religion till all are agreed in one, is just as wise and as rational as if they should determine not to go to dinner till all the clocks in town strike twelve together.—*Dr. Scott.*

There is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheist in his retirement.—*Spectator.*

Outward attacks and troubles rather fix than unsettle the Christian, as tempests from without only serve to root the oak firmer, while an inward canker gradually rots and decays it.

They lie, says Seneca, who say they believe there is no God. Though they may profess this somewhat confidently in the day-time, when they are in company; yet in the night, and alone, they have doubtful thoughts about it.

As the irresolute man can never perform any action well, so he that is not resolved in religion can be resolved in nothing else.

Whoever believes himself free from the obligation of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws.

To make up a confirmed Atheist, there must be a continued series of the most resolute opposition to all sound reason, conscience, consideration, and all degrees of moral virtue, with whatsoever else illustrates the true dignity of our nature.

The impossibility of proving there is no God, is a demonstration that there is one. —*Gentleman's Library.*

If knowledge without religion were highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the devil.

Scepticism, and a resolute doubting after sufficient evidence, is a greater enemy to philosophy and true knowledge, than incredulity itself; the latter of which may crowd in some falsehoods, but the former will never suffer us to acknowledge any truth.

When a man jests upon religion, or declares it is indifferent what religion we are of, it is most certain that himself is of no religion at all.

Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said that a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to Atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a First Cause; and that the first principle of right reason, is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquisitions, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease, as its own insufficiency. Those who are ignorant of this imperfection, are the greatest proofs of it.—*Collier.*

We have heard of some particular men that have been reputed Atheists; but never of any country, or society of men, that professed Atheism. The world in general was ever so far from believing no God, that they were prone to believe many gods; and from the infancy of it, that opinion grew and increased with it. —*Sir R. Howard.*

The Egyptians of old, though of all others the most infamous for their multiplying of gods, yet did assert one Maker and chief Governor of the world, under whom they did suppose several subordinate deities, who, as his deputies, did preside over several parts of the universe. —*Bp. Wilkins.*

The consent of all men, says Seneca, is of very great weight with us. A mark that a thing is true, is when it appears so to all the world. Thus we conclude there is a Divinity, because all men believe it; there being no nations, how corrupt soever they be, which deny it.

Self-will is the ever-flowing fountain of all the evil tempers which deform our hearts; of all the budding passions which inflame and disorder society; the root of bitterness on which all its corrupt fruits grow.—*H. More.*

It was a saying among the ancients, that even Jupiter could not please all. But we find now that the true God himself is not free from the imputation of his audacious creatures, who impiously presume to quarrel with his revelations as well as his providence, and express no more reverence to what he hath dictated than to what he doeth.—*R. Boyle.*

We are fallen into an age of vain philosophy, as the Apostle calls it, and so desperately overrun with drolls and sceptics, that there is hardly anything so certain and so sacred that it is not exposed to question or contempt.—*L'Estrange.*

God hath expressly declared that death shall open a passage to a blessed eternity; and yet some have doubts and diffidence about it. What is this but to be a stranger to the divine attributes, and distrust the promises of our Saviour; to fail in the main requisites of a Christian, and turn infidel in a society of believers?—*Collier.*

Our present sticklers for Atheism consist chiefly of such who never troubled themselves so much as to understand the first principles of religion. Their study hath been employed another way; namely, in courtly forms of speech, and punctilios of action; in fashionable garbs, and artificial luxuries. But as for the severer and more useful studies, they bequeath them to the dull men of sense and reason.—*Dr. Scott.*

I can hardly think that man to be in his right mind, says Cicero, who is destitute of religion.

Nothing is so important to any man, as his own state and condition; nothing so amazing as eternity. If, therefore, we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural.—*Pascal.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE RETRIBUTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

How clear it is to every man's observation, that the kindnesses and benefits that any persons have done to the Lord's people have been rewarded in full measure! The Egyptian midwives refused to obey Pharaoh's inhuman command, and saved the male children of Israel. For this the Lord dealt well with them, and built them houses. (Exod. i. 21.) The Shunammite was hospitable and kind to Elisha; and God blessed her with a son. (2 Kings iv. 9, 17.) Rahab hid the spies; and was exempted from the common destruction. (Heb. xi. 31.) Publius, the chief man in the island of Melita, "courteously" received and lodged St. Paul after his shipwreck; and the Lord speedily repaid him for that kindness, by healing his father, who lay sick of a bloody flux and fever. (Acts xxviii. 7, 8.)

In like manner, we find that evils which have been done to the people of God, have been repaid by a just retribution. Pharaoh and the Egyptians were cruel enemies to God's Israel, and designed the ruin of their innocent children; and God smote all the first-born of Egypt in one night. (Exod. xii. 29.)

Haman erected a gallows, fifty cubits high, for the execution of Mordecai; and God so ordered it, that himself and his ten sons were hanged on it. (Esther vii. 10; ix. 13.)

Ahithophel plots against David, and gives counsel, like an oracle, how to procure his fall: and that very counsel, like a loaded gun, recoils upon himself, and procures his ruin; for, seeing his counsel rejected, it was easy for him to guess at the issue, and so at his own fate. (2 Sam. xvii. 17, 23.)

Charles the Ninth made Paris to stream with Protestant blood; and soon after he died miserably, blood streaming from his own body.

Stephen Gardiner, who burned so many of God's servants alive in England, ended his wretched life in great torments.

Maximinus, the Roman Emperor, who issued a proclamation engraved on brass, for the extermination of the Christian religion, was speedily smitten, like Herod, with a dreadful judgment, so that his physicians could not endure to come near him.

Hundreds of similar instances might easily be produced; all of which in effect declare, "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Yea, so exact have been the retributions of Providence to the enemies of the church, that not only the same persons, but the same members, that have been the instruments of mischief, have been made the subjects of wrath.

The same arm that Jeroboam stretched out to smite the Prophet, God smites in return.

Henry the Second, of France, in a great rage against a Protestant Counsellor, committed him into the hands of one of his nobles to be imprisoned, saying, that he would see him burned with his own eyes. But mark the righteous providence of God. Within a few days, the same nobleman, with a lance put into his hands by the King, did, at a tilting match, run the said lance into one of the King's eyes, whereof he died.

Yea, Providence hath made the very place of sinning the place of punishment. (1 Kings xxi. 19.) "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood;" and the threatening was exactly fulfilled. (2 Kings ix. 26.) Thus the Scriptures are made good by the providence of God. "Whoso diggeth a pit, shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him." (Prov. xxvi. 27.) "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (Matt. vii. 2.)

If any objector say, "These things may fall out casually; for many thousands of the church's enemies have died in peace, and their end was like that of other men;" St. Augustine has supplied the answer: "If no sin were punished here, no Providence would be believed; and if every sin were punished here, no general judgment could be expected."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

PARENTS, to whom the training of children is committed, I beseech you to remember how important a duty lies upon you.

Consider, 1. How near the relation is between you and your children, and therefore how much you are concerned in their happiness or their misery. The Scripture account of that relation is very touching and expressive. "A woman when she is in travail hath

sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." (John xvi. 21.) "And he" (Jacob) "said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." (Gen. xlii. 38.) Such is the yearning affection for their offspring which God hath implanted in the hearts of fathers and mothers; and shall all this be to no purpose? For to what purpose is the most tender love that ever glowed in the breast of a parent, if no care be taken what shall become of children in eternity?

Consider, 2. That God hath charged you with their souls, as well as with their bodies. This appears from the commands which are given to you, such as the following:—"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. vi. 6, 7.) "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." (Eph. vi. 4.) Why are children to be taught the truth of God with such incessant care and assiduity, but that they may understand and practise it? and why are they to be habituated from early life to Christian instruction and discipline, but that, when this transitory life shall end, they may enjoy the rewards of obedience in the kingdom of Christ and of God? All parental cares should have a reference to eternity.

Consider, 3. What shall comfort you at the time of separation, if, through your neglect, they die in their sins? That is an overwhelming reflection, "My child is lost, and I did nothing to save him! I rather promoted his endless ruin!" Duty discharged is the only root of comfort when parents follow their children to the grave.

Consider, 4. That if you neglect to instruct them in the way of holiness, Satan will assuredly instruct them in the way of sin. If you will not teach them to pray, he will teach them to swear and lie. Ground that is uncultivated is soon covered with rank weeds.

Consider, 5. That if the season of youth be neglected, it is not likely that good fruit will afterwards appear. Youth is the moulding age. Few are converted when far advanced in life. A twig can be bent into any form; but the tree that is full grown is stiff and unyielding.

Consider, 6. That there are no persons in the world that are so likely as you are to be the instruments of their eternal good. You have an interest in their affections, such as no other persons have; you have better opportunities of access to them, being with them daily; and you know their tempers and dispositions, and therefore how to apply yourselves to each. If you neglect them, where shall they look for help?

Consider, 7. The solemn transactions of the last great day. The dead, small and great, shall stand before God, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and to be dealt with in mercy or in judgment through eternity. You and your children will be there; and shall you then see them at the left hand of the Judge, and hear them doomed to endure the gnawings of the worm that never dies, and the terrible action of the fire that is never quenched? O do your utmost, by kind instruction, in the things of God, by example, and by prayer, to train them up for Christ and heaven! In the performance of this duty, you have all possible encouragement; for the blessed Spirit of God, sent down by the Lord Jesus from the throne of his glory, will second your efforts, and answer your prayers, by enlightening the minds of your children, softening their hearts, bending their wills, drawing them to their Saviour, and sealing them as the children and heirs of God. LUCIUS.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN OF PIOUS PARENTS.

CHILDREN of religious parents, I beseech you to obey their counsels, and follow their example. To press this duty, I offer the following considerations:—

1. Your disobedience to them is disobedience to the authority of God. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." (Eph. vi. 1.) That is the command. Rebellion in you is therefore more sinful than you think. It is not man, but God, that you disobey; and, for your disobedience, God will punish you. It may be that their tenderness will not allow them to chastise you, or perhaps you are too old for their correction. All that they can do is to complain to God; and He will handle you more severely than it is possible for them to do.

2. Your sin is greater than the sin of young Heathens and infidels; and so will your account also be. If you be wicked, it would have been better for you to have been the children of savage Indians, than of such

parents. So many good counsels disobeyed, so many prayers and hopes frustrated, will turn to sad aggravations.

3. You have not only been blessed with a religious education, but also with the grace of God. I beseech you to admire his goodness to you in both these respects. How happy is your lot! How few children are partakers of your mercies!

See then that you honour your parents. The tie is double upon you so to do. Be the joy of their hearts, and the comfort of their lives. If they be dead, remember their advice and example; tread in their pious path; that you and they may rejoice together in the great day, and may to all eternity bless God for each other. J. F.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBANDMAN.

BY THE REV. JOHN FLAVEL.

RELIGION WHEN advanced in power
Will make you HUSBAND every hour;
'Twill make MEN strive with all their might,
And therein FIND a sweet delight.
If there were NOUGHT besides that pay,
Christ gives TO cheer us in our way,
Should we NOT DO the best we can?
For there's NO such reward from man.
Shall others WORK, and not regard
Their strength, TO get a small reward,
Whilst we TURN slugs, and loiter thus?
O that THEIR zeal might quicken us!
Why are our HANDS and feet so slow,
When we UNTO our business go?
How can we THEN Christ's pay expect,
And yet the CHRISTIANS' work reject?
If this, then ALSO that, embrace,
Then both: IF NOT, we both disgrace.
Some if THEY could these two divide,
'Twould PLEASE them well with Christ to side;
But if they MAY not, then it were
As good CEASE pleading, they'll not hear.
Rouse up FROM sloth, my soul, betake
Thee to thy WORK, NO cavils make.
O strive, AND try! Saints say, that even
The pains they TAKE have much of heaven.
But yet THEIR best wine's kept till last,
Their rest and EASE come all so fast.

WHEN HUSBANDMEN FIND NOUGHT TO DO,
NO WORK TO TURN THEIR HANDS UNTO,
THEN CHRISTIANS ALSO, IF THEY PLEASE,
MAY CEASE FROM WORK, AND TAKE THEIR EASE.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

THE Rev. W. Bingley, in his "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," has the following very interesting remarks, illustrating the habits of an individual for some time kept alive in his possession:—"About the middle of September, 1804, I had a female harvest-mouse given to me. It was put into a dormouse cage immediately when caught, and a few days afterwards produced eight young ones. I entertained some hope that the little animal would have nursed these, and brought them up; but having been disturbed in her removal, about four miles from the country, she began to destroy them, and I took them from her. The young ones, at the time I received them, (not more than two or three days old,) must have been at least equal in weight to the mother. After they were removed, she became reconciled to her situation; and when there was no noise, would venture to come out of her hiding-place at the extremity of the cage, and climb about among the wires of the open part before me. In doing this, I remarked that her tail was prehensile, and that, to render her hold the more secure, she generally coiled the extremity of it round one of the wires. The toes of all the feet were particularly long and flexile, and she could grasp the wires very firmly with any of them. She frequently rested on her hind-feet, somewhat in the manner of the jerboa, for the purpose of looking about her; and, in this attitude, could extend her body at such an angle as at first greatly surprised me. She was a beautiful little animal; and her various attitudes, in cleaning her face, head, and body with her paws, were peculiarly graceful and elegant. For a few days after I received this mouse, I neglected to give it any water; but when I afterwards put some into the cage, she lapped it with great eagerness. After lapping, she always raised herself on her hind-feet, and cleaned her head with her paws. She continued, even till the time of her death, exceedingly shy and timid; but whenever I put into the cage any favourite food, such as grains of wheat or maize, she

would eat them before me. On the least noise or motion, however, she immediately ran off, with the grains in her mouth, to her hiding-place. One evening, as I was sitting at my writing-desk, and the animal was playing about in the open part of its cage, a large blue fly happened to buzz against the wires. The little creature, although at twice or thrice the distance of her own length from it, sprang along the wires with the greatest agility, and would certainly have seized it, had the space betwixt the wires been sufficiently wide to have admitted her teeth or paws to reach it. I was surprised at this occurrence, as I had been led to believe that the harvest-mouse was merely a granivorous animal. I caught the fly, and made it buzz in my fingers against the wires. The mouse, though usually shy and timid, immediately came out of her hiding-place, and, running to the spot, seized and devoured it. From this time I fed her with insects whenever I could get them; and she always preferred them to every other kind of food that I offered her. When this mouse was first put into her cage, a piece of fine flannel was folded up into the dark part of it as a bed, and I put some grass and bran into the large open part. In the course of a few days all the grass was removed; and, on examining the cage, I found it very neatly arranged between the folds of the flannel, and rendered more soft by being mixed with the nap of the flannel, which the animal had torn off in considerable quantity for the purpose. The chief part of this operation must have taken place in the night; for although the mouse was generally awake and active during the day-time, yet I never once observed it employed in removing the grass. On opening its nest about the latter end of October, 1804, I remarked that there were among the grass and wool at the bottom about forty grains of maize. These appeared to have been arranged with some care and regularity, and every grain had the corcule, or growing part, eaten out, the lobes only being left. This seemed so much like an operation induced by the instinctive propensity that some quadrupeds are endowed with for storing up food for support during the winter months, that I soon afterwards put into the cage about a hundred additional grains of maize. These were all in a short time carried away; and on a second examination, I found them stored up in the manner of the former. But though the animal was well supplied with other food, and particularly with bread, which it seemed very fond of, and although it continued perfectly active through the whole winter, on examining its nest a third time, about the end of November, I observed that the food in its repository was all consumed, except about half a dozen grains."—*White's "Natural History of Selborne."*

COURAGE OF THE CAT.

A CAT, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

THE PHEASANT.

IT is said by Daniels, that the pheasant was brought into Europe by the Argonauts, one thousand two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. It was brought from the banks of the Phasis, a river in Colchis, in Asia Minor, and artificially propagated; and hence its name, *phasianus* in Latin, pheasant in our own language, *faisan* in French, and *phasiano* in Italian. The ancient Colchis is the Mingrelia of the present day; and there it is said this splendid bird is still to be found wild, and unequalled in beauty.

Although the pheasant has for so long a period been naturalized in this country, its preservation must be referred, not so much to the wildness of its nature, as to the care and expense which are bestowed upon it by noblemen and other landed proprietors,

without which the breed would, in all probability, have been long since extinct. Independent of the beauty of its plumage as an object of acquisition, the high estimation which it bears at the tables of the wealthy and luxurious, proves too tempting an inducement for the poacher, whose facilities are greatly increased by the peculiar habits of the species.

Woods that are thick at the bottom, with long grass kept up by brambles and bushes, thick plantations, or marshy islands and moist grounds overgrown with rushes, reeds, or osiers, are the favourite resorts of pheasants, in default of which they take to thick hedgerows; but can seldom be induced to remain long on any ground that is bare of shelter, however undisturbed.

They are very partial also to making their nest and laying their eggs in moist and thick clover-bottoms, where they are very likely to be exposed and mowed out; and hence it is considered a good practice with gamekeepers, to hunt such favourite grounds just before and at the beginning of the laying season, to disturb the birds continually in these spots, and thus force them to go and nest in places where they are not likely to be interfered with.

The food of pheasants in a wild state consists of grain, seeds, green leaves, and insects. They are sometimes seen pulling down ripe blackberries from a hedge-side; and later in the year, flying up into high bushes to pick sloes and haws. Mr. Selby observed that the root of the bulbous crowfoot, a common but acrid meadow-plant, well known as the buttercup, is particularly sought after by the pheasant, and forms a great portion of its food during the months of May and June. It has also been observed to feed on the pilewort crowfoot. In the latter end of autumn, pheasants have been found with their crops distended with acorns of so large a size, that they could not have been swallowed without great difficulty.

Unless disturbed, and obliged to secure their safety by flight, pheasants seldom use their wings, except at night and morning; nor have they much occasion, the ease and speed with which they can get over the ground by running being quite surprising. An old cock-pheasant, immediately on hearing a dog give tongue in a wood where he is, will foot away to the nearest corner, particularly if the wood be open at bottom, and from thence run by one dry ditch or hedgerow after another for half a mile to the next covert; but a hen-pheasant seems to trust to her brown colour to escape detection, and, squatting in any bit of long grass that is near her, often surprises and startles the young shooter not a little, by bouncing up with a rattling noise close to his feet; and the poor frightened bird is frequently indebted to the sensation thus created for a clear escape. The brown earthlike colour of the plumage of the females of several species of pheasants seems to be a bountiful provision, not only for their individual safety, but in a degree for the preservation of the whole race. While we admire the dazzling plumage of the male bird, we may wonder why the female appears so infinitely below him in the scale of beauty. Is it because she is to be considered as an inferior being? When we see the male expanding his rich and varied plumage in the sunbeams, let us not forget that on the female devolves all the offices of love and affection. She hatches, feeds, and protects, at the risk of her life, her helpless young ones; and that which we may consider as lowering her in the scale of creation is, on the contrary, an act of the greatest kindness on the part of her Creator. Her want of

beauty is her chief protection, and her very humility saves her from a thousand perils.—*Yarrell's "History of British Birds."*

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

THE language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical: little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and about the season of nidification much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the King of birds. Owls have very expressive notes: they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the human voice, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males: they use also a quick call, and a horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding-season, attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success; the parrot-kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the wood-pecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till day-break, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, bespeaks the attention of the other swallows, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious; as cranes, wild geese, wild ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall therefore confine the remainder of this article to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and therefore best understood. And first, the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgustful. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking; and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss also of the gander is formidable and full of menace, and "protective of his young." Among ducks the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward, and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock-turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner; he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen-turkey leads forth her young brood, she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but, if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language, as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or bee, at once his note becomes harsh and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language: she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary: if he finds food, he calls a favourite to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has at command his amorous phrases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or alarum, as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him—

> "The crested cock, whose clarion sounds
> The silent hours."

A neighbouring gentleman one summer had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot-pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting-net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the caitiff dashed and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation: he therefore clipped the

hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued: the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces.—*White's "Natural History of Selborne."*

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

TRAVELLER, see thy gracious day
Swiftly drawing to an end;
Mend thy pace, pursue thy way,
Ere the shades of night descend.

Fear to lose a moment's space,
Walk, advance, and hasten on;
And when death concludes thy race,
Dying shout,—thy work is done!

A WORLD TO COME.

THERE is a world, a world to come,
Where all must soon appear,
Appear, to meet their final doom,
In joyfulness or fear:
To dwell in endless day, or night;
A crown, or curse, obtain;
In darkness deep, or lofty light,
Eternally remain.

There is a world, a world to come,
Conceal'd from human eye,
A world where spirits widely roam,
Nor life nor death shall die:
And yet a world, to man so near,
A shade but intervenes;
A pulse, a breath, may land him there,
To view its solemn scenes.

There is a world, a world to come,
Where sorrow is unknown;
Where faithful saints have quiet home,
And with their Lord sit down;
And in His presence fulness gain
Of pleasures hallow'd, pure;
And share in His triumphant reign,
Which ever shall endure.

There is a world, a world to come,
Cloudless and ever bright,
For sainted heirs abundant room,
In mansions of delight:
Mansions for them, by Him prepared,
Their Brother, Friend, and Lord;
And with Himself most freely shared
Lost heaven, by grace restored.

There is a world, a world to come,
Where bliss doth never cloy,
Where peace and love for ever bloom,
And perfect every joy:
Where "holy ones" with rapture gaze
On God, to them made known,
In His own bright, effulgent blaze,
Resplendent on His throne.

There is a world, a world to come,
Where life shall ever live,
The body burst its prison-tomb,
Again its soul receive:
United dwell, in endless rest,
Or never rest to know;
Sing hymns of praise among the blest,
Or groan in fiery woe.

There is a world, a world to come,
Impressive, solemn thought!
That fills the mind with fearful gloom,
Or is with gladness fraught:
It warns that time will soon be o'er,
Eternity begin,
Salvation have for evermore,
Or the dread wage of sin.

There is a world, a world to come;
Near it may be to me:
O, when I enter, may my doom
Be heard, my Lord, from thee,—
"Thou blessed of my Father, come,
Welcome to His abode;
Possess with joy thy heavenly home,
Live ever with thy God."

N.

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE REV. JOSEPH BENSON.

Leeds, Aug. 8th, 1778.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH our correspondence has been, by some means, interrupted, yet I trust our love has not. For my part, I still find, as I have found ever since I saw you last, my heart united to you under a grateful sense of the great kindness you showed me the several times I was at your house; and I hope I shall not cease to love and wish you

prosperity in time and in eternity. I am, and shall remain, your sincere and inviolable friend; and I do and shall supplicate my Lord for a present and everlasting blessing upon your kindred spirit, and that of your dear partner and lovely children.

By the blessing of God I have enjoyed very good health of body, and much peace and serenity of mind, the year past, and have been enabled to labour much in the Lord's work; and I trust not altogether in vain. I now find my heart equally desirous to spend and be spent in this most blessed employment; looking to Him for success who only can give the increase, and to whom I would ascribe, as is due, all the glory.

Our Conference is just ended, the best I was ever at. Mr. Wesley has been in a sweet spirit, has preached some excellent sermons, has had extraordinary congregations morning and evening, and has dealt closely and plainly with the Preachers, setting two aside for misdemeanours. The Lord, I believe, has been amongst us, and made it a good time to many. May we all go forth with fresh commissions, and in the power of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; and may His word in our mouths be as fire among stubble, to consume all men's iniquities.

I am sorry to find you gain little ground at Brecknock and the Hay; but am glad to find my friend Churchey stands steadfast in the truth. I hope he and his partner sit loose to the world, and devote themselves to the Lord, body, soul, and spirit. O my dear friend, let us be wholly and absolutely his; and let it be, O let it be, our one business to please Him, and serve his blessed interest! In comparison of this, let us count everything else vanity and dross.

Give my love to Mrs. Churchey, and all inquiring friends; and let me hear from you as soon as convenient, directing to Manchester, where I am appointed for the ensuing year.

I am yours affectionately,

JOSEPH BENSON.

P.S. I must desire you to remember my very kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Bold, of Brecon, to Mr. Phillips, at Builth, and to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, at Penkerny, the first opportunity. Let them know I am very well in body, happy in my soul, in some degree blessed in my labours, and perfectly satisfied with my situation, having no desire after church preferments, or any such vanity: and assure them I still affectionately remember their kindness to me. I should be glad to learn what has become of that son of Mr. Jones who was at Oxford with me. Is he yet ordained?

Mr. Walter Churchey,
at the Hay, Breconshire.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEAD HAWK.

HEARING a whole quire of birds chirping merrily together, my curiosity was excited to inquire into the occasion of their convocation and merriment, when I quickly perceived a dead hawk in the bush, about which they made such a noise, seeming to triumph at the death of an enemy. I could not blame them for singing the knell of one who, like a cannibal, was wont to feed upon their living bodies, tearing them limb from limb, and scaring them with his frightful appearance. Over this bird, which was so formidable when alive, the most timid wren or titmouse did not now fear to chirp and hop.

This occurrence brought to my mind the case of tyrants and oppressors. When living, they are the terror of mankind; but when dead, they are objects of general contempt and scorn. "When the wicked perish, there is shouting." (Prov. xi. 10.) The death of Nero was celebrated by the Romans with bonfires and plays; birds ate the naked flesh of Pompey; Alexander lay unburied thirty days: but a useful and holy life is generally closed by an honourable and lamented death.

For my own part, I desire so to order my conduct in the world, that when I am dead I may live in the affections of the best, and leave an honourable testimony in the consciences of the worst; that I may oppress none, do good to all, and, when I have finished my course, say with Ambrose, "I am neither ashamed to live, nor afraid to die."

JOHN.

THE PROPERTIES OF AIR.

WERE the air divested of its undulating quality, we should be deprived of all the advantages of speech and conversation, and of all the pleasures of music. Were it deprived of its reflective powers, the sun would appear in one part of the sky in dazzling brightness, while all around would appear dark as midnight, and the stars would be visible at noonday. Were it deprived of its refractive powers, instead of the gradual approach of the day and the night, which we now experience, we should be transported all at once from midnight darkness to the splendours of noonday; and at sunset should make a sudden transition from the splendours of day to all the horrors of midnight. In fine, were the oxygen of the air completely extracted, destruction would seize on all the tribes of the living world, throughout all the regions of earth, air, and sea.—*Dr. Dick.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MARY BISHOP.

DIED at Bridgewater, July 31st, 1848, Mary Bishop, in the twenty-second year of her age. In the year 1844, she was deeply convinced of sin, and was admitted into the Wesleyan-Methodist society. At that time she engaged herself in the service of an excellent and pious lady, a member of the Established Church of England, who rejoiced to see her servant so resolved to devote herself to Christ, and gladly afforded her every help in her power to promote her spiritual enjoyment. This lady often heard Mary, both by day and in the stillness of the night-season, earnestly, in her retirement, pouring out her heart to God for the blessing of pardon. She did not ask or seek in vain, but through the faith of the heart in the death of Christ, obtained a clear sense of divine forgiveness. She then rejoiced to go to her class, "to declare what God had done for her soul." In the winter of 1846, she was very ill, and was not expected to live. To those friends who visited her she spoke of her acceptance with God, and of her hope of future glory. Her parents were very poor, and had no regard for religion. Mary, however, had a few friends whom the Lord had raised up for her; and when it pleased Him again to restore her to health, she went as a servant in a Methodist family. With these devoted friends she continued to live until the time of her lamented decease; and she always acknowledged the providential hand of God in this arrangement. Mr. James Lake, her master, testifies concerning her: "No language I could utter would be too good to express her kind services while she was with us. We have frequently heard her, after retiring from family worship to her own room, pouring out her soul to God, for herself, her friends, the church, and the world." Mary was a good girl; an honour to the church; poor, but always ready to give to the cause of God according to her ability; humble, unassuming, but she possessed a strong mind, and knew more than many members of the church of the "deep things of God." Thus she won upon the affections of her Ministers, and all with whom she was associated. In her removal, the Bridgewater Methodist society has lost one of its most pious members.

How lovely is youthful piety; and how gratifying to witness the blessed effects of religion in one of the humblest walks in life! Would to God that all female servants who read this short account of Mary would be induced, like the Mary whom Jesus loved, "to sit at his feet," and choose the better part! O, they would soon find "godliness profitable;" and assuredly, in their peculiar circumstances of trial, they would be directed, and, in a variety of ways, they would gain the respect and confidence of their employers. A thoroughly religious servant is an inestimable treasure. God blessed Potiphar for Joseph's sake; and the little captive maid, in the house of Naaman, was an instrument in the hand of God of the greatest good. Amid all their bustle and engagement, never let them forget their soul's interests, their Saviour, and a preparation for the future state. Mrs. Rogerson was Mary's Class-Leader, and says, "Ever since I became acquainted with Mary Bishop, I have greatly admired her character: she was always the same simple, sincere, and consistent Christian. She was never absent from her class, except in case of sickness; and her regular attendance upon the other means of grace showed that she delighted in the service of God's house. Her religious experience was uniformly clear and satisfactory. She always expressed her assurance of the divine favour, and spoke of the uninterrupted and delightful intercourse which she held with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. She evidently enjoyed what St. John expressed by "perfect love." For some weeks previous to her last affliction, it was evident to her Christian friends that she was becoming more spiritual. The last time she was permitted to meet in class she said, "I feel nothing in my heart contrary to the love of God. The Lord is with me by day and by night: wherever I am, the Lord blesses me."

From the commencement of her last affliction she had a longing desire to depart. She often spoke of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lake, her master and mistress. They supplied her wants, and were unwearied in their efforts to sympathize and relieve, when Mary was unable any longer to render them any service. And all this because she had so endeared herself to them through her amiable and Christian deportment. She honoured God; and, to the last, God honoured her. Some little time before she died, she said, "I am now visited with a foretaste of heaven." To the Rev. T. Rogerson, her Minister, she said, "Thank you, thank you, Sir, for all your attentions. God is love: all is well. I have a house above. Christ is mine in all his fulness. I am going to be with Him for ever. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!"

Abergavenny. THOMAS ROGERSON.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GIBBS.

MRS. GIBBS was born at Somerford, Cheshire, in the month of September, 1786. Her parents were members of the Established Church, by whom she was early led to the Lord's house. It appears, that when a child, she was under gracious impressions, and frequently retired, to read, in solitude and silence, the account recorded in the Gospel, of the sufferings and death of our Lord; the reading of which, she confessed in her later years, was always accompanied by many tears.

Up to the time of her conversion to God, she was strictly moral, and discharged her relative duties with an affection, industry, and fidelity, which endeared her to all with whom she was connected.

She became an attendant upon the Wesleyan ministry at Northwich many years before she became a member of the Wesleyan church. About eleven years ago, she was seized with rheumatic fever, during which she deeply felt the need of salvation, the support and consolation of experimental Christianity, and resolved, should she be restored to health, to devote her life to God.

Upon her recovery, she maintained her resolution; and at the same time, her conviction of sin, and desire after salvation, were increased, under a sermon preached in the Wesleyan chapel, Newcastle-under-Lyne, by the late Rev. John Bumby, from Luke xix. 13, "Occupy till I come." Shortly after, whilst engaged in private prayer, she obtained, by faith, "redemption in the blood of Christ;" and in connexion with that blessing, she received a calm and peaceable assurance that her sins, which were many, were all forgiven. From that time to the illness which terminated in death, she retained a sense of the divine favour. Owing to domestic circumstances, she was unable regularly to attend the meetings of her class; but seldom, if ever, failed to meet the Minister at the quarterly visitations, to receive from his hands her ticket and pledge of membership.

From the commencement of her final affliction, she reposed for salvation upon "the precious blood of Christ;" sometimes, however, expressing a desire after a more satisfactory assurance of her adoption, and especially for patience and resignation, to endure "the chastening of the Lord." For a time, as might be expected, her conjugal and maternal affection was severely tested. She felt it hard to part with her husband and family; but in her extremity she "cried unto the Lord," and "was heard in that" she "feared."

Upwards of a week before her decease, she was favoured with a remarkable communication of divine love to her soul; which filled her with a peace that passed all understanding, and "joy unspeakable." Not the shadow of a doubt remained; she was peaceful and happy; and the prospect of heaven, as her permanent abode, was cheerful and shadowless. The next day she sent for her Minister, to rejoice with her, and unite in praising God, who had done such "great things for her." The conflict seemed at an end: it appeared as though the feast of heaven was prepared, and the song of redemption complete.

The day before she died, her Minister called, and found her in a state of great weakness, unable audibly to give expression to her feelings. She was requested, if she felt Jesus precious, to hold up her hand, which she instantly did; and immediately after, a second time, raised it as high as she possibly could, so that all in the room might behold that expressive token of "victory through the blood of the Lamb."

During the last night of her life, she was unspeakably happy in God; sometimes ejaculating, "Come, Lord Jesus: come quickly." She also repeated a portion of that beautiful hymn, commencing, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Upon her daughter repeating the words,

> "There is my house and portion fair,
> My treasure and my heart are there,
> And my abiding home;"

she replied, "Yes; and the house is large enough for us all." Referring to her sorrowing husband and daughter, who were present, she added, "We may all three be there." After a pause, addressing her daughter, she exclaimed, "O Sarah, He is coming! He is coming! The chariots are come. O, how beautiful! I never before saw anything so beautiful: I cannot describe it to you." Again, she articulated, "Glory, glory!" and called upon those in the room to praise God.

In a short time, conscious that "the time of her departure was near," she seized the hand of her husband, and, pressing it affectionately, bade him farewell. Then, turning to her daughter, she said, "Fare-thee-well, my child." The work of earth being accomplished, without a struggle or a groan, she "fell asleep in Jesus," December 20th, 1848, in the sixty-third year of her age. A sermon on her death was preached to a crowded audience, in the Wesleyan chapel, Newcastle-under-Lyne, from Luke viii. 52, "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."

JOHN D. CAREY.

POPERY.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT FROM POPERY.

ARCHIBALD BOWER, the learned author of "A History of the Popes," in seven quarto volumes, which he dedicated to the King of England, introduces that work by the following statement respecting himself:—

"The work which I now offer to the public I undertook some years since at Rome, and brought it down to the pontificate of Victor; that is, to the close of the second century. As I was then a most zealous champion for the Pope's supremacy, which was held as an article of faith by the body I belonged to, my chief design, when I engaged in such a work was, to ascertain that supremacy, by showing, century by century, that from the Apostles' times to the present, it had ever been acknowledged by the catholic church. But, alas! I soon perceived that I had undertaken more than it was in my power to perform. Nay, while, in order to support and maintain this cause, I examined, with particular attention, the writings of the Apostles, and of the many pious and learned men who had flourished in the three first centuries of the church, I was so far from finding anything that seemed the least to countenance such a doctrine, that, on the contrary, it appeared evident, beyond all dispute, that, during the above-mentioned period of time, it had been utterly unknown to the Christian world. In spite, then, of my endeavours to the contrary, reason getting the better of the strongest prejudices, I began to look upon the Pope's supremacy, not only as a prerogative quite chimerical, but as the most impudent attempt that had ever been made. I say, in spite of my endeavours to the contrary; for I was very unwilling to give up a point upon which I had been taught by Bellarmine, that the whole of Christianity depended; especially in a country where a man cannot help being afraid even of his own thoughts, since, upon the least suspicion of his only calling in question any of the received opinions, he may depend upon his being soon convinced by more cogent arguments than any in mood and figure. But great is the power of truth; and at last it prevailed. I became a proselyte to the opinion which I had proposed to confute; and sincerely abjured in my mind that which I had ignorantly undertaken to defend.

"Being thus fully convinced that the Pope's so much boasted supremacy was a bold and ungodly usurpation, I could not help censuring, with myself, the men of learning who had countenanced such a pretension, especially the two great champions of the Papal power, Bellarmine and Baronius. Did they not see what every man, who but dips into the primitive writers, must see? what is obvious to common sense? The poor shifts they are often put to, their ridiculous evasions and cavils, their unmeaning distinctions, their wresting several passages, contrary to the plain and natural meaning of the authors they quote; and, above all, their unsatisfactory answers to the objections of the adverse party, show but too plainly that they wrote not from conviction, nor aimed at truth, but perhaps at the *red hat*, which was afterwards bestowed upon them, as a reward for betraying the truth. Few have written in defence of the Pope's supremacy, that have not been preferred; and none, perhaps, who had not preferment in view. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius the Second, being asked, before he was raised to the Papal chair, how it happened that, in all disputes between the Popes and the Councils, many Divines sided with the former, and very few with the latter. 'Because the Popes,' answered he, 'have benefices to give, and the Councils have none.' Had he been asked the same question after he was Pope, he would not perhaps have returned the same answer; but said, upon his being put in mind of it, as Gregory the Thirteenth did afterwards, on a like occasion, that being raised higher, he saw better and farther. Those, therefore, who have stood up in defence of the liberty of the Church, against Papal usurpation, cannot be supposed to have had any other inducement to espouse the cause of truth, but truth itself. And this some have the Christian courage to do, even in Italy, and almost in the Pope's hearing, at the peril of their liberty, of their lives, of all that is dear to them.

"I no sooner found myself in a country where truth might be uttered without danger, than I resolved to resume and pursue, in my native tongue, as soon as I had recovered the use of it, the work I had begun in a foreign language. On the one side, I saw the only obstruction to an undertaking which had already cost me no small pains and labour, happily removed; while I flattered myself, on the other, that as a complete 'History of the Popes' was still wanting, such a performance might meet with a favourable reception from the public."

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

V.—SMYRNA.

SMYRNA is a city of Ionia, in Asia Minor, and the seat of one of the seven Asiatic churches; of which, or the cities in which they were founded, it is the only one that retains its ancient extent and magnificence. It was formerly seated on the hills to the south of

its present situation: but the earthquakes to which it was subject, which several times nearly destroyed it, and the greater convenience of trade, caused its removal to the plain below. Smyrna is seated on one of the finest bays in the world; and, notwithstanding its subjection to the horrible despotism of the Turks, enjoys a great foreign trade, and has Consuls from all the European nations residing in it. It is forty-five miles north of Ephesus, of which it was originally a colony; is four miles in circumference, and contains one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants; of whom about twenty-six thousand are Greek Christians, five thousand Roman Catholics, and one hundred and forty Protestants. The rest, with the exception of some Jews and Armenians, (both of whom are found all over the East, wherever trade invites,) being, of course, Mohammedans. The Christians here are represented as being in a better condition than in most other eastern cities: a privilege they doubtless owe to the enlightening spirit of commerce, and to the influence arising from their connexion with Europe.

Polycarp, the martyr, and disciple of St. John, who is supposed to have been the angel of the church of Smyrna, addressed in the Apocalypse, was Bishop of this city, and was burned alive in the year 166.

This was one of the purest of the early churches; and in the time of St. John remained uncorrupted by the pollutions and heresies which had already contaminated most of the other churches; in consequence of which, giving no occasion for reproof, it met with the divine approval. "And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write; These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich,) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 8—10.)—*Mansford.*

ANECDOTES.

INATTENTION REPROVED.

It is said of Demosthenes, that, speaking to the Athenians on a very serious subject, and finding them to be inattentive, he paused, and told them that he had something of special importance to relate, which he was anxious that they should all hear. Silence being thus obtained, and every eye fixed upon him, he said that two men, having bargained for the hire of an ass, were travelling from Athens to Megara, on a very hot day; and, both of them striving to enjoy the shadow of the ass, one of them said that he hired the ass, and the shadow too; the other

said that he hired the ass only, and not the shadow. Having made this grave statement, Demosthenes retired; when the people pressed him with great eagerness to return, and finish his tale. "O ye Athenians," said he, "will ye attend to me when speaking about the shadow of an ass; and will ye not attend to me when I address you on the most important affairs?"

This reproof does not apply exclusively to the "men of Athens." English people are deeply concerned in it; and the Ministers of Christ who are accustomed to discourse upon subjects immensely more important than any that called forth the eloquence of the Athenian orator, have reason to urge the same complaint. Many persons have an ear for vanity, but none for the truth; they will listen to folly, but not to the words of wisdom. To the things of this world they will pay a fixed attention; but to Christ and his salvation they are criminally indifferent. J.

DUEL PREVENTED BY A LADY.

THE following remarkable anecdote appears in the memoirs of Martha Routh, an esteemed Minister of the Society of Friends, who resided many years at Manchester:—

"The back part of our house (at Nottingham) looked into the yard of the inn. The landlord and his wife were very kind neighbours to us: the latter would often come and ask advice of my mother. An officer of distinction happened to be taking up his quarters there. One evening, having got too much liquor, he began to quarrel with some of the company, and after some time concluded to go into the yard to decide the affray. The landlord was not at home, and the landlady, seeing the officer draw his sword, fainted. One of the servants, exceedingly alarmed, came to acquaint us with the circumstances, fearing murder might ensue. My father was from home; but my mother quickly slipped out, passed through those who surrounded the officer; and as he was holding up his glittering sword, took it out of his hand, and brought it into our house. The act so surprised him and the rest of the company, that they soon separated, and the family thereby were greatly quieted. In about two hours after, understanding who had got his weapon, the officer sent a submissive request to have it returned; but my mother told the servant it was safely locked up in our parlour, that she wished it to remain there till morning, and would be glad if the officer himself would then call for it and put it into the sheath. This he did, and very civilly acknowledged her kind interference. Herein was the Scripture declaration fulfilled,—'The righteous are bold as a lion.'"—*Patriot.*

A CONFESSION BY DAVID HUME.

THE following is told on unquestionable authority, in a note to the "London Quarterly Review," for February, 1817. It is related in the manuscript memoirs of the late Dr. Carlist, "an eminent Clergyman of the Scottish Church," and friend of the historian:—"When David Hume and Mr. Boyle, brother of the Earl of Glasgow, were both in London at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment, (for they lodged in the same house,) when he found him in the deepest affliction, and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which David replied, 'Though I throw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet, in other things, I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you imagine.'"

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE Sabbath-school holds an eminent rank among the benevolent institutions of the day. It not only bears an intimate relation to others of kindred spirit and design, having the same great object in view, the salvation of souls; but it has become almost essential to, and identified with, their prosperity; so that they stand or fall together. The spirit of the Sabbath-school enterprise, is the spirit of Missions. It is a system capable of indefinite expansion, until it shall be commensurate with the moral and spiritual wants of the juvenile population of our globe. It gives increasing momentum and efficiency to the Bible Society, by creating a thirst and corresponding demand for the word of God; at the same time that, as from an unfailing fountain, it is continually sending forth those pure streams that make glad the city of God, and animates and restores those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death.

And where can the Tract Society find a more inviting and hopeful field of labour than the Sabbath-school?

Those who are engaged in Sabbath-schools are engaged in a noble work. They begin at the beginning, at the opening of the intellect, while yet evil is in the bud, and there are encouragements to labour, which no subsequent period of life presents. And who can survey the amazing interests which hang suspended on the precious moments of the morning of probation, and the alternation of circumstances, which serve to depress and cast down the spirit, without recognising, with emotions of gratitude, the goodness and mercy of God, in providing our children with what may perhaps be denominated, extra means of instruction; so that, if parental and ministerial fidelity should fail, they may happily be converted in the Sabbath-school? And, on this subject, facts speak volumes. Thousands own the Sabbath-school as their spiritual birth-place. Thus God has set his own seal upon this work.

What reflecting mind can contemplate such a scene as that of youth, and not be overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility? It is the duty of one generation to impart the knowledge of God to the succeeding, and so on: this is precisely the responsibility of the parent, the Pastor, and the Christian; and great is that responsibility. In this department of labour, much has been, and much more can be, done. A few moments before his death, the pirate Gibbs said, "Sunday-schools came fifteen years too late for me!" So we may say they came too late for thousands. From the amount of good already accomplished, we may hope that they have not come too late to save our country. If we improve it as we ought, here is a *conservative* influence that cannot fail us. An institution, of so benign and potent a character, planted in every state, if properly appreciated and improved, cannot fail to regenerate society, and make us a holy people. If, then, we could make ourselves heard on every hill-top, and in every vale, we would say to all, while we have this element of moral power among us, and so long as it is employed in humble dependence on God, we need not dread the ruin of our land, so often and confidently predicted by its enemies, and many professing to be its friends. Let, then, the friends of Zion, and of our country, redouble their efforts in the Sabbath-school.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

TABLE-TALK.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREET;

OR, A CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.

In a town in Oxfordshire, favoured with the existence of one of those systematic structures for the relief of the poor, called "Unions," and sometimes "Bastiles," not many years ago the following rather singular mistake happened. The Chaplain of the Union, the Rev. ——, having been called to a distance on business, engaged his friend the Rev. ——, to perform divine service in the chapel of the Union on a certain Sunday. The latter is an excellent mathematician, but a singularly "absent" man; and this failing or faculty frequently brought him into queer situations, not the least embarrassing of which arose out of this very Union engagement. Mr. —— was punctual to the hour in his visit to the town on the morning in question. It happened that the Union chapel is faced by a Roman Catholic chapel, into the vestry of which, about the hour for commencing service, walked a gentleman, a stranger to the sexton, but showing enough of the "points" of the profession to satisfy the latter that it was some strange "holy Father" come to officiate at mass for the Priest then in charge of the mission. The stranger, being apparently chary of words, intimated by familiar gestures his wish to be robed; and accordingly the priestly paraphernalia was speedily displayed upon his person. Apparently it struck him that he had donned rather more than the usual vestments for the reading-desk. He was absorbed in wondering at his finery, and busily engaged in feeling the stiff embroidery of his cope, and regarding with wonder the silky texture of his other flowing robes, when another gentleman entered the vestry-room, and the following colloquy took place. *Second Comer.* "May I inquire who it is that I have the pleasure to address?" *First Comer.* "By all means: my name is ——, and I have come here this morning to officiate for Mr. ——." *Second Comer.* "But, my dear Sir, Mr. —— is a Clergyman of the Church of England, and this is a Catholic chapel!" *First Comer.* "A what! Catholic chapel! So, so. I beg a thousand pardons. I have made a very singular mistake. I thought that I was in the Union over the way!"—*Worcester Herald.*

LONDON.

The traveller who looks on London for the first time; the foreigner who passes through the thick forest of masts that line its wide river, and gazes also on the dense,

far-spread buildings; the citizen himself who regards it from St. Paul's, or some of the well-known hills in the neighbourhood of the huge capital, and sees its "dusky masses starting to the sky," feels conscious of pride at the seeming greatness of his country, but rarely pauses to think on the sad scenes in life's gloomy drama which are passing amid the majestic vastness of those crowded buildings; the aching hearts that beat under those sun-glittering roofs; the soul-sick pangs, the widow's tears, and the orphan's cry for bread; the kindness of the humble, the iron oppression of the proud, the charity of the needy, the bounty of those who have little to spare, and the savage, the grinding meanness of many of the great, whose good deeds are chronicled and blazoned to the world; the sin and the sorrow, the infancy that is not innocent, the youth that knows no gladness, and the old age that is familiar with despair. No: the traveller, the stranger, and the citizen look only on the mass; but the beauty of the image would be sullied, the majesty of the grouping would melt away, if the pale array of misery's victims that are harboured there could mingle with the magnificence, and lead the imagination to other scenes than the pomp of domes, or the sovereignty of myriads!

"Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While listening to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give."

J. K.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOLOMON'S DESCRIPTION OF OLD AGE.—Eccles. xii. 2—7.

We have here an elegant description of old age. "Then the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, will be darkened." That is, all outward comfort and prosperity, whether by day or by night, will be eclipsed, and withdrawn.

"And the clouds will return after the rain." That is, one bodily distemper and trouble will follow another in quick succession.

Then will "the keepers of the house tremble." That is, the arms and hands, which defend the body, will, by reason of their cold and dry temper, shake and quiver.

"And the strong men will bow themselves." That is, the thighs and legs, which have strongly borne up the structure of the body, will be weak, and need the support of a staff to assist them.

"And the grinders will cease, because they are few." That is, the teeth, which chew and grind our food, will break, decay, and fall out; so that, being reduced to a few, they will be unable to do their office.

"And those that look out at the windows will be darkened." That is, the sight will fail; the eye, through which, as through a window, the soul looks out, being dim and weakened.

"And the doors shall be shut in the streets." That is, the lips and mouth will be disabled from speaking and eating.

"When the sound of the grinding is low." That is, digestion, which is assisted by chewing, will be weak and imperfect, so that the system will be ill supplied with nourishment.

"And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird." That is, our sleep will be so shallow, that the least noise will awake us, and so short, that it will prevent the cock crowing.

"And all the daughters of music shall be brought low." That is, our ears will grow dull, so that the sweetest music will have lost all its charms.

"And they shall be afraid of that which is high." That is, we shall by reason of weariness, dizziness, and want of breath, be afraid of ascending high places, and of attempting such high things as in youth we adventured upon without hesitation.

"And fears shall be in the way." That is, we shall be afraid of and in our journeying, lest we dash our weak and weary foot against a stone.

"And the almond-tree shall flourish." That is, our head will grow white, like the almond-tree, which soon ripens.

"And the grasshopper shall be a burden." That is, the least weight will be too heavy for our infirm body; yea, we, being then like enough to grasshoppers, shall be a burden both to ourselves and to others.

"And desire shall fail." That is, all our bodily appetites will cool and cease.

At length "the silver cord will be loosed." That is, the back-bone, with the spinal marrow which it encloses, and the nerves and fibres belonging to it, will be weakened.

"And the golden bowl will be broken." That is, the vessel and membrane in which the brain is enclosed (which is aptly called "golden," both for its colour and value) will at last be shattered.

"And the pitcher will be broken at the fountain." That is, the veins will cease from doing their office, at the right ventricle of the heart, which is the fountain of life; and so, our blood stagnating, we are soon extinguished.

"And the wheel shall be broken at the cistern." That is, the great artery, which is knit to the left side of the heart, by which

the blood is conveyed into the system generally, ceases its action, and the pulse with it, which are the immediate forerunners of death.

And "then the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it." Thus we see man's body, like some curious edifice, first battered by various storms; at length the roof and walls decay; and at last it falls to the ground: but our blessed Redeemer hath provided for the inhabitant "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." R. S.

THE OAK.

In the early books of Scripture the oak is always mentioned as connected with some sacred place, rendered holy by the near neighbourhood of a sanctuary, an altar, a pillar of memorial, or the grave of some remarkable person.

After Abraham had left the land of Haran, at God's command, and had journeyed into Canaan, his first resting-place was at the oak of Moreh,* and in the place of Sichem; which oak, even at that time, probably marked a sanctuary; for when Joshua made a covenant at Sichem, with that numerous people descended from Abraham, which Moses had led up out of Egypt, he placed the pillar of the covenant "under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord."

Again, Abraham came and dwelt in the oak-grove of Mamre, † and builded an altar unto the Lord. "And the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the oak-grove [plain] of Mamre, and he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day." Abraham's hospitable reception of the three strangers who bore the message of the Lord is thus related:—"He said, Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the TREE." He does not say, "on the plain," or "in the tent," but "under the tree;" the chief tree of the grove.

The first time that our version mentions the oak refers to the oak in Sichem. When Jacob learned that his wives, on leaving Padan-aram, had brought away the family teraphim, or sacred images, of their father Laban, he collected them all, and buried them under the oak in Sichem, already a consecrated place.

A few verses farther on we read of the death of Deborah, Rebekah's nurse; and that Jacob buried her under the oak that was in Bethel: that is, the very place where

* "Plain of Moreh," English version.
† "Plains of Mamre," English version.

Abraham had rested, and built an altar to the Lord. And the place where Deborah was buried was called Allon Bachuth, or, the Oak of Tears.

It is remarkable that the tenth chapter of Judges contains not only a confirmation of the sacred character of the oak, but an account of the desecration of an oak-grove, and its adjacent sanctuary, because it had been perverted to the use of the worshippers of Baal, or of the sun.*

Under a peculiar oak the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon, and gave him the divine commission to set Israel free; and under that same oak Gideon built an altar to the Lord. But the grove hard by, belonging, as it would appear, to his father's house, Gideon was commanded to destroy, because the offerings of Baal had polluted it.

In the first book of Samuel, Saul is directed to go to the oak of Tabor,† at which spot he should meet a man to conduct him to the high-place of the Prophets, among whom, after his being anointed King, he was to receive the divine spirit of prophecy, and to become another man.

Before any further mention is made of the oak in Scripture, David had been for some time King, and had resolved on building a house to the Lord: a design which was fulfilled by Solomon his son. From that period the use of groves and high-places was forbidden, on account of the temptation to idolatry which they presented.

But the oak was to David a fatal tree; for in an oak his rebellious but still beloved son Absalom was entangled, and there slain. (2 Sam. xviii. 9—11.)

Twice again the oak is spoken of in the historical books of the Old Testament. It was under an oak that the disobedient Prophet sat, when he determined to turn back, and to eat and drink in defiance of the command of God; and so incurred the punishment of disobedience. (1 Kings xiii. 14.) And it was under the oak of Jabesh that the compassionate men of Jabesh-Gilead buried the bodies of Saul and his sons. (1 Chron. x. 12.)—*Calcott's Scripture Herbal.*

* The same degraded image of God, doubtless, as that which was worshipped by the Druids of the West in their oak-groves and open sanctuaries.

† In our version "plain;" but the propriety of reading "oak" is obvious.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

DIED MARCH 20TH, 1727.

INFIDELITY, with an effrontery altogether its own, objects to the Christian system, on the ground that it is beneath the notice of enlightened men, who have discovered it to be an invention of the enemies of human freedom, for the purpose of forwarding the sinister designs of sanctimonious Priests and tyrannical rulers! This impertinence is admirably rebuked by Divine Providence exalting some of the most devout followers of the world's Redeemer to an elevation in the various walks of science which the calumniators of their holy religion envy but cannot reach.

The name of Sir Isaac Newton is familiar to all of every nation who lay the least claim to the possession of even a moderate degree of information. He is, by universal consent, enthroned, crowned, and acknowledged to be the Prince among philosophers. This extraordinary genius was born on Christmas-day, (o. s.) 1642, at a manor called Woolsthorpe, beautifully situated in a sheltered valley, beside the river Witham, in Lincolnshire. At his birth (which was premature) he was so diminutive and weak that the attendants expected he would immediately expire. Yet he was spared to see almost all his contemporaries swept off the stage of time before his earthly course was run.

It is said that from the activity of his mind he proved at first to be but a dull and inattentive scholar, till one day a boy above him in the class kicked and cruelly treated him: the only revenge his noble mind sought was to endeavour to excel his persecutor in getting his lessons, which he soon succeeded in doing. This stimulus continued till he reached the top of the class.

A taste for mathematical invention early appeared in him. Having furnished himself with an assortment of small tools, such as hammers, saws, files, awls, &c., he used to employ himself with them while his schoolfellows were engaged in play.

When about twelve years of age he was sent to the public school at Grantham: while here, he witnessed the erection of a windmill, of which he made a most exact model, and used to delight himself and his young friends by setting it in motion, sometimes by the wind on the housetop, and sometimes by a mouse placed within it, which he called the miller. The next effort of his genius was the construction of a water-clock, which acted so well that Mr. Clarke, with whom he lodged, continued to use it long after Newton left him.

At this time he was retiring in his habits,

and fond of being alone, having abundance of enjoyment in the various studies which engaged his mind. Drawing, versifying, and other kindred arts were added to his former pursuits, among which the construction of sun-dials held a prominent place.

When he reached his fifteenth year, he was called home by his mother, who was now left a second time a widow, with three additional children by a second marriage. His beloved studies were now to be exchanged for the toils of farming. He was placed under the tuition of an old and faithful servant of the family, whose office it was to convert the young philosopher into a farmer. Early on the Saturday mornings, Isaac used to accompany his teacher to Grantham market, to learn how to sell the produce of his mother's farm, and buy such articles as were required for family use at Woolsthorpe. However, on reaching the market, and putting up the team at the Saracen's Head, the pupil-farmer immediately disappeared, leaving his worthy guide to make the best market he could, while he betook himself to pursuits of a less earthly character, in his old study, and among his old books, at Mr. Clarke's, till it was time again to take the road homeward. At other times, feeling the jolting of the cart a hinderance to his reading, he would dismount, and shelter himself under some convenient hedge, where he would be found absorbed in some interesting subject, at the return of the old servant on his way back from market.

His attention to the farm was of a piece with that of the sale of its produce. One observes of him, "The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts, while the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were treading down the corn."

One of his uncles, it is said, observed him one day seated under a hedge, with a book in his hand, so deeply absorbed in thought, that his approach was not perceived by Newton, who was engaged in solving a mathematical problem. At once his uncle urged his mother to allow him to resume his studies. She consented, and he was forthwith sent back to Grantham; and in a few months he proceeded to Cambridge, and entered on his studies at Trinity College. Never did that distinguished seat of learning receive such a student: his name has thrown an imperishable lustre over its history. Newton and Cambridge are inseparably united.

His progress in geometry and the higher mathematics was rapid and profound. The works of Des Cartes and Kepler on optics were soon mastered. In 1668 he took his degree of Master of Arts, and was appointed to a senior Fellowship; and the year following he succeeded Dr. Barrow in the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics.

The telescope having recently been discovered, Newton succeeded, by application of the principle of reflection, in superseding all existing instruments of this sort, by one which has formed the basis of all improvements in the telescope down to the present time.

When the plague broke out in 1666, Newton retired to Woolsthorpe; where one day, while sitting in the garden, he observed an apple fall from a tree near by, which suggested to his mind the grand law of gravitation; which, as if by inspiration, threw a flood of light on the system of the universe, and led him to compose his immortal work, "The Principia."

In 1671 he completed, with his own hands, his improved telescope, which excited a lively interest at Cambridge, and also led the Royal Society, at London, to make inquiry into its merits; which so satisfied this illustrious body, that they elected him a member.

His surprising discoveries in optics were made and revealed by him while pursuing his duties at Cambridge; which involved him in controversy with a host of philosophical opponents, both in England and on the Continent. Writing to Leibnitz, in 1675, he says, "I was so persecuted with discussions arising from my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow."

Though the way had been prepared by the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo for forming a true theory of the system of the universe, it was left for the sublime mind of the English philosopher to complete the data, and discover the great law of universal gravitation, which rules the motions of the spheres, and unites the myriads of stars which sparkle through the heavens into one vast and harmonious family. Chalmers, in his own style, gazing on the book of nature thus opened by Newton, says: "In yon gilded canopy of heaven we see the broad aspect of the universe, where each shining point presents us with a sun, and each sun with a system of worlds; where the Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of his high attributes; where He peoples immensity with his wonders, and travels in the greatness of his strength through the dominions of one vast and unlimited monarchy." So profound were the discoveries of Newton, that when he published his great work in 1687, only two or three of his contemporaries in all Europe were found capable of comprehending him.

The Universities of Scotland were the first to make his discoveries a part of their academical course.

Many opponents appeared against him; but truth silenced the clamours of ignorance,

and put to flight the baseless fabrics of former philosophies, founded only on fancy and guessing. Among the converts who bowed to the system of Newton, was the illustrious Locke, who, though ignorant of mathematics, yet comprehended the physical truths propounded by Newton, and took his place among the admirers of the transcendent genius destined to receive the homage of mankind as the unfolder of the book of nature, on which even children can now look and read the eternal power and Godhead of Him who hath revealed his glory in the heavens, earth, and sea.

While thus traversing the regions of science, setting up waymarks, placing lights, and constructing maps for the guidance of such as might afterwards follow him through hitherto untrodden paths in the vast universe, conscious of his own intellectual might, soaring far above and beyond other human minds, yet he was sitting like Mary at the feet of the great Teacher, who spake as never man spake, receiving those lessons which make men wise unto salvation.

The magnificent intellect of Newton was under the full influence of the Bible, to the teachings of which he subjected all his philosophy, and to the illustration of which he brought all he had gleaned in the field of nature. To the mortification of the infidel philosophers of France and elsewhere, Newton was an humble, devout disciple of the eternal and only-begotten Son of God, whom they reject! Not only is infidelity rebuked by the piety of Newton, but ignorant piety also. If learning be inimical to religion, how is it that the hardest and most successful student that ever lived was so pious a Christian?

On his return from chapel early one morning, he entered his study, where he found the labour of many years reduced to ashes, by a little favourite dog having overturned a lighted candle among his papers. On perceiving the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, "Ah, Diamond! Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done!" For some time he suffered in health from this circumstance.

It was not till he reached his fifty-third year that he reaped anything like emolument from his vast labours. However, an early college friend, the Earl of Halifax, succeeded, when appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, in conferring on Newton the Mastership of the Mint, worth more than twelve hundred pounds a year. Honours now flowed upon him from every quarter. In 1701, the Royal Academy of Science, at Paris, elected him one of its foreign members; and while he was a second time chosen as the representative of his University in the British Parliament, Queen Anne, on paying a visit to the University of Cambridge, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. In the midst of his multifarious engagements he contrived to write "Letters on the Existence of the Deity," and turned the energies of his richly furnished mind towards the elucidation of ancient prophecy, and the mysteries of the book of Revelation. Dr. Bentley considered him the fittest of all men "for vindicating the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion."

The invincible courage of Newton was displayed in his consistent piety, amidst the infidelity and licentiousness of one of the most depraved periods of English history. The Court was a fountain of poisoned waters, which sent forth its pestilential streams over the nation. Yet Newton boldly cast in the salt of God's unadulterated truth to heal them. His piety has had extensive influence with men of science: as one remarks, "By thus uniting philosophy with religion, he dissolved the league which genius had formed with scepticism, and added to the cloud of witnesses the *brightest name of ancient or modern times.*"

He was remarkable for his simplicity in the manner of his living, rarely indulging in anything beyond vegetables or fruit in his diet, though eminently generous with regard to his treatment of others. His mental faculties continued vigorous to the end of his days. After his eightieth year, he was seized with stone, which gave him some trouble; but it was not till five years later that it proved fatal. On the 28th of February, 1727, while presiding at a meeting of the Royal Society, he was greatly fatigued, which led to a return of the complaint. The paroxysms became so acute that the drops of sweat ran down his face, yet he uttered no complaint, but meekly bore his sufferings, till he was removed to that land "where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick," on Monday, 20th of March, being in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

After his body had lain in state in the Jerusalem chamber, it was borne to Westminster Abbey, and deposited near the entrance of the choir. The pall was borne by the Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Roxburgh and Montrose, the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, all Fellows of the Royal Society. If the Queen of George the Second, deemed it her highest privilege to have lived at the same period, and enjoyed the society of such a genius, let infidels know that this man was an humble Christian believer!

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Andrews, Mrs.,		Newcastle on Tyne,	32	Nov. 27th, 1848.
Arnold, Mr. George,	Freshwater,	Isle of Wight,	46	Nov. 21st, 1848.
Bartle, Mr. William,	Neath-Abbey,	Swansea,	65	July 15th, 1848.
Baxter, David,		Carrickfergus,	60	Jan. 10th, 1848.
Bloomfield, Mr. William,		Diss,	31	Dec. 18th, 1848.
Burrows, Mrs.,	Little Bentley,	Colchester,	39	Dec. 1st, 1848.
Button, Mrs.,	Saltfleet,	Louth,	45	Sept. 25th, 1848.
Carvosso, Miss,		St. Mawes,	17	Nov. 10th, 1848.
Catley, James,		Midsomer-Norton,	84	Oct. 21st, 1848.
Cawood, Miss,	Duggleby,	Malton,	21	Oct. 21st, 1848.
Cheverton, Mrs.,	Camden-Town,	Second London,	49	Nov. 3d, 1848.
Childs, Mrs.,	Ecton-Lodge,	Northampton,	39	Oct. 26th, 1848.
Christian, Mr. Thomas,	Ruskington,	Sleaford,	49	Dec. 11th, 1848.
Cooke, Mr. John,	Hawling,	Cheltenham,	21	Aug. 9th, 1848.
Cowley, Mr. George,		Nottingham, South	72	Nov. 5th, 1848.
Cowley, Thomas,	St. John's,	Peel, Isle of Man,	89	Aug. 22d, 1848.
Crabtree, Mrs.,		Great-Horton,	38	Oct. 9th, 1848.
Croker, Mrs.,		Waterford,	57	July 9th, 1848.
Darns, Mrs. S.,		Great-Horton,	50	Oct. 2d, 1848.
Dawson, Mary,		Great-Horton,	84	Nov. 5th, 1848.
Dingley, Mr. William,		Devonport,	82	Dec. 4th, 1848.
Ellis, Miss Thirza,	Kenninghall,	Diss,		Nov. 16th, 1848.
Fawcett, Miss,		Sheffield, West,	46	Oct. 9th, 1848.
Fussell, Mrs.,		Bristol, North,	68	Nov. 3d, 1848.
Gabriel, Thomas, Esq.,	Brixton-Hill,	Lambeth,	79	Nov. 10th, 1848.
Gardner, Mrs., sen.,	Oxhill,	Kineton,	81	Oct. 23d, 1848.
Geach, Mrs.,		Brackley,	31	Nov. 10th, 1848.
Gill, Mrs. Jane,	East-Keal,	Spilsby,	32	Aug. 9th, 1848.
Graves, Mr. John,	Bolingbroke,	Spilsby,	82	Oct. 14th, 1848.
Greenwood, Mrs.,	Runcorn,	Warrington,	64	Nov. 22d, 1848.
Hacklett, Mrs.,	Great Bentley,	Colchester,	63	Nov. 8th, 1848.
Haughton, Mr. W.,	Sibsey,	Boston,	69	March 22d, 1848.
Hayman, Miss,	Street,	Brixham,	39	March 3d, 1848.
Hazledine, William,	Coalbrook-dale,	Madeley,	83	Oct. 18th, 1848.
Jones, Mr. Henry,	Derrough,	Maryborough,	28	Sept. 5th, 1848.
Joyce, Mrs.,	Weston,	Evesham,	37	Oct. 12th, 1848.
Kidger, Mary,	Rempstone,	Loughborough,	67	Oct. 8th, 1848.
Kittle, Miss Mary,		Margate,	40	Dec. 2d, 1848.
Lennon, H. jun.,	Ballylaggin,	Carrickfergus,	28	Oct. 31st, 1848.
Lickley, Mrs.,		Ripon,	40	Nov 28th, 1848.
Pearmain, Mrs.,	Brandon,	Thetford,	74	Nov. 28th, 1848.
Penny, Mr. Robert,	Hazel-Grove,	Stockport, South,	74	Nov. 7th, 1848.
Raven, Mrs.,	Quorndon,	Loughborough,	75	Aug. 9th, 1848.
Shaw, Mr. James,	Eastwood,	Ilkestone,	71	Nov. 28th, 1848.
Sheel, Mr. William,	Highly,	Stourport,	80	Nov. 23d, 1848.
Shepherd, Mrs.,		Grimsby,	37	Nov. 2d, 1848.
Smith, Mrs.,		Worcester,	62	Nov. 19th, 1848.
Snow, Mrs.,	Chapel-Town,	Leeds,	62	Sept. 27th, 1848.
Strawe, Miss,	Ardwick,	Manchester,	19	Nov. 8th, 1848.
Topham, Mrs.,	Mowthorpe,	Malton,	62	Sept. 18th, 1848.
Travis, Mr. R.,	Paynton,	Stockport, South,	60	Oct. 21st, 1848.
Turbutt, Miss Ellen,	Park-Field,	Bedale,	18	April 30th, 1848.
Wade, Martha,		Great-Horton,	62	Nov. 7th, 1848.
Warner, Mrs.,	Plumptre-House,	Nottingham,	63	Nov. 13th, 1848.
Wesley, Mrs. C.,	Hoxton,	First London,	53	Nov. 19th, 1848.
Wilson, Henrietta,	Ballylaggin,	Carrickfergus,	71	Sept. 7th, 1848.
Wood, Miss,		Bolton,	11	Sept. 26th, 1848.
Woolmer, Miss,	Reepham,	Norwich,	17	Nov. 8th, 1848.
Woolsey, Mrs.,		Gainsborough,	59	Nov. 7th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1849.

THE THREE DRUNKARDS.

That the "drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God," is such an explicit declaration of holy writ, that we feel little hesitation as to the final doom of those who leave the present world in that guilty state. To follow in our imagination the sinful spirit to the "regions of sorrow," where the drunkard's song is never heard, but where his insatiable thirst is quenched by liquid fire, is an attempt from which we shrink aghast.

And yet it may be profitable to look at the ruin of three, out of the many millions of victims who fall beneath this soul-destroying sin. That fearful scourge of God, the cholera, is now passing through this far-famed "land of the mountain and the flood," and sweeping its hundreds, if not thousands, of victims into an untimely grave. The young, the middle-aged, and the old, alike mingle in one common death. The wealthy merchant and the poor houseless wanderer, the weaver at his loom, and the collier in his mine, fall before the destroyer. A few short hours, and the "graves are ready for them." Alas! how many are the abodes of "mourning, lamentation, and woe;" parents lamenting over their lovely babes, and children mourning departed sires! Truly our world is a very charnel-house; and surely "the end is nigh."

But to our mournful tale. Amid all the fearful and alarming accounts that fly apace in these times of public visitation and reproof, none have impressed our minds more than that we are about to relate.

A woman, from a village in the neighbourhood of the town in which the writer resides, came to visit two of her friends, a man and his wife, for the purpose of congratulating them on the dawn of a new year; doubtless thinking it the harbinger of future days. The new year's evening was spent, as is too often the case, in the pleasures of the maddening bowl.

Whiskey, that curse both of Scotland and the sister isle, was drunk until all three were in a state of beastly intoxication. The hour grew late, and nature herself resented the insult offered, and sought repose. Custom, or education, however, or it may be the stings of conscience, drove them to the form of family prayer before retirement. The degraded three knelt before the throne of a holy God, and the drunkard's tongue dared to address the Sovereign of all worlds in prayer. In the midst of such a heaven-insulting scene, the strange fire from the burning and guilty lips was refused, and the drunkard fell prostrate before that altar which he was polluting.

His wife and friend reproved him for his impiety, although the guilty participators in the same sin. But death had marked him for his prey; and

not him alone. The three were soon to prove that the new year had brought no warrant for their continuance on earth, but was rather winged with the terrible sentence, "This year thou shalt die."

The visiter was first called to stand before an angry God; and a few short hours of excruciating pain closed her course of sin. The next day the man and his wife were buried in the same grave; and on their tomb might be written the title at our commencement,—"The three Drunkards."

From the above we may be permitted to make the following remarks:—

1. That strict observation and inquiry stamp it as a fact, that drunkards above all sinners have most frequently and soonest fallen victims to the scourge that now sweeps our land. May we not say with truth, "Because of drunkenness the land mourneth?" and does not the drunkard hear the voice of God, by his Prophet, "Your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then shall ye be trodden down by it?" "The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet."

2. That God will not be mocked. The most sacred observances of our holy religion cannot be attended to in a spirit of irreverence, and in a state of open or secret sin, without meriting, and often bringing down, God's marked displeasure.

3. That while God's judgments are abroad in the earth, it becomes us as a nation to learn righteousness. The eventful year just past, with its convulsions and revolutions, its crimes and bloodshed, its famine and pestilence, may only be "the beginning of sorrows;" the harbinger of yet greater events, and more fearful sufferings, both to the church and to the world. At these things we are not surprised with the page of prophecy in our hands. The consummation of all things is hastening on. Satan, that old serpent the devil, is aware that his doom is sealed, and that his time is short. His head has been bruised, but not destroyed; and no wonder that his last throes and struggles for life should be violent and convulsive. But, above and beyond all, we see the dawn of that day when "He whose right it is, shall take his great power and reign;" when to Him every "knee shall bow, and every tongue confess," and the delightful victor-song shall be heard, making every renewed heart thrill with angelic emotion, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

Airdrie. T. H. H.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XIII.

ALL IS WELL.

True religion is substance to be desired. In the possession of it there is perfect peace and unspeakable joy. To hear those who know its saving and renewing influence, speak of its power, its blessedness, its advantages, and its prospects, is cheering and delightful. When such declare what it has done for their souls, the humble that hear are made glad. But in nothing is the power of religion more manifest than in working an entire deadness to the world; a willingness to leave it; and a confident hope of a future state of blissful life with God. A sensible, thoughtful man saying, "I know, that were I now to die, I should be found with the Lord for ever," is, if correct, a full manifestation of the strength and triumph of grace. Yet this is nothing more than what Bible saints have felt and professed: they

could desire to depart; they were assured that for them to die would be gain; "We are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." Modern Christianity has produced its witnesses of the same grace. One, well known to a certain Christian church, was in the frequent practice of thus expressing his confidence of happiness in the eternal world. He would with humble boldness say, "I know I am ready; I know I have an indisputable title; I know, were I at this moment to depart this life, I should die to be with God." He was an aged saint, much afflicted in body; and his affliction was of such a character that at any moment he might expire. His Pastor frequently thought when he heard him relate his enjoyments, his prospects, and his confidence, that should it please the Great Head of the church to take to Himself his aged disciple, he should desire to see him finish his course, that he might thus be able to compare the result with the profession. He was so favoured, sooner, and by a more sudden visitation, than he had anticipated. Somewhat early one morning, a messenger arrived at his dwelling, to inform him that the valued pilgrim was taken dangerously ill, and that he must hasten to his abode, if he would see him again alive. He found his venerable friend seated on the sofa, fully dressed, ready to commence his usual morning walk. He had risen in his ordinary health, had breakfasted, and was just on the point of leaving his home, when arrested by the summons of death. There he sat composedly, sensible of all that was passing around; and of the approach of his end. He looked on his Pastor with expressive interest, and made considerable effort to speak, but the tongue which had so frequently delighted the Pastor, had nearly lost its power. Still anxious to express his feeling, he, with great difficulty, at last exclaimed, "All is well!" and then calmly yielded up his redeemed spirit into the hands of his Lord. Thus was the profession made in life fully sustained in death. He lived ready, and death found him with burning lamp and girded loins, waiting for his Lord. The last words of the dying are generally regarded with reverence, and especially if they are confirmatory of any great principle. The sayings of dying saints deserve to be weighed, examined, and remembered by survivers; that, if correct, they too may endeavour, in dying hours, to be sustained by the same experience. *All is well!* the last words of the expiring, aged Christian, have a voice, and an emphatic meaning. They include the past; and doubtless by them the speaker said, "I have believed and embraced the truths of the Gospel: as a guilty, penitent sinner, I came to the foot of the cross; there I looked to the crucified Saviour, and in faith laid hold of his atoning grace, and found redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of sin; and have proved Gospel blessings to be my support through a long and varied life." The words had also reference to his state at that awful moment, and testified to this effect:—"The solemn hour has come; the hour of test and trial: I have publicly professed my preparation for it, and my confidence that I should be sustained in it, and now that it is come, all is well: the foundation is sure; I have not believed in vain; I now can testify that God is with me, and is my salvation." The words may, likewise, with propriety, be taken to extend to the future; declaring, "All is well: my prospects are bright, my title is clear, my eternal happiness is certain; I have no doubt, I have more than hope, I *know* that I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and I am going, as the joint heir with my Saviour, to possess the inheritance." Well might one thus supported, and thus cheered, say, "All is well," and never speak more on earth. They were words worthy to be a Christian's last. Of old the commission was thus given to the Prophet, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him;" and the truth has been con-

firmed by the experience of countless multitudes through life, in death, and will be for ever and ever. Let, then, the righteous remember, for their instruction and consolation, that the religion of the cross is without variation in its comforts and its confidence; so that what the dying have experienced of its power and blessedness, the living righteous may experience when they are called to depart from time into a changeless eternity.

Manchester. N.

THE BEST LEARNING.

"I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—1 Cor. ii. 2.

If in the Apostle it was the highest wisdom, as undoubtedly it was, to reckon the mystery of a crucified Christ to be that which deserved his diligent inquiries more than all other things, what folly must it be for other people to live without the knowledge of Christ, and to choose to know anything rather than eternal life through Him!

Men spend years in learning a trade, which only brings a subsistence for this life, that lasts but a few moments; and they will expend many hours in proving doubtful and unprofitable matters, and yet will allow themselves no time to acquire the true knowledge of Christ. As this is inexcusable vanity and folly, so it will end in vexation. We may excel in painting and limning; and yet we only draw the picture of our own ruin, if we do not represent to ourselves Christ in his excellencies, so as to have our affections set upon Him as the chief among ten thousand. We may be subtle and acute disputers; and yet we shall be infected with the most pestilent heresies, if we do not reason ourselves out of the snares of the devil, and into a belief in Christ, as our only Saviour. We think ourselves able to solve the most difficult questions; and yet we are mere madmen, if we do not know how to keep ourselves out of the defilements of sin, and how to go to God the Father through the mediation of his Son. We may be able to correct all possible improprieties of speech; and yet we are fools, if we are not instructed out of God's word to correct the errors of our hearts and lives. We may study the stars, and know much of their motions; and yet we shall be justly stigmatized as heedless fools, if we do not long to have Christ as the day-star to arise in our hearts. We may speculate in things above sense and reason; and yet we shall be not only very indiscreet, but chargeable with condensed blockishness, if we do not contemplate and admire the infinite glory of Christ, and make Him the highest object of our delight. We may be expert in geometry, and know the proportions of bodies; and yet all our skill will prove to be but confusion, if we know nothing of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ. All our knowledge will be comparatively worthless, if we be ignorant of Him as our Redeemer and Saviour.

Lucius.

SCRIPTURE ALLEGORIES.

BY REV. R. M. MACBRAIR.

No. I.—THE LEGACY.

A large legacy has been left to the church by its Saviour, consisting of New Jerusalem stock; but the greater part of it remains unclaimed. It has not been applied for; though repeated notices of it have been published throughout the world. Heirs will not come forward. (James iv. 3.) The wonder is, that it has not been already appropriated to other purposes. Through the long-suffering and forbearance of God, (Rom. ii. 4,) it may still be obtained, if application be made in the proper way. You must seek with all your

heart, (Jer. xxix. 13,) believing that it may be had. (James i. 6.) When you have been once at the bank, go again; go repeatedly: for the legacy is paid by instalments. It is very large; even riches of glory.

Now I think I see some of you coming to the door of the bank of heaven, where dividends are paid, and you knock.

"Who is there?" cries Justice, seated on one side of the entrance.

"A sinner."

"What do you want?"

"My Lord, I have seen it announced in an old publication, called the Gospel Herald, which was edited in heaven, and first published in Jerusalem, that a legacy was left me by my Kinsman, (Eph. v. 30,) which has not yet been paid."

"Not paid!" exclaims Justice: "we always pay on demand." (Heb. x. 23.)

"Yes, my Lord; but I did not apply for it sooner, when I ought. Yet I am told that it is still payable. The Herald is still in circulation, and the announcement has not been withdrawn."

"Well," demands Justice, "what is your present claim upon us?"

"If my Lord will look at the will, he will see that part of it reads as follows:—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' (Matt. xi. 28;) 'Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins;' (Acts xiii. 38;) 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you;' and other clauses of like import. This is what I wish to receive. I am weary of sin. I tremble under the frown of God. My heart is troubled and distressed beyond measure. I want pardon and peace."

"Mercy," says Justice, addressing his sister, who is seated on the opposite side of the entrance; "what dost thou say to this demand?"

"It is perfectly right," answers Mercy. "I have long had a pardon for this sinner lying by me; and I wondered that he did not apply for it sooner. (Mark vi. 6.) Here it is, friend; you are welcome to it: take it, in the name of Jesus."

While the sinner is in the act of seizing the gift, Justice takes it from the hand of Mercy, stamps it, (Eph. i. 13,) and, with a smile, gives it to the sinner. He reads, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee;" and at once breaks out into a song of joy, "O Lord, I will praise thee!"

"Hark ye!" observes Mercy, with a smile of earnest kindness; "remember to tell your friends and neighbours, (Mark v. 19,) that I have more pardons ready, waiting for application." (Rev. iii. 20.)

(*Another knock.*) "Who is there?" asks Justice.

"A sinner saved by grace." (Eph. ii. 8.)

"What is your business?"

"I have come, my Lord, for another instalment of the legacy left by my Saviour. Yesterday our Minister told us that it was now due."

"What is the amount you ask?" saith Justice; "for we are very precise in keeping to the letter of the will." (Matt. v. 18.)

"If my Lord will glance at the paper, he will find it written: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you: a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.) And in another place it is said that God is faithful and just, not only to forgive us our sins, but to cleanse us from all unrighteousness: for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 9, 7.)

"Sister Mercy, what do you say to this application?"

"It is quite correct," saith Mercy: "he wants a clean heart, pure from sin. (Matt. v. 8.) I have had it here, ever since he first came for his legacy. I wish our brethren (Heb. ii. 11) on earth would come and take their own

We do not need their property; we have plenty and to spare, (Luke xv. 17,) while they are starving for want. Here it is, friend: take it, in Jesus's name, and get it stamped. And tell (Rom x. 10) your class-mates, that I have more clean hearts: they may all make their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." (Zech. xiii. 1; Rev. vii. 14.)

Now I see a crowd of persons running to the door, singing and shouting. I ask, Why such joyous haste? They tell me they have large bundles of promissory notes of great value, (2 Pet. i. 4,) which they are going to get cashed. "Take care," says Mr. Straitened, (2 Cor. vi. 12,) "lest you make a run upon the bank." "That is what we are going to do," (John xvi. 24,) is the reply; "but it will not break." No! it will be a happy day for this world, when men shall try to break the bank above. Be quick in your applications. Time passes on, and banking-hours will close. If Mercy leave her place at the door, (Luke xiii. 8,) you will knock in vain for Justice to open. (Luke xiii. 25.)

(*Another knock.*) "Who is there?" cries Justice.

"A dying Christian," is the reply.

"What brings you here?"

"My Lord, I have just received a message from my Saviour by the hand of Death,—a rough, grim messenger he, but he brings good tidings,—to come here for the last instalment of my legacy."

"How much is it?"

"If my Lord will read the will, he will find, amongst other items, 'In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you.' (John xiv. 2.) Now I am leaving the body, I want a congenial place for my immortal spirit, a rest with God. Again it is written, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' (Rev. ii. 10.) I cannot boast of my fidelity, yet I have loved my Lord, I have kept the faith. (2 Tim. iv. 7.) I have not wickedly departed from his ways. O, if one so feeble might be so exalted, (Matt. xxv. 21,) I would praise his infinite bounty for ever and ever." (Rev. iv. 10.)

"The will does bequeath glory, and honour, and immortality," (Rom. ii. 7,) replies Justice: "but what shall we do, sister Mercy; for we do not send glory out of heaven?"

"It is written," saith Mercy, "'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;' (John xvii. 24;) and, 'I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' (John xiv. 3.) The King, therefore, evidently intends to admit this Christian into heaven. Doubtless it was for this purpose that He sent me a message that He would be here to-day, and to get ready a convoy of angels. (Luke xvi. 22.) They are here waiting; for the hour is come. I wonder He has not arrived; for He is very punctual. Hark! the clock strikes, E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty. See, brother, He comes: throw the gates wide open, (2 Peter i. 11,) and let the heir of glory in." (Psalm xxiv. 9.)

EVIL-SPEAKING.

St. Augustine was not unfrequently annoyed by the conversation of persons whom he entertained as his guests, and especially by the reflections which they cast upon absent characters. To put an end to this evil, it is said that he inscribed a Latin couplet upon his table, of which the following is a translation:—

"Far from this table be the worthless guest,
Who wounds another's fame, though but in jest."

NATHANAEL.

THEOLOGY.

THE WORK OF GOD AND OF MAN.

A SERMON.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."—Psalm xc. 16, 17.

This psalm was composed by Moses when that terrible decree of God went forth, that the people should be led about until they had fallen in the wilderness; and that, with a few exceptions only, they should not enter into his rest. He appears to have been led into solemn meditations on the subject of man's mortality; his falling beneath the strokes, withering under the blasts, of a sin-avenging God. This is not sentimentalism. It is connected with practical ends. If we are to die, let us live in the noblest sense. If our days are so short, "so teach us to number" them, "that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." And as we are thy people, thy visible church, raised up for moral and religious purposes, may these be answered! Let us live worthy of our privileges,—to get good, and to do good; and, in order to this, "let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children," &c.

This appears to be the connexion of the words; and, in using them for our instruction, we may observe, that they speak of the WORK OF GOD, and the WORK OF MAN.

I. They speak of the WORK OF GOD.

That this work is nothing external, we may collect from the order into which the thoughts of Moses had been thrown. He looked higher than to any external privileges with which the Israelites were invested; for what were they to creatures trembling on the brink of mortality? Moses well knew that there was a work of God, so called by way of eminence; for the promotion of which Israel was made a people. He knew that God had kept that work in view from the earliest ages; that it was one for which he most cared; one which he would uphold against mighty contests, and carry on through all ages of time. That work was, THE MORAL RESTORATION OF FALLEN MAN. And to this the prayer obviously and specially refers. My brethren, this work has "appeared" to God's "servants," and to their "children," in successive ages. It is in progress still. We have as deep an interest in it as Moses, and the pious Jews of his day; and the prayer of the text is as appropriate for us to use.

That we may be rightly impressed with this work, this operation of the hands of the Most High, let us be instructed by the language of the text to consider it,—

1. Emphatically, as *the work of God.*—Among all his various works, it is delightfully affecting to reflect, that the one work which he emphatically calls *his*, and to which all other, even of his works, are subordinate, is our restoration to his favour, his image, and his heaven. And, from the beginning till now, it is stamped and charactered with the hand, and, if we may so speak, with the heart, of its great Author. It is the work of the TRINITY. Paternal love originated it; for, since this was necessary, the Father "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." That Son, so engaged in the generous enterprise, so said, "Lo, I come; I delight to do thy will, O my God," as to be, from the first ages, held out as the surely-appointed sacrifice. And the Holy Spirit gave his influence, to commence the cure of death and sin, and to purify every obedient spirit for the participation of eternal life. To render the system efficient from the earliest times, all the truth which was essential to a saving faith, was early communicated to the parent-tribes of all nations in so simple a form, that nothing was more easy than to have preserved it; and, but for man's wilful corruption of it, it would have remained in the hands of the Gentile nations until the Saviour of all men had appeared, and turned the dawn of their salvation into the splendour of his own manifestation. When the wickedness of man had darkened that truth, so that, in its corrupted form, it could no longer fulfil God's work,—the moral restoration of man,—he showed how much he cared for it, by restoring and enlarging it, by special revelation, among one people; and laying up to more favourable times, in the garner of Israel, the seed of salvation, which was to be sown, and bring forth its harvests of souls, throughout all the earth. To introduce the perfect system of redemption, the Son of God was incarnated.

His blood confirmed the covenant: his Spirit sealed it by "mighty signs and wonders;" and he himself "sat down at the right hand of God," to maintain that Gospel against a contest which has shaken earth to her foundations, and hell to its centre; by which Gospel alone man could be restored, and God's favourite work perpetuated. To mark the interest which he takes in this work, the severest of his punitive acts as to nations have taken place, either to avenge the injuries of his own cause, because it was, in this respect, the noblest cause of man; or to remove obstructions out of the way of its progress. Rome, imperial Rome, stained with the blood of his saints, was prostrated at the foot of barbarism. The Papacy, which bears even a deeper stain of hallowed blood, is in the hands of the angel, the millstone about her neck, ready to be slung from his mighty hand, and to be found no more: whilst the obstructions raised by other powers, are borne down by the slow but irresistible changes of society; all directed by his hand, and all connected with the work of saving man. Man he will save, and none shall let it. Finally, he has marked this as specially his work, by those extraordinary events which we call revivals of religion. Here everything is specially of God. What should stir a mass of spiritual death? Will the "dry bones" themselves live without the "breath of the Spirit of the Lord?" He breathes; and great characters arise; the "Prophets" who "prophesy to the dry bones:" and the "wind blows," and a "shaking" is heard, and the "dead live," and an "army" of revived spirits rise up and praise God." They are his workmanship; the living to praise him, as they are bound, seeing they so manifestly live by him. But,

II. This work of God is also spoken of as the WORK OF MAN; "the work of *our* hands." It is important for us to know, that it is so our work that we are to co-operate with God in it. "We then as workers together with God," says an Apostle. Why has God established his churches, but that we may thus co-operate with him, and design the advancement of his work?

1. We must rightly estimate the work of God. If it is the work on which he has "set his heart," that very circumstance calls our attention to its importance. And yet this, in religion, has been precisely that which has been most overlooked. Men have regarded with wonder the external conquests of the church; the Pagan Kings who have bowed their crowns before her, the kingdoms which have run into her pale, the erection of her temples, the splendour of her ceremonies, the diffusion of her faith; but whilst philosophers and historians have investigated and emblazoned these, the work of the Spirit in the heart has been forgotten, or handed over to the contempt of semi-infidel sneers, and pharisaic haughtiness. It is for you, however, to remember that this is the only work of God which is called *your work;* that faith, forms, and external prosperity, derive all their importance from this, and that without it they are splendid nothings.

2. Rightly to co-operate with God, we must submit ourselves wholly to his work in our own hearts. "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Eph. ii. 10.) A new creation of the heart has taken place, and a hallowed life follows. And how vainly we boast of our being of God, unless we are ourselves the subjects of this change, and have been co-workers with God, that it might be effected, and are still so, that it may be perfected in us! For what is a nominal Christian? He has a "name that he liveth, and is dead." He calls Christ Lord, and in works denies him. With his mouth he shows "much love;" but "his heart goeth after his covetousness." He prays without desire; he praises without gratitude: he "draws nigh" to God with his "lips," and his "heart is far from him." What concern can he have for others' salvation who has none for his own? What estimate can he take of the value of immortal souls, who casts his own away as though it were a thing of nought? What concern can he have for the honour of Christ, who has no love to him? He may have the zeal of a selfish sectarianism; but he has not the zeal of love. He may bustle in the work, but he has no share in it. Other hands must build the temple; and none but "vessels," purged from the filthiness of the world and sin are "fitted for the Master's use." We call upon you all to make God's work yours; but we also call upon you to be "clean, who bear the vessels of the Lord;" and if you ask God to come among you, to "sanctify yourselves;" otherwise, which of you, should he come even in the "mighty winds" and "purging fire" of his Spirit, shall "abide the day of his coming?" And what will it

avail, if he should bless us by especially reviving his work among us, if others are awakened and you remain asleep; if others fly from the storm, and you remain exposed to it; if others take the kingdom by the holy violence of prayer, and you still doze over empty forms; if harlots and publicans enter in, and you, nominal, worldly professors, like the Pharisee of old, are shut out?

3. We must cultivate great tenderness of conscience in avoiding whatever may hinder the prosperity of this work. How little, alas! is this regarded by many professing themselves interested in it! How many are guilty of great worldly compliances in dress, in expense, in amusements, thereby weakening in the minds of worldly persons the just notions which they entertained of that mortification and deadness to earthly things, which real religion implies! How many are so fluent on the affairs of life, and so silent on all that relates to piety, that they are neither the "lights of the world," nor the "salt of the earth;" but rather indicate that religion is an affair which none are called to think or speak of but in the church or the chapel! How many, when they do speak on religious subjects, are wholly indifferent or hostile to those which relate to the heart and conscience, and substitute for these a useless controversy about points of doctrine, or an idle gossip about the talents of Preachers; and thereby convey the impression to others, that religion stands more in opinions and circumstances than in a serious application to the great business of salvation! And how many are ready to be carried away with any novelty of doctrine; or led into disputes, and evil surmisings, and slanderous words against their brethren, or their Ministers; quite careless of the corrupt passions and unhallowed feelings they are exciting in themselves, and the dishonour done to religion in the world! Brethren, if we make God's work of saving men our work, we shall have constant respect to it in our words, and thoughts, and actions; and we shall rather deny ourselves in matters which might be strictly lawful, than endanger the lowering of the character of the religion, with the honours of which we are put in trust before the world, and furnish new excuses to the carnal mind to wrap itself up in carelessness and security.

4. If we make the work of God our work, we shall be ready for any exertion to which the church of God shall call us. We shall do this in the spirit of self-sacrifice. We shall make no stipulation for our own honour or praise. We shall be ready to labour in the lowest offices, satisfied only if we see the church in unity, strength, and vigour; her light and influence flowing forth upon the world, and the crown upon our Saviour's head growing richer and brighter, by the extension of his dominion of grace over the yet unsaved world.

The Psalmist prays that this work might be made apparent in the forms of *glory* and *beauty*.

The word rendered "beauty" signifies whatever is comely or pleasant; and, associated as it is with glory, it expresses that which is mildly attractive; a manifestation, not of terror, but of grace and kindness. And such is this work of God, when his church is in a state corresponding to that contemplated by the author of the psalm. Then the "beauty" of God is, indeed, upon his church. In this state of things God is glorified, and the highest interests of men are secured: for the appearance and advancement of this work, therefore, all the friends of God and man should incessantly labour and pray.

REDEMPTION A SUBJECT OF ADMIRATION TO ANGELS.

In the restoration of mankind to the favour of God, conflicting claims had to be conciliated. The divine law must not be made void; all the attributes of Deity stood pledged to its vindication; nothing must be compromised; entire satisfaction to its demands must be awarded. The question among the celestial hierarchy,—the problem which they could not solve,—was, How mercy could be exercised and justice not tarnished. On man's apostasy they would naturally expect a second display of the terrors of the Lord: their finite minds could not conceive of a plan of saving the world without compromising the truth and justice of God. It is not, therefore, possible to imagine the profound astonishment, admiration, and awe that must have seized them when the scheme of human redemption was unfolded: hence they are represented as desiring to look into its mysteries. Each of the divine Persons in the Godhead bears a part in it; all the divine attributes are equally honoured; the glory of God is secured; the law vindicated; justice satisfied; and the sinner saved. This scheme may be regarded as the masterpiece of the divine mind; its con-

trivance as the brightest volition of Infinite Wisdom.

"Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace."

And why was this done? That there might be a new creation; that angels might behold a new form of their own life in the employments and enjoyments of the church of Christ.

THOMAS BURROWS.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

THOUGH Christ has done all things to make sin pardonable, and is ever ready to procure pardon for us, yet this is not sufficient in order to our actual pardon or justification, unless we believe in Him, as propitiating, or pleading his propitiation. For though he died to make sin pardonable, he only pleads for the actual justification of those who believe. The connexion of faith with justification ariseth from Christ's and God's promise. If Christ had not merited, God had never promised; and if God had never promised, justification had never followed upon faith. For, let a man be supposed to believe with the highest degree of faith, and in the greatest sincerity, yet justification would never have followed thereupon, nor could have been expected with any certainty, except that God, for Christ's sake, had promised, that, upon such a duty performed, justification should follow. So that the indissoluble connexion between faith and justification is from God's institution, whereby he hath bound himself to give the benefit, upon the performance of the duty. Yet there is an aptitude in this duty to be made a condition, and have this connexion; and such an aptitude as can be in no other duty. For no other duty can receive Christ as propitiating, and as pleading his propitiation, and the promise of God given for his sake. Receiving Christ and the gracious promise, in this manner, faith acknowledgeth man's guilt; and so the believer renounceth all righteousness in himself, and acknowledgeth God the Father, and Christ the Son, the only Redeemer; and so gives God the greatest glory of justice, wisdom, mercy, and free grace: faith also virtually acknowledgeth itself to be a gift, and to be performed by the aid of the Spirit of God; and that, *as a duty*, it cannot challenge any right to justification. Therefore God, in his infinite wisdom, thought good to pitch upon this, and make it the means, the only means, by which justification should be obtained.

Christ is the object of our faith: and he is so, not only in respect of his person, nature, and acts, but also of his offices; for he is King, Priest, and Prophet, and faith receives him in all his offices. This act of faith presupposeth him received as King, or else this act is no duty, no obedience; and as a Prophet, or else this act could not be a belief of the truth, revealed and taught by him: yet the special object of justifying faith, is Christ as a Priest, atoning for sin, and making intercession for us.—*Lawson's Theo-Politica.*

CHARITY.

CHARITY is no intermittent thing, that now and then breaks out into brilliant magnificence, and then retires to slumber in the lap of sensuality and selfish repose; that, like a burning mountain, darts forth occasional shoots and flashes of splendour, and then rolls up nothing but smoke and darkness. It is a lamp that is always burning; sometimes with a brighter and sometimes with a fainter light; but that is never out. It is a vital principle, a generous life; the pulses of which are continually proceeding, now with stronger and now with more languid beats, but never stopping. The life of a charitable man consists not merely of a few detached acts of desultory bounty, separated from each other by long intervals: his heart is a benignant fountain, that pours from it a flow of benefits, either large or little; that supplies a current of kind attentions; that sends forth a stream of services to his fellow-creatures, few of which can be signal, but all of which are sincere; and which, though, separately considered, they may seem but small, yet collectively received, are of large amount.—*Fawcett.*

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

I WAS once acquainted with a man, or rather an inexperienced boy, who knew painfully what it is to lack "faith in God." He had never attended a Sabbath-school had attended church but a very few times in his life; and, in fact, had been brought, or more properly, had come up, without any religious training. His mind, therefore, was a perfect blank, both as to the

theory and practice of religion, except what few vague notions were gathered in a neighbourhood not remarkable for religious sentiment or for piety. He was attracted to an "extra meeting," where many were being converted, and where he first received distinct convictions of his danger, duty, and privilege. This discovery was so clear, that he tarried not for a moment, but, with the utmost simplicity and diligence, fled to Christ for refuge. He never stopped to ask a reason for anything; but embraced religion as a matter of course, because others did, and in ignorance of the fact that any questioned its truthfulness. The transition from darkness to light, and from sin and Satan unto God, and the liberty of his children, was most happy, and attended with the greatest imaginable ecstasy and delight.

This frame of mind continued with but little interruption, and then only slight depressions, for about eighteen months; when the devil made his first violent assault, which, with Satanic skill, was so managed as to attack the weakest point. His mind was directed to that most delicate and perplexing question, the distinction between foreknowledge and predestination, which, owing to his destitution of knowledge and experience on religious subjects, involved him in the veriest mist and confusion; indeed, proved waters too deep for him, in which he struggled almost to suffocation. He went from one degree of darkness and doubt to another, until his language in prayer was, "O God, *if thou art*," &c. At times indignant feelings would rise against the folly and absurdity of the Minister of religion while engaged in public prayer. When reading the "exceeding great and precious promises," as also the requisitions and denunciations of the Bible, a lingering IF as to their truthfulness, like a demon let loose from beneath, haunted and literally tormented him. He heard the word preached only to criticise and cavil; listened to the devotions of Christians but to magnify their inconsistencies, and remark upon their hypocrisies; left his class and the prayer circle, and went wandering about, disquieted and disconsolate; mourning, and refusing to be comforted; reading, but receiving no instruction; seeking for, but refusing, the light; and praying for mercy, but dashing the cup of consolation from his parched lips. In all this he gave not up his profession of religion, nor the *form* of daily prayer; nor would he, for ten thousand worlds: for he was resolved to be a Christian or an infidel; and he was not yet prepared to proscribe Christ and Christianity. He feared that, after all, these things *might* be true, and that he would realize what it is to "fall into the hands of the living God," while unprepared to meet him. And this fear was the more strengthened by the fact, that he experienced something like a hell begun already; at least, if there is a hell on earth, he was within its precincts: yet there was not absolute unbelief of the matters questioned; it was only uncertainty, dreadful uncertainty.

There is little doubt but this tragedy would have resulted in confirmed scepticism, but for the influence of the clear and distinct evidence of his conversion at the first. This was a fact in his experience, which, soberly, he could neither question nor cavil away. It was *there*, a lever of experience upon the fulcrum of truth; and it righted him upon his feet.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." When he had fought both truth and experience to the utmost, and found that to die were better than to live thus; and that to live thus was to die a thousand deaths, and prepare to die eternally, and never die; he renounced the whole, and gave himself in sacrifice to God. O the riches of that grace which met his case, and made him once more happy in the love of Christ! Then could he pray with faith, and "with the spirit and the understanding also;" then could he hear and feast upon the word, and mingle in the class and prayer circles with pleasure and profit: then could he read without scepticism, and then did he *know* the difference between faith and uncertainty.—*New-York Christian Advocate.*

ON REPROVING SIN.

FEW things are more difficult than to reprove sin properly; yet even the avowed servants of God need it frequently, and on different grounds. One day, a person, in the apartment of an aged pious Christian woman, was lamenting a want of firmness in reproving the abandoned, especially when travelling; and offering a pretty frequent apology, in the caution, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." The aged woman seriously and instantly replied, "O, Sir, keen and just reproofs are *no pearls*. Were you to talk to a wicked coachman, or omnibus-driver, respecting the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and the

pleasure of communion with God, you would cast pearls before swine; but not *in reproving sin.* Hear the command of God: 'Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.'"

GIVING.

Some people plead, as an excuse for their non-membership with a Christian society, that "they cannot contribute to the various funds connected with such societies." But this is an idle excuse; "for if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." (2 Cor. viii. 12.) If a person gives but little, it is not overlooked and forgotten by God, if it comes from a willing heart. How was it with the poor widow, who cast in her two mites (or a farthing)? Was her small offering overlooked? O, no! Jesus saw it; "and he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury." (Mark xii. 43.) For the small offering of two mites, her character has stood illustrious on the page of sacred history to the present time, and doubtless ever will, till she is publicly honoured and rewarded before an assembled world.

Let not people, therefore, imagine, that what they give to the cause of the Lord (if it is but little) is forgotten, or that they are so much the poorer; for St. Luke says, "Give, and it shall be given to you again." (Luke vi. 38.)

Frequently the Lord rewards the giver even in life; for as soon as the offering is presented to the Lord, he returns it with abundant blessings. This is a truth I can testify by experience. It is but a short time ago since an appeal was made to me to assist a good cause, and I was induced to give freely; insomuch that it might have been considered a sacrifice, for the circumstances I was then placed in. But was I the loser? No: I found that it was more blessed to give than to receive. I only lent it to the Lord. In less than a week, I received it back from his hands, by means quite unexpected. This is not a solitary, isolated instance, even in my history; for I well remember the time, when so small a sum as my quarterly subscription was almost too much for me to accumulate; frequently have I even begged that amount, which I so freely gave to the cause of God. But I have many times rejoiced while receiving it back from the hands of the Lord, accompanied with many other blessings. His providential bounties have been tendered to me in a wonderful manner. He has lifted me from the depths of obscurity, exalted my position in life, and opened bright and cheering prospects before me.

Then shall I hold and keep back *all* that he has so plentifully bestowed? O, no! Rather let me invest a portion in the Gospel funds. The interest there given will be seen when accounts are balanced in the great and terrible day of the Lord. Let me cast in my mite, because it is my duty. The Lord has a right to it. He is the lawful Proprietor of it all. If I were to devote the whole of my property, time, talents, and all to him, I should still find myself a fifty—yea, a hundred—penny debtor! C. R.

CHRIST'S HUMILITY.

Christ did much work for God in a very silent manner: he laboured diligently, but did not spoil his work, when he had wrought it, by vain ostentation. When he had expressed his charity in acts of mercy and bounty to men, he would humbly seal up the glory of it with this charge, "See that ye tell no man." (Matt. viii. 4.) He affected no popular air. O! imitate your pattern; work hard for God; and let not pride blow upon it when you have done! It is difficult for a man to do much, and not value himself too much for it.—*Flavel.*

WHAT IS TIME?

What is time? Ask the philosopher, and he will tell you it is one of the deepest mysteries of metaphysical science. Ask the moralist; and he will tell you it is something which we measure by our sorrows, and note chiefly by its loss. Ask the Christian; and he will tell you it is a portion of infinite duration, the vestibule of an eternal state, the soul's discipline for immortality. It is in this latter aspect that time assumes a character of such momentous importance.

All in heaven that shines, and all on earth that changes, must help to break it up into thoughtful intervals; making mile-stones for us on the road of life, and meting out our spiritual probation into days, and weeks, and months, and years. —*Rev. D. Moore.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

HELP IN TROUBLE.

THE person to whom this anecdote refers, when speaking to the writer of the goodness of God, said, "God never gave me what I wanted. He always gave me more. As a proof, I will tell you the following anecdote:—

"When I married, I was a working man, and, consequently, I had not much money to spare. In about three months after my marriage, I fell ill, and my illness continued for more than nine months. At that period, I was in great distress. I owed a sum of money, and had no means to pay it: it must be paid on a certain day, or I must go to jail. I had no food for myself or wife; and in this distress I went up to my room, and took my Bible. I got down on my knees and opened it, laid my fingers on several of the promises, and claimed them as mine. I said, 'Lord, this is thine own word of promise: I claim thy promises.' I endeavoured to lay hold of them by faith. I wrestled with God for some time in this way. I got up off my knees, and walked about some time. I then went to the bed, and took up my Bible, and opened it on these words, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' I said, 'It is enough, Lord.' I knew deliverance would come, and I praised God with my whole heart. Whilst in this frame of mind, I heard a knock at the door. I went and opened it, and a man handed me a letter. I turned to look at the letter; and when I looked up again, the man was gone. The letter contained the sum I wanted, and five shillings over. It is now (1844) eighteen years ago: and I never knew who sent it: God only knows. Thus God delivered me out of my distress. To Him be all the praise!" J. L.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

G. A. was a very intimate acquaintance of mine, when he was living in the city of C——. I heard the story which I am about to relate from his own lips. He had been out of employment for a considerable time, and was in consequence so circumstanced as only to be enabled to keep himself from dying of hunger; in fact, he was left with but eightpence halfpenny in the world. Nor had he one friend, but the Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." He went to chapel, thanking God for that which was past, and trusting him for that which was to come, and heard Dr. Newton preach a sermon in aid of a society that was under perplexing circumstances. Sensibly feeling the solemn appeal which the Rev. Doctor made to the liberality of the audience, in behalf of the society, he at once gave the whole of his eightpence halfpenny. But he still trusted in Him who delivered the Israelites out of the hands of Pharaoh. He rose next morning penny-less. But very soon after terminating the duties of his closet, a message came to him, saying that he was to commence work that morning. He has been in constant employment ever since; and God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, has raised him to a state of respectability. Truly the words of the Lord were verified in this man: "Them that honour me I will honour." (1 Sam. ii. 30.) W. ROBINSON.

THE above anecdotes remind us of the case of a living French Pastor, eminent as an author in his own country, and well-known to a large portion of the religious world in ours. He had no income but the scanty stipend of a Pastor, and upon this had to maintain eleven children. His poverty was deep, his difficulties constant; but his heart was ever full of cheerful gratitude, and his hand ever open to those who were poorer than himself. His friends say that on more than one occasion he has been left without a single *sous*, or a morsel of bread for his children. Meal-time coming, his wife told him they could have no dinner. He replied, "Yes, we shall dine as usual: lay the cloth." It was objected, that to lay a cloth was very useless, when there was nothing to place upon it. "Lay it," he insisted, "lay it, just as usual: the Lord will provide." The cloth was laid, and seemed for a while to mock faith by its bareness; but a knock was heard, and the family soon surrounded a board which they all felt the Lord himself had spread.—ED.

AFFLICTIONS.

THERE are very few of God's people who have not some open or some secret affliction; for the words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," are not a figure of speech, but a literal truth. A man may have hidden troubles, as well as hidden treasures, in his strong-box, that no one knows of but himself. We conceal our infirmities and our afflictions, oftentimes, more jealously than we hide our money-bags. Whatever may be your troubles, whether afflicted in mind, body, or estate, take courage. *It will not be so always.*

You may think that your troubles are peculiar. Well, what of that? God's

people are a peculiar people, and have peculiar support: no wonder that their troubles should be peculiar also. Dwell not upon them, but look forward to peculiar joys. These light afflictions, heavy though we think them, spring not forth of the dust. They are weighed in the balance, and are not a scruple too light or too heavy for your case. Bear, then, your afflictions patiently, submissively, acquiescently. *It will not be so always.* If we did but know what our afflictions defend us from, as well as we know what they bring upon us, we should be more reconciled to have them for companions. They may give us pain, and yet be so blest as to afford us peace. They may give a gloom to time, and yet impart a glory to eternity. I have some friends now whose afflictions I put into my prayers: not that they may be removed; for that might, or might not, be a blessing; but that they may be among the "all things" that work together for the good of God's people.

It will not be so always: therefore look steadily, hopefully, and trustfully to the God of all consolation, who hath said, "Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoary hairs I will carry you." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—*Old Humphrey.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

FIRESIDE TRAINING.

In our last Number we affectionately urged upon parents the duties of that holy relation in which their heavenly Father has placed them. We are happy now to have an opportunity of setting before them an important aid towards fixing upon the mind of their little ones the benign truths which tend to make a wise son, and a glad father. The Rev. J. G. Wilson has just published a little work, which, if rightly used by our Wesleyan families, will be a blessing to all future generations in our church.

We cannot express with all the force we would, our conviction that domestic catechetical instruction is an instrument of inestimable power in the formation of character. The short lessons learned throughout the week, and repeated on a Sabbath afternoon at the fireside, remain for life, written on the memory, and associated with the earliest and most tender scenes of affection. That family is ill-regulated that has not its hour on Sunday afternoon for these exercises. General teachings are valuable; but nothing can do the work of a Catechism with Scripture proofs. In savage countries, parents *tatoo* the skins of their children, so that whatever vicissitudes of travel, or sickness, or war, the frame may pass through, it must always bear about with it, even unto death, marks that tell of its country and tribe. Upon the mind a Catechism has a like effect: by it you may so fix truth in the very texture of a child's mind, that go where he may—learn, forget, believe, doubt, or dislike what he may, still all through life he must, willing or unwilling, bear with him a knowledge of the letter of the truth that maketh wise.

Our own Catechisms are not to be surpassed in any one respect. They are a talent from God, put into the hands of every parent in the Connexion. We see many of the children of our people, both rich and poor, turn from the fold of their fathers, and prefer that of strangers. We should feel anxious to know how many of those Wesleyan parents, who go alone to the house of God, or who miss one child from the family pew, have spent their Sunday afternoons in hearing their children repeat the Catechisms, and in opening to their early thoughts the great things of God. If they have never taken so much pains, no wonder that evils have arisen. Young persons who grow up without fixed views on points of doctrine and of church order, are every way exposed to be captivated by the respectability of one church, or bewildered by the controversies of another.

All who have any recollection of their own childish learnings, or who have watched in others the play of young mind, know well how precious to a little intellect beginning to trace out the features of truth, are those facts or fables which, like colouring to a picture, make the lesson live. Do you remember how differently you felt about the Sabbath after you had heard of the man who suffered for gathering sticks? Some parents, of bright mind and rich heart, may have stores of illustrations wherewith to vivify for their child the teachings of the Catechisms, so as to make all the feelings—curiosity, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, approbation, disgust—stimulate Memory as he works at his task. But the greater number leave him to toil alone, till he gives up of *ennui*, or is every moment led aside from his duty by these feelings, all of which are running in courses no way parallel to his. For one parent who can embellish a task with illustrations, twenty are able only to hear, to correct faults of memory, and to explain a hard thing in a hard way.

On this account many parents leave to others the religious teaching of their own flesh and blood. The working man is con-

tent that his child goes to the Sunday-school; and the gentleman is satisfied with the light his little ones gather from the pulpit, from family prayer, and from reading the word of God. No man is justified in leaving the soul of his child to the care of strangers. Every miner ought to catechise his own boys; every weaver ought to make his child bear through life, as his first serious recollection, the scene when he stood by his father's knee repeating the Catechism, with Scripture proofs, and hearing kindly and pious explanations. The families of our humble friends lose inestimable advantages of order, intelligence, and happiness, by neglecting these fire-side exercises. The case of the "Labourer's Daughter," who has just written that beautiful little book, "The Pearl of Days," speaks to all fathers who toil hard, and to all mothers whose roof is lowly, in words of grateful promise. Let them but care for the souls of their little ones, nor vent their anxiety merely in prayer, but in constant efforts to store their minds with truth, and then sweet rewards will they reap, both here and in "a better country." The book of Mr. Wilson will afford valuable aid to parents of every class; nor will our active Sunday-school Teachers, or that new and interesting race of "true yoke-fellows," our Catechists, be slow to appreciate the help it holds out to them. It is entitled, "Facts and Incidents Illustrative of Scripture Doctrines;" and consists of a series of anecdotes, and quotations, so classified as to illustrate, one by one, the questions contained in the Catechism. Parents and others will find here an ample fund whence to provide themselves with stores of pleasure and information to sweeten for children the toil of learning; and to invest principles with the force example only can give.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WISHES.

Wishes are parents of large families; of idle, vain dreams, and air-castles. Wishes usually respect a good not within reach; but that wish brings up the contemplated good, and gives fancy wings, and the vain and trifling mind flies abroad on all sorts of excursions in all directions. He who loves to wish, generally loves also to give his imagination the reins. And the idle wish will start him off on a journey of imaginings, and he is far gone, sometimes long gone, from the sober and substantial realities of life. He comes back drooping and languid from that profitless excursion, and greatly unfitted for the actual, serious business of life. It was the idle wish that sent him away from home. He gained nothing by the journey but mental emptiness and some stripes of conscience, if it were sharp enough to discern and act in view of such folly.

Wishes are sources of self-deception. How many exclaim, and that countless times, "I wish I were a Christian; I wish my heart were right; I wish I had my portion with the people of God; I wish I knew more of the Scriptures!" &c. This wishing for good things is not seldom taken for real desires of the heart after spiritual good. It is taken as evidence of a mind somewhat, at least, set towards God and holy things. There seems, therefore, to be some goodness in it. Good wishes are mistaken for goodness; are put in the place of goodness itself, —the spurious in the place of the genuine coin. Good wishes are a very cheap substitute, and, it is to be feared, a very common one, for prayer, effort, zeal, and energy, in doing good. The one is so much easier than the other, that, with the additional motive that such wishes have a specious appearance of real goodness, they take the place of doing good.—*N. Y. C. A.*

OUR SERVANTS.

A LIGHT HEART IN HARD WORK.

The following anecdote, for the truth of which a Correspondent vouches, shows delightfully how much the humblest duties may be dignified, and how much the meanest individual may effect, by a fulness of spiritual life. We cannot read of the poor sweeper, singing out his holy joy in the close, dark chimney, without being reminded of Paul and Silas singing their joy in the inner prison. The lowest servant who has peace with God, may make her master and mistress wish they were as happy as she. And if she only so live as to make them feel that wish, she will be sure some day to find an opportunity of telling them what would make them happy too; and her word will have much power.

A chimney-sweeper was one morning going his usual round, at a place near

Wakefield: he called at the house of a respectable lady, and asked if the chimney wanted sweeping. "Yes," replied the lady, "you may come in the morning." The chimney-sweeper feared God; and, though so humble in life, God shone upon him with the light of his countenance.

The morning came, and preparation was made for the sweeper. He began to ascend the chimney, but on entering it broke out into singing,—

"In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun."

The lady was astonished at the sweeper singing in such joyful strains; especially when she remarked with what confidence he uttered these words. The Spirit of the Lord accompanied them, and they sank deep into her heart. The sweeper continued his course until he arrived at the top of the chimney; and when daylight broke in upon him, he commenced singing again,—

"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his."

It was too much for the lady to bear: she called him to come and pray with her; and when the sweeper got down, she was crying for mercy. He shook the soot from off his clothes, and went to prayer; and soon after the lady was soundly converted.

What consolation it would be to the poor sweeper to know that he had been instrumental in the hands of God of converting one soul!

Garforth. JOSEPH MOSBY.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SMUGGLING CARRIED ON BY DOGS.

THE first attempts at this extraordinary use of animal sagacity were made at Valenciennes. The system afterwards spread to Dunkirk and Charleville, and subsequently extended to Thionville, Strasbourg, and Besançon. The dogs trained to play the smuggler's part were conducted in packs to the foreign frontier, where they were kept without food for many hours: they were then beaten and laden, and in the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reached the abodes of their masters, which were generally selected at two or three leagues distance from the frontiers, as speedily as they could, where they were sure to be well treated, and provided with a quantity of food. The dogs engaged were conducted in leashes of from eight or ten to twenty, and even thirty, individuals: they went very unwillingly, well aware of the starvation and harsh treatment which awaited them. They were for the most part dogs of large size; and, as on their return they usually travelled direct across the country, they often did much mischief to agricultural property; and, moreover, according to the report, from being hunted about by the Custom-house officers, and subjected to excessive fatigue and various deprivations, they were very liable to hydrophobia, and frequently bit the officers; one of whom died in consequence in 1829. Tobacco and colonial produce were generally the objects of this illicit trade; sometimes cotton twist and manufactures. In the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, dogs have been taken with a value of £24, £25, or even £48. In 1833, it was estimated that 100,000 kilogrammes were thus introduced into France; (a kilogramme is equal to 2lbs. 8ozs. 3dwts. 2grs., troy;) in 1825, 187,315 kilogrammes; in 1826, 2,100,000 kilogrammes: but these estimates are reported as being under the mark. The burden of each dog has been regarded as averaging two and a half kilogrammes; but sometimes they carried ten, or even twelve, kilogrammes. The above estimate supposes that in certain districts one dog in ten got killed, in others one in twenty; but this is a matter of uncertainty; and the officers were of opinion that not above one dog in seventy-five was destroyed, even when notice had been given, and the canine smugglers were expected.

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.

SOON after the sun rose; and while his beams were nearly horizontal, we observed a very curious and interesting phenomenon. Whenever a bank of mist rested on the western brow of the hill, and the eastern one was clear, we could see our own shadows on the mist, surrounded as to the head and shoulders by a faint iris or rainbow. By watching attentively, all our movements could be discerned in these spectral figures. On extending the arm, I found its shadow reached beyond the halo that surrounded the head. By getting on a rock, the whole figure was perceptible; and each person thus saw his shadow standing in the air, apparently at a distance of about fifty yards from him, with his head surrounded by a halo of glory.

I do not exactly recollect, but I believe no one, unless standing very near to another, could see more than his own shadow, which from the nature of the phenomenon, I conclude would be the case.—*Voyage of the Fly, in the Eastern Archipelago.*—[How many an apparition in a mountainous country has its origin in a similar cause! Half the poetry of Ossian is in that little paragraph.—*Examiner.*]

THE GUINEA-FOWL, OR PENTADO.

Poetry sports with all nature; and, according to the inspiration under which she exercises her enchantments, turns all realities into material for fable, for passion, or for piety. The simple but beautiful bird represented above, and familiar to our poultry-yards, as the guinea-fowl, afforded to the mythological imagination of the ancient Greeks a hint for a fable. The sisters of Meleager, inconsolable for their brother's loss, were turned into birds, called *Meleagrides*. These grief-begotten birds testified their origin by wearing a plumage all sprinkled over with tear-drops. This conception must be admitted to have its beauty; and, perhaps, few who are aware of the Greek fable, can look upon a guinea-hen without feeling that her sober robe, her spots so like to tear-drops, and her querulous, unjoyous voice, harmonize well with the idea of a bereaved mind transmigrated into a feathered body. Our own fancy, influenced by our northern clime and less imaginative age, would have been that of a bird on which a shower of hail had fallen, and made a permanent impression.

The guinea-fowl is a native of Africa; that land where even birds might weep for the follies and the woes of man. But it must have become known to the Greeks in an early age, as it is named by Aristotle. It is supposed that the Ætolians first introduced it, and that it became naturalized in the country, though not very common. It is also named by Pliny, and other Roman writers, showing that they too had become acquainted with the modest African. Like many another ancient family, that of the guinea-fowl has left no traces on the history of the middle ages; nor are we able to tell the route by which it reached our own shores, the port where it landed, or the worthy householder in whose aviary it first made acquaintance with genuine British birds. All to which our learning is competent in this history, is the declaration, that when, in the reign of Edward IV., Archbishop Nevill gave a famous feast, the list taken (and preserved) of the poultry thereat served, maketh no mention in any sort of the name or title of the guinea-fowl. We may further add, that this name is also wanting from the

household-book which records the dainties and rarities provided for the table of "bluff King Hal." It is, therefore, plain that the naturalization of the guinea-fowl in England is not of ancient date. Even yet it is not naturalized in the most northern countries of Europe, such as Sweden, Norway, and Russia.

It is found in its wild state over a very extensive tract of the African continent; as also in the West Indies at Hayti: it is, however, believed that in Hayti it is not indigenous, but that it was imported from Guinea. It is eminently gregarious in its wild state, frequents marshes and low grounds, wandering about in large flocks during the day searching for food, and at night retiring to woods, where the flock roost in a crowded state. It runs with a rapidity somewhat resembling that of the partridge; and when compelled to take flight, continues but a short time upon the wing.

Cream-coloured guinea-fowls sometimes occur; but even in them the white spots are still discernible. In another variety we find a white breast, but miss that richness in the general colouring which marks the more familiar specimens. The guinea-fowl is impatient of restraint, prone to wander when domesticated, and the female will seldom hatch her eggs in close confinement. The eggs are of a pale yellowish red, with minute dark spots, and somewhat smaller than the egg of the common fowl: they vary in number from twelve to twenty. Both they and the flesh of the guinea-fowl are excellent food. The guinea-fowl loves to make her nest in dense brushwood; and during the period of incubation the female is recluse and shy.

THE DELUGE.

Geologists are now converging to the opinion that there are no sensible vestiges of the deluge upon the earth; and Dr. Fleming, who is of this opinion, contends also for its consistency with the truth of the scriptural deluge, in that it may have been brought upon the world without the alteration of any of its sensible features. And certain it is, that if the water from beneath came by openings in the bottom of the sea, or by the fountains of the great deep being broken up, one can imagine an elevation of level from this cause without any such disturbance on the surface of the earth, as might affect aught that is visible either in its islands or continents. The stopping of the fountains of the deep, through which there was an efflux of water from beneath, would restrain the further increase of the flood from that quarter; but unless there were other openings made by which a reflux could be effected, one does not see how the decrease of the flood can be accounted for. The wind might take up all that had been deposited from above, but this alone would not effect a subsidency of the waters to their former level. The sending forth of the dove, her finding no rest for the sole of her foot, her return to the ark, the projection of the hand through the window to pull her in, her second mission and return with the olive-leaf, altogether make up a very graphical representation. I may here record the strong interest I feel in these Scripture histories, enhanced, I have no doubt, by the recollections of my boyhood; convincing me that it is a most useful education for the juvenile mind to be seasoned and made familiar therewith. Wilkie, the painter, told me that the ark experiment of a bird was tried with a dove from a balloon, and that it returned after that it had been let out, and that an experiment was intended with a raven; but I have not heard if the latter trial has actually been made.—*Dr. Chalmers's Daily Scripture-Readings.*

ANECDOTE OF TWO DOGS.

A well-known officer of high rank in the British army had two dogs of the terrier breed; the one rough-coated, and of large size, of great intelligence and great attachment, named Pincher. The other was a very small, smooth-coated, snarling, little animal, but an excellent house-guard, named Jacko. These animals lived together on very friendly terms, domiciled generally in the housekeeper's room, where they were great favourites.

One Sunday evening, the servants were summoned to prayers, leaving the room with their supper on the table, the cook only remaining in the kitchen adjoining the supper-room. In a short time Pincher went into the kitchen, and pulled the cook's gown, who, supposing he was begging for food, chid the animal, and drove him away. In a few minutes he returned, and again pulled at the cook's dress, when he was again reproved. A third time he came, and pulled her gown with more vehemence; when, wondering at the cause, she followed him to the supper-room, when the first thing she saw was little Jacko helping himself to the supper.

Here a degree of intelligence was shown nearly allied to reason. — *From Jesse's "Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies."*

THE SAGACITY OF THE CAT.

In the latter part of last year, I was on a visit to a friend in Merionethshire, where there were two very fine tom-cats. After breakfast or tea the cream-jug was sometimes put aside on a table, when I have observed one of the cats occasionally go to it, and, as he could not put his head in the jug, he would put his paw in, and afterwards lick it: he would continue the process till the jug would be nearly empty, and afterwards knock

the jug over to get the remainder. I thought the cat well deserved the milk for his sagacity.

J. J.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following parabolical piece of natural history. We suppose his object is to show that if a person could train a dog to be deterred by the sound of the word, "credit," it must be equally possible to train young persons to be deterred from running into expenses by the idea of debt. —ED.

That the canine species are remarkably sagacious, the following occurrence will serve to evince. A stranger called at a bread and flour shop, a short time since, in a small village, in the Brigg Circuit, and purchased a penny loaf for a hungry dog. But, lo! when the master said that the bread was upon credit, the dog would not even touch a bit of it; but when he afterwards said that it was paid for, he immediately began to devour it with all the avidity imaginable. Were this the case with the human species, what a wonderful revolution would take place!

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN WESLEY TO MR. FURLEY.

Bristol, March 30th, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter some time since, and rejoiced to find that you are still determined to save yourself, by the grace of God, from this perverse generation. But this cannot possibly be done at Cambridge, (I speak from long experience,) unless you can make and keep one resolution, to have no acquaintance but such as fear God. I know, it may be some time before you will find any that truly bear this character. If so, it is best to be alone till you do, and to converse only with your absent friends by letter. But if you are carried away with the stream into frequent conversation with harmless, good-natured, honest trifiers, they will soon steal away all your strength, and stifle all the grace of God in your soul.

With regard to your studies, I know no better method you could pursue, than to take the printed rules of Kingswood-school, and to read all the authors therein mentioned, in the same order as they occur there. The authors set down for those in the school, you would probably read over (with application) in about a twelvemonth; and those afterwards named, in a year or two more: and it will not be lost labour. I suppose you to rise not later than five; to allow an hour in the morning and another in the evening for private exercises; an hour before dinner, and one in the afternoon (suppose from four to five) for walking; and to go to bed between nine and ten.

I commend you to Him who is able to carry you through all dangers, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

J. WESLEY.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, VICAR OF EVERTON, HUNTS., TO MR. REYNOLDS, OF GAMLINGAY.

Tottenham Chapel, Sept. 23d, 1763.

DEAR FRIEND,

IF through mistake or mishap my church should want a Preacher on any Sunday in my absence, I must entreat you to preach in my orchard, both morning and afternoon. Or if a Preacher should come who can take care of my church only on one part of the day, then I must beg of you to preach in the other part in my orchard. On Sunday October 3d, Mr. Hicks purposes to help me, whether in the forenoon or afternoon I know not; but whatever noon he takes, do you take the other. I expect Mr. Madan at Everton on Sunday, October 10th, and purpose to be at Everton on October 17th. If anything material happens, please acquaint me with it, by sending a line directed to me at Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, near Moorfields, London.

Give my love to your wife, and take the same yourself. The grace of our dear Lord be with you both, and with

JOHN BERRIDGE.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOSEPH COOK.

BY THE REV. W. E. BAMBRIDGE.

THE fashion of this world passeth away; the fairest earthly flower fades; everything here is fleeting. Our closest bonds are soon dissolved; what we fancied ourselves to hold most firmly, glides out of our hand. But if we lose for awhile our friends, we may pre-

serve their memorials. In the following brief notice, an attempt will be made rather to magnify the grace of God, as displayed in his servant, than to eulogize the dead. Perhaps the account may be interesting, as presenting a specimen of the variety which characterizes the operations of divine grace.

Mr. Joseph Cook was born at Rowell, Northamptonshire, on the 1st of August, 1802. Whether his parents made any pretensions to piety, we do not know: they probably were too much concerned about worldly business to mind religion. Be that as it may, Joseph was not religiously educated; indeed, very little attention was bestowed on either his moral or intellectual culture. Hence his entire youth was spent in thoughtless frivolity; juvenile vices strongly marked his course; and with ripening intellect, he fully devoted himself to the world. "The question," says one, "is not, Shall children be educated? but, How shall they be educated? A boy who is not trained virtuously, is trained to habits of vice." The truth of this remark may be seen in Mr. Cook's early history. To the absence of early religious training, may be traced his whole course of youthful delinquency: the one was the fountain, the other the stream. His entire youth was thus lost. Of a buoyant disposition, witty, cheerful, and amiable, he was sought after, and soon had a large circle of associates: indeed, he was the soul of the parties to which he was drawn; his creative mirth seemed as the life-blood of their sociality. Frothy, vain, careless, he was equally regardless of the present and the future. Without God in the world, a stranger to the way of peace, a traveller in a large and dreary wilderness, he heard no friendly voice inviting him to the narrow path; he had no friend to direct his erring steps aright.

Nothing of note occurred during his apprenticeship: to his master he was attentive, but God was forgotten. And yet during this period it was that the good seed of the kingdom was deposited in his soul, and that the preparation for his ultimate conversion commenced. He was not an utter stranger to the Gospel; for he had occasionally listened to the evangelical ministry of the Rev. Messrs. Brotherhood and Scott, the former a Clergyman of the Established Church, the latter an Independent Minister, the present Tutor at Airedale College. But the circumstance which most impressed him was this: one day he had been from home on business, and being detained, night drew on ere he reached his master's house: he had to go through a considerable part of the town, and found the people were generally retiring to rest. He passed on till his attention was arrested by a voice, as of a man engaged in earnest discourse, and he drew near to ascertain what it might be. The voice, though not very loud, was yet distinct and audible; for all was still around. It was not conversation, for there was but one speaker: it could not be preaching, at such an hour: what was it? He listened: it was the voice of prayer. After the toils of the day, a good man was commending himself and family to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Strange, thought the listener; and again he moved forwards, and again a voice he heard. Another, another, yet another; several families did he find thus engaged. A deep awe, an indescribable sensation, came over his spirit. Scarcely would a voice from the Eternal's throne have impressed him so deeply, or convinced him so thoroughly, of the sublime beauty of religion, the wickedness of his own course, and the desirableness of holy living. No arguments, no sermons, no books, had ever affected him as the voice of domestic devotion, breaking the stillness of the night, had done. He felt he knew not what; the loveliness of religion charmed him; its simple earnestness overcame him; thoughts unwonted, rushing, filled his mind. How fair and auspicious a commencement was this! Who would not have anticipated an immediate surrender? Alas! he had none to whom he could tell his thoughts and feelings, no Christian friend to lead him to the throne of grace; and years rolled away ere he gave himself fully to God. But though seed lie hid awhile beneath the soil, it has not utterly perished: the genial rains and quickening sunbeams will in due season cause it to spring and revive. A youth may not immediately exhibit the product of a religious truth deposited within him: it may lie hidden for years, and yet it may ultimately appear. It was so here: Mr. Cook did not totally forget the circumstance, or the impressions produced by it; but he continued to live in sin; and though his conscience approved the better way, his conduct evinced a preference for the worse. And so he would probably have continued, but for the providence of God, which shortly afterwards brought him more directly under the means of grace and salvation.

In the year 1821, Rowell was made a regular preaching-place in the Kettering Circuit. Attempts had been previously made, by holding occasional services; and once a Travelling Preacher, on his way to another place, preached a sermon out of doors, but it had not been put on the Plan before. And this effort was but too much like the others: no impression was made, the people were not attracted. Methodist preaching was like ploughing on a rock, or sowing seed on the barren sand; and as neither a society nor congregation could be collected, again the place was given up. Subsequent events fully proved, however, that the failure was owing to mismanagement: a society would certainly have been established, if proper means had been used. Rowell needed a home-missionary agency; regular out-door preaching. The

population on which Methodism had to work was totally irreligious; did not, would not, attend any place of worship, but might have been found by hundreds in the streets on the Sabbath. And how was it sought to bring these people under religious influence? No man went into the street to them to proclaim there, in their very midst, the Gospel method of salvation; but a small cottage was taken, to which they might come if they pleased. It did not require the gift of prophecy to foretell the issue. Among the few who did attend was Mr. Cook; and from those cottage services he obtained light, if not saving grace.

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

LATE INUNDATION AT INVERNESS.

We extract the following from a graphic account given in the "Inverness Courier." After describing the gradual rise of the River Ness, the writer says:—"From three o'clock till five the river increased. At the latter hour, it had surrounded the houses on the higher parts of Ness-bank to the depth of nearly two feet, and, penetrating through the drains, had flooded the lower apartments. In a few minutes more it had risen over the door-steps, and flowed in a rapidly increasing stream through the houses. Some had fortunately taken the alarm in time, and had got up their carpets and more perishable furniture; but others were not so provident or lucky, and their valuable furnishings must have suffered much injury. The water had now reached the Haugh-road, down which it ran in a rapid stream from the head of the Ladies'-Walk, covering Dr. Nicol's fine garden and the fields adjacent. The small houses between the Haugh and the river, which had first been flooded, were now altogether abandoned; the water reached to the thatch, and the people had removed their beds and apparel to the higher dwellings in the neighbourhood. One poor and industrious widow, however, had to lament the loss of her cow. 'Crummie' was her only support; and by its death she has been deprived of the means of maintaining herself in independence.

"It now became evident that the Old Bridge could not much longer resist the tremendous power of the current. It trembled sensibly; and the roar of the waters as they rushed in foam through the groaning arches, is described as most awful. At a few minutes before six o'clock, when the flood had almost reached the key-stone of the lower arches, and the spray was breaking in sheets over the parapet-walls, the policeman who was stationed to warn passengers of the danger of crossing, observed the exposed half of the southern arch, adjoining Bridge-street, giving way, and in a few seconds it crumbled down, and was engulfed. The bridge-lamps had continued to burn; but all at once the lights went out, a slight groaning sound was heard, the centre arch gave way, and in a minute afterwards the whole seven arches at once disappeared beneath the flood, leaving only a portion of the pier and parapet of the arch next Bridge-street, with the lamp attached. The obstruction caused by the fallen materials, for a moment forced back the mighty flood. It rose high over the banks, swept up to the houses in Gordon-place, and then as rapidly receded, and the current rushed on, foaming and boiling in frightful waves over the fallen fragments of the bridge. Thus fell the good old fabric that for more than a century and a half had breasted the Ness, and buffeted its floods. The last person who crossed it was a daring sailor, named Matthew Campbell, who at the time was 'two sheets in the wind,' and who afterwards did good and generous service in assisting the poor people in their extremity. He happened to come down Bridge-street at the moment the fragment of the small arch gave way, and, in spite of the entreaties and the physical opposition of the watchman, he sprang forwards, saying that he would cross and tell the people on the other side. He lost no time in crossing, but had barely reached the northern bank when the whole fabric disappeared. An old Highland prophecy said that, when the bridge fell there should be upon it three red-haired women, and two grey mares; and that the event would happen at a time when men would be so scarce that nine women would be seen chasing a poor cripple tailor. Coinneach Odhar, who predicted the fate of the bridge under such circumstances, could scarcely expect, after showing such a sad lack of gallantry, that his prophecy would be fulfilled. The bridge fell at exactly a quarter past six; and in a very short time thereafter, the fact had flown over the town. In several families the event excited the most fearful apprehensions as well as sorrow. A very few minutes before its fall, the grandchildren of the Rev. Dr. Rose, the venerable Minister of Inverness, had been sent across under charge of a servant, the Doctor intending himself to follow, and seek shelter in some less exposed situation. The loss of the bridge, however, separated him and the children, without the power of ascertaining whether all had escaped.

"By half-past six o'clock the whole of the houses in the Green were flooded to a depth of from two to three feet. Wherever the inmates could escape unassisted, they were hurrying out, carrying with them the most valuable of their little household stores. Mothers and daughters, screaming with dread, were to be seen with half-dressed and affrighted children in their arms, abandoning their houses, and wading through the rapidly-rising waters. Fathers and brothers assisted in the hasty flight, many of them carrying with them poor and bed-ridden friends and neighbours, who had not left their rooms for many a day, until threatened with instant death in their beds. All whose houses were situated on the higher grounds, and beyond the immediate reach of the flood, threw open their doors for the reception of the houseless, and many a deed of Christian kindness was done in the darkness of that fearful morning which no eye saw save His that never slumbers nor sleeps.

"All day long these household flights were continued; and amongst the last who was taken out, about five o'clock, was an old cripple man, a tailor, from an attic in Tomnahurich-street. He had remained in his garret during the day, half dead with fear; and in his haste to rush into the arms of the person who carried him out, forgot the indispensable crutches. Thus, when set down on the solid ground, he found himself far more helpless than before.

"The Merkinch presented an extraordinary scene in the course of the afternoon. Between four and five o'clock it was currently reported that an intimation had been sent from Dochgarroch to warn the people that they should be prepared to remove entirely, as the safety of the canal could no longer be guaranteed. The alarm spread like wild-fire. A general movement at once commenced. From every house people were to be seen carrying blankets and bedding, bundles of wearing apparel, and small articles most easily taken away. The excitement was not confined to the least intelligent: every one shared in the consternation. A stream of people flocked to the New Bridge; and as they could only pass by a few at a time, it was almost ludicrous to witness old women and old men, frail and feeble, with their grey hair, and clothes fashioned half a century ago, running as they had never ran since the days of their youth. The evening closed in gloom and sadness. The streets presented objects of misery wandering about homeless and friendless; and the dark clouds seemed to threaten another fall of pitiless rain. For the hundreds of the poorer classes who sought for shelter upon the south side, but who had no private friends on whose hospitality to depend, the Magistrates and Committee made every provision in their power. The kitchen of the Northern Meeting-rooms, the Town-hall, Bell's school, the Poor's-house, and the Gaelic church, all received as many as offered. Numberless applicants appeared, and all were accommodated. Dr. Nicol very properly insisted on a separation of the sexes; and whilst the females were accommodated principally in the kitchen of the Northern Meeting-rooms, the males were quartered in Bell's Institution. Some little objection was made to this arrangement by some of the poor women who were burdened with the care of numerous families; but the sympathy and assistance of the unencumbered females were freely offered, and lightened the weight of their cares and sorrows. Blazing fires were kindled in the various places of refuge, and straw was provided in abundance for beds. Many also of those who sought the shelter of these rooms brought with them their own blankets, so that, considering all things, they passed the night in comparative comfort. For supper, bread and beer, at the town's expense, was provided. Conveyances were hired to assist the transport of the infirm and sick, and everything was done that could be thought of on so short a notice. Admission was obtained by tickets, or other orders; and at the doors police-officers were stationed to preserve the privacy of the inmates from intrusion, and to see that no improper person obtained admission amongst them. The Guildry-hall was also opened, and set apart as a place where the police-officers might obtain food, and snatch moments of rest, as they were successively relieved, for short periods."

It is gratifying that this visitation terminated without one case of loss of life from drowning.

POETRY.

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."—Isai. ii. 2, &c.

MIGHTIEST of the ancient seers,
Rapt in wonder, lift thine eyes,
See the "fulness of the years;"
Mark its glories as they rise.

By thy God-assisted sight,
Pierce the darkness God hath cast
O'er the future; till in light
Shines the future as the past.

What though many an age may roll,
Ere the promises be seal'd?
God hath comforted thy soul
By a vision fore-reveal'd.

Time hath at His bidding fled;
Space hath vanished away:
Chosen seer, lift up thine head,
Rise, behold the latter day!

See the heavenly Sion stand,
As a general resting-place;
Thither come from every land,
Children born of every race.
What a mountain temple! See!
Strangers, pilgrims, brethren come;
Pouring in incessantly,
Finding each a long-lost home!

War at length is heard no more;
Enmities for ever cease:
Meekly reigns on every shore
Universal, endless peace.
Now the world is like a child
Gently sleeping at the breast;
With its parent reconciled,
And within itself at rest.

God, mysterious Three in One,
All earth's family adore;
Bow no more to wood and stone;
Worship sun and stars no more.
Man, to praise his Maker, rise
With the brotherhood above;
Men and angels harmonize:
Earth and heaven are full of love!

Bolton. R. W. MARSLAND.

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

1 KINGS XIX.

For forty nights and forty days,
By raging foes pursued,
Elijah, far from human gaze,
Traversed the solitude.
And now on Horeb's holy height,
He sits him down to rest;
And muses on the matchless sight,
When God stood forth confest.

A sudden blast comes rushing past,
With terror in its train;
An earthquake strong careers along,
And rends the rocks in twain.
'Tis pass'd; and now with sudden glow
A flame is sweeping by;
The vivid glare illumes the air,
And flashes to the sky.

"'Tis He, 'tis He," with downcast eye,
The trembling Prophet said;
"'Tis He, 'tis He," the caves reply,
Low murmuring o'er his head.
Yet not in blast, or earthquake's shock,
Or fire, his God appears;
But stealing o'er the hoary rock,
A "still small voice" he hears.

A still small voice, with tones of peace,
And promises of rest,
Comes whispering on the noiseless breeze,
And soothes the Prophet's breast.

It falls like music's magic strain,
When gnawing griefs devour;
It falls, like fertilizing rain
On summer's withering flower.

And God himself is in the voice,
And sweet his presence proves;
It raises, cheers, and makes rejoice
The Prophet whom he loves.
Great God! though stern thy coming prove,
By earthquake, fire, or blast;
The "still small voice" of heavenly love
Shall cheer thine own at last.

ZETA.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Where are life's pleasures now,
When rosy health and strength have fled?
When o'er the pallid brow
The hectic flush of fever's spread,
And the glazed eye, with vacant stare,
Scarce shows that vision lingers there?

My path through life hath been
Alike 'midst fair and toilsome roads;
Yet have I nothing seen,
But makes me long for those abodes
Where, though all worldly pleasures cease,
We gain instead—eternal peace.

Witheridge. E. MANLEY.

LINES.

I WATCH'D a child, a little child, upon its mother's breast,
As tenderly she bent above and kiss'd it into rest:
Joy was upon that baby-brow, nor care nor sorrow there;
How could they dwell with anything so beautiful and fair?

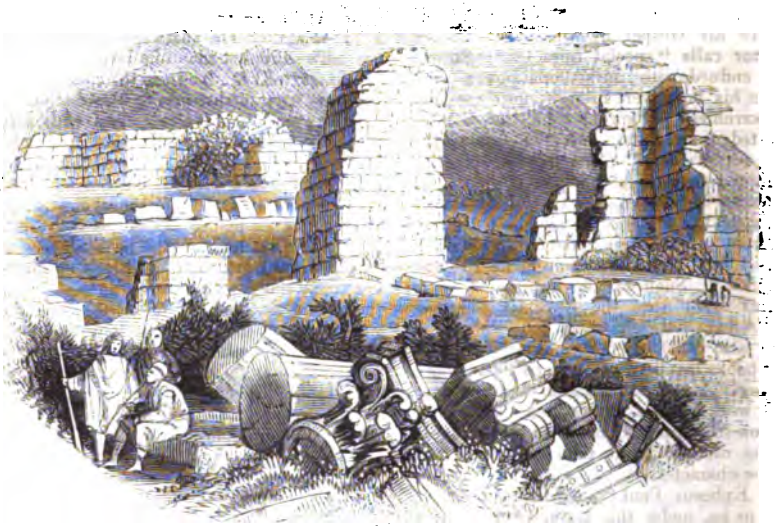
And there were whisper'd words of bliss, and joy too deep to tell,
Emotions which would scorn a voice, save in the spirit's swell.
One little word alone could tell the cause of that deep bliss;
For none can memory love so well, retain so long as this.

The *mother's* name to aged man, as well as laughing boy,
O! is it not a talisman of deep and secret joy?
And if there is in memory's book one scene we would recall,
Surely that name is closely link'd with every one and all.

O say, what would be even home without her gentle smile?
Though thought of home transports my soul o'er many a weary mile;
Mother and *home*, these sounds are sweet, yet unto me 'tis given
To find two sweeter, holier sounds in *Father* and in *heaven*.

EDITH.

ORIENTAL SCENES.



THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

VI.—EPHESUS.

"A FEW unintelligible heaps of stones, with some mud cottages, untenanted," is the description given by Arundell of the present aspect of that city which the ancients used to designate "one of the eyes of Asia." The very sea seems to have forsaken the scene of so much ancient wealth and glory; for, where once floated ships from all parts of the world, there exists now a "pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes." Yet this is the city of which Strabo spoke as one of the best and most glorious of cities. The only ruin that now presents much interest on the site of Ephesus is that of the amphitheatre, an erection which, in keeping with the barbarous grandeur of the age, is said to have been capable of accommodating thirty thousand spectators. It was, in all probability, within this huge enclosure that swelled the tumult raised by Demetrius against Paul.

Vast as was the amphitheatre, Ephesus did not rest its fame for architecture on that structure, but on the temple of Diana, to which universal fame assigned a place amongst the seven wonders of the world. Erostratus took a strange way to immortalize himself, by burning down that magnificent pile. But as this peurile attempt at immortality occurred on the very night on which Alexander was born, it may have led many a man to ask, "Which of the two was the wiser? he that burned a temple to immortalize his name, or he that, with the same ambition, made war upon a world?" Whichever of the two was the more guilty, surely the satisfaction given after death by that repetition of their names which they each chose to miscall "immortality," has been equally valuable in the case of the incendiary as in that of the conqueror.

The public zeal for Diana did not long tolerate the desolation of her shrine. A nobler temple than the first soon attested that "the city of Ephesus was a worshipper of the great goddess Diana." Four hundred and twenty-five feet long, by two hundred and twenty wide, the new temple was of magnificent proportions. That daring Dinocrates, who offered to carve Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, and who provided him with a far nobler monument by building the city of Alexandria, is said to have been the architect of this wondrous edifice. "The image which fell down from Jupiter," and which formed the "Diana of the Ephesians," did not answer to the simple huntress figure which classic poets praise, and classic marble embodies. On the contrary, the Ephesian image seems designed to symbolize, not sylvan sports, but fecund nature; for it is the figure of a woman whose whole bust is covered with breasts.

From the mythic worship of Diana flowed a number of occult sciences, of which Ephesus naturally became the focus. Here, too, the Jews practised their magic, and united with the heathen sorcerers in their secret arts.

It was, then, not wonderful that, in a place where the populace were constantly imposed upon by "lying wonders," or led into error by some real exercise of powers (either natural or evil) which they did not themselves possess, God should graciously introduce his Gospel by what the inspired narrator calls "special miracles." So was Paul endued with miraculous power, that "from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." The Jewish sorcerers attempted to imitate this power, which had doubtless been given, like that of Moses, to put their incantations to silence. But, so far from saving their tottering reputation, they "fled from the house, naked and wounded." Such was the impression made by this event upon the Ephesian jugglers, that "fear fell on them all.—Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men." This was a signal triumph over those works of darkness which Christianity has now so completely banished that no question is more difficult than to settle their precise character.

In Ephesus Paul "fought with beasts:" perhaps he, under this term, describes by a bold metaphor the furious mob who raged against him in the amphitheatre, the usual scene of combat with wild beasts, or else he was compelled actually to stand face to face with enraged animals.

Ephesus was that one of the seven churches to which the Lord first directed John to write. On that very spot where we see now but "a few unintelligible heaps of stones," lived the men whom even the Saviour from his throne acknowledged to have "works, and labour, and patience." But, alas! they had left their first love. They were told that nought but swift repentance could prevent the Saviour from coming quickly and removing their candlestick out of its place. Look for their light now. It has long, long been quenched. The call was not heeded. Their cold hearts continued cold. Warning did not recall them, and punishment followed. Let him who has left his first love look upon the ruins of Ephesus, and weep. Let him "remember from whence he is fallen, and repent, and do his first works." And he who has kept his first love, let him look on the ruins of Ephesus, and say,—

"Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!"

ANECDOTES.

"MY HAT WAS AT THE BOTTOM."

(A Scrap gathered in a Village adjacent to Salisbury.)

One evening last autumn, as I was reclining upon an old gate, and surveying, with a delighted eye, one of the rich vales watered by the Avon,—the sun had almost disappeared, an autumnal blast was blowing the yellow leaves from the trees,—my mind became deeply impressed with the brevity of our mortal existence. "As these leaves are falling, so we are dying," said I, in a low murmur, to myself. But now the sun threw a rich glow upon the whole valley; his brilliant rays fell peacefully amid the yellow foliage of numberless trees; the distant spire, and renowned pile of architecture, seemed burnished gold; the river murmuring at my feet, strongly reflected the red light. The parapeted towers of a castle, gilded with light, appeared peeping through some evergreen-trees, and the whole seemed like an eastern fairy tale. "Ah! though frail," said I, "yet heaven's golden shores are open to the soul of the Christian, and——" Here, in the midst of my musings, I was interrupted by the appearance of a tall, athletic man, who was rapidly approaching the gate upon which I leaned. I felt somewhat sorry that I was so interrupted; and feeling inclined to proceed with my musings, and also to lead the stranger to enjoy so delightful a sight, I thus addressed him. "My friend, I was just thinking, what a beautiful scene!" and I pointed to the valley below. The man, for the time, seemed quite unconscious; he did not speak, nor even look behind to that at which I pointed. And as I moved from the gate, to allow him to pass, I thought it was more than probable that he did not hear what I said. The sun was by this time almost gone; a strong breeze scattered innumerable leaves upon our heads from a tree above. "My friend," I said, "as these leaves are falling, so we are dying." "True," he replied: "it was but the other day that I saw a neighbour buried in our little churchyard yonder." "A solemn warning to you," I said, "to be ready; for ye know not in what day or hour your Lord doth come." "Glory," he exclaimed, with energy, "glory to God! my hat was at the bottom." "What!" I asked: "your hat at the bottom? what do you mean?" "Mean! that that is how I came to be prepared to meet my God. That is how I came to taste his sweet forgiving love: for there was a time when I cared nought about the things of eternal life; when I was fast asleep in nature's night, buried in sin and iniquity;

and hearing a companion of mine state, that they made such a noise at the little Methodist chapel, I agreed to go and see why they were making this noise. We went one evening, and on entering, I saw a number of hats and caps just inside the door. I threw my hat down amongst the rest; and, being rather curious, I proceeded onward, until I reached the communion-rail, where (as they were all kneeling) I knelt down. When I heard them all praying around me, I thought what a sinner I was, and how careless I was. I thought God would surely send me to hell. I began to feel very uneasy, and rather afraid they would speak to me; so I said to my companion, 'I say, I'd go out, only my hat's at the bottom;' and a good old Christian, who heard what I said, shouted out, 'Glory to God! M——'s hat's at the bottom;' and kneeling by my side, she began to talk to me. I felt I was a sinner, and I began to weep, and that night I went away from the chapel burdened and heavy-laden with sin; determined to give my heart to God. I was some time in this distress of soul, until one day I was out with a waggon, and kneeling down by the side of a gate-post, I prayed, I believed, I was made unspeakably happy; and He always makes me happy. Bless His name for what He has done for me! He has done more and better for me, than ever I could ask or think."

After a few mutual congratulations that we were each in that narrow path, and offering up a prayer that we might meet in the regions of never-ending felicity, we parted: myself not a little gratified. I thought that if Christians in general were to speak more to persons about things of a religious character, they would oftener prove that "he that watereth others shall himself be watered;" it would tend to deepen their piety, and greatly to augment their usefulness.

RUMINATOR.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SOME time ago, Miss Hillyard, the Governess in the royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said, "Your Royal Highness is not minding your business: will you be pleased to look at your book, and learn your lesson?" His Royal Highness replied that he should not. "Then," said the governess, "I shall put you in the corner." His Royal Highness again said that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into any corner, for he was the Prince of Wales; and, as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass. Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said, "Sir, you must learn your lesson; and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner!" However, the threat was of no avail; the defiance was repeated, and that too in the same determined manner as before, his Royal Highness breaking another pane of glass. Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at nought, rang the bell, and requested that his Royal Highness Prince Albert might be sent for. Shortly the Prince arrived, and, having learned the reason why his presence was required, addressing the Prince of Wales, and pointing to a footstool or ottoman, said, "You will sit there, Sir!" His Royal Highness then went into his own room, and, returning with a Bible in his hand, he said to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, "Now, I want you to listen to what St. Paul says about people who are under tutors and governors;" and having read the passage to him, he added, "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales; and, if you conduct yourself with propriety, you may, some day, be a great man; you may be King, in the room of your mother. But now you are only a little boy: though you are Prince of Wales, you are only a child, under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed, and must have those placed under them to do as they are bid." "Moreover," said his Royal Highness, "I must tell you what Solomon says;" and he read to him the declaration, that he who loveth his son chasteneth him betimes; and then, in order to show his love for his child, he chastised him, and put him in a corner, saying, "Now, Sir, you will stand there until you have learnt your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out; and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed." [The above anecdote was related by Mr. J. J. Bourne, one of the Agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at a meeting of the York Auxiliary.]

MISSIONS.

DUNCAN'S JAMAICA.

WILLIAM PENN, the Quaker, gave to America Pennsylvania; and his father, Sir William Penn, the Admiral, gave to England, in the stern days of Cromwell, the magnificent island of Jamaica. Perhaps no portion of the world, of similar surface and population, has borne an equal part in the career of our modern

politics and philanthropy. The records of St. Stephen's, and of Exeter-Hall, are equally familiar with the name and concerns of the fertile island. Within the memory of most adults that island has passed from slavery to freedom; and coincident with the growth of civil liberty, has been a glorious progress of spiritual life. In the change that has been wrought upon the Jamaican population, it has been the happiness and dignity of Methodism to accomplish much. Side by side with other labourers her humble Missionaries have toiled in the strength of God; and the fruit of their labours "furnishes," to use the appropriate words of the Rev. Peter Duncan, "a chapter of some interest to the great volume of ecclesiastical history." We think when our friends have read the work just issued by Mr. Duncan, "A Narrative of the Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica," they will feel that the chapter thus contributed to ecclesiastical history, is not only of "some," but of much and peculiar, interest. Could Eusebius awake, and read this latest *addendum* to his great work, he would find the Gospel moving in a new field, amongst a population made up of different races, against difficulties strangely compounded of African Heathenism and Protestant Christianity, of grinding slavery and British liberty, of brute ignorance and periodical literature, of lawless assaults and legislative decrees. He would find it spread by men who in rank, mode of preparation for the ministry, and heart for their work, would make him think of some of those whose labours he traced in the earlier days of the Christian struggle. And as he saw the gradual emerging of that fair isle from the horrid gloom in which the beginning of our "Narrative" finds it, into the clear light of Christian truth and the bland air of English freedom, he would lay down the volume, we wot, with a wish that he had lived in a day that furnished such a subject.

Mr. Duncan has two merits, for which all Missionary literature has not been remarkable,—brevity and modesty. His record runs along with less of the amplification so delightful to the *narrator*, than of the condensation becoming the historian. And he is perfectly free from that philosophico-religious rhetoric which in many recent books bespangles the soberest statement and the flattest ideas with half intelligible and half ridiculous ornaments. He understands his subject, is sure of his ground, writes straight forward, leads you with him, and whenever you stop to breathe, you feel that you have been making a very interesting and instructive journey. We wish our space permitted us to give our readers an outline of the book; for we have the joy of feeling that we write for many who can seldom spend a few shillings on mental delights. Such of our friends as cannot afford to purchase Mr. Duncan's work for themselves will have a loss; nor can we supply it. The mere sketch we might press into a few sentences would give them no distinct ideas of the tale here told; a tale of struggle, of distress, of consolation, of victory, and of joy; a tale which opens before us the progress of one of the most notable triumphs of the work of God. We are sincerely glad that every Wesleyan family may now possess, in a volume so "got up" as to ornament their tables, a record which will increase their intelligence, their philanthropy, and their delight in the regeneration of the human family. We are glad, also, that the public in general will have the opportunity of tracing the path by which God has led us in Jamaica, and of learning clearly and satisfactorily the course and issue of our blessed West Indian enterprise. Reading Societies will find this a book every way suited to give interest, instruction, and profit. We are glad such Societies exist in many Circuits; for they bring valuable knowledge, and sound edification, within the reach of many who would otherwise be denied the books in which they are to be found.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GOURD.

In Palestine is known a plant of intolerably bitter taste, and poisonous qualities, called "the Prophets' gourd" (*cucumis Prophetarum*). From this plant our druggists prepare an extract called colocynth, which is generally known amongst us as a very useful drastic medicine. After Elisha had received of his Master the joy of giving back to the Shunammite her son, he went to Gilgal, and found a school of the Prophets. "There was a dearth in the land," and the Prophet directed his servant to prepare pottage for the sons of the Prophets. "One went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage: for they knew them not. So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof." This account appears to indicate an extremely disagreeable taste in the food, which at once gave the impression that it was poisonous. The Prophet's miracle consisted not merely in depriving the pottage

of its deadly character, but also in making it eatable. It is highly probable that the plant now known as the *cucumis Prophetarum* is the same as that referred to in this narrative. And this is the plant of which a representation is given in our engraving.

The gourd is mentioned in another place in Scripture; but the word is different in the original, and probably a different plant is meant. Jonah had delivered his terrible message. The eye so often wearied with the sights it looks down upon, had seen, for once, a King and his whole people unite in an act of repentance; and, relenting at the sight, had stayed the flash of wrath wherewith it was about to consume the city. Jonah was more annoyed to see his own word fail, than pleased to see a whole city delivered. He sat him down on the east of the city, to see if, after all, it could escape. "And the Lord prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." But the gourd was blighted by a worm; and Jonah, suffering under a fierce sun and a scorching wind, averred that he "did well to be angry for the gourd." From an early age it has been a matter of dispute what plant is intended by the gourd of Jonah. Two of the Fathers excommunicated each the other, because the one held that it was ivy, and the other held differently. The prevalent modern opinion is, that the Hebrew name, *kihajon*, is not dissimilar to that now applied in the East to the plant called *ricinus communis*, *palma Christi*, or castor-oil nut. This plant flourishes in the neighbourhood of Nineveh, affords a delicious shade by its broad and tender leaves, and is very liable to sudden decay. From its seeds a valuable oil is expressed, which was extensively used by the ancients for light, but of which the medicinal properties appear to have been unknown till modern times.

TABLE-TALK.

A LESSON IN FAMILY ECONOMY.

LAVATER, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day, his servant asked him, after dinner, if she should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented pettishly, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone some time, he said to his wife, "I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs." In a few moments his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs, on her return, and exclaimed, as though secretly vexed about something, "Is not my room swept yet?" Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs; and as he entered the room, the girl overturned an inkstand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily, "What a stupid beast you are! Have I not positively told you to be careful?" What followed we will let Lavater tell himself: "My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running

to the table, lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting-paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away. My wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My *dear* husband,' said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face rested for a few moments on my cheek. At last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent; and at last began to weep. 'What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion.' My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger.' I knelt down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

YOUNG MEN, READ!

ONE of the best Editors of the "Westminster Review" was a cooper, in Aberdeen. One of the greatest philanthropists of his day was an apprentice to a surgeon, in Fraserburgh. One of the Editors of a London daily paper was a baker, in Elgin. The Editor of the "Edinburgh Witness" was a stonemason, in Cromarty. One of the ablest London Ministers was a watchmaker, in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy, in Aberdeenshire. The Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong-Kong was a saddler, in Huntly. One of the best Indian Missionaries was a tailor, in Keith. The richest ironfounder in England was a working-man, in Morayshire. Sir James Clarke, Queen's Physician, was a druggist, in Banff. One of the Members of Parliament for Glasgow was a poor Ross-shire boy. And Joseph Hume was a sailor-boy, in Montrose.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S COOK.

AMONG other domestic servants who had attended him in the Peninsula, and afterwards followed his fortunes to London, Paris, and Vienna, was a French cook, a man of much science and excellent method in his way. This *artiste* always contrived to get his master's dinner ready at the exact time when it was wanted; and on the 18th of June he applied himself, as usual, to his duties in the kitchen of the house in Waterloo, where the head-quarters of the army were established. Amid the thunder of the battle he never intermitted his task; and when wounded men and fugitives came crowding back, and a thousand voices urged him to escape while he could, he steadily refused either to budge an inch, or to intermit his labours. His Grace had ordered dinner, and would certainly return to eat it. He was not going to disappoint so generous a master for any consideration whatever. And his Grace did come back, as he had promised, and found his dinner not less *recherché* than usual, though the state of his own feelings, victor as he was, could hardly permit him to do justice to it.—*Gleig's Story of the Battle of Waterloo.*

PRIMITIVE LETTER TO AN AMERICAN SAVAGE.

HAVING encamped for the night within view of a native lodge, we sent a man to bring us intelligence as to the true state of affairs. He found no other lodge than the one which we had seen; and even that was deserted, while everything betokened the rapid flight of its inhabitants, clothes and utensils being thrown about in confusion, and the meat of a buffalo being scattered on the ground. Shouting after the fugitives, but receiving no answer, our emissary left for them an epistle, which he had written on a piece of bark to this effect. In the first place, he drew the figure of a man with a hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, thus presenting to the savages the well-known emblems of civilized beings and peaceable intentions: and he then added, in more mysterious hieroglyphics, "Why do you fly away and distress your children without cause, for we are your friends?" In the course of the night the poor Saulteau, having read the letter, came to our camp, and explained that, having mistaken us for hostile warriors, he and his had fled into the woods almost in a state of nudity. How wretched the lives of such poor creatures, obliged to wander about, almost in single families, for food, and scared at the sight of a fellow-man, as the sheep is scared on the approach of the wolf!—*Sir George Simpson's Journey round the World.*

LUTHER ON DEATH.

ABOUT ten days before his death, Luther wrote the following passage in a Bible, belonging to one of his friends:—"'Never to see death.' (John viii.) What an incredible saying is this, if it be compared with manifest and common experience! Yet He which is the truth itself hath so spoken it. Truly when any one seriously remembers this sentence, steadfastly believes it, and departs hence in that belief, he must pleasantly pass away, and not feel the hard pangs of death. And undoubtedly blessed is that man in that faithful word, which he thus remembers in death itself. MARTIN LUTHER, Feb. 7th, 1546."

as their Pastor in 1676, in which year also the first part of his "Living Temple" saw the light. On this work the author has lavished all the treasures of his unequalled mind: a lapse of twenty-six years occurred ere it was completed. His published works show that during this interval he was fully engaged in theological authorship.

The martyrdom of Lord William Russell, in 1683, called forth the sympathy of Howe, who addressed the widow of his Lordship in one of the most exquisitely beautiful and touching Christian letters to be found in the English language.

The spirit of persecution which was evoked against civil and religious freedom by the restoration of Charles, raged against Nonconformists with increased fury up to the Revolution. Howe, not daring to walk the streets of London on account of the vigilance of the persecutors, accompanied Philip, Lord Wharton, to the Continent, in 1685; and having spent a year in visiting the principal cities, he settled at Utrecht, where he superintended the education of some young men who were at the University, preparing for the ministry; and, along with other exiles, he preached at the English church. Here he had several interviews with the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., King of England.

James II. having declared in favour of liberty of conscience in 1687, Howe returned to his charge in London; and the year following, what has been called the "Glorious Revolution" took place; on which occasion he headed the Dissenting Ministers, when they brought their address to the throne, on May 24th, 1689. The "Act of Toleration" received the royal assent, which gave him wider scope for the exercise of those principles of catholicity and dignified charity which were so dear to his exalted nature.

Advancing years had little perceptible effect on his mental energy: though at the age of forty-five, in addressing his wife, he observed, "I am sensibly under great decays, and not likely to continue long, except some means, hitherto not thought of, should have been tried. What a summer had I of the last! seldom able to walk the streets: and not only often disabled by pain, but by weakness." Fifty years after penning this, his last publication appeared; a treatise on "Patience in Expectation of Future Blessedness," a subject worthy the last effort of such a saint.

As his end drew near, his views of the heavenly state were sweet, clear, and delightful. He remarked, "This morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that a copious stream of celestial rays, from the lofty throne of the divine majesty, seemed to dart into my expanded breast;" and when administering the Lord's supper he was carried out into "such a ravishing and transporting celebration of the love of Christ, that both himself and the communicants were apprehensive he would have expired in that service." To Mrs. Howe he said, that, though he loved her as well as it was fit for one creature to love another, yet, if it were put to his choice, whether to die that moment, or to live that night, and the living that night would secure the continuance of his life for seven years to come, he would choose to die that moment. He observed, "I expect my salvation, not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner."

At length, on Monday, April 2d, 1705, "the weary wheels of life stood still," and his sanctified spirit entered into its long-expected rest. Such was the end of one of the most illustrious Divines ever raised up by the Head of the church to benefit mankind by his lips, pen, and consistently holy life.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bower, Martha,	Windhill,	Shipley,	25	Aug. 30th, 1848.
Bower, Sarah,	Potto,	Stokesley,	71	Dec. 22d, 1848.
Brough, Mr. Thomas,	Longton,	Longton,	75	Nov. 10th, 1848.
Cook, Mr. Joseph,	Rothwell,	Kettering,	45	Nov. 30th, 1848.
Eaton, Mr. John,	Gissing,	Diss,	60	
Goodall, Mrs. Esther,	Heckmondwike,	Cleckheaton,	33	Sept. 25th, 1848.
Pickard, Ann,	Shipley,	Shipley,	38	Oct. 28th, 1848.
Rowe, Mr. William,	Corlave,	Ballyshannon,	43	Jan. 1st, 1849.
Walker, Mr. Robert,	New-Brentford,	Hammersmith,	78	March 27th, 1847.
Wells, Martha,		Downham,	37	Oct. 5th, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MAY, 1849.

A WORD TO THE OUTWARD-BOUND.

A FEW Sabbaths ago, while meeting a class in London, for the renewal of their quarterly-tickets, I observed, at the opposite end of the room, a man of thoughtful looks, with attire somewhat resembling that of a Minister. On coming forward to receive his ticket, he manifested deep emotion. He said, "This is the last time I shall meet in this class. Only five years ago, I was a poor cabman on the streets of London. And when I think of what I was then, and of what I am now, how can I sufficiently bless God? Never shall I repent the day I came into this class, and said, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God.' For some time I have been employed by the City Mission, as a Missionary to my poor brother cabmen; but now I am just going to sail for Australia. I have a large family; and am unable to support them here. I am determined to labour for God wherever I go; and the Tract Society has kindly given me a liberal grant of tracts and books."

The same evening, after service in another chapel, I heard a young woman bidding farewell to some of her Christian friends. She, too, was on the point of sailing for Australia. The occurrence of these two cases in such close succession, deeply impressed me with the fact, that many of our Christian brethren, in different parts of the country, are, like the cabmen's Missionary, on the eve of meeting, for the last time, in the class where they have long been wont to renew their strength. Many are ready to leave all that has been dear in home, all that has been helpful in English Methodism, to seek the lot which Providence may award them, on some distant shore. Many a Christian mother is seeing her children depart, with the keen conviction that never more shall her eyes behold them on earth; and that even when she is laid low, many a month must pass over her grave, before they will drop, upon a strange soil, the tears due to her memory. The farewell pang, the danger of the seas, and the anxieties of life on unknown shores, all tend to throw over the departure of emigrants a shade of mourning.

But the tide that is now setting out from England, is guided by the hand that rules all things well. It has in it much promise of good to this country, and much capability of good to other lands. The colonies of England are designed to bear a glorious part in the final renewal of our hapless world. No man can calculate the extent to which Africa will be benefited by the Cape colony; or the eastern and southern archipelagos by our settlements in Australia and New-Zealand. We are loth to part with Christian men and women; but if the finger of Providence points them to another hemi-

sphere, let us cheer them as they say, "Farewell." Go, then, we say, go in the name of the Lord. Let thy tears flow, they are natural; let thy heart cling to the fatherland, that is becoming; let thy heart feel tender at the thought of home, that is wholesome: but yet go not mournful as an exile, but with a heart full of hope and faith. The God who has smiled on thy native race, will smile equally on the same race in other climes. Thou mayest rear a home dear to thy children as any the earth ever knew; and in years far hence, thy tomb may be surrounded by a village which names thee as its patriarch, and round which twine all the affections of a joyous population. To take part in founding a new community is a prouder position, after all, than to follow in the beaten pathway of common-place home-stayers.

But, a far more cheerful thought than this, a thought fraught with more joy than the hopes of fortune, with more tenderness than the father's wish to give his children comfort, a thought with much of grace and heaven in it, may cheer thee as thou turnest thy face to those far, far lands. "God has a work to do there." Yes, my brother, God has a work to do there. Is it Canada; where thou wilt be mingled with Irish Catholics and French Catholics? Is it the Cape of Good Hope; where thou wilt occupy what is geographically the Cornwall of Africa? Is it Australia; where thou wilt find native tribes, English convicts, and worldly settlers? Or is it New-Zealand; where thou wilt be placed between a race emerging from cannibalism into Christianity, and settlers, few of whom fear God? In which ever it be, God has a work to do there.

A century ago the United States were British colonies. A Local Preacher from Ireland, named Philip Embury, settled there. Iniquity abounded; his love waxed cold; he became a backslider. A good woman learned that ere leaving home he had known God, and worked for God. She exhorted him: he was moved; and began to work for the Saviour. His efforts were successful; Missionaries were called for; and now the United States contain twice as many members of the Methodist church as all the world besides. To no colony can you go where the accession of one fervent and holy man is not important. Some of you will find a Minister, and a young society. O lose not a day in making your way to the house of God, and mingling your thanks for a safe voyage with the devotions of some little class, or of some humble prayer-meeting. Let the society feel at once that in you they will have a brother and a helper. Some of you will find yourselves placed within reach of tribes, as yet, but partially converted from Heathenism. Take care that not a word or deed of yours shall tend to make those dark souls doubt whether in Jesus there is salvation. Some of you will, perhaps, find yourselves in a remote settlement, where no Minister resides, and where for years you can only hope for an occasional visit. Ah! there thy soul must watch. Cares will be numerous, and privileges few. The heart will easily grow cold. Nothing can save thee there but activity for God. All that prayer, teaching, and example can do must be done for thine own household. And if thy neighbours are forgetful of the Saviour, wilt thou leave them to perish, rather than run the risk of being laughed at? Ever say to yourself, "God has a work for me to do."

In every new position we meet with new temptations. You will find your mode of life wholly changed. The means of grace, the friends, the very duties of your calling, all will be different. Your existence, for the first years, will be a rude struggle against untried difficulties. The grace that sufficed for you at home, will not suffice for you there. Your heart feels cold at the idea of being a stranger in a new land. Would you be both a

stranger and a backslider? Nay; the double rending of earthly and heavenly ties would leave thee indeed desolate. Then, ere thou leave thine own land, let many a prayer, many a vow, and many an act of faith, bind thee far closer than ever to thy Redeemer.

But thou wilt find that a long voyage has not a few temptations. Sailors sometimes say that no man ever spends four months on ship-board without losing his religion. That is not true. Yet such is the idleness, and the liability to fall into habits of contention, or of self-indulgence, that earnest heed must be given to the soul, or it will grievously suffer. Many, instead of making the voyage a time of preparation for their new duties and new dangers, allow their habits of devotion to become loose, fall gradually away, and land, not in a condition to help the work, but in a state of lamentable backsliding. They do not make haste to identify themselves with the cause of God: they are led into the vices of the place, and, in deep remorse, curse the day when they forsook God; yet go on forsaking him still farther. The time of your voyage may be a time of preparation. Declare yourself at once. Let your fellow-passengers see that you pray, read the Bible, and strictly keep the Sabbath. Have good books on board. Read much, and lend to your neighbours. Have Wesley's "Sermons," and on Sunday get some to hear you read one for them. Commit large portions of the Bible to memory. This will delightfully employ your time; will much uphold your spiritual strength; and, when in the wild bush, or the bustling colony, will often yield you words of holy light and comfort, like a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. From two things pray the Lord to deliver you on ship-board;—from a fear to let your piety be seen, and from entering into contention. Do not for a moment let your heart lose the feeling,—God has a work for me to do.

And ye who are parting with bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, to see them here no more, in all your cares for their comfort, O care chiefly for their souls! Warn, instruct, exhort them. See that they have with them good books to cheer and sanctify the weary hours of a long voyage, or the nights spent in a log-house. Give them food whereon their souls may grow when far, far from you. Give Wesley's "Sermons," if you can afford nought else; and if you cannot afford even them, ask them from some Christian neighbour who can. No man with heart or conscience would fail to give them with joy. Give also Catechisms for the children that may be born under other skies. Be in earnest: thy friend is going upon a new field. He is not a mere machine to plough and harrow lands that have lain idle since the creation. He has a higher calling: urge him to fulfil it. Though tears choke your utterance in the moment of parting, yet whisper in his ear, "God has a work for thee to do." A.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

"They that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."—1 Sam. ii. 30.

Example X.

Despise *me? me*, your Creator and Preserver? *me*, who give to you life, breath, and all things? In the absence of undeniable facts, charity would induce the conclusion, that this was impossible; that, however depraved man might be, he could never sink so low as to become the despiser of his God. In opposition to such favourable conclusions, the possibility of manifesting this enmity against our Maker is fully supported by the declaration of the Holy Spirit; a declaration sustained by numerous unquestionable examples.

If (as it has been observed) God is honoured when obeyed by his creatures, it follows that he is despised when his authority is trampled on, in the violation of his laws. Every act of disobedience in a child is a despising of parental rule; every act of rebellion in a subject is a despising of the government of the Sovereign; so every transgression against God is a despising of God, a treating with contempt his power, his right, his justice. Alas! how many are found in this condemnation, and even some who professedly place themselves among those who fear God. Such, "saith the Lord, shall be lightly esteemed;" that is, be accounted unworthy of his protection and blessing; yea, deserving of his displeasure and judicial visitation. The dealings of God with Hophni and Phinehas, the wicked sons of aged Eli, and their calamitous end, to which this scripture has special reference, awfully confirm the truth stated. They profanely despised God, and by him they were lightly esteemed. Though the keepers of the ark of the covenant of God, his protection was withdrawn, and they were slain by the Philistines. His word remains the same throughout all generations; for the Lord changeth not; and wherever and whenever such despisers are found by Jehovah, they will be "lightly esteemed." If one act of despising has been more marked by the displeasure of God than another, it is the despising of the command, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths: I am the Lord." (Leviticus xxvi. 2.)

A recent confirmatory fact may be adduced in reference to Sabbath-trading. A member of a Christian church had deeply to lament that he made small progress in grace, and was a stranger to the sensible enjoyments of religion. This he accounted for by a conviction of mind that he was not living in full obedience to the command of God, and that especially in reference to the right keeping of the Lord's day. Being a journeyman baker, he had to work on the Sabbath; and this he must continue to do, or give up his situation. His Christian friends, by whom he was esteemed, not only sympathized with him, but subscribed cheerfully to assist him to commence business for himself; that, being his own master, he might have the disposal of his time for the required service of his God. By their kindness a suitable situation was obtained, an oven erected, and a sum of money for the purchase of flour remained. Many of them engaged to employ him, and purchase of him. The plan succeeded to his joy, and their satisfaction. In the house of God he was found attending ordinances from which previously he had been withheld, and they were blessed to his spiritual profiting. For a season Providence smiled, his friends rejoiced, and he was thankful and contented. But, amazing deceitfulness of the human heart! not satisfied with succeeding far beyond his first expectations, he indulged the desire to do still better; and, to obtain his object, he voluntarily commenced his former sin, on his own account. The shop might be seen open on the Sabbath, various articles inviting to the young exposed for sale, and baking was done for any who would employ him. Thus did he dare to despise the very God of his mercies; and by his God he became "lightly esteemed." His profane conduct was punished by expulsion from church membership; and having become guilty of the evil his Christian friends had contributed to rescue him from, they withdrew their assistance and favours. The blight of God rested on his efforts; his family was visited with long, severe, and expensive affliction; and, to employ the language of his careworn, suffering wife, "from the morning of the Sabbath we commenced Sabbath-trading, we have known nothing but trouble." This unvarnished example has its lesson of instruction and warning. How true is the declaration of the Lord, "Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded!" (Proverbs xiii. 13.)

Manchester. N.

"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

MUCH interest attaches to the history and successes of a small tract, long known as "The Dairyman's Daughter," by the Rev. Legh Richmond. This excellent Clergyman was born at Liverpool, on the 29th of January, 1772. In 1789, he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge. A severe illness, produced by intense application, materially retarded his academical progress. He graduated in 1794, and proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1797; during which year he married, took Deacon's orders, and commenced his pastoral duties as Curate in the Isle of Wight. He afterwards officiated, for some time, at the Lock Chapel, in the metropolis; and in 1805, obtained the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire; where he died, on the 8th of May, 1827.

His tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," rapidly acquired an unexampled celebrity. It was read with an avidity that required successive editions to satisfy the demands of the public, and soon became the most popular tract of the day. The generous author, desirous of insuring to it a more extended usefulness, was induced to present it to the Religious Tract Society, by whom it was immediately translated into the French and Italian languages. On one occasion, in the year 1811, Mr. Richmond took an intimate friend with him to attend a Committee-meeting of the Tract Society, when one of the members rose up, and observed, that as he came with the full intention of submitting to them the motion in his hand, he hoped he should not violate the delicacy of its author, by proposing that the tract of "The Dairyman's Daughter," the merit of which had been so generally recognised, should be translated into the German, Swedish, and Danish languages. Another member then rose and said, that he trusted he should be excused for adding an amendment to the motion, by recommending that the above tract be translated into all the European languages, as far as means and opportunities might occur for that purpose. The resolution was unanimously carried in this amended form. The tract has since been translated into most of the continental languages. It has also obtained a wide circulation in America: the old and the new world have alike stamped it with the seal of popular approbation. At home, several editions, of twenty thousand copies each, were printed within a very short period; and the copies which have been circulated in the English language alone, to the present time, are estimated at upwards of two millions. It has found its way to the palaces of Kings, and been seen in the hut of the Indian.

Many years previous to the death of the honoured author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," he stated to a friend in conversation, that he had received information that the tract had been the means of the conversion of three hundred and fifty persons. Twenty years ago, his biographer informed us, that "The Dairyman's Daughter" had been translated into *nineteen* different languages, and that FOUR MILLIONS of copies had been put into circulation. During the last twenty years the circulation has not only been continued, but carried to a much greater extent; probably to the number of eight millions.

The last instance of its usefulness that was communicated to the author before his death, was related within twenty-four hours of his decease; and from its peculiarity deserves to be mentioned. A Clergyman, who had conceived a violent antipathy against the Religious Tract Society, and all its publications, was induced to select "The Dairyman's Daughter," for the purpose of criticising and exposing its defects. In the perusal of it, he was, however, so arrested by the interest of the story, and so penetrated by the power of the

religious truths which it contained, that the pen of criticism dropped from his hand, prejudice was charmed into admiration, and he was added as another trophy of that grace which had shone so brightly in the life and death of "The Dairyman's Daughter." After the above statements, we may justly inquire, To what are we to attribute the great popularity of this tract? No doubt the happy union of interest and simplicity in the story, the graces of its style, and the beautiful imagery of its descriptions, have rendered it attractive to every reader; but the stamp of truth and reality which marks its details, and the expression of feelings which find a response in every awakened mind, constitute its principal charm. Who was the "Dairyman's Daughter?" By whom brought to a knowledge of the truth? To which section of Christ's church did she belong? These are questions often asked, and shall be answered next month.

Ely. J. M.

THE LAND OF UPRIGHTNESS.

"Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."—Psal. cxliii. 10.

THERE is a land of uprightness, where there are wells of living water, that we have not digged; houses, which never want repair, that we have not built; vineyards, to afford us new wine in the strength and excellence of it, that we have not dressed; trees, to yield us plenty and variety of delightful fruits, that we have not planted; and unsearchable treasures to enrich us, that we have not gathered. This is a desirable and pleasant land; and we can now do little more than speak of it under the shadow and resemblance of sensible things.

How shall we get into this most desirable and pleasant land? The answer is, the good Spirit of God must lead us into it. There is a land of uprightness, a blessed immortality, brought to light by the Gospel of Christ; but it is the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, that must prepare us for it by his sanctifying grace, and guide us in those paths of peace and holiness which lead directly to it. LUCIUS.

PULPIT LANGUAGE.

IN the choice of language, a Preacher should equally shun the extremes of fastidiousness on the one hand, and of slovenliness on the other. No man can duly estimate the importance of Gospel truth, who presumes to deliver it carelessly. The *words* of the pulpit are *things;* and a Minister of Christ is laid under the highest obligation to take heed both *what* and *how* he speaks in the name of God. But there is such a sin as the idolatry of words; and the Christian Preacher can scarcely be too anxious to avoid it. What spectacle on earth is more pitiful than to see a man standing forth as an ambassador from heaven, and exhibiting to the people the trickeries and sparkles of a vain and bewildering rhetoric in place of "the Lord that bought them?" There is an analogy between language and dress. Good taste will always adorn the person, so as neither to court admiration, nor create disgust; and so the man of God, who desires to win souls, will be careful to clothe his thoughts in "modest apparel," that the minds of the hearers may not be diverted from their proper object. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God."

G. D. J.

THEOLOGY.

ORDINATION TO ETERNAL LIFE.

A SERMON.

"And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed."—Acts xiii. 48.

THESE words are connected with an interesting history. Paul and Barnabas, in their travels of religious charity, coming to Antioch, in Pisidia, the former delivers a discourse in the synagogue, proving that Jesus was the Christ, and offering salvation in his name to the assembled people.

The congregation was composed of Jews, and, as it would seem, of many Gentiles, who had been converted from idolatry to Judaism. It appears that this work of conversion had been going on to a great extent in Asia Minor, and other places, where the Jews were numerous; and that it tended greatly to make ready "a people prepared of the Lord."

It would seem, too, that this was a genuine work of grace, so far as it went; for, whilst the Jews of the synagogue heard the testimony of the Apostles with indifference or hostility, the Gentiles besought them that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath-day: and it is clear that the charm of the words did not consist in anything curious, either in the subject, the arrangement, or the delivery; but in the simple yet powerful demonstration, "that Jesus was the Christ;" and that "through him was preached unto them the forgiveness of sins." On "the next Sabbath-day came almost the whole city together to hear" these strange things and singular announcements. The Jews, however, "filled with envy, contradicted and blasphemed;" and the Apostle then "turned to the Gentiles;" that is to say, he made them the professed and chief objects of his labours; quoting the Prophet Isaiah as his authority for so doing. "And when the Gentiles heard this" declaration, "they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord;"—they lauded and honoured the glorious Gospel, which had no respect of persons;—"and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed."

This text has been pressed into the service of those who hold the scriptural doctrine of predestination, as we believe, unscripturally; and I shall, therefore, give you what appears to me to be the true sense of the passage, so edifying when rightly understood. This I shall do, not in the spirit of controversy, but because it is our duty to lead you to a right apprehension of the meaning of every portion of God's word on which we address you.

The notion which some entertain is, that the word which is here rendered "ordained" signifies, *predestinated, fore-appointed by an eternal decree;* and, in this case, predestinated, fore-appointed, to eternal life. It follows from this, that none could believe but these; and that the rest could not do otherwise than disbelieve. This consequence would, of itself, be a sufficient refutation of the interpretation, because it is contradicted by the general tenor of God's holy word.

In none of the few other places in which the word occurs in the New Testament, is it ever rendered "ordained," except in Rom. xiii. 1: "The powers that be are *ordained* of God." Here it clearly means, *set up*, and *placed*, by the disposal of God. In other places it signifies, *appointed, resolved*, or *determined;* or, *disposed* to, or *in the habit of;* but never *predestinated* or *decreed*. The word properly signifies, *disposed*, and *placed in order;* and is therefore often used by the Greeks for the disposition of men in military array; and also for the inclination to obey any rule or appointment, or to submit to any habit or course of conduct.

It is thus that the word is to be taken here, as the context shows. The Jews rejected the Gospel; the pious Gentiles received it with joy. These were, therefore, *disposed* and *prepared* to fall under God's appointed rule, by which only eternal life is to be obtained; and they believed.

The words, thus opened, will lead to these two observations:—

I. That eternal life is one of the leading objects set before men in the Gospel.

II. That, in order to the attainment of it, we are to place ourselves in a state of actual subjection to that rule and order in which alone, by the divine appointment, it can be obtained.

I. Eternal life is one of the leading objects set before men in the Gospel.

This, indeed, is the seed of all true religion, even under its former dispensations. God made man for Himself, to dwell in his heaven, and to be with Him in glory for ever. Whatever might have been the final result of the Adamic dispensation, the very dawning of our redemption disclosed the prospect of eternal life. For this did Abel seek for justification by his typical sacrifice, that he might stand accepted of God at the last. On this subject, doubtless, holy Enoch often meditated in self-communion, and was translated, not seeing death. For this, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob lived in tents, plainly declaring that they sought for a city which hath foundations. This was the hope of all the Fathers. "They all died in faith, not having," in their life-time, "received the promises, but being persuaded of them."

But it is in the Gospel that this is so illustriously confirmed, and so clearly exhibited to us. The purchase of it is already paid, and the resurrection of Christ is given as a pledge of our own. He has entered into heaven to prepare places for us. He has sprinkled the holy places with blood, and bestowed on us the privilege of access. On his throne he sits "till the time of the restitution of all things," having given us his word that he will come, even "the second time, without sin, unto" our final "salvation."

Such is the glorious offer made to all who have the Gospel. The "promise is to you, and to your children." The scene of glory and felicity is placed before us, brightening as we gaze upon it, marking out to our dark and benighted footsteps a track of radiancy, a path of light, to a world where that light shines in perfect and eternal day. But mark this, that it is not exhibited to be the mere object of a cold assent, or slight admiration. It is to be regarded as the prize for which we are to contend; the object to be kept in view during our whole life.

The well-disposed Greek proselytes, whom the Apostles found worshipping the true God in the synagogue with the Jews, had set out for this eternal life. Convinced of the vanity and wickedness of idolatry, they had renounced their idols. Having heard of the true God, they had embraced the faith of his name. To the Mosaic religion, the only true one ever before offered to their attention, they had submitted; and still seeking what they could not find in the law of Moses, when they heard of Christ, they admitted the evidences of his divine mission, and now stood prepared and disposed to accept this true and certain method of attaining to eternal life.

Such, my brethren, is the state into which you must be brought. Convinced of your danger, renouncing your sins, seeing the prize, attracted by its glory, discovering objects far above the vanities of earth, towards which you are to bend and direct the efforts of your life, your language must be, "What shall I do to be saved?" And if this be sincere, you will submit to God's rule, and embrace his Gospel with believing hearts.

This leads to our second observation.

II. That in order to the attainment of eternal life, we are to place ourselves in a state of actual subjection to that rule and order in which alone, by the appointment of God, it can be secured.

I have already said, that the word rendered "ordained" signifies *ordered and disposed;* and is used, therefore, to express the disciplined state of soldiers; every man falling into his rank, and placing himself under command. In this view, it may well express that subjection to the rule of Christ, which is necessary for the attainment of eternal life.

Behold, then, if you seek eternal life, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?" that form and mode, that rule and order, under which you must be brought.

1. You must submit to profess the name of Christ.

The proselytes at Antioch separated themselves from the unbelieving and blaspheming Jews, with whom they had been previously accustomed to associate, saying, in effect, "Depart from us, ye workers of iniquity." Acknowledging the Messiahship of Jesus, expecting salvation from him, and confessing their obligations to obey his will, they took upon themselves the profession of his religion, meekly but firmly submitting to all the reproach and persecution which they might thus bring upon themselves. In this we must imitate them. If we would at last receive eternal life at his hands, we must not hesitate to "follow him without the camp;" so as never to be ashamed of him, his truth, his ordinances, his work, his cause, his people. In this matter his requirements are absolute and peremptory.

2. In order to the attainment of eternal life, there must be a believing acceptance of Christ, as an atoning Saviour. He died upon the cross as the world's great sacrifice, and that by the will and ap-

pointment of God. His blood cleanseth from all sin; neither can pardon and holiness be obtained by any other means. Without forgiveness and purity of heart, there is no possible admission into the blissful presence of God; nor can these great blessings ever be received in any other way than that of faith in the Lord Jesus. The devout proselytes mentioned in our text "believed," and thus found eternal life in Him; for "he that hath the Son hath life." The beginning of eternal life—that which prepares men for all that is comprehended in eternal life—is directly consequent upon faith in our blessed Saviour.

3. Submission to the holy laws of Christ is equally necessary in order to the attainment of eternal life. Obedience is one important end of our being, as it is of our redemption by Jesus Christ. These laws must be written upon the heart, and exemplified in the life. They must be carefully studied, that they may be correctly understood; they must be loved and delighted in, as expressions of the divine nature and will; they must be reduced to practice, and that with cheerfulness, assiduity, and perseverance, with a fixedness of determination which nothing can move; and with a sincere and prevailing desire in all things to please Him to whom we must give an account. It is not the slothful servant, nor the presumptuous rebel, nor the faithless professor, who deserts his Master's work, but the obedient believer, on whose head the crown of life will be placed, and who will for ever wear that diadem of glory.

4. Nor must we forget, that a continual contest under the banner of Christ is comprehended in that order of God which leads to eternal life. Christ is the Captain of salvation; the dominion of the world is committed to him; he is carrying on a perpetual warfare against error, idolatry, superstition, and sin; and all who look for his mercy unto eternal life, must associate themselves with him, make his cause their own, labouring by every means in their power to advance the honour of his name, and the extension of his spiritual kingdom. He that is not with Christ in this mighty conflict, is against him; and he that does not gather souls to Christ scatters them, and keeps them at a distance from him. If we would be accepted by him in that day, so as to receive eternal life at his hands, we must here upon earth make his cause our own. In our families, in the church, in the world, at home, and abroad, we must resolutely and zealously set ourselves to discountenance and resist whatever is opposed to his government, and the purposes of his mercy. "They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful."

5. I conclude by reminding you of the necessity of an habitual and realizing faith, in order to the attainment of eternal life. "Without faith it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is; and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Our calling is to live by faith, and to walk by faith. Much is implied in this. Candidates for eternal life are all bound to exercise faith in the providence of God, trusting in him for preservation from evil, for the supply of all their temporal wants, and resting assured that all things will be so ordered as to work together for their good; faith in his spiritual promises, expecting the fulfilment of them in their own comfort, establishment, and perfected sanctification; faith in his presence, seeing Him that is invisible, and confiding in Him as ever near to save, sustain, and defend; faith in his assistance, in all their engagements and duties, causing his strength to be so made perfect in their weakness, that they shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint; faith realizing to their minds the eternal life upon which their hearts are set, and in reference to which all their powers are devoted to God. By such a faith we behold the heavenly world, not so far distant, but near at hand. Possessed of such a faith, which is the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," the crown of glory glitters to our view; the music of the blessed strikes upon the ear; and we already sit in heavenly places with the glorified throng. Living in this state of mind, being thus disposed and set in order, eternal life is absolutely certain.

"The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies."

CARE FOR THE SOULS OF SOLDIERS

TAUGHT BY A TUSCAN STATESMAN.

THE "*Monitore Toscano*" contains the following striking despatch from M. D'Alaya, the Tuscan Minister of War. We fear that our own "Horse Guards" have never yet issued the like:—

"While applying ourselves with all zeal to improve the discipline and training of the troops, it would be a culpable omission not to apply ourselves to seek the improvement of the inner man. This duty pertains of right to the Clergy and military Chaplains. If they neglect it, they will be doubly culpable, both because their holy vocation is to pray for and instruct the people, and because the salary they receive strictly binds them to it. You will, then, make them aware that such is my first desire, that at mass, on the holy-days, after the reading of the Gospel, they shall turn towards the troops and explain to them the meaning of that holy book which contains all truths, and all the consolations which can render man happy in this life, which is but a warfare; that thus courage before the foe, patience in camp, and harmony in quarters, may emanate from that God who is truth and love.

"The country cannot be saved but by moral soldiers, and the New Testament contains a universal morality for the human species. You will, then, recommend this subject to the military Chaplains, that on the holy-days the soldiers may not leave the house of God as they entered it, fasting; but refreshed with the religion of the word of God, which delivers from all slavery."

The "*Echo des Vallées*," in publishing this remarkable document, asks: "How is it that this pressing recommendation to *feed* the people *with the word of God*, comes from a soldier, and not from a Bishop?" May God grant that Italy be indeed fed with the word of God!

GROWTH IN GRACE.

How profitable is it to the soul of the believer frequently to consider the way in which the Lord is leading him! Has the reader travelled long in the wilderness? We do not ask for the day or the year in which he first entered this vale of tears, but rather, how long has he lived the life of which the Apostle speaks when he says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How long then have you lived this life of faith? Soul-advancement can scarcely be reckoned by chronological dates. Ten, twenty, or thirty years may have passed since the new-born spirit breathed its earliest prayer; and yet it may be still a babe, stunted in its growth, and possibly deformed by some secretly cherished sin. Spiritual age consists in being more and more "transformed by the renewing of the mind," and in having the image of God, lost by Adam, restored and perfected by the Lord from heaven. In proportion as this is effected, maturity of the Christian graces will be the blessed result.

By what means, then, may growth in grace be promoted? Three things are generally acknowledged essential to the healthy development of the human frame; —good air, wholesome food, and sufficient exercise. May not the same be said of the soul? While the affections are fixed on things above, the *atmosphere* of heaven being inhaled, the vital breath flows vigorously through the frame, and prayer is then no formal task, but the natural turning of the soul towards God. When the south wind blows, the spices of the garden will flow out, and we may then expect growth and increase. Again; in condescension to our finite understanding, *food* is figuratively used in the word of God to represent the blessings by which the soul is nourished and sustained from day to day. "He that eateth me," said Christ, "shall live by me." "Eat, O my friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" Can there be any danger of famine when such provision is treasured up? But we must possess an appetite for these things: we must hunger and thirst after righteousness, that we may be filled. And further, those who are rightly *exercised* by various trials and temptations, are strengthened in the life of faith. When the soul is tempest-tossed, and finds by painful experience that all its own wisdom is "swallowed up," there is a greater need of heartfelt prayer, and the spiritual appetite is increased. (Psalm cvii. 27, marginal reading.) But the Christian who is slothfully reposing beneath the delusive shadow of worldly gratification, alike forgetful of duty and of privilege, can never expect the hidden life of the soul to flourish. The precept, "Be not conformed to this world," precedes that blessed injunction which we named as including the very essence of spiritual vigour. And why are we to be transformed by the renewing of our minds? even that we may experience how "good, and acceptable, and perfect" is the will of God.

The straight and narrow path to heaven is generally a thorny one; but let the tried believer take courage; nay more, let him be truly thankful for every means, however severe, which the Lord employs to

advance the life of faith. Let him be willing to endure any exercise which may draw or drive his soul to Christ, that living on His fulness he may grow up into Him in all things, and be found in Him at last. ALLICI.

THE BROAD AND THE NARROW WAY.

THE description which our divine Lord and Master gives of these two paths is thus recorded:—"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) What a strange mystery is this! Here is a road beset with dangers, which leadeth to the place "where their worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched;" "where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever;" which "burneth with fire and brimstone;" which is the habitation of the devil and his angels. But although this place is so horrifying, and eternally miserable, the broad way which leadeth unto it is thronged with a vast multitude, who, in a short time, (unless they retrace their steps,) will be precipitated over the brink of the fearful gulf, into the abyss of most awful misery. What fearful blindness on the part of those persons who are walking in such a path as this! And what makes their conduct appear more strange than all is, that they are allowed the privilege of walking in the path of peace; yea, they are even invited and earnestly requested to walk in this path; but they will not. This road is bestrewed with comforts all the way, and ends at the glorious abode of the Lord of Hosts, together with his mighty angels, and archangels, also the spirits of just men made perfect, who are continually veiling their faces with their wings, and crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" who tune their golden harps to the honour and praise of Him who shed his blood for them. No sorrow enters there; but all is joy, and peace, and love. This joyful inheritance is offered to all those who are walking in the broad way, if they will only turn to Christ, and walk in the path of righteousness; but very few will accept the gracious offer. They prefer hell to heaven. They prefer the company of the devil and his angels to the company of the saints in glory. They prefer to howl in hell, rather than rejoice in heaven. Truly we may say, What awful blindness! Then let us unite our hearts together, and pour out our supplications to God, that he will open their blind eyes; that he will turn their hearts from wickedness; that he will bring them to repentance; that he will enable them to believe on the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world; and that he will bring them, finally, with us all, to glory, for Christ's sake. J. M. B.

DEATH.

WHY is that weeping female standing there? Whence are those tears, those agonizing looks, those piercing cries? She has lost her little one; her only hope and comfort is deposited in that dark, cold grave by which she stands and weeps.

Who is that aged man? Why does he sit and gaze so earnestly? Why thus uplift his eye? Why do those burning tears run scalding down his furrowed cheek? He has lost his wife, his dearest friend, the partner of his sorrow and his joy, the helpmate of his troubles, the tried and faithful companion through many a weary day;—she is gone, and he is left alone.

Who is that lovely child? What cause has he to weep? Why are those trembling looks, those strange emotions, that heart-rending grief? He has lost his parent,—the nurse of his infancy, the prop of his childhood, the stay of his youth: yes, she is gone; and in the cold, wide world he knows no earthly friend.

Once more. Who is that youthful maiden? What can ail her? Why leans she quivering on her parent's arm? Why clings she for support? Why throw herself upon that fresh-laid turf? She has lost her earthly love, the dearest to her heart, in whom she found her every worldly joy; but now he is gone, and she is left behind. O death! death! how terrible is thy destruction!

M. P.

BETTY'S SERMON.

A FEW years since, there lived in one of our large cities a poor coloured woman, named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the

few friends that knew her she was familiarly called "poor Betty." Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eighty years shed their blight upon her robust limbs, before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave-ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs, and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the *horrors of the middle passage*. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be one hundred and five years old. An aged daughter, whom God, in mercy to his bruised reed in a strange land, had kindly permitted to be the companion both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts, with which former industry and present charity furnished their decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted both for her good sense and her discreet, warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the Exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in, and see what became of poor Betty. His voice, and even his step, had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stooped, and entered the cottage-door, he said, "Ah, Betty, you are alive yet!" "Yes, tank God," said Betty. "Betty," said he, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven, and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were sportive, he yet uttered a serious thought, which had more than once come over his mind. *Now comes the sermon.*

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied, "Ah, massa, you no understand it! Der be two great tings to do for de church: *one be to pray for it, and todder be to act for it.* Now, massa, God keeps me alive to pray for de church; and he keeps you alive to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good, massa, widout poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B., in the most serious and subdued tones; "your prayers are of more importance to the church than my alms."

This short sermon, preached by poor Betty, was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.—*American Paper.*

LUTHER AND ZUINGLE.

ZUINGLE's advance was slow but progressive: he did not arrive at truth, as Luther had done, by those tempestuous shocks which compel the soul hastily to seek a refuge; he reached it by the gentle influence of Scripture, a power which grows insensibly in men's hearts. Luther attained the wished-for shore, after passing the storms of ocean; Zuingle by allowing himself to glide along the banks of the river. They are the two leading methods by which God conducts men. Zuingle was not fully converted to God and his Gospel until the early days of his abode at Zurich; yet the moment when, in 1514 or 1515, this bold man bowed the knee before God, to ask of Him to enable him to understand His word, was that wherein appeared the dawn of the day-star, which afterwards shone upon him.—*Merle D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.*

A FRAGMENT.

IF you would know God's mind, search his word, watch his hand, and live at his throne. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

An aged, pious woman in America had one son. She used every means in her power to lead him to the Saviour, but he grew up gay and dissipated. She still followed him with prayers and entreaties, faithfully warned him of his awful state as a sinner before God, and told him what his end would be, dying in that condition. But all seemed alike unavailing. He one day said, "Mother, let me have my best clothes: I am going to a ball to-night." She expostulated with him, and urged him not to go; but all in vain. "Mother," said he, "let me have my clothes; I will go: it's useless to say anything about it." He put on his clothes, and was going out. She stopped him, and said, "My child, do not go." He still persisted; when she added, "My son, remember, when you are dancing with your companions in the ball-room, I shall be out in that wilderness, praying to the Lord to convert your soul." The youth went to the ball, and the dancing commenced; but instead of the usual gaiety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, "We never had so dull a meeting in our lives." Another observed, "I wish we had not come: we have no life; we cannot get along." A third continued, "I cannot think what is the matter." The young man in question felt his conscience smitten, and, bursting into tears, said, "I know what is the matter: my poor old mother is now praying in yonder wilderness for her ungodly son." He took his hat, and said, "I will never be found in such a place as this again." From that night he began to pray for mercy: his mother's prayer was heard for his conversion; and he gave evidence that he was become a new creature in Christ Jesus.—"*The Providence of God displayed, &c., by the Rev. J. Young, M.A.*"

PARENTAL MONITOR.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

I have been shutting myself up in my dear departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I marked her retiring into it for purposes of devotion. Often have I overheard her strong cries and tears to God, and often caught the sound of "My children," as if that interest was uppermost. At morning, at noon, and at evening, she never failed to retire to read and pray. Thousands of tears has she shed in this chamber, where I have sometimes had the privilege of kneeling down by her side. How present is her image! how sweet my communion with her departed spirit! Little did I then know the value of her intercessions for her children, or the weight of her character and example as a Christian. Thank God! I know it now; and abhor myself in proportion as I estimate her. O that I might but tread in her honoured steps! O that her prayers for every one of us may be like "bread cast upon the waters," found after many days! O may my dear mother's God be my God! He graciously carried her through many years of weakness and sorrow. He enabled her to walk worthy of her high calling; and he stood by her in a dying hour. Her last words were, "For me to die is gain," and, "*I will pray for my children while I have breath.*"

My brother seemed much upon her mind. O may his mother be much upon his mind, and upon all our minds, and may we meet her in glory! Who knows but her happy spirit has been a witness to my secret transaction in her former chamber? May all my transactions through life be equally pleasing in her eyes!—*Memoirs of Mrs. Hawkes.*

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING SIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

The Rev. H. Venn once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world. He would not tell them what it was, but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows showed an extreme degree of poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such an habitation as this be happy? Yet this is not all: a poor young man lies there on a miserable straw-bed, dying of disease, at the age of nineteen, consumed with fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and, addressing the poor dying young man, said, "Abraham Millwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty, and want: now tell them if it is not so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile,

replied, "O, yes, Sir! I would not change my state with that of the richest person upon earth, who has not those views that I have. Blessed be God; I have a good hope through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to bear whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to him by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy; and I trust to be happy through eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace."

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

Chapter XII.

THE DISHONEST APPRENTICE.

PART I.

"Shame, horror, ruin, threat on every side,
While in his bosom sounds a dreadful voice;
It tells of talents misapplied, time lost,
Affection outraged,—every social tie
Despised and trampled on."

In the "*Statistics of Metropolitan Crime*" it is stated, "There are in London 12,000 children under training to crime, 30,000 thieves, 6,000 receivers of stolen goods, 50,000 habitual drunkards, and 150,000 persons, of both sexes, leading an abandoned life."

What eye has not wept while glancing over this affecting account? What heart has not bled over this melancholy exhibition of wretchedness and demoralization? Doubtless the greater number of these youthful delinquents are the unhappy children of parents who have themselves been tutored in the school of vice, and whose immoral examples have presented to their offspring, even at the most tender age, incentives to crime and dissipation.

"No mother's care
Shielded their infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand their youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth their virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

There are others, however, whose opening minds were early imbued with virtuous principles, and whose hearts, before they became hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, were lured to the practice of piety, by the influence of parental counsel and example. Over these degraded sons and daughters many a father's heart has yearned in secret; and many a pious mother, bleeding under the pangs which their disobedience has inflicted, has been brought down, even before her locks have been silvered by age, with sorrow to the grave.

The following narrative will furnish the reader with an affecting illustration of these remarks:—

In a populous village, about thirty miles from London, there lived, some years since, a worthy man of the name of Williams. He was a widower, having lost his wife soon after she gave birth to her first child. This child, who was called Edward, was brought up under the fostering care of his affectionate father. At an early age he was sent to school; and as he grew in years, he became so entwined around his father's heart, that his life seemed to be bound up in that of his only son. Edward was a boy of quick parts, and possessed a retentive memory; so that he could easily recollect what he had learned in the school, and repeat with fluency what he had heard in church. But he was naturally fond of sport, and in the intervals of school-hours would amuse himself in all kinds of diversion; especially in climbing trees, in wantonly robbing the birds of their young, and in exciting the younger boys to fight, much to the annoyance of the neighbours.

At the age of fourteen he was taken from school; and, a few months afterwards, apprenticed to a respectable grocer in London. While journeying to his new situation, accompanied by his father, Edward appeared to feel but little regret on leaving his native village. His thoughts were upon the great metropolis; and his imagination dwelt delightfully on the wonderful scenes he was about to visit, and the gay society in which he would shortly mingle. Far different were the feelings of his father. He was about to part with his only son; to commit him to the care of strangers; and in a city where temptations are so numerous, and seductive to youth. How much, he thought, his future welfare depended on the line of conduct he might pursue! And while his mind was occupied with these serious reflections, he felt for a moment a secret wish that he had sought for him a situation nearer his own residence, where he would be more immediately under his own eye. But it was too late; and the youth was accordingly bound, the day after their arrival in London. Previous to his departure to his new solitary dwelling, Williams gave his son some salutary advice, the remembrance of which, he earnestly trusted, would produce a favourable influence on his conduct and conversation.

"My son," said he, "this may be regarded as the most important day of your existence; the turning-point of your life. Your own happiness, as well as mine, will greatly depend on the course you resolve, from this day, to pursue. I cannot, therefore, leave you in the hands of strangers, without giving you some seasonable, and, I trust, wholesome, advice. Be strictly *honest* in your new calling. Never claim anything that is not your own; nor possess yourself of anything, however trifling, that does not belong to you. For dishonesty in an apprentice is sure to be visited with consequences the most fearful. Strictly adhere to *truth;* for if you are once detected in uttering a falsehood, especially if it be to conceal a fault, your word will never afterwards be regarded; you will forfeit for ever the confidence of your employers. *Avoid evil company;* for by associating with the ungodly, thousands of young men have been brought to a dishonourable end. Remember the *Sabbath-day*, to keep it holy. Begin and end each day with God. Frequently *read the sacred Scriptures;* for the vital truths which they contain are able to make you wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. By observing these instructions, my son, you will ensure the favour and protection of God, and prove a blessing to your aged father. But if you slight them, if you contract evil habits, and resolve to follow a life of sensual pleasure, you will accelerate your own ruin, and bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Happy had it been for Edward had he followed the counsel of his affectionate parent! But the sequel of his adventurous career will show, that by *despising the law of his father*, the awful consequences of his disobedience, foretold by that father, were subsequently realized.

During the first two years of his apprenticeship, his conduct, though not free from some juvenile inconsistencies, some trifling derelictions of duty, was, upon the whole, satisfactory to his employer. But, unfortunately, the latter was not a pious man; he never attended a place of worship; nor was the voice of prayer or of praise ever heard under his roof. He was strictly a *man of business;* and the sole object of his life was the acquisition of wealth, that he might enjoy its concomitant advantages. Edward, therefore, was not placed in a soil where the seeds of early piety might spring up and germinate; nor in a school where the instructions he had received in his tender years were likely to be matured. The consequence was, he generally spent his Sabbaths in rambling about the fields, or in taking excursions to some of the fashionable places in the vicinity of the metropolis. This mode of spending the Sabbath often brought him into the company of idle and profligate young men, who too fatally succeeded in leading the youthful victim into habits of intemperance and debauchery.

But these extravagant habits, while they tended materially to undermine the constitution of Edward, could not long be continued without considerable pecuniary sacrifices. He had frequently received supplies of pocket-money from his indulgent father, and occasionally small sums as presents from his master; but all this was insufficient to support his extravagant, libertine propensities. Several times, when he fancied that no human eye was upon him, he contrived to rob the till; and with such secresy, that he began to flatter himself detection was impracticable. But the repeated success which attended these nefarious practices, served but to embolden the depraved youth in his course of dishonesty; and consequently to render his exposure and disgrace the more striking and permanent. It is thus that the god of this world often blinds the eyes of the children of disobedience in the early stages of crime, till, at length, the unsuspecting victims are overtaken by the hand of justice, and punished for crimes at which, in the commencement of their progress in vice, they would involuntarily have shuddered.

Edward had now served more than four years of his apprenticeship. No improvement in his conduct was yet evinced. No appearance of reformation could be traced in his deportment. Undaunted by the dreadful forebodings of the future, which ever and anon were produced in his mind by the invisible monitor, he continued his course of iniquity, walking in the ways of his heart, and in the sight of his eyes.

One Saturday evening, his master sent him to a person who resided in a distant part of the city, with the sum of three pounds, the amount of a bill, which was due for labour, and the payment of which had been earnestly requested. Edward, who was not aware of this urgency of payment, resolved to appropriate the money to his own use; not doubting that within the space of another week, he should be enabled, by pilfering small sums at different times from the till, to pay the amount. He accordingly forged the name of the person, and on his return home presented the counterfeit receipt to his master. The next day, being the Sabbath, he took an excursion to Gravesend, with several of his profligate companions, and spent the day in the greatest hilarity. Nor did he return in the evening till nearly the whole of his money was exhausted.

It was late the next morning when he rose; much debilitated in body, and greatly agitated in mind; the necessary consequences of the previous day's debauchery. In the afternoon, fancying himself alone in the shop, he was in the act of secreting in his pocket several shillings which he had just taken from the drawer, when his eye caught

that of his master. "O!" exclaimed the latter, "I have at length caught you at your tricks. I have long suspected all was not right. Now I have detected you in the very act."

It was in vain for Edward to plead innocence, or to urge excuses; and, bursting into tears, he fervently implored forgiveness; declaring, in the most peremptory terms, that it was the *first* time, during his apprenticeship, that he had been guilty of such an offence.

"Whether it be the first time or not," was the reply, "I will take care it shall be the *last*. Were it not for the respect that I feel for your father, I would sent you to prison without delay. However, I will write to him immediately, acquainting him with your conduct, and request him to take you home; for I will not have such a dishonest wretch in my house."

A member of the family was then called to fill his place behind the counter, and the trembling culprit compelled to perform some menial employment in a corner of the shop. But how shall I describe his feelings under this sudden and unexpected change in his views and prospects? He saw that his character was gone; his expectations blasted; and that nothing but misery and ruin awaited him. In this excited state of mind he remained for some time, ruminating on the dark future; when, on turning round, he saw, standing before the counter, the person whose money he had detained, and whose signature he had counterfeited. He started from his seat in an agony of despair, and would have rushed out of the shop, had he not been prevented. A conversation, which continued for some time, took place between his master and the man. The receipt was produced by the former. The poor man appeared astounded; protested that the money had not been paid; and declared the receipt to be a forgery. At this juncture, Edward was unceremoniously conducted by his master into a room at the back of the house, and placed in the custody of one of the workmen.

I will not attempt to portray the anguish of his mind, or the sickening horrors which began to thicken around him, during this temporary seclusion from the family.

Williams at length arrived. A statement of the whole affair was laid before him. Edward at once acknowledged the fact of having written a false receipt; and confessed that he had on many former occasions robbed his master. While listening to these distressing details, the wretched parent groaned in spirit; his heart was almost broken; and while the tears flowed copiously down his aged cheeks, he imploringly exclaimed, "Do not send my son to prison: he is my only child. I know he has deserved it. But spare the feelings of an old man. Let me take him to his early home; where he will be no longer exposed to the same temptations to evil. The recollection of his present alarming position may lead him to be more circumspect in his conduct. And I trust, by having him under my own eye, he will yet, by the blessing of God, be enabled to regain that uprightness of character which he has now unhappily forfeited."

To this request the shopkeeper agreed, on condition that the money which the abandoned youth had acknowledged to have stolen, was refunded. A cheque was immediately given for the amount; and the father and son together left the house, purposing to return by the first coach to their native village.

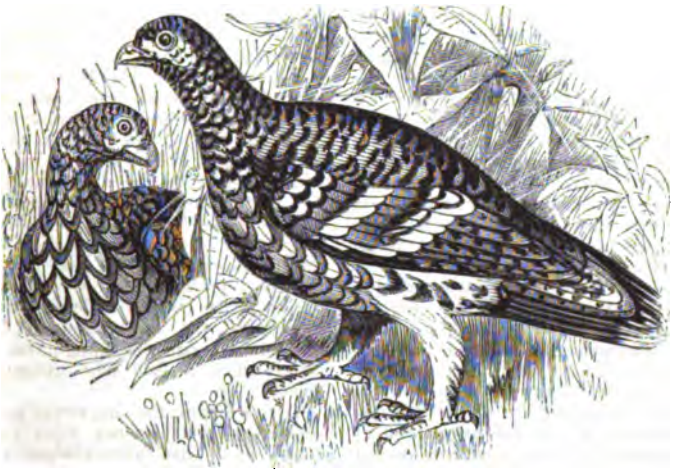
They passed through several streets in silence. Not a word was spoken by either. When approaching the vicinity of the coach-office, in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, the father was suddenly struck with astonishment on discovering that Edward was no longer by his side. He had already disappeared among the dense crowd of passengers, and could not be found. This was a trial which the afflicted parent had not contemplated. And with a bleeding heart he was compelled once more to return to his solitary habitation.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A LITTLE boy, about two years old, the son of a cottager in Ireland, was in the habit of accompanying his parents when they went to work. One day, when their attention was engaged, he strayed to a rocky cliff at no great distance, where, it is supposed that, being weary, from his endeavours to disentangle himself from the rocks and briers, he fell asleep, and by that means was overlooked by his parents, who, as soon as they missed him, made diligent search for him, wherever they thought there was a probability of finding him; but all their efforts were fruitless. They had nearly given up the hope of recovering their lost little one, and were on the point of yielding to the terrible necessity of losing him for ever, without knowing his fate, when the dog belonging to the cottage was observed to go out with his food in his mouth; and this unusual act he repeated so often, as to raise a suspicion that

he had some extraordinary motive for doing so. Curiosity, and a faint hope that he had discovered what they had so ineffectually sought, determined them to follow him; when, to their inexpressible joy, by tracing his steps, they were led to their child; and by the time they had got up to him, the dog was found giving the food to the boy, whom he had sustained in this manner for several days. The attachment, the fidelity, and the sagacity of this animal are beyond all praise.—*Instinct Displayed; by Priscilla Wakefield.*



SPOTTED GROUSE.

UNDER the family name of *Tetraonidæ*, naturalists class not only the different varieties of pure grouse, but also partridges, quails, francolins, &c. The grouse is a bird delighting in moorland and heath. The noblest bird of the family, the capercaillie, had long been extinct in the British isles; but was re-introduced by a collection of birds made in Sweden by Mr. L. Lloyd, and presented to the Marquis of Breadalbane by the late Sir T. F. Buxton. The black grouse is found in the greater part of Scotland, in the northern counties of England, and in a few of the wilder localities of the south. The red grouse is not known in any part of the world but the British isles, all over which it is abundantly distributed, furnishing our markets annually with a most abundant supply. All the three birds we have named—the capercaillie, the black grouse, and the red grouse—are capable of being tamed, and will breed in confinement. The red grouse alone pairs; the males of the other species forsaking the females, and leaving to them alone the labour of incubation and the care of the young.

In North America is found the dusky grouse, which may be considered as taking the place of our black grouse, yet having sufficient distinction in the form of the tail to constitute a separate species. The pinnated grouse, and the ruffed grouse, are also remarkable variations of the family known in the United States. The male of the former has a naked sacculated appendage on each side of the neck, which in times of excitement is inflated so as to resemble an orange.

The spotted grouse, represented in our cut, is also a trans-atlantic variety, known as *Tetrao Canadensis.*

A SMART DOG.

A SHEPHERD once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, Sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, but said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and, leaping through the open window, scrambled up to the turf-roof of the house, from which he could see the potatoe-field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time, the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing aloud at him; on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, and as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

OUR SERVANTS.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS AND WORKING PEOPLE.

"Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto knowledge."—Prov. xxii. 17.

1. A good character is valuable to every person, and more especially to servants; for it is their bread, and without it they cannot be admitted into a creditable family. And a blessed thing it is that it is in the power of every one to deserve a good character. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." (Prov. xxii. 1.)

2. Enter into an engagement with due caution, and stay long in your situation; for long servitude is an evidence of worth; and quitting a good situation without sufficient reason is a folly which is often repented of when too late. "If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences." (Eccles. x. 4.)

3. Do not undertake a situation which you are not qualified for; as pretending to do that which you do not understand exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, it is a deception on those whom you serve. "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me." (Psalm cxxxi. 1.)

4. Preserve your fidelity; remembering that a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great. "Let servants show fidelity, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ." (Eph. vi. 5, 6.)

5. Adhere to the truth; for falsehood is detestable, and he who tells an untruth has often occasion to tell twenty more in the vain hope of concealing the original one. "Ye are of your father the devil." (John viii. 44.) "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." (Psalm ci. 7.) Read also the latter part of 2 Kings v.; also the beginning of Acts v.

6. Be strictly honest; for it is a great disgrace to be considered unworthy of trust. "Exhort servants not to purloin or steal, but show all good fidelity," &c. For "he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong he hath done." (Col. iii. 25.)

7. Be modest in your demeanour, as it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors. "A servant honoureth his master." (Mal. i. 6; 1 Pet. iii. 4.)

8. Avoid pert and uncivil answers; for civil language costs nothing, and impertinence is provoking. "Let servants please their masters well in all things, not answering again." (Titus ii. 9.) "With good will doing service." (Eph. vi. 7.)

9. Be diligent, active, and speedy in your business; neither neglecting it, nor trifling at it. "Be not slothful in business." (Rom. xii. 11.) "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." (Prov. x. 4.)

10. Observe to be neat and cleanly in your business; for slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants. "Whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, think on these things." (Phil. iv. 8.)

11. Never make known the concerns of the family with whom you are connected; as it is a sort of treachery, and is frequently the cause of mischief; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own. "A talebearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." (Prov. xi. 13.)

12. Live agreeably with your fellow-servants; as the contrary destroys the peace of the house. "Behold, how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." (Psalm cxxxiii. 1.)

13. Be very careful to avoid intemperance; for it is an inlet to many other vices, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution. "The drunkard shall come to poverty." (Prov. xxiii. 21.) "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (Gal. v. 21.)

14. Give preference to a peaceable and regular life, with moderate gains, to great worldly advantages with irregularity. "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife." (Prov. xvii. 1.)

15. Take care of your money; for it will be a friend to you in old age: dress not expensively, or unbecoming your station; nor marry too soon. The prodigal son "wasted his substance, began to be in want, and no man gave unto him." (Luke xv. 13, 14, 16.)

16. Observe to be careful of your employer's property which may be in your care, even in small articles; for all wastefulness is sin. Christ said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." (John vi. 12.)

17. Never swear, or take God's name in vain; for that is an inexcusable sin, and no person ever gained either riches, pleasure, or credit to himself by so doing, to say nothing of the punishment hereafter. "Swear not at all; but let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." (Matt. v. 34, 37.)

(To be continued.)

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. H. BUMBY, TO HIS FATHER:

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. J. SMART.

Written when he was about fifteen years of age.

HONOURED AND DEAR FATHER,

You will, doubtless, be surprised at my using this mode of address to you, with whom I have the opportunity of conversing daily; but, as it is a matter of infinite importance that I am about to communicate, and as I thought I could write more freely than speak my thoughts on the subject, I chose to adopt this plan, in preference to a private and personal interview. But before I proceed any farther, I must beg that you will do me the favour of prostrating yourself before an all-wise and all-gracious God, in order that you may know how to act in reference to what follows. You must know then, honoured father, that from the most early part of my life, it has been impressed upon my mind, that I should, sooner or later, be called to labour in the vineyard of the Lord; and of late the impression has been yet more powerful, and I am fully convinced that I am called by that God, whose I am and whom I serve,

"To save poor souls out of the fire,
And snatch them from the verge of hell."

And sooner let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my body sink into the darkness of the tomb, than let me

"The Spirit's course in me restrain."

For if I should be disobedient to the heavenly vision, whatever you might think of me, the Lord would surely say, "Thou wicked and slothful servant." I must adopt the language of the Apostle, and say, "A dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!"

And now perhaps my father has no objection to his son being a Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet I know the feelings of human nature; you think that I, being an only son, should be the staff and comfort of your old age; you think that a pious son should always obey his father; but (O pardon me!) where I think the will of a dear and much-loved parent is contrary to the will of God, I must, in such a situation, "obey God rather than man." And now I am encouraged to hope that my design will not be contrary to the approbation of my father. And as I do not intend to go out to travel for two or three years yet, I have a particular favour to ask of you, which is, that you will expend a few more pounds over my education. I should very much like to go to Leeds; and as my going entirely depends on my father, and must stand or fall with his approbation, I cheerfully acquiesce in my fate, whatever it may be. But, O father, do let me go! you will never be a penny the poorer for it. God will restore you fourfold. I want my father's consent, paternal blessing, and assistance. But whether I go to Leeds or not, I intend, when my providential way is open, to go out to travel; for (O, believe me, my dear father!) I cannot endure the thought of having to answer for the blood of the souls I should have been the instrument of saving, for their being damned, because I was disobedient to the call of God. And sooner will I weep my life away, and dissolve in tears, than act thus. But

"I will the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known."

And now be pleased to let me know your will and pleasure as soon as possible.

I am, honoured father,
Your affectionate son,
In great suspense,
JOHN H. BUMBY.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOSEPH COOK.

BY THE REV. W. H. BAMBRIDGE.

(*Concluded from page* 117.)

No sooner had the Wesleyans abandoned the place, than the Primitive Methodists took it, resolved to do something, if possible. At once it was made a station; Travelling Preachers went to it; and anywhere, at any time, when a congregation could be found, they preached to the people. Their preaching was characterized by plain, earnest zeal; and, whenever the weather permitted, was in the open air. A new era seemed to dawn: the people felt that an unknown power was at work among them; crowds flocked to hear, many were convinced, many more alarmed and excited, and soon a very considerable society was formed. The new preaching

bade fair to carry everything before it: the place was in strange commotion; there was a shaking among the very dry bones. Though real good was done, much evil sprang up with it; and the latter overpowered the former. The doors of the society were thrown wide, and improper persons entered; wild fire was substituted for that which descends from heaven, noisy excitement took the place of earnest piety, the grossest irregularities began to prevail, and the Preachers who had formed the heterogeneous society fled and left it to itself.

Two or three years were the Primitive Methodists in the place, and on the disruption of their society, in 1827, the Wesleyans made another trial. They had learned something; but even now they were more indebted to Providence than to any tactics or zeal of their own. There was something to begin with, material prepared to their hand: a few pious souls from the defunct society panted for Christian communion, and a congregation was ready to listen to the ministry of the word. There was also now a home for the Preachers: a Mr. George Capp had opened his house for their reception, and soon became a member of the society. At this time, Mr. Cook attended the preaching more regularly than he had done previously; and when a chapel was opened might be found as a regular hearer. Something allured him to Methodism; he could scarcely account for it; but he was very warmly attached to the society, and greatly pleased with the preaching. Nothing very extraordinary occurred to bring about his conversion; the whole process was most simple: his mind was gradually enlightened, the saving truth of God sank into it silently; the leaven which years before had been cast in was diffusing its influence through the whole man; by almost imperceptible degrees was he led from the world to God. No alarming sermon, no calamity, terrified him; he had no very awful apprehensions of the divine wrath; he did not learn his religion amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai; gently was his heart opened; the story of redeeming love melted his hard heart, and drew him to the Saviour. We would not convey the idea that he was insensible to the guilt of sin, or fancied that he could be saved without repentance. By no means: all that is essential to true penitence he had: his subsequent life declared the genuineness of his repentance. His case was one of the varieties of religious experience, one of the diversities of divine operation. Many sinners are driven to Jesus; he was drawn: they are pressed by the terrors of the Lord; he was constrained by the love of Christ: they resemble the jailer, he Lydia of Thyatira. He was not long ere he obtained the pardoning mercy of God, the forgiveness of his past offences. Yet perhaps very few of his friends thought him quite clear and sound in this matter: the manner in which he usually expressed himself on it tended to create doubts. He had listened to a ministry which denies the direct witness of the Spirit, and his first religious thinkings were modified by this teaching: at all events, he had its phraseology. And then he was so peacefully and gently led to the possession of pardon, that he had not marked the precise time when the great change took place, and never could refer to the moment in which his new-born spirit first uttered its "Abba, Father." Still, that he did really enjoy the blessing, was hence obvious. If asked, "Do you now feel the love of God shed abroad in your heart; do you really love God?" he would answer at once in the affirmative. When he understood things better, he did not object to call them by their right names.

Whether his conversion to God took place before he joined the society, does not appear, as no record was kept of the fact. He became a member in 1830, and from that period to the end of life strove to conduct himself as a professor of religion should, and to the best of his ability promote the interests of the people with whom he was connected. His wife becoming a member about the same time, made him feel the necessity of family religion: he thought they were bound daily to offer up prayer to God in their dwelling. And so thought Mrs. Cook. Therefore, with much trembling, he one night set up the altar, and both beat the knee before the throne of grace, and he offered up his first family prayer. Here began his course of active service: he seemed now thoroughly engaged: having commenced at home, the step was easy to take part in the public prayer-meeting. Private and domestic duties prepared him for usefulness in the church and the world; and as a Prayer-Leader, Sabbath-school Teacher, and Trustee of the new chapel, which the prosperity of the cause had rendered necessary, he continued to exert his influence and employ his talents until laid aside by his final affliction. Having put his hand to the work, he did not go back: his course was steady and sure, and ended well.

To sum up more particularly. He had one of the most amiable and cheerful spirits that mortal ever possessed. Perhaps, if permitted, his temper would have been hasty; but his soul was so generous, his disposition so benevolent, his heart so full of love, his whole self so framed for the possession and diffusion of bliss, that nobody thought him capable of ill-temper. His home was one of earth's sunniest spots. No hurricanes of passion were felt there; no scorching simoon of tyranny ever passed over it. He was unlike many who, all amiability abroad, are all ill-temper at home. As a husband, father, and master, he was ever kind; and hence he

was always a welcome guest at his own fireside. Perhaps, indeed, his kindness ran to the extreme of undue indulgence, and his excessive good-nature made him too lax in discipline. Still his was a happy family: happy himself, he had the art of making those around him so. How long will it be ere men learn that frowns will not appease an angry temper, nor a cudgel subdue an obstinate disposition; that the way to ease an irritable spirit is not to draw over it the furze-bush of domestic tyranny? Mr. Cook thought smiles, good words, and kindness the best correctives of family faults. But he carried his method too far: as he admitted, a little wholesome severity would have increased the effect of his kindness. Owing to his cheerfulness, and the utter absence of that curse of society, tale-bearing, he had many friends, and very few enemies. Perhaps he was not always so serious as became him: there were times when he seemed borne beyond due decorum, and strangers thought him trifling.

His love to the means of grace was exemplary. Nothing but positive necessity detained him at any time from the week-night services. An example may be recorded. One evening a gentleman called, on business: it was the class-night, and wanted but a few minutes of the time for closing the meeting when he left. Mr. Cook knew that he should be too late for any part of the service, but he ran off to the place of meeting, resolved to see his brethren ere they separated.

For some months before the final change, he was observed to be failing: his constitution was sinking under a confirmed consumption; and his friends were pleased to find that as the outer man declined, the inner man grew daily more vigorous. In the prospect of dissolution his cheerfulness forsook him not: he went down to the grave joyous. Yet his joy was not boisterous and ecstatic; but a calm, peaceful repose in God. In his affliction the consolations of religion blessed him; his confidence in Jesus grew stronger, and his views of the atonement were more than ordinarily experimental. To one of his oldest religious friends he said, one day, "My mind is not so comfortable as I could wish." "But," it was replied, "your hope is in Christ." "Yes," said he, "there and only there: I rest upon the atonement." A few days afterwards the same friend asked him, "Are you still looking to Jesus?" and he at once replied, "Yes, I am still building on the Rock." As he drew near his end, his strength failed, so that he was unable to converse much; but his countenance and occasional remarks indicated the peaceful state of his soul. One who watched with him said she never sat up with him but she was reminded of those words, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding." Peacefully as the sun descends in western skies, with not a cloud to obscure his face, did this servant of God pass away, to be for ever with the Lord. He departed this life on Wednesday, November 29th, 1848, in the forty-seventh year of his age, having been a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist society eighteen years.

POETRY.

"UP AND BE DOING."

Up, up and be doing,
Wake and arise,
Preferment pursuing,
On for the prize!
Press, press to the contest,
Dangers disdain,
The laurels of conquest
Worthily gain.

Trifle not needlessly,
Precious is time:
Waste it not heedlessly;
Folly is crime.
Pleasures love sparingly,
Oft they enthrall;
Tamper not daringly,
Lest you should fall.

Cautiously, carefully
Ponder your way;
Patiently, prayerfully
Live day by day.

Toil for God zealously,
Choose the good part,
Watching most jealously
Over your heart.

To save self-reproaches,
Work while you may;
The night fast approaches,
Brief is the day.
The sepulchre hollow
Knows no device;
Then faithfully follow
Wisdom's advice.

"With might undiminish'd
Garner your hours;
Till life shall be finish'd
Task all your powers.
Delay not, nor tarry,
Glory allures;
Though earth should miscarry,
All heaven is yours."

Glasgow. JOB.

BEAUTY.

It lingers in the sunset
  Ere the red light leaves the sky;
When the earth is hush'd and silent,
  And the soft breeze stealeth by.

It gleameth 'mid the moss-tufts,
  In the wild flower's starry ray;
In the golden radiant clusters
  Of the woodland's leafy way.

It flasheth in the glory
  Of the summer's noontide light;
In the silver gems that sparkle
  On the azure brow of night.

It hath an airy dwelling
  'Mid the whispering forest-trees;
It lights the feathery spray-wreaths
  Of the far-off billowy seas.

It greets the purple morning
  With its dewy fragrant air;
It tints the spring-time blossoms
  With their hues of glory fair.

O'er the harvest's golden fulness
  As a spell it lingereth e'er;
And the wintry days are joyous
  In the light it flingeth there.

ADÉLINE.

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

Hail to thine opening eye,
  Thou little lonely flower,
The first that cometh blossoming,
  Within my English bower!
A thousand griefs are past,
  A thousand tears I've shed,
Since on this bank I saw thee last
  Rear up thy yellow head.

Hail to thy timid glance!
  And to thy perfume, hail!
And though the north-storm may advance,
  O do not look so pale!
But bloom and blossom on,
  Within our garden-bower,
Till winter and his storms are gone,
  Thou little trembling flower.

Thou bringest songs of birds,
  And many a pleasing spell;
The violet-haunts we've loved so long;
  We know them passing well.
A thousand other tales
  In thee the poet reads,
Thy sisters clustering in our vales,
  And sparkling in our meads.

Then bloom and blossom on,
  And gem our wither'd isle,
Till winter and his storms are gone,
  And tender sunbeams smile.
Then flowers of every hue
  Shall thy companions be,
And millions in my fatherland
  Shall smile, and look like thee.

Bolenowe Carne. J. HARRIS.

POPERY.

A PENITENT ROGUE.

A ROMAN Catholic, who had filled up the measure of his iniquities as far as he dared, went to the Priest to confess, and obtain absolution. He entered the apartment of the Priest, and addressed him:—

"Holy Father, I have sinned."

The Priest bid him kneel before the penitential chair. The penitent was looking about, and saw the Priest's gold watch lying on the table, within his reach. He seized it, and put it in his bosom. The Priest approached him, and requested him to acknowledge the sins for which he wished absolution.

"Father," said the rogue, "I have stolen; and what shall I do?"

"Restore," said the Priest, "the thing you have stolen to its rightful owner."

"Do you take it," said the penitent.

"No, I shall not," said the Priest: "you must give it to the owner."

"But he has refused to take it."

"If this be the case, you may keep it."

The Priest granted him a full absolution. The penitent knelt and kissed his hand, craved his benediction, and departed with a clear conscience, and a very valuable gold watch into the bargain.—*Protestant Annual.*

POPISH SUPERSTITION.

A CANADIAN Catholic, not far from Lake Memphremagog, lost a child. The distance from the Catholic burying-ground, and the kindness of his Protestant neighbours, induced him to consent to its burial in the place of Protestant sepulture. But he became uneasy and distressed; and after three weeks disinterred the body, took the coffin on his shoulders, and conveyed it sixty miles, at the same time driving his only cow before him as a sin-offering, to make atonement to the Priest for the offence of having first committed the body of his child to unconsecrated ground.—*Ibid.*

CURING A HERETIC COW.

Some time ago, an Irish Papist bought a cow of a Protestant, and, according to custom, it became necessary to exorcise the four-legged animal, to drive away the heresy which she had contracted in consequence of having been owned by a Protestant. The Romish woman accordingly brought forth her bottle of "blessed water," with which to purify the cow; but she mistook the article, and instead of the water, took up a bottle of vitriol. Having poured some of the vitriol upon the creature, as soon as she felt the burning, the cow began to roar and kick lustily. "Arrah!" said the woman, "but the crathur is a terrible ould heretic!" Then she poured some more vitriol upon her, which only increased her restlessness and bellowing; upon which the woman added, "Och, by St. Patrick! but the heresy is very dape in the baste!" This is a very fair specimen of the wickedness and superstition which the Roman Priests teach their infatuated devotees.—*Ibid.*

HOLY WELL AND ROCK.

Near the village of Bin, Ireland, is a small well about twelve or thirteen feet in circumference. Around this is built a wall, about eighteen inches in height, and nearly as thick. You may see, on Sunday mornings, dozens of poor, deluded, Priest-ridden slaves going round this well on their bare knees, and counting their beads. They place, every time they go round, a small piece of rag on a withered thorn-bush. This they do as penance for venial sins; but before they conclude the penance, they make a kind of finish at the rock which is near the well. The rock is very large; and they go round this also on their bare knees. They have to get off their knees every time they go round, to place a small stone on the top of the rock for the same purpose as on the rag-bush. There is also a small track in the rock: to this they pay great reverence, which they signify by bowing each time they come opposite to it. They say, that St. Patrick having knelt on this rock, he left the track above-mentioned, by his knee.—*Ibid.*

ANECDOTES.

METHODISM.

"Methodism," once said Lord Teignmouth, "is a very convenient word: the general meaning of it, by those who use it, is, that the person or work to which it is applied has more religion than the speaker. I have known many religious persons in my life, but never one who had too much religion. A man must indeed be a simpleton, with little true religion, who will suffer himself to be laughed out of his principles by a nickname. Cant I detest; but religion I revere, and honour those who seriously profess it. If the Bible be true, as it most assuredly is, woe to them who are ashamed of Christ's words!"—*Wilson's Scripture Doctrines Illustrated.*

THE THRASHER'S DEFINITION OF TRUTH.

"Walking in the country," says the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, "I went into a barn, where I found a thrasher at his work. I addressed him in the words of Solomon, 'My friend, in all labour there is profit!' But what was my surprise when, leaning on his flail, he answered, and with much energy, 'No, Sir; that is the truth, but there is one exception to it: I have long laboured in the service of sin, but I got no profit by my labour!' 'Then,' answered I, 'you know somewhat of the Apostle's meaning when he asked, *What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?*' 'Thank God,' he replied, 'I do; and I also know, that now, being freed from sin, and having become a servant unto righteousness, I have my fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.'"—*Ibid.*

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman.—Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call h-o-u-g-h?

Tutor.—Huff.

Frenchman.—Tres bien, *huff*; and *snuff* you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, ha?

Tutor.—O no, no; *snuff* is s-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

Frenchman.—Ah, very good. 'Tis beau'ful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*. I will remember; and c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one bad *cuff*, ha?

Tutor.—No, that is wrong. We say *kauff*, not *cuff*.

Frenchman.—*Kauf*, eh bien. *Huff* and *kauf*; and, pardonnez-moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h—*duff*, ha?

Tutor.—No, not *duff*.

Frenchman.—Not *duff*? Ah! oui; I understand, it is *dauf*, hey?

Tutor.—No, d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

Frenchman.—*Doe!* It is very fine; won-

derful language; it is *doe;* and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, certainement. My teacher was very *toe.*

Tutor.—O no, no! you should say *tuff.*

Frenchman.—*Tuff?* And the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h? *pluff*,—ha? you smile, I see I am wrong; it is *plauf?* No? ah! then it is *ploe*, like *doe;* it is beautiful language, ver' fine—*ploe?*

Tutor.—You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow.*

Frenchman.—*Plow!* Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow, doe, kauf;* and one more—R-o-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; *rauf* and ready? No! certainement it is *row* and ready.

Tutor.—No; r-o-u-g-h spells *ruff.*

Frenchman.—*Ruff*, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff*, ha?

Tutor.—No, *bow.*

Frenchman.—Ah! 'tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h! ha? what you call him?

HEAVY PREACHERS.

Lady.—Mr. — is really a wretched Preacher.

Husband.—My dear, Mr. — is one of the most sound, orthodox Preachers I know.

Lady.—He may be very orthodox, but he is very heavy.

Husband.—Gold is heavy.

Lady.—Yes, but gold is bright.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

VII.—PERGAMOS.

"Even where Satan's seat is," was the description given of this city eighteen centuries ago, by Him whose eye is as a flame of fire. It is true the city was fairly placed in Mysia; enjoyed all the advantages that could accrue from the proximity of Greek refinement, and the civilization of Roman sway. It had its library of 200,000 volumes, and wanted not its elegancies either of literature, or of domestic life. Yet there Satan had his seat. Nor do learned libraries, stately public edifices, elegant works of art, or graceful manners, disturb in any way the seat of Satan. It rests upon the hearts of men; and if they are only corrupt, his reign will proceed in peace despite of books and pictures.

Pergamos exists still under Turkish sway: it is known as Bergamo, and has a population of about 14,000 souls. We see towering there the minarets of Turkish mosques. They remind us of Him who warned the unfaithful Christians, that if they did not repent, he would come and fight against them with the sword of his mouth. From the epistle to the church at Pergamos, we may gather that the town was much given to licentiousness, and that the prevalent disorders had been allowed to enter the Christian fold.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A DAY AT THE WESLEYAN INSTITUTION, DIDSBURY.

THE following interesting sketch (which we have reason to believe is from the pen of the Rev. F. J. Jobson) we extract from the columns of the "Watchman:"—

One of the most delightful and spiritually profitable days of my life was the —— day of —— last, which I spent in company with several of my Methodist friends and brethren, at Didsbury. It was the day of the Quarterly Meeting of the Committee for managing the Northern Branch of the Wesleyan Theological Institution: the intermediate meetings being held in Manchester, for the convenience of members resident there. It was clearer and brighter weather than is common in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester and Stockport; and as I entered at the front-gate of the Institution premises, and glanced at the buildings and surrounding grounds, I felt a quickened movement in my veins, and a suffusion of grateful joy through my whole nature, with the consciousness of the cheering advance of Methodism from beginnings so small, and within a period so comparatively brief. I paused a moment or two, for reflection, and thought of Wesley;—of his deep mental struggles at Oxford;—of his spiritual emancipation through faith in Christ, and by the instrumentality of the Moravians;—of his exclusion from the pulpits of the Establishment;—of his out-door exercises;—of his abundant and indefatigable labours;—of his far-sighted legislative and disciplinary enactments for the churches which he formed;—of his calm confidence, when dying, in a crucified Saviour;—and of the profound and happy interest he must take in the glorious results of his labours, if now permitted to view them. And I thought, as I looked up to the unclouded heavens above me, if there were one part of the machinery of Methodism he could view with dearer interest than another, and watch with greater solicitude, it must be our schools of theological learning. For what engines of moral and spiritual power are here! What eternal destinies of thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of almost every country and clime, hang suspended on the faithfulness of the men trained for the Christian ministry in these institutions! What fervent aspirations and intrepid resolves shall be cherished in the regenerate hearts of youths who, in successive years, shall tenant these buildings, and tread these walks! What "labourers" shall go forth from this house of preparation, and that other at Richmond, not only to cultivate the fields of Methodism at home, but also to turn up the unbroken ground of heathen lands, and bring tribes and nations of men in distant climes to a saving acquaintance with Christ their Saviour, and whose names, because of their self-sacrificing and successful toil, shall be embosomed in Methodism and in Christendom in years to come!

Such were some of my reflections as I stood and lingered upon the entrance-ground of the premises at Didsbury; and I advanced towards the buildings, my thoughts still dwelling on Wesley, and the blessed results of his labours. The reminiscence was natural, as well as pleasing, that, through the munificent generosity of Mr. Farmer, a marble memorial of the Founder of Methodism will soon be placed in the Institution buildings at Richmond, to remind the students there of that truly apostolic man; and I ventured to hope that some other wealthy lover of Methodism would obtain, in as durable material as practicable, at least a cast of that correct, chaste, and beautiful statue, and set it up in this kindred house at Didsbury.

The buildings of this Northern Branch of our Theological Institution are neat and unpretending; and accord fully with the locality in which they have been erected. The chapel, situated between the Tutors' houses, is the only part of the buildings on which any ornament has been bestowed, and that merely sufficient to distinguish it for the holy purpose to which it is dedicated. The style is plain Gothic; and it is used for public worship by the students, and by the inhabitants of the village. The chapel, as well as the other buildings, are less ornamental than the erections at Richmond; but, as I have said, they are appropriate to the situation. They are equally so with the light Gothic façade of the Institution in the south, to the sylvan scenery beheld in connexion with it. Most assuredly, it would have been a gross and evident outrage upon that beautiful and highly picturesque portion of the works of God, to have set up public buildings on Richmond-Hill, devoid of order and symmetry; and especially, as was the case, when the estimated cost of the present structure at Richmond was considerably less than that of the other designs, of plainer style, presented to the Committee, which provided all the rooms required for the establishment. So it would have been equally inconsistent to have reared highly ornamental buildings in the quiet and comparatively unpicturesque situation of Didsbury. The architectural arrangements of the Northern Branch of the Theological Institution reflect great credit upon the practical sense of the friends who, on behalf

of Methodism, superintended their accomplishment. The impression made upon the beholder, by the whole of the premises without, is that of retirement. The Institution-house buildings are grafted on a large and substantial dwelling of comparatively modern date. The structure, newly faced with stone, so as to accord with the adjoining parts, forms the central feature in the front; and is appropriated, principally, to the Governor, and to the servants of the establishment. A wing has been built on each side of this central dwelling-house, which extends a considerable length behind, so as to form, with the back of the front building three sides of a large quadrangle. In these wings, below, are the library, the lecture and dining rooms, with the studies for the young men: above are the dormitories. The whole is well ventilated, and clean; and, as you pass from room to room, and through the long corridors, or covered walks for the bodily exercise of the students, you are impressed with a feeling of the healthfulness of the place. All the rooms are furnished most economically. I regretted the sight of so many bare unoccupied shelves in the book-cases of the library; but hope, that through the contributions of generous friends, they will soon be well filled. The young men's places of study and sleeping-rooms are furnished very much after the manner of the Prophet's, in the Shunammite's upper-room; and are not at all likely to enervate them, or disqualify them, physically, for the lodging-places they will sometimes have in hard working country Circuits. It is evident, from the order and cleanliness of the entire premises, and from the strict economy and paternal government of the Rev. John Bowers, that he is a highly suitable Governor for the Didsbury Institution.

At the appointed hour, I went into the Committee-room, and sat down with the members in their Quarterly Meeting. The honoured President of the Institution was in the chair, at the head of the table, looking like himself; for, though somewhat shrunk and bowed with years, he is still broad and massive in personal appearance, and impresses you, at once, with his manifest intellectual superiority. His bodily form truly accords with the great practical wisdom of his mind; and it was impossible to look at him in the Committee-room at Didsbury, without perceiving that, sit where he would, he would make the place he occupied the head of the table. By his side sat the Rev. George Marsden, apparently as fresh and vigorous as for some years past, and still clothed in the plain style of dress worn by the fathers in the Methodist ministry. The officers of the Institution were there, each anxiously attentive to the business brought forward. The members of the Committee resident in Manchester and Stockport were present, aiding with their counsel in the deliberations of the day; but it was to me a source of regret, that the ministerial members from more distant Circuits were not in attendance. The lay friends of the neighbourhood, who have laudably taken so deep an interest in the Institution from the beginning, were numerous in attendance; and the Committee was large, and influential in the character of its members.

The business commenced with prayer for the divine aid and blessing; and, after the reading of the Minutes by the Secretary, several questions occupied the attention of the Committee. One of the first was the *financial state of the Institution*. After the Governor and Treasurers had reported on the expenditure for the Northern Branch, in the preceding quarter, the general account of the entire Institution was referred to; when it appeared, that several Circuits, which most extensively employ the students on the Sabbath, during the time of their training at Didsbury and Richmond; and many Circuits, which most pressingly urge that appointments be made to them of students leaving the Institution on the completion of their course; do not, either in the way of Circuit contributions or of subscriptions of individuals in the said Circuits, furnish any sum towards the support of the young men while residents in the Institution. Some very honourable exceptions were named; but, in some instances, it appeared that Circuits which enjoyed on the Sabbath the labours of students almost amounting to what would be performed by a third or fourth Preacher, did not so much as send a single pound annually to the general fund of the Theological Institution. Several proposals were made for the remedy of this defect; but, at length, it was resolved to state the fact in the forthcoming Report, and to leave the statement, for this year, to operate beneficially (as it was hoped it would) in the minds of the negligent parties. Some of the Ministers who formerly had been residents in the Institution, and were now in Circuits, had, it was stated, most faithfully exerted themselves to increase the annual subscriptions, and it was confided that they would continue their exertions. But it was evident that the financial state of the Theological Institution is such as to demand very serious attention: an immediate increase of annual support must be obtained, or the Institution will soon be heavily burdened with debt.

Another subject of inquiry by the Committee was the *mental character* and *literary qualifications* of the students of this year, as compared with those of years preceding. On the whole, the statements made by the Governor and Tutors were encouraging; but it was clear that, in their judgment, too much of their time was occupied with giving to some of the youths mere elementary instruction, such as a tolerably good schoolmaster might have imparted to them in a few months

prior to their admission here. Many of the young men had been respectably educated; but there were others who, if they had been prudently directed and assisted in their Circuits while Local Preachers, would have been prepared to receive, with much greater advantage, the instructions of Dr. Hannah and Mr. Thornton. A little attention from Ministers and the intelligent friends in the Circuits, with a very few pounds subscribed, would have secured for any, who may not themselves have possessed the means, either week-day or week-night instruction. With other of my friends and brethren, I devoutly trust the time will never arrive when Methodism shall select its Ministers *exclusively* from those classes of its members who are comparatively easy in temporal circumstances. Some of the best and ablest Ministers, with us, as well as with other Christian denominations, have been originally *working-men* who were gifted with native strength of mind, and possessed common sympathies with the masses of the people; and who, by persevering and successful struggles with great difficulties, wrought their way to eminence in usefulness and literary acquirements. Now, as in the days of the Apostles and the Prophets, while not passing by the distinguished in station, and the accomplished in learning, the Divine Being continues to select his energetic and devoted labourers from the fishing-boat, the sheepfold, and the field of the ploughman and reaper. But they that "prophesy" are not *now* inspired. And surely, when it becomes evident in a Circuit, that a youth, insufficiently provided with the means of instruction in the first principles of English learning, is called to go forth as a Minister of Christ's Gospel, some two or three friends might unite to direct and help him. By doing so, they would serve him most materially; and, to an extent that can scarcely be overestimated, save the valuable time of the Theological and Classical Tutors.

The most deeply interesting subject of the day's inquiry, however, was the *religious state of the students* personally; together with their *success in preaching* in the various surrounding Circuits, and in visiting the poor and spiritually destitute in their own immediate neighbourhood. Several cases of conversion to God through their instrumentality had recently occurred. On the Sunday evening, preceding this Quarterly Meeting, after the preaching, in Radnor-street chapel, Manchester, of Mr. L——, a student, and the son of a Wesleyan Minister in Yorkshire, several heart-stricken sinners had bowed themselves in penitence, and publicly sought pardon through faith in Christ. The personal visitation of the sick and poor in the cottages at Didsbury and the neighbourhood, was reported to the Committee by the Governor; (who evidently makes the important work of pastoral visitation a marked feature in the training of the students;) and on this head, also, there was ground for great satisfaction and thankfulness.

Other questions, as may be supposed, occupied the consideration of the Committee. Improvements in the plans of examination were suggested, and partly adopted; but far-sighted wisdom, enhanced by experience, prevented any sudden considerable changes; and moderation, as might be expected from such a Committee, prevailed in all their determinations.

At two o'clock, dinner was announced, when the Ministers and lay friends proceeded to the dining-room to partake, with the students, of a frugal meal. On entering the room, it was, indeed, an interesting scene to witness. There were thirty-four young men, candidates for the Christian ministry, assembled together. Some of them looked pale and thoughtful, and made it evident, by their appearance, that they had either been inmates at Didsbury for one or two years, or else had resided in commercial towns and crowded cities. Others, having but recently entered the Institution, and having come from country homes, had yet fresh upon them the village bloom, and rustic stamp of character. All were neatly clothed in black, with white neckerchiefs; and, while standing up to sing the "Grace before meat," seemed to give hopeful promise of a succession of faithful men to preach Christ's Gospel to sinners. Their vocal petition, harmoniously pealed in Martin Luther's noble "Old Hundredth" tune, and with solemn earnestness, thrilled through my whole frame, and touched me with reverential feeling. All then partook of the dinner, the Governor presiding, and the lay members of the Committee being so distributed at the table as to carve conveniently for the youths. After thanks to the bountiful Father of all mercies had been offered, the Governor said that he should do that day, as he had sometimes done before, on the welcome, and he was glad to say, not unfrequent, visits of the President of the Institution,—respectfully request, on behalf of the students, that he and some other friends present would address to them a few words of familiar advice and counsel. Some in attendance that day had previously spoken to his young friends in that room, and what they said was remembered with gratitude. On this day he should particularly call upon Dr. Bunting, Mr. Naylor, Mr. Osborn, Mr. Jobson, and Mr. Wood, or any other lay friend present who had it in his heart to say anything which he thought would be profitable.

Dr. Bunting rose in his own calm, unostentatious manner, and addressed such lessons of deep, practical counsel to "the men of the future," as he called them, as made his hearers pray that his valuable life might yet long be spared to Methodism. He referred, with deep emotion, to "the men of the past," who laboured in the

Methodist ministry; and mentioned, by name, some whom he had known in the days of his youth. He spoke of the times in which they lived, and told how well they did the work of their day. He then showed what cares and duties, from the changes and revolutions of the present age, would be likely to devolve upon those before him, if they should become Ministers of Christ. He observed, that it had been a principle with him, in earlier life, to confine himself to the fulfilled and practical portions of the holy Scriptures, rather than to expend precious time in speculations on unfulfilled predictions; but the mighty events which had occurred of late had compelled him to look more at the language of inspired prophecy, and to seek for its interpretation in what was passing. And though he had no theory of prophetical explanation to give them that day, yet he could clearly see that Christians and Christian Ministers were on the eve of times very different from those gone by. He charged them solemnly to be faithful to their principles as Christians, and as Methodist labourers; and gave such pathetic and earnest admonitions to the assembly, as drew tears from many eyes. And when, at the close of his address, he said, "I am frequently reminded that my day of labour will soon end, and that I have not much more to say to students or to sinners," a gush of sympathy went through the entire company, and all seemed bowed with feelings of tenderness and admiration. For myself I could not but pray, as he resumed his seat, that those who have of late assailed (but without injury to him) the character and motives of one who has devoted his whole life to Methodism, never, in one instance, betraying its interests to party, and who has rendered, under God, such essential service to the cause of Christ, could see their error.

Other speakers, as called on by Mr. Bowers, followed: Mr. Naylor, on the conduct becoming the students when in the houses and families of friends with whom they might lodge while absent from Didsbury for their Sabbath labours; Mr. Osborn, on the great importance of maintaining devoutness of spirit, at all times, and in all companies, showing how easily the good effect of pulpit labours might be withered and destroyed by lightness and trifling behaviour. Mr. Marsden prayed, with great fervour and unction, and pronounced the apostolic benediction upon all present; when the Committee retired, and separated for their respective homes and every-day pursuits.

The day was a solemn and religious day. It wore, to me, in several of its features, the holy aspect of a Sabbath, and impressed me deeply with the life and power of Christianity when in earnest; and I retired to my own dwelling-place blessing and praising God for the continuance in the world of old Methodism. May such days frequently recur! and, that the Ministers and friends now so devoted and faithful to the interests of the Didsbury branch of the Wealeyan Theological Institution, may long be spared to continue their Christian labour, is the earnest prayer of

A Lover of Good Men.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MULBERRY.

This tree abounds in Palestine; forming, in many places, natural groves of much beauty. It has two different species, the purple and the white. The latter attains the finer growth. When David, after his formal coronation, was assailed by the Philistines, he was directed to "fetch a compass about them;" or, probably, in modern military phrase, to "turn their flank;" and to "come upon them over against the mulberry-trees." And the tree thus known in early ages, yet luxuriates on the same hills. In the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon, so important is the mulberry, that the peasants are taxed according to the number of mule-loads of mulberry-leaves produced by their lands. In Persia, and all the chief countries of the East, both the white and purple mulberry abound.

While this tree is named in the word of God, it occupies a conspicuous place in the arrangements of Providence. Upon its leaves are fed those marvellous worms, from whose obscure labour we derive the various exquisite fabrics composed of silk. In the whole of the sacred writings silk is named only five times. Pharaoh arrayed Joseph in a vest of silk; but from that courtly scene, till we come to the sumptuous days of Solomon, we never hear of the luxurious fabric. Solomon mentions it once in the Proverbs. Ezekiel names it twice; and in all the three cases it is evidently spoken of as an exceeding delicacy. The only place where it is named in the New Testament is Rev. xviii. 12, as one of the articles composing the merchandise of the great Babylon.

The manufacture of silk was not understood in Europe till the sixth century. The ancient Romans imported it from Alexandria, whither it was imported from India; and even then its native country lay far to the

east, for the small quantity that was obtained all came from China. *As late as the reign of Aurelian, silk sold in Rome for its weight in gold.* The fact that a people so enterprising as the Romans never learned how this costly delicacy was produced, is conclusive evidence that the mulberries which flourished in Syria, and all the Asiatic territories of Rome, were not used by the people of those countries for any manufacturing purpose.

The way in which the mode of producing silk became known in Europe is curious. The Emperor Justinian was exceedingly desirous to secure part of the Indian silk-trade for Constantinople, in rivalry to the Persians, who had managed to engross the trade. He made several attempts, but failed. Just then, however, some Christian Missionaries had penetrated to China, and there observing the whole process of preparing silk, returned to Constantinople, and laid their discovery before the Emperor. Stimulated by promises of liberal reward, they returned to the land of the silk-worm, placed a number of the eggs of that insect in a hollow cane, carried them safely to their royal master, hatched them by the heat of manure, and fed them with the leaves of a wild mulberry. The industrious insect soon spread into Greece, thence into Sicily and Italy. The adaptation of the mulberry to the silk-worm, and the ability of that insect to furnish man with so exquisite a material for clothing, are beautiful evidences of the skill and care which have presided over all departments of creation.

TABLE-TALK.

ORIGIN OF THE GERMAN AND SWISS CHAPEL AT NAPLES.

We do not know when we have ever heard of a more beautiful circumstance than that which was told us at Naples, when we were there in the year 1843, respecting the origin of the German and Swiss Protestant chapel. It is this. A pious old German Colonel and his sister settled at Naples, shortly after the return of peace to Europe, upon the downfal of Napoleon. There they passed long years without having Protestant worship to attend; but constantly praying that God, in his good providence, would send them some one to preach that glorious Gospel which they loved. Not being willing, however, to pass their Sabbaths without going to the house of God, or at least what was called such, they regu-

larly went for years, every Sabbath, to a Roman Catholic church, where they sat down, afar from the altar, (for they would not have anything to do with the service which took place at it,) but still within what they considered the sacred precincts, and read their Bibles, and meditated and prayed. After spending an hour or two in this way, they returned home. Year after year passed away, but at length they had the pleasure of seeing the answer of their prayers, in being permitted to hear the Gospel preached in that great and wicked city by a Protestant Minister. What was certainly a remarkable and beautiful coincidence was the fact, that the name of these worthy persons, who were still living in 1843, was *Himmelshürget*,* and the street in which they lived was called, *Strada del Monte di Dio.*†—*Dr. Baird's Sketches of Protestantism in Italy.*

WAR.

Dr. Johnson laughed at Lord Kames's opinion that war was a good thing occasionally, as so much valour and virtue were exhibited in it. "A fire," said the Doctor, "might as well be considered a good thing. There are the bravery and address of the firemen in extinguishing it; there is much humanity exerted in saving the lives and properties of the poor sufferers; yet, after all this, who can say that a fire is a good thing?"

THE POOR MAN AND THE MISER.

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favour to ask." "So have I," said the miser: "grant mine first, then will I comply with thine." "Agreed." "My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

* German, and means, "Citizens of heaven."
† Italian, and signifies, "Street of the Mount of God."

DEALING IN SCRIPTURE.

A woman went one day to hear a famous D.D. preach, and, as usual, carried a pocket Bible with her, that she might turn to any of the passages the Preacher might happen to refer to. But she found that she had no use for her Bible there; and, coming away, said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home to-day, and have brought my dictionary. The Doctor does not deal in Scripture, but in such learned words and phrases as require the help of an interpreter to render them intelligible."—*American Paper.*

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN THE DINGLE WORKHOUSE.

Six of the inmates came before the Board of Guardians on Tuesday last, and renounced the errors of Romanism. The total number of those who have reformed in the workhouse within the last two months, including their dependents under fifteen years of age, and therefore not required to come before the Board, is seventy-three. During the same period, a much greater number out of doors gave in their adhesion to the Church of England, and had their names enrolled amongst the catechumens who are receiving instruction as probationers. One of them, when asked, after leaving the Board-room, why he left the Church of Rome, said, there was an old prophecy generally believed throughout the country that the whole world was to be of one religion soon, and that he and many others thought that religion was Protestantism, and that the time was come to join it. Another said, "When the Pope ran away from his flock, it was time for his flock to leave him." And a third replied, that it was hard to think that a sinner, born in sin *himself*, could forgive another sinner; and that he wished to join the Church which taught that the Lamb of God could alone take away the sins of the world.—*Achill Missionary Herald.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

COPERNICUS.

Died May 24th, 1543.

Among those who have scanned the starry heavens, with the view of ascertaining the laws by which their real or apparent movements are directed, a period of more than five thousand years failed to produce the equal of Copernicus.

During fourteen hundred years the system of Claudius Ptolemæus held undisturbed sway over the faith of astronomers, who implicitly believed that every twenty-four hours the sun and stars revolved around the earth, which was considered the centre of the universe.

Just about a century before the immortal Newton arose to shed imperishable lustre on the country which gave him birth, Nicolas Copernicus, his illustrious predecessor in the loftiest of the sciences, was born at Thorn, in Prussia, on the 19th of February, 1473. His parentage is involved in some uncertainty; some of his biographers asserting

that he was the son of a peasant-serf; others, that he was the son of a surgeon of German extraction, who was married to Barbara, of the noble Polish family of Watzelrode. The latter opinion is sustained by the education he received, and the eminence to which he ascended as an Ecclesiastic in the Church of Rome.

Having acquired the rudiments of Greek and Latin under his paternal roof, he went to Cracow, where he prosecuted the study of philosophy and medicine: in the latter science he took the degree of Doctor.

At an early period he manifested a strong passion for mathematics, and particularly for astronomy, which was pleasingly and profitably gratified by his attendance on the public and private lectures of Albert Brudzewski, at that time Mathematical Professor at Cracow. Becoming acquainted with the works of John Müller, alias Regiomontanus, whose fame as an astronomer had filled all Europe, and whose untimely death was regarded as a public calamity by every friend of science, Copernicus, fired with enthusiasm, resolved to visit Italy, in order to which, he studied painting, to enable him to make the most of the advantages he expected to reap by that visit. A brother and a maternal uncle being settled in Rome, made his path thither the more agreeable. His diligence in the use of the astronomical instruments then employed, began to raise his reputation ere he had reached his twenty-third year.

Attracted to Bologna by the high astronomical reputation of Professor Dominic Maria Norarra, he took it in his way. The able instructer and intelligent pupil were mutually delighted with each other. Norarra soon took him as his assistant and companion in his observations; and while the ardent youth was daily gratifying his thirst at the springs of science, his advancement was reflecting honour on his guide, and diffusing his own reputation, which spread to Rome ere he had reached that city.

One of his biographers states that on his arrival at Rome, he was kindly received by Regiomontanus, who also honoured him by his friendship: this, however, is a mistake; for that great man was suddenly cut off by the hand of an assassin, or the plague, when Copernicus was only three years old. It appears that he continued for some years at Rome, and occupied a mathematical chair, with growing reputation, during which period he greatly augmented his intellectual stores.

It is supposed that he entered into holy orders at Rome, as on his return to his native city, he was appointed to the superintendence of the principal church. Soon after this his uncle Luke, who succeeded Nicolas Von Thungen in the bishopric of Ermeland, enrolled him as one of the Canons of his Chapter. The cathedral church of the diocess was situated at Frauenburg, a small town near one of the mouths of the Vistula, on the shore of the lake called Frische Haff, separated from the gulf of Dantzic by a narrow strip of land: here Copernicus took up his abode during the remainder of his life. For some time his tranquillity was disturbed by the conflicting claims and unjust pretensions of others, which involved him in vexatious disputes and contentions; much against the bent of his temper, which was strongly inclined to peace and study. Having by firmness and constancy overcome his opponents, and clearly established his rights, he divided his time into three portions. One he directed to the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties, one to relieving the suffering poor by his medical skill, and the third to his favourite studies.

However, his love of retirement did not unfit him for taking a prominent part in the more stirring affairs connected with his office, at a period when, from the absence of his uncle at court, the entire management of the diocess frequently devolved on him. From a protracted and sanguinary war between the King of Poland and the Teutonic or German Knights of St. Mary of Jerusalem, the possessions of the Chapter suffered considerably; but through the tact and firmness which he displayed, a great part of what had been lost was recovered.

As Copernicus pursued his astronomical researches, gathering information from every accessible source, he felt growing dissatisfaction with the complexity and want of symmetry and harmony which were apparent in every system constructed by his predecessors. He therefore determined on examining them thoroughly, in order to discover what each contained conformable to probability and nature, and try whether out of these elements he might not form a system more symmetrical and simple. Filled with this exalted conception, he extracted every truth that presented itself, rejecting everything that seemed fanciful in the various theories, and at length succeeded in composing the whole into the admirable system with which his name must continue to be inseparably connected while astronomy has a place among the sciences. The evidence on which the *Copernican* system rests is such as has commanded the approval of the most gifted and scientific minds among mankind.

It is generally agreed that he began to digest his plan in 1507, and completed it in 1530, in a work divided into six books, and entitled, "*De Orbium Cœlestium Revolutionibus*," in which he exhibited the true system of the universe, subjecting the whole to the dominion of a single principle or law; demonstrating the most perfect simplicity, harmony, and sublimity, to reign where the human eye had hitherto beheld little more than confused groups of stars spangling the face of the midnight sky. Next to the

sacred volume, "the heavens declare the glory of God;" and next to the judicious intrepreter of the one comes that of the other. Ought we not, then, to regard the successful labours of this great astronomer as a boon conferred upon mankind by Him whose eternal power and godhead are exhibited by the visible works of His almighty hand?

The fame of his discoveries excited intense desire among scientific men to see them completed and published; but such was his anxiety to be exact, and to escape the censure he anticipated on their appearance, and from fear of the thunders of the Vatican, that he delayed till nearly the time of his death to give his consent to their publication, as he well knew how extensive and deep-rooted the prevailing erroneous systems were in the minds of mankind, so far as the subject had engaged attention. The charge of heresy, and of resisting the holy Scriptures, he fully expected would be brought against him, on the full disclosure of his discoveries.

Importunity at length prevailed, and he submitted to the desire of his friends, confident of the power of truth when set in array against ignorance.

The hostility of the Romish Church, which afterwards rose to a height peculiar to malignant systems of dark superstition, not having begun to show itself, Copernicus dedicated his work to Pope Paul III., that he might not appear to shun the investigations of the learned and enlightened; and also that, in the event of approval, he might find some protection from the shafts of calumny under the patronage of the head of the Church.

The superintendence of the press was committed to Rheticus, one of his disciples, who diligently executed his trust, and, having seen the impression completed, lost no time in transmitting the first copy from Nuremberg to his illustrious teacher and friend.

Copernicus, after enjoying the most perfect health throughout life, was suddenly attacked by dysentery, followed almost immediately by paralysis of the right side, failure of memory, and obscuration of his mental powers, in which melancholy state he lingered for several days. A few hours before he expired, the copy of his work forwarded by Rheticus arrived: it was placed in his hands; he looked at it, touched it, and seemed conscious of what it was; but after gazing at it for an instant, he relapsed into a state of insensibility, which terminated in death, on the 24th of May, 1543, having more than completed his seventieth year.

Thus died the man whose discoveries only required the genius of Newton to furnish the key-stone of the splendid arch he so nearly completed. His simple tomb was, in 1581, adorned with a Latin epitaph by Bishop Cromer. In 1800 a small monument was erected to his honour, and in 1830 a colossal statue of him, by Thorwaldsen, was erected at Warsaw; but all these are insignificant compared with the fact that his memory is embalmed in the breast of every lover of science, and registered in the face of yon glittering worlds, whose nightly glories whisper the grandeur of Him who kindled their fires to light our steps to His immediate presence.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Atkinson, Mr. John,	Scriven,	Knaresborough,	74	Sept. 8th, 1848.
Atkinson, Mrs.,	Scriven,	Knaresborough,	77	Feb. 14th, 1849.
Bentley, James,	Baildon,	Shipley,	56	Feb. 10th, 1849.
Croker, Ann,		Waterford,	57	July 6th, 1848.
Croker, Eliza,		Waterford,	27	Jan. 20th, 1849.
Finch, Mr. James,	Knackersnowle,	Plymouth,	58	Feb. 28th, 1849.
Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Wyne,	Evesham,	43	Feb. 23d, 1849.
Lethbridge, Mrs.,	Plymouth,	Plymouth,	68	Dec. 30th, 1848.
Mellor, Mrs.,	Preston,		24	Jan. 9th, 1849.
Philp, Mr. John,	Plymouth,	Plymouth,	53	Nov. 14th, 1848.
Powell, Mary,	Eastington,	Dursley,	22	March 25th, 1848.
Sarjeant, Mrs. Mary Ann,	Stratford,	Biggleswade,	37	Sept. 26th, 1848.
Wonnacott, Miss Louisa,	Knackersnowle,	Plymouth,	20	Feb. 2d, 1849.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JUNE, 1849.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1849.

Remarks have been made on class-meeting. Now it is invariably understood, that the person who meets in class, and receives the quarterly ticket, pledges himself to observe the "Rules of the Society." On receiving the ticket, he is supposed to give an affirmative answer to these three questions, namely, "Do you know our Rules? Do you approve of them? Will you endeavour to keep them." The Rules are commonly printed in a four-paged tract, 12mo. size, subscribed by Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, and dated, "May 1st, 1743." They have been altered but little since. Seldom have four pages of plain didactic matter been so often reprinted, so extensively diffused, so attentively read; and seldom has so small a tract possessed such moral power, or done so much to plant and nourish Christian virtue. At this moment the millions of the great Wesleyan family, scattered abroad throughout the earth, acknowledge the truth and power of those Rules, and in some measure submit to their guiding, moulding influence.

When these Rules were written,—full of the sternest principles of "scriptural holiness" as they are,—what was the demoralized state of that people among whom they were to take their stand "in righteous war;" and what was the feeble, defective, time-serving, dying morality of the Church then occupying British ground, especially in those districts where Methodism, with its primitive Christianity, has most flourished? These remarks are written in Cornwall. A small volume of poems now lies before the writer, dedicated to the Rev. ——, Rector of ——, subscribed for by above *forty Clergymen*, and *three hundred* others of the "best in the county," which must be denominated a disgusting, "*filthy*" *thing*. It was printed at Truro, 1742; just at the very period these "rules of holy living" were brought into Cornwall by the Wesleys, and proclaimed and planted there as the standard of Gospel morality. That such a man as the author of this volume should then find such a patronage in such a county as Cornwall now is, tells clearly enough the state of morals at that time, and how that state contrasted with what it ought to have been. Cornwall was but a sample of the morals of that nation in which Wesley appeared as a true reformer, and dared to avow and publish such rules of reform! One cannot but admire the moral taste, the moral courage, and the "faith in God," which appear in this simple fact. How could it be thought of, that, in this universal laxity of morals, such rigorous rules of life could be accepted as the standard of *national* reform, (for this was the *avowed aim*,) and as the "only condition" of any one's daring to cherish even "a *desire*" for salvation! Some parties have recently complained that Methodism has lowered the purity of the Gospel standard, and have had the

temerity to appeal to the "Rules of the Society" for confirmation of the charge! Unfortunate, surely, is this appeal. One cannot suppose it to be seriously made, without gross inattention, not only to the period of their origin, and their acknowledged happy influence on the church of Christ, and on civil society, but also to the nature of their high and explicit moral requirements. Scriptural as they *profess* to be, and scriptural as they *are*, you cannot rise from their perusal without feeling, deeply feeling, that verily "*strait is the gate, and narrow is the way.*"

Deferring to another opportunity a few plain, practical observations on them, let us now proceed to notice the TEXT on the ticket this quarter. It reads thus:—"Tell them, Thus saith the Lord God; whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." (Ezek. iii. 11.)

Certainly the spirit of this text is remarkably in accordance with the character and tone of the Rules, and the fearless early ministry of the Founders of Methodism. One cannot but fancy, while one sees the brothers visiting, as steadily as the sun, the most wicked and savagely-persecuting localities of the three kingdoms, that they ever heard their Master's voice, speaking in the language of the text, and urging them onward in their mighty career, "Tell them, Thus saith the Lord God; whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." No matter how they disrelish plain, Gospel truth, how reluctant soever they may be to hear it, how dead in sin, how opposed to Christian morality and scriptural holiness; fear not their faces. "Pass round about them,"—go into the midst of them,—"and say, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live." "Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." The bones were very many in the open valley, and, lo, they were very dry. But God gave great power to his "two witnesses;" and "as they prophesied," —as they preached Jesus Christ and him crucified, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,—"there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above." And as they continued to prophesy, and preach the word, "in season, out of season," "breath came into them, and they stood up, an exceeding great army."

All this is very beautifully illustrative of the rise and progress of Wesleyan Methodism in these kingdoms. The life of religion, and the beauty of Christian morals, had disappeared. The masses were ignorant, corrupt, brutalized "sinners before God exceedingly." In the midst of the worst of these, John Wesley, with his brave coadjutors, appeared undaunted, with the Bible in his hand, speaking "plain things to plain people;" crying in the chief place of concourse, "*Thus saith the Lord.*" A mighty religious excitement was produced. There was a movement in the right direction: "bone came to his bone." Where all had been deformity and corruption, the symmetry and beauty of the divine image re-appeared. "A great army," consisting of "many ten thousands," stood up before earth and heaven, trained and animated by the Captain of their salvation, "going forth conquering, and to conquer." Even with "enemies themselves for judges," the decision was, "This is the finger of God."

But the work is not completed. Much is done. Jericho is fallen; Ai is smitten; "thirty-and-one Kings" are our captives; Joshua calls us to "place our feet on their necks." Yet is there much, very much more land to be possessed. The enemies of Israel are still mighty. But by "Thus saith the Lord," they are all doomed. "The sword of the Spirit" is against them. They cannot withstand it. It is quick and powerful, piercing the

joints and marrow. In the hand of Omnipotence, "Thus saith the Lord," is an awful weapon, to which earth, and hell, and sin must yield.

We, too, must be willing to bear faithful dealing in the living ministry. Ministers, whose commission is, "*Tell them*, Thus saith the Lord," are not at liberty to consult our tastes. They are charged with a message from God to us. *Add* or *diminish* they dare not. They cannot go beyond the word of the Lord; and woe to them if they preach a Gospel that falls short of his "whole counsel!" They watch for our souls as those who must give account. We should encourage faithful dealing in the ministry, 1. By praying much for those who speak to us in the name of the Lord, that they may have grace to maintain a fearless discharge of their duty. Victims of peculiar temptations from him whose war-cry is, "Smite the shepherd," and often oppressed with much weakness, fear, and trembling, they cease not to entreat us, saying, "Brethren, pray for us." Moses wanted Aaron and Hur to hold up his hands. And the Aarons and Hurs of every congregation are called on to help by much prayer the ambassadors of Christ. On their aid much of the further success of the word of the Lord depends. It is when God gives the "door of utterance," that they can "speak boldly, as they ought to speak." We should encourage a faithful ministry, 2. By meekly and prayerfully receiving reproof and correction. But reproofs are hard sayings; and therefore many say, "Prophesy unto *us* smooth things." They are willing, indeed, to hear others reproved; yea, are ever anxious to take the law into their own hands to administer judgment. But if they themselves are "*touched*," the matter is so grievous, that they "forbear" from giving any encouragement to the Minister. Faithful Ministers do not indeed expect that we should submit to *their* dictation, but simply that when they come to us with "Thus saith the Lord," we should submit to their Master, and to our Master, who is in heaven; and pray that we may have grace to amend our lives according to his holy word. A faithful ministry is also encouraged, 3. By prudently letting them know by whose instrumentality your soul was saved from death, or very specially edified and comforted. The earlier Ministers in Methodism were greatly encouraged in this way. Some of them had hundreds of notes to give public thanks to God for benefits received under the word. No doubt much of the life, energy, and efficiency of the personal ministry of Mr. Wesley was derived from the influence of his intimate and extensive correspondence with those who gratefully acknowledged him as their father in the Lord, and their spiritual benefactor. Ascending the pulpit daily as the conscious victor in a hundred battles, he spoke as one having authority, and became more and more fruitful. Others, with fewer seals to their ministry, need it more. If, then, we have been taught to believe with our heart unto righteousness, let us hasten to share and multiply our blessings by making, in every prudent way, "confession unto salvation."

St. Mawes. C.

"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Her real name was Elizabeth Wallbridge: she was a native of the Isle of Wight. Her parents were persons of good moral character, but strangers to vital, heartfelt religion, until Elizabeth was made a "new creature in Christ Jesus." She greatly interested herself in their conversion, and had the high gratification to see them made the children of God. They were among the first-fruits of a rich harvest that is still being gathered into the garner of heaven, through the prayers and piety of this humble servant-maid. Elizabeth Wallbridge was born at Hale-Common, in the parish of Arreton, in the same cottage whence her happy spirit took its "triumphant flight from

Calvary's to Zion's height;" a spot truly consecrated by living piety and vital prayer, upon which a Wesleyan chapel now stands, in which the same Gospel is preached that made her "wise unto salvation," and where her successors in the faith of Christ and the practice of true religion constantly assemble.

Leaving her parents at an early age, she lived many years as a servant in respectable families; and having good wages, she was enabled to lay by a little money against the time of need. During the first years of servitude, "the lusts of the eye and the pride of life" predominated over her spirit, and gave an unpropitious aspect to her career. Fond of dress, prone to mirth and levity, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, she directed ridicule and sarcasm against those who manifested any serious concern for the salvation of their souls.

At the time when it pleased God truly to awaken her to a sense of the importance of eternal things, and the necessity of caring for her deathless soul, she was living at Southampton, as a servant in the R—— family. The Methodists had at that time no chapel in the town, but worshipped in a room which they hired for that purpose, in Hanover-buildings, and which was supplied once a fortnight by the Ministers from the Portsmouth Circuit. In the year 1795, the Rev. Messrs. Algar, Deverell, Crabb, Jones, and Brookhouse, were stationed in the Circuit, which then included what were called "Missions:" one of these embraced the back and east parts of the Isle of Wight, on which Mr. Crabb principally laboured, changing occasionally with the Southampton Ministers.

Elizabeth had three fellow-servants, two of whom attended the Methodists; while she viewed Methodism with much contempt, and even angry dislike, especially after her brother had connected himself with them.

Mr. Crabb being about to preach at the room one week-day evening, Robert Taylor, one of the four servants in the family, invited Elizabeth and another, saying, "Maids, will you go this evening and hear preaching? Mr. Crabb, the Missionary from the Isle of Wight, is to preach. He is very much liked as a Preacher; and I think, if you were to go and hear for yourselves, you would be pleased with him." Elizabeth, with her characteristic levity, gave an unfavourable reply; but there was an overruling Power at work. They talked over this, to them, strange proposal; and they became influenced by a strong desire to hear Mr. Crabb, to which they promptly yielded. Prejudice was overcome; a degree of respect was gained both for the Preacher and the service; and they both resolved to attend again. Mr. Crabb soon returned to Southampton for the services of an entire Sabbath, and Elizabeth heard him in the morning. Still a captive to the vanity of the carnal mind, she was led to put on her gayest attire. It was a memorable time. While the Preacher, with the authority of an ambassador for Christ, bore hard on the sins of self-vanity and pride, the light of truth enabled Elizabeth to perceive that she was the very opposite of being clothed with humility. Wounded by the sword of the Spirit, she returned home indignant at herself: she felt herself guilty before God, and trembled in his presence. Her fellow-servants were astonished that the giddy, trifling, and talkative "Betty Wallbridge" had become serious and "slow to speak;" but their astonishment was greater when they saw her sit down in a chair and actually tear off those parts of her dress which she deemed most expressive of the foolish ambition of her vain and wicked heart. She retired to her own room to complete the demolition of her idols, and to converse with God and her own heart; and in the evening, divested of her foolish and outward adorning, but full of eagerness for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, she once more appeared among the hearers of this

heart-searching Preacher. From this memorable Sabbath, indeed, Elizabeth was "a new creature." The full stream of nature's tide was turned, and from henceforth her desires, her actions, her words, all tended towards God and heavenly objects. All parties concur in testifying that from the day of her conversion she was entirely and steadily devoted to God. She seemed to be actuated literally and permanently by the impression of that great truth, that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal." So absorbed was she in the pursuit of invisible realities, that her spiritual exercises sometimes seemed as though they would trench on the regular duties of ordinary life. One of the first of her spiritual letters was addressed to her brother Robert. It was written at Southampton, in an early part of her Christian life, and contains the genuine effusions of a heart overflowing with love to God and man. It is subjoined, (with some abridgments,) as nearly as possible *verbatim*, in which state it will be more interesting; and will, at the same time, fully relieve Mr. Richmond from the charge of having himself written the other letters which are given in her name:—

"*Southampton, March 3d*, 1796.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I RECEIVED your kind letter the 2d instant, and you may think what a transport of joy I felt to receive such an affectionate letter from a brother I had so little regarded since he had left the world and me. You may well say what great joy it gave you to hear I was converted to God. But are you the only one? No, my dear brother. I think what shouting and rejoicing there was with the angels of God in heaven, that are around the throne, and continually cry, 'Worthy the Lamb of God that was slain, to receive all glory, and honour, and praise.' And blessed be God, who hath showed strength with his hand, and with his holy arm hath gotten himself the victory! * * * It was when I was sitting under that delightful man, Mr. Crabb, that the Lord opened my eyes; it was the second time that I heard him. And on Sunday last, in the morning, I was standing at the window, and he came past; and when I saw him my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believe him to be commissioned from the most high God to preach the Gospel of salvation and peace to all that will hear it. * * * And now, my dear brother, as I have no money with me, I beg you will apply to my dear mother for six guineas of my money, and give them to Mr. Crabb, and tell him it is a free gift of a poor, needy creature, who has been to the Lamb of God, naked and destitute of everything; and then, when He saw my wretched condition, with what tender compassion did He look down upon me, and sprinkle me with His blood, and give me the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness. * * * My dear brother, buy Mr. Crabb a very large Bible, that when he looks upon it he may bless his God, and think what good he hath done for my poor soul, through the gracious influence of the Spirit. * * * Pray excuse this, and write as soon as you conveniently can. Adieu, dear brother.

"ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE."

Such was "the Dairyman's Daughter" when she so providentially fell into the hands of the Rev. Legh Richmond. Till that period it does not appear that she had intercourse with any other Christian friends but the Methodists. By them her dying bed was surrounded, and they followed her remains to the grave. Mr. Richmond has fallen into a mistake. He not only gives no hint of the fact, that "the Dairyman's Daughter" was a Methodist,—this might have been proper, circumstanced as he was,—but he conducts the reader to a full impression that she was indebted to a Clergyman of the Established

Church for the instrumentality of her conversion. By this means not only is the honour taken away from those to whom it is due, but it is ascribed to a quarter to which it does not belong. On this account the author of that, perhaps, unequalled tract, has been even severely censured: not, indeed, by those who had the privilege of knowing his character, and his truly catholic and most affectionate spirit; but by those who have been but imperfectly informed of the facts of the case. Whether Mr. Richmond did or did not know that Elizabeth was a member of the Methodist society, has not been learnt; but it is most probable that, when he represents her as informing him that she was awakened in the Established "Church," by a sermon from a Missionary Clergyman, it was a mere mistake, very naturally resulting from the imperfect recollection he would have of the terms which she employed. Mr. Crabb was at that time called a Missionary; and, as Mr. Richmond wrote from memory, some years after the events had occurred, and when he had left the island, and resided in a northern part of the kingdom, he might easily confound the words which were floating in his memory, and suppose it was some windbound Missionary who had come on shore at the island, while the vessel was detained on the coast. The Rev. J. Crabb, writing by request to a friend, says, "Perhaps it is known to thousands that I was the honoured, though unworthy, instrument of leading her" (Elizabeth) "to Christ Jesus, her only and dearest Friend. Several friends have urged me many times publicly to correct the little inaccuracies in Mr. Richmond's narrative; but I have felt very unwilling to do it, lest I should in any measure lessen the importance and value of the tract; especially as these little mistakes no more affect the truth of the facts stated, than if a man were, through forgetfulness, to make a mistake as to the right name of the person by whom a very fruitful vineyard had been planted. What does that signify when it is seen that the trees live and bear fruit? I was well-acquainted with that highly and deservedly beloved servant of Christ who visited the interesting family in their affliction; and I once ventured to ask him at his own house, 'Pray, did you know the instrument of Elizabeth's conversion?' 'No,' was the answer; 'but I expect it was under the ministry of a Missionary who was going abroad, to New South Wales: I think it must have been Mr. Marsden.' The remark evidently showed how he had misunderstood Elizabeth's reference to a Missionary. I said no more, only rejoicing in my own heart that the Holy Spirit had converted her. Mr. Richmond must have fallen into the mistake by only writing from his memory, some years after the events had occurred, and not having understood at the time the exact import of the words which fell from the dying lips of Elizabeth. I lost sight of her myself for several years, being obliged to retire from my public duties on account of ill-health; but one day a friend came to me, and said, 'I have a guinea sent to me by the brother of Elizabeth Wallbridge for you. It comes from her death-bed, and she desires your acceptance of it as a small token of Christian love to you as the instrument of her conversion.' I valued the manner in which it was done, and received the token as the grateful gift of a dying Christian. I love her memory, and rejoice that the memoir has been the instrument of converting and comforting thousands of my poor fellow-sinners; and I most fervently pray that it may long continue to be a blessing to the church and to the world."

The reader is directed for a more minute and full account of the interesting subject of this article, to an interesting letter from the Rev. B. Carvosso, in the February Number of the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, 1838, to which the writer of this paper is indebted for his knowledge of "the Dairyman's Daughter."

J. M.

THEOLOGY.

THE GOSPEL A MYSTERY.

A SERMON.

"To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."—Col. i. 27.

In this Epistle the inspired Apostle treats on subjects which are profoundly interesting to mankind, not only through every age of this world, but through eternity.

He speaks on the important subject of the atonement which Christ has made for the sins of men. He declares its richness, sufficiency, and perfection, by telling us that it was made, not by a mere man, but by a Divine Person. He states that believers have redemption through the blood of Him who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, by whom all things were created, whether they be in heaven or upon the earth, visible or invisible.

He directs attention also to the vast extent and bearing of atonement. It was intended, by reconciling men to God, to reconcile angels and men together, so as to constitute them one great and happy family, under the Lord Jesus Christ, as their sovereign Head; such a Head as should awaken in them the highest hope of everlasting benefit. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "In Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" that he might distribute of that fulness copious streams of light, and life, and power, and holiness, to all that believe in him.

The Apostle then adverts to a subject which excited in the minds of the Colossians the liveliest gratitude, and impressed them with the inestimable value of the Gospel. "And you," says he, even you, "who were sometime alienated, and enemies" to God, "by wicked works;" —deeply engulfed as ye were in sin, great as was the enmity of your minds to God and his truth, and far estranged from him as ye were in every principle of your understandings and affections "by wicked works;"—yet even "*you* hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprovable in his sight."

The Colossians were not the only Gentiles for whom these great blessings of the atonement were provided. The mercy of God embraces the world; and he has made arrangements for the manifestation of the evangelical mystery, with all its attendant benefits to every heathen nation upon the earth. "To whom God would make known what is the riches of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

As the term "mystery" frequently occurs in Scripture, it will not be uninstructive to ascertain its meaning. It seems never to be used in the New Testament in reference to the Gospel, but in one of these two senses. First, in the sense of something that had been partially or entirely hidden, but was revealed, or made known, by the Gospel. Secondly, as a declaration of mysterious things; of things as facts, or doctrines, which, notwithstanding the authoritative declaration of them, were still, to some extent, hidden, or secret. Let us consider the Gospel as a mystery in both these senses.

I. It is a clear revelation of things which were only partially known, or entirely hidden from former ages and generations.—This is true with respect to the important facts of the Gospel, which were indeed darkly anticipated by the Jews, but utterly unknown to the Heathen. From the Patriarchs and saints of former ages they were not entirely concealed, for they were exhibited in types and prophecy; but they were known obscurely, being seen "afar off." They lay hid in the future; deep, dark, and distant. We may illustrate this by a reference to two facts.

The first of these is the incarnation of the Son of God. It was unknown to the Gentiles, and but partially known to the Jews. Yet spiritually-minded men, who understood the Scriptures of the Old Testament, looked forward to the appearance of the Messiah, the long-expected Immanuel, God with us. The mystery was revealed when God was manifested in the person of Jesus Christ; for then "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory."

The same observation may be made respecting the offering of Christ as a universal sacrifice for sin. Among the Gentiles there was some apprehension that men were to be saved through sacrifice, if they were ever saved at all. This appears from the victims whose

blood flowed upon their altars in times of calamity and danger. The purpose of God to save men through the death of his Son was intimated by the sacrifices which the law of Moses enjoined, and in the use of which his ancient worshippers sought his mercy; yet these penitent and devout men longed for clearer light, and waited for "the revelation of the mystery."

In the mean time God had his Lamb in reserve; and at the appointed time it was said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" The scheme of redeeming grace was then unravelled; and the mystery was fully manifested when the Lord Jesus bowed his head, gave up the ghost, and by the offering of himself once for all, completed for ever the great work of atonement for all.

The Gospel is a clear revelation of partially concealed doctrines, as well as of facts. This may be said of every doctrine of the Gospel. We will specify a few of them for the sake of illustration.

The doctrine of justification by faith is a mystery revealed. To the pious, indeed, this doctrine was never wholly unknown; for no man, since the fall, has ever been saved from sin but by faith. God has not two methods of saving sinners; one by faith, and another by works. As there is but one salvation, so there is but one method of obtaining it. All who have attained to righteousness since the fall, have attained to it through faith; without which it is impossible to please God.

This great doctrine of justification by faith, which was but imperfectly apprehended under former dispensations, is clearly revealed in the Gospel. Although it had been realized in the personal experience of Noah, Abraham, and David, and was therefore recognised in the Old-Testament Scriptures, it was so obscured among the Jews, that when the Apostles began to preach it openly and with distinctness, it produced astonishment, and met with great opposition; so that St. Paul deemed it necessary to defend it at large in two of his Epistles; those, I mean, which he addressed to the Romans and the Galatians. In these inspired books of the Gospel covenant the doctrine is explicitly set forth, as the very truth of God, and as applicable to men of every nation, character, and age, to the end of the world. This was the testimony of all the Apostles. They declared, as with one voice, that men are justified, not as righteous, but as sinners; and justified by faith in Christ, as the world's atonement.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit's witness to the personal adoption of believers, is another of those blessed truths which the Gospel brought out of the shade. Of this subject the Heathen had no conception; and even the pious Jews, though blessed with spiritual consolation, which they occasionally expressed in their acts of devotion, never speak explicitly as to the nature and source of the happiness which they enjoyed. Theirs was rather a servile than a filial spirit. We never find even the most spiritually-minded members of the Jewish church saying, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Such language is appropriate to those who live since the revelation of the Gospel mystery, and who cordially accept its gracious provisions. And what a revelation is this; that God not only adopts into his family a guilty man, penitent and believing, but sends into the heart of that man his own eternal Spirit to attest the fact, and thus fill the pardoned transgressor with unutterable joy and peace!

The doctrine of holiness was also brought out of obscurity, and placed by the Gospel in a clear view. I know, indeed, that God always enjoined holiness as a duty, and promised it as a privilege; and that, from the beginning, good men attained to it by divine grace. But by the Gospel revelation, the true nature and extent of personal holiness, with the means of obtaining it, and of preserving and exercising it, are placed in a light far more powerful and distinct than they had ever previously been. It is indeed remarkable that when the Gospel of Christ was first preached, almost every rational notion of holiness was lost in the world. There was then in existence very little of what could be called holiness, except that which consisted in ceremonial observances. Whereas the Gospel not only contains a perfect rule for all moral actions, but makes provision for the effectual sanctification of human nature. The holiness of the Gospel has its seat in the heart, purging every faculty from evil, leaving not the least taint of sin, so that every affection, and every power of the intellect, is consecrated to God, and employed as an instrument of righteousness to his glory. Christian sanctification extends also to the body; so that every fleshly appetite is placed under due regulation and control; and the entire person of the perfected Christian becomes a holy, living

sacrifice to God; such a sacrifice as he will delight to accept. The holiness which the Gospel reveals and enjoins is not relative merely, like that of the Jewish nation, which consisted in their separation from other people, as the conservators of God's truth and ordinances; but is real and personal, extending to the entire man, so as to include the "whole spirit, soul, and body."

II. The Gospel is a mystery, in the sense of being a declaration of things which are to us inexplicable.—It embodies facts and doctrines which we can neither fully comprehend nor explain. Such is the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. The Father is God; the Son is God; the Holy Ghost is God; and yet there are not three Gods, but one; because, while the persons are distinct, they are all equally possessed of the same divine nature. In nature or essence, therefore, they are eternally one. Such is the doctrine of the incarnation. According to the Gospel, "God was manifest in the flesh;" so as to be perfect God, and perfect man; and yet not two persons, but one. He who combines in himself the two natures, the divine and the human, is the Christ of God, the one Mediator between God and men. It is in vain that we inquire *how* these three are one; and *how* two natures, so dissimilar, are united in the person of Christ. The subject, in both cases, is matter of faith. The revelation is clear and explicit. It is made by God; and therefore cannot deceive.

If the Gospel had contained no mysteries, it would have wanted one of its strongest evidences; the evidence which arises from its analogy to the constitution and course of nature. After all the laborious researches of learned men, prosecuted for ages, our knowledge, generally speaking, is limited to *facts*, even with respect to sensible objects. The *reasons* of things we fail to ascertain. Who can explain the process of vegetation, by means of which earth and water are changed into timber, into leaves, into beautiful flowers, and into nutritious fruit? The fact is undeniable. The manner in which the operation is conducted is to us unknown. All nature is full of mysteries; and when we find mysteries in the Gospel, we refer them to the same Author, who is himself unsearchable.

But mysteries in the Gospel have an important moral use. They serve to test the characters of men. The Gospel is indeed a revelation of grace and mercy to sinful men; but it is no less a revelation of God's authority over them. That authority is absolute, and extends as much to the intellect as to the heart and life. It is as much the duty of men to believe all that God hath spoken, as it is their duty to do all that he commands. When the Lord utters his voice, every understanding should be open to receive his communications with absolute submission; for the rejection of his word, and that in its plain and obvious meaning, is a sin of fearful magnitude, which he will not fail to punish. It may therefore be said of the Gospel, with its mysteries, as of its Author, it "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." The men of proud intellect, who refuse to credit, even upon the testimony of God, what they do not comprehend, fall into deeper guilt, and more aggravated condemnation, by that very truth which was revealed in order to their salvation.

There is one point mentioned in the text, as comprehended in the Gospel mystery, to which we will now direct our special attention. The Apostle describes it as "Christ in you, the hope of glory." I understand St. Paul, when he uses this expression, as teaching that the great end of the Christian revelation is to produce inward religion. It was not to form a sect, or to alter the theoretical opinions of men, merely, that the Gospel was given, and that the Apostles were sent forth to preach it. The grand purpose was the production of spiritual religion; which is strongly represented by the expression, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." This implies,

1. That the word of Christ is in us.—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." The word of God is his own instrument, by which He is pleased to save and bless mankind. By means of his truth He awakens their consciences, and renders them penitent before Him; he directs them to Christ as a Saviour from sin, and encourages them to trust in Him for acceptance and eternal life; and by his word He regulates their thinkings, dispositions, and actions, so as to render them consistent in all things with his holy and perfect will. Hence we perceive the necessity of an accurate acquaintance with this word, as being the means which God is pleased to employ in the production of spiritual religion in the souls of men, and in sustaining, perpetuating, and perfecting it when it is produced.

2. Inward religion is strikingly represented by Christ being in us, considering Him as our light.—He is the light of men, giving them just apprehensions of the truth which is addressed to the outward ear. Without his inward illumination, even the word of God fails to correct our errors, and to lead us in the paths of practical righteousness. He is the Day-star that arises in the believing heart; and by his light we perceive at once our privileges, obligations, dangers, and duties; and thus become wise unto salvation.

3. Inward religion is represented as Christ in us, because He is our life, as well as our light.—As we lost our natural life in Adam, so we lost our spiritual life; in consequence of which, we are naturally destitute of spiritual feeling and power. The heart, while it remains unrenewed by the grace of Christ, is hard and insensible, and is therefore described as a heart of stone; unaffected by the numberless blessings of Divine Providence, and equally unmoved by the fearful threatenings of the law, and the merciful invitations and promises of the Gospel. Where there is spiritual life, there is spiritual feeling. The least approach to sin produces uneasiness, while devotion and obedience are connected with unutterable delight and joy.

4. Inward religion is represented to us under the idea of Christ in us, because it is from Him that we derive all spiritual and moral power.—Ability to do the will of God is not naturally ours. How many proofs we have of this! Never can we comply with the conditions of the Gospel, in the exercise of repentance and of faith, but by a power which is derived from Him; and never can we offer to God a spiritual worship, render to Him an acceptable obedience to all his moral precepts, and meekly submit to all the dispensations of his providence, except as we are strengthened by the grace of Christ. Without Him we can do nothing; but with Him we can do all things.

5. True religion is represented as Christ in us, because it is the mind, the nature, the character of Christ.—It is in vain for us to say to Christ, "Lord, Lord," to profess a zealous regard for his truth and people, and even to attend the ordinances which He has instituted, unless we are conformed to his image. When Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, there must be in us a likeness to Him. The meekness and gentleness of Christ are in us, if we are inwardly religious. The love, the patience, the long-suffering, the condescension of Christ are in every heart where Christ lives and reigns. If we are inwardly holy, we hate sin, and are in love with universal righteousness. This is "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus."

We may further observe upon the text, that where there is true inward religion, in the sense which has been just explained, there is a hope of future glory. A sanctified nature is a preparation for a state of endless blessedness in the enjoyment of God; and every one who is thus renewed in the spirit of his mind, anticipates with rich and holy joy the glory to which he is destined. His treasure and his heart are there, and hence his eager aspirations after it, as his desired and endless home. "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

The text teaches us, with no less explicitness, that Christ in us, or inward religion, forms the glorious riches of the Gospel mystery. In this peculiarity of Christianity, connected with the hope which it inspires, consists its true glory and value. The very conception of holiness is glorious to Christianity. There is no other system of religion that inculcates universal holiness, as a preparation for everlasting glory, and that shows us how this great end of our being is to be attained. This simple fact proves that Christianity is divine in its origin. It has emanated from Him who is essentially benevolent and holy.

We conclude with two practical recommendations.

1. That you should study the Gospel.—It is a revelation of mysteries which were but partially revealed, and therefore imperfectly understood, by the wisest and best of men for four thousand years. Prophets, and Kings, and saints, desired to see the things which are presented to us in the Gospel; and shall we treat them with neglect, as beneath our notice? No language can express the criminality of such indifference.

2. Study the Gospel practically.—There are persons who complain that the Gospel is too mysterious to be understood. The fact is, they study it merely as a matter of curiosity and speculation. Let them study it for the purpose of learning what they must do to be saved; and how they ought to walk, so as to please God, and lay up treasure in heaven. On these points it is perfectly intelligible. Above all things, let us remember that all our religion is vain, unless Christ be in us, by his truth and grace, producing in us an

entire resemblance to Him in temper, in conversation, and in our habitual deportment. J.

ORIGINAL OUTLINES OF TWO SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. J. W. FLETCHER, OF MADELEY.

Communicated by the Rev. S. Brocksop.

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. ii. 14.

I. A GENERAL account; history of the natural man as opposed to the spiritual regenerate man.

1. Born of fallen Adam—flesh. Of the holy God—the Spirit.

2. *Earth*, his country—heaven.

3. *Sin*, his element—his curse.

4. *Devotion*, his plague—his happiness.

5. *Cross*, his terror—his glory.

6. *Christ*, very little—all in all.

7. *Self-righteousness*, a glorious dress—filthy rags.

8. *Pleasure, profit, honour*, his idols—his scorn.

9. *Curse of the law*, his canopy—blessings of Gospel.

10. *Death*, a King of terror—a welcome messenger.

11. *Hell*, his final abode — Dives—Heaven—Lazarus.

II. A particular account of him in the text.

1. "*He receiveth not the things*," &c. Awakening — conversion — new birth—forgiveness of sins—assurance—inspiration of the Spirit, and comforts—preciousness of Jesus—not in his heart, though it may be in his articles, books, lips, and head.

2. "*They are foolishness to him*," &c. *Repentance* is melancholy — *Conversion*, despair—*Assurance*, presumption—*Justification*, enthusiasm — *Holiness*, Methodism.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 24—27.

I. *Picture of an unconverted state.* Ship on the sea—tossed with inward and outward waves—winds contrary—fruitless efforts to get happiness and righteousness.

II. *Beginning of conversion or conviction.* After rowing twenty furlongs, Jesus went and prayed alone—sees—comes (N. B. *we* go not)—walking on seas of afflictions, blood, corruptions — when they were spent: in their extremity—fourth watch (N. B. they were troubled, and cried)—effect of awakening grace, "*fear*," attended with wrong apprehensions, "*It is a spirit.*"

III. *Progress of conversion.* Help and comfort.

1. *Straightway.* No delay when sinners cry in earnest.

2. *Jesus spake.* O may not fears, winds, and billows drown his voice!

3. "*Be not afraid:*" fear chills, kills love, peace, and bliss.

4. "*'Tis I*"—your friend and Saviour. "I," who can, will deliver.

5. "*Be of good cheer.*" Courage in a storm. Joy in Christ. Does he speak to *me?* Yes: "O thou afflicted, tossed," &c.

IV. *Venture of faith in Peter.* "*If it be thou, bid me*," &c. See doubts, courage; trust in Jesus—activity.

2. *Encouragement.* "Come"—general invitation.

3. *Faith in exercise.* It goes over a sea—looks off dangers, to Christ—supported by his word and power—so Israel over Red Sea and Jordan—Shadrach in the fire.

4. *Fainting of faith.* He looked off—considered dangers—grew less confident—forgot the word "Come," and began to sink.

5. *Recovery of faith.* Prayer—"Lord," not Apostles, "save me:" no *if* here.

6. *Effect of prayer and faith.* "*Immediately*"—*Jesus's hand*—how ready, powerful—*caught him*—when we cannot lay hold he apprehends us—how safe!

7. "*O thou of little*" (not no) "faith," "*wherefore dost* thou doubt?" Is my power—arm shortened?—is not my heart the same?—never indulge doubts, they wound faith.

8. *The end of faith.* Success—rest—triumph—Christ comes to the soul—the wind ceases—it is received gladly—the heart enters into the haven of bliss—we come immediately to the place whither bound.—John vi. 21.

APPLICATION.

1. *Poor worldlings.* You row and toil in vain.

2. *Self-righteous.* Christ not with you —labour insignificant.

3. *Mourners.* Toil, yet own all vain till Jesus comes—he is here—you fear —O cry to him—encourage yourself—venture with Peter—"*'Tis I, be not afraid.*"

4. *Believer.* You know him—confidence—humility—his character—believe the Lord—be not afraid.

LIVING OR DEAD?

What should you have said if you had seen Joseph weeping over his father Jacob? "He fell upon his face, and wept upon him, and kissed him." (Gen. l. 1.) But there was no reply to his affection. All about that aged countenance was unmoved, silent, and still. Doubtless you would have guessed the reason.—Jacob was dead.

What would you have said if you had heard the Levite speaking to his wife, when he found her lying before the door. in Gibeah? "Up," he said, "and let us be going. But none answered." (Judg. xix. 28.) His words were thrown away. There she lay, motionless, stiff, and cold. You know the cause.—She was dead.

What should you have thought if you had seen the Amalekite stripping Saul of his royal ornaments in Mount Gilboa? He "took from him the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm." (2 Sam. i. 10.) There was no resistance. Not a muscle moved in that proud face. Not a finger was raised to prevent him. And why?—Saul was dead.

What should you have thought if you had met the widow's son in the gate of Nain, lying on a bier, wrapped about with grave-clothes, followed by his weeping mother, carried slowly towards the tomb? (Luke vii. 12.) Doubtless it would have been all clear to you. It would have needed no explanation.—The young man was dead.

Now, brethren, I say this is just the condition of every man by nature in the matter of his soul. I say this is just the state of the vast majority of people around us in spiritual things. God calls to them continually, by mercies, by afflictions, by Ministers, by his word; but they do not hear his voice. The Lord Jesus Christ mourns over them, pleads with them, sends them gracious invitations, knocks at the door of their hearts; but they do not regard it. The crown and glory of their being, that precious jewel, their immortal soul, is being seized, plundered, and taken away; and they are utterly unconcerned. The devil is carrying them away, day after day, along the broad road that leads to destruction; and they allow him to make them his captives without a struggle. And this is going on everywhere; all around you, among all classes, through the length and breadth of the land. You know it in your own consciences while you read this paper. You must be aware of it. You cannot deny it. And what then, I ask you, can be said more perfectly true than that which God says,—we are all by nature spiritually dead?

Yes; when a man's heart is cold and unconcerned about religion, when his hands are never employed in doing God's work, when his feet are not familiar with God's ways, when his tongue is seldom or never used in prayer and praise, when his ears are deaf to the voice of Christ in the Gospel, when his eyes are blind to the beauty of the kingdom of heaven, when his mind is full of the world and has no room for spiritual things, when these marks are to be found in a man, the word of the Bible is the right word to use about him, and that word is "dead."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

"THESE ENDURE BUT FOR A TIME."

Mark iv. 16, 17.

There is a piety which resembles the summer convolvulus. It is lovely, and it is short-lived. How sweetly does the elegant creeper put forth its morning blossoms, the pride of the garden! Yet noon finds them sickly and faded; and the sun goes down upon shrivelled and unsightly forms, which only serve to tell us of a glory departed. And so is it sometimes seen in the church. Youth blooms in the beauty of Christian holiness; and its faith, and its love, and its purity, and its zeal, are as flowers of Eden for attractiveness, the planting of the Lord, and the joy of his people. But all this excellence is transient. Some form of temptation arises with a burning heat, the reproach of the cross, the allurement of pleasure, the care of this world, and the life of the soul dies away, and its graces perish. There is an "end" of which Christ has declared that it "is worse than the beginning;" and never can his language be more solemnly emphatic than when applied to the cases of men whose youth has been spent in the service of God, and who terminate life "in the flesh."

G. D. J.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

A FEMALE, the head of a family in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business, and all of them attending an evangelical ministry, was waited upon for a subscription towards a Missionary Association. Before the object of the call was named, she occupied the friend with detailing how good God had been to them in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this strain, the friend named her errand, suggesting that, as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgment to Him from whom all came. At once the countenance fell, and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them; she dwelt upon the number and the wants of her family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose. Within a day or two afterwards, she was herself seized with alarming illness. Where not a few pence could be found for the service of God in the Gospel, pounds, not a few, had to be paid for the attendance of physicians. Troubles of various kinds thickened round the family. The husband became unfortunate, as we say; no business prospered with him; and at length he found himself in jail; and, ere long, they who once had plenty, found it hard to live. I do not positively pronounce that the refusal of the subscription was the cause of all their calamities; but it was at least singular that *up to that time*, according to their own showing, *all went well with them*, and, by my own knowledge, *from that time all went ill with them.*

I knew a holy, venerable man of God, a Deacon of a church in England. Early in life the truth of the Gospel reached his heart, under the ministry of the excellent Romaine, in London. His beginnings, as to temporal things, were so small, that when, by an humble employment, he found himself possessor of a guinea, he began to tremble lest he should become proud of his wealth; to prevent which, he retired to his poor lodging, went to his knees, and laid the money before the Lord, praying that he might be kept from the sin, and have grace to use what he had acquired according to the will of God. Afterwards, he was prospered more, and able to bind himself apprentice to a respectable trade. He commenced business. He succeeded; for the Lord blessed him. His outlay for benevolent purposes, and the cause of religion, was astonishing. Though plain in his garb, and nothing of style blazed about his dwelling, fifty pounds, or more, were annually given by him to the London Missionary Society; a similar sum to an association for itinerating labour in the county; besides liberal subscriptions to the Bible Society, and every other work of Christian love that came before him. In seasons of distress among the poor, his contribution would be among the first in amount, if it did not head the list. His private charities scarcely had a limit. Tradesmen in difficulties, if they had character, never sought from him a loan, though amounting to some hundreds, but it was advanced, and often not to be repaid. Ministers of Christ, of all denominations, visiting the town, found in his house a home, at his board a place, as they ever did in his heart a welcome. Yet withal there was no assumption of importance, no dictatorial airs, no taking to himself rank in the world, or power in the church, no acting the part of a Diotrephes in the Christian community with which he was in fellowship, and wherein he sustained office, requiring that all should submit to his will, and refusing to co-operate because his plans were not adopted. Patriarchal in appearance, he was so in piety; for of no one could it be more truly said, "He walked with God;" and, as always will be in proportion as that course of life is followed, the lowliness, meekness, and gentleness of Christ pervaded his whole demeanour. Such was the respect in which he was held, that at his death funeral sermons were preached on the occasion of it, not only in most of the meeting-houses through the country, but also by several Clergymen of the Establishment. I envy not the honoured their hard-won distinctions, nor the wealthy their greatest riches, nor the Monarch his regal state and dignity, nor the philosopher his immense accumulations of natural science: let the God of all grace vouchsafe to me the piety —and that made him what he was—of Joseph Parry, and I should be blessed with the best blessing the Father of mercies could bestow.—*From a Sermon by Dr. Urwick.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

II. POWER OF PARENTS.

THE power of the parent is obvious to all. The more we look at it and investigate its various bearings, the more are we impressed with its greatness. When first entrusted to our parents, we were clearly at their mercy. Utterly impotent and defenceless, we could offer no resistance to their will. The Author

of our being placed us in the hands of our parents. *He gave them power over us.*

1. This power is *physical.* What is the new-born babe in the hands of its parents? There it lies at their feet: "a worm and no man." A "little one," which they may cruelly "dash against the stones," or affectionately "dandle on their knees." They may nourish it by milk, or destroy it by poison. They may save its life by angelic cares, or abridge its existence by diabolic neglect. Might is with the parents; the child has no strength. Parents, see at your feet, a span long,—prostrate, without power to stand erect,—the future man.

2. It is *mental.* Is knowledge power? That little thing at your feet, or in your bosom, is as helpless in *mind* as in body. There is yet no evil lesson learned to control your designs. The child knows nothing. You are the window of his mental habitation. The *a b c* of "all knowledge" must come to him through you. No system of error is yet set up in his little mind which you must demolish before you can bring in the truth. As far as *knowledge* goes, his mind is placed in your hands, "a white sheet of paper." You may write on it what you please. This is tremendous power; but, *responsible* parents, it is yours. You may tremble to hold it; but decline it you cannot. It is for you to retain it, and "give account."

3. It is *moral.* Parents have power to do their children good or evil; to lead them in "paths of righteousness," or in the "way of transgressors." But *here* it should be observed, it is not so absolute as in the former cases. The child is *somehow* more inclined to evil than to good; and whatever he may be *led to* by his parents, God does not hold *him* guilty till he have given his own free vote in favour of error. But although children, as accountable, immortal beings, cannot be saved or lost by their parents in such a sense as to render the act *absolute,* yet will the moral power of parents appear *very great* when we look at them as the educators, legislators, and rulers of their children.

(1.) He that creates the first home for man, is, by the laws of nature, his *educator.* From the physical principles of the child's nature and constitution, his education, especially in its moral bearing, is perpetually going on by "lessons on objects." That is therefore the child's real school-room where the greatest number of facts and objects first strike on the senses, and then by circumstances are thereon reiterated. Do we find our first home in the house of our parents? Then it is there we are educated and trained.

(2.) But the parent is the child's *lawgiver.* It is for him to say whether the child shall be a subject of the crown of Britain, or of the republic of France; whether he shall be a disciple of Christ, of Mahomet, or of Budhu. In this sense the dedication of the child in Christian baptism is a remarkable illustration of the moral power of parents. By this rite they actually and absolutely covenant for the child. So that when reason dawns, the child finds himself already an engaged person; a covenanted subject and servant of Jesus Christ.

(3.) To a certain extent, parental power is *judicial* also. The parent can enforce the execution of his own laws by infliction of pains and penalties. God has put the "rod" into his hand, and "holds him not guiltless" if he do not use it in cases of disobedience.

(4.) To these considerations may be added the influence of *reciprocal natural affection.* God has made the parties of "one blood" in its *nearest tie.* It is warm from heart to heart. Natural parental affection gives additional power to every moral suggestion; and natural filial affection increases that power two-fold.

(5.) Yet another consideration must be placed in the same scale: it is the influence of *filial dependence.* Deposited by the God of nature in the parent's own breast is the food to sustain the child's life; and to it he instinctively turns as soon as he becomes a sentient being. When that food is no longer found in the parental breast, it is lodged in the parental hand. Thus submission to the parental will is urged on the child by the all-powerful appeals of appetite. Where the question of property by inheritance is concerned, be that inheritance "land, goods, or chattels," the influence of this principle is often protracted, and perhaps strengthened.

Parents, especially you whose offspring are yet in their infancy, *behold the great power* which God has given you! Survey it in its manifold bearings,—physically, mentally, morally: conceive of it in its combined strength and influence. What can you not do? Where is the power to withstand *you?* In your *individual* capacity you can do wonders; in your *collective,* you have the power in every succeeding generation to make *a new world!* Nay, whether you are aware of it or not, another world is being prepared by you; "in *your own* likeness, and in *your own* image." Say, shall it be a holy or a sinful, a happy or a miserable, world? O let it not be a world without God! But a world of "holiness and righteousness before Him." "Train up your children in *the way they should go,* and when they are old *they will not depart from it.*" For the use of this power over your children, God, the God of your little ones, holds you responsible. Let, therefore, *parental responsibility* be the subject of my next brief essay.

PASTOR.

OUR SERVANTS.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS AND WORKING-PEOPLE.

(*Concluded from page* 146.)

18. Be always willing to render assistance to a fellow-servant if it is in your power; for good nature gains the love of every person. "By love serve one another." "Bear ye one another's burdens." (Gal. v. 13; vi. 2.)

19. Do not stay unnecessarily when sent on a message; as waiting is painful to an employer, and due return is a proof of diligence. "And Abraham's servant said, Hinder me not; send me away that I may go to my master." (Gen. xxiv. 56.) "A faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his masters." (Prov. xxv. 13.)

20. Rise early; as it is very difficult to recover lost time. "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty." (Prov. xx. 13.) "Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." (Prov. xxiii. 21.)

21. Bear in mind that the servant who often changes his place works only to be poor: remember, "the rolling stone gathers no moss." "Let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God." (1 Cor. vii. 24.)

22. Do not desire to increase your acquaintance; as visiting leads you to neglect your own business, and robs your master of your time, and puts you to expenses which you cannot afford. And especially take care with whom you are acquainted; for persons are always either better or worse for the company they keep. Some "learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not." (1 Tim. v. 13.) "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." (Prov. xiii. 20.)

23. Never go out on your own business without the knowledge of the family, lest during your absence you should be wanted; and returning punctually at the time you promise shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety. "Servants, obey in all things your masters." (Col. iii. 22.) "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear." (1 Peter ii. 18.) "He that waiteth on his master shall be honoured." (Prov. xxvii. 18.)

24. If you feel that you have reason to be dissatisfied with your situation, name your objections to your master or mistress, and, if necessary, give a fair and honourable warning. By no means neglect or be careless in your occupation, or behave ill in order to provoke them to discharge you; as such would be a blemish to your character from the places in which you have served. "Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." (Prov. iv. 24.) "Let servants not despise their masters, but count them worthy of all honour." (1 Tim. vi. 1, 2.)

25. When you are out of a situation, be careful with whom you lodge; for living in a disreputable house places you on the same footing as those who keep it, however innocent you may be yourself. "Go not into the way of evil men, avoid it, turn from it." (Prov. iv. 14, 15.) "Come not nigh to the door of a bad woman's house." (Prov. v. 8.)

26. Above all things, remember and consider that the care of your soul is the one thing needful; that it is of the first importance; that you have a Master in heaven, whose eyes are always upon you; that the fear of God will make you good and faithful in every relation in life which you may be called upon to sustain; and that if you sincerely serve him, and accept him through the Redeemer, you will be happy both in this world and the next. "Servants, obey your masters, in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." (Col. iii. 22—24.)

27. To assist you in so doing, read daily some portion of God's word with prayerful attention and earnestness, asking the teaching direction of its Author. Remember to keep the Lord's day holy, and as much as possible attend divine service; and spend the other parts of the day in reading suitable books, and in meditation and prayer. "The Lord is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous." (Prov. xv. 29.) "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James v. 16.) "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." (2 Tim. iii. 16.) "Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you: every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death." (Exod. xxxi. 14.)

28. Frequently read and consider these short but friendly and affectionate advices. "So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man." (Prov. iii. 4.) Amen.

J. H.

Amport-House.

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

REVIVAL-MEETINGS AMONG UNITARIANS.

THE influence of Dr. Channing's writings has been powerful in favour of Unitarianism; but, on the other hand, it may eventually prove that he, in his desire to present to Christians generally the system he upheld in the least forbidding dress, has carried it sometimes so near to the confines of the truth as to place it in danger of being attracted forward. He evinced and encouraged a craving for something spiritual. If this feeling once seize firmly upon any community, they are not likely to remain in Unitarianism. It is a curious fact, that for some time past the Unitarians of Boston, where Channing laboured, have appeared desirous of putting, as far as possible, out of sight the peculiarities of their system, and of adopting, in many respects, the phraseology of evangelical religion. Had this been all, it would not have argued more than a wish not to offend. But at the same time has arisen among them a cry for "spiritual life." They held meetings, and passed resolutions to the effect that they had not so much spiritual life as Christians of other denominations, and that they must take means to seek an increase of it. Among the means were what they call Revival-Meetings; and we subjoin, from a New-York journal, an account of one of these meetings. It is certainly curious. The writer seems to consider it hopeful. May they be brought to know Jesus and him crucified!

"The fifth of these meetings was held last Sabbath, January 29th, at Bulfinch-street church. The attendance was very large, and the interest deep. From the reports of the speeches in public journals, the movement appears to be tending to something good. It will have the effect to bring those interested upon more *scriptural* ground: I will not say *orthodox* ground; for that word, in these regions, is associated with Calvinism, and is offensive to the Unitarians, because it has been made the watchword of their opponents. It will have this effect, if persevered in; because a direct and earnest effort to bring sinners to repentance will lead to right views and feelings in respect to the alienation of the hearts of men from God, and the necessity of a more than human power to awaken them, and move them to repentance. Let any man make the experiment to persuade his neighbours to embrace religion, and he will find out speedily, that, though some of them will *talk* quite fluently, and even learnedly, about religion, yet when he would persuade them by some overt act to commit themselves to the work, they are as immovable as an ox that dreads the slaughter, and all the powers of persuasion he can employ are futile. A Christian in earnest to save souls, does not need a revelation to convince him that a mysterious aversion to reconciliation with God sways the bosom of every unconverted man. He soon finds, too, that he can do much more to bring him to repentance by importunate prayer in secret, than by tenfold such efforts without special prayer. 'When the Spirit is come,' said Christ, 'he shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.' In these meetings some of the laymen seem to understand this matter better than some of the Ministers: their language is different, not because they are more accustomed to scriptural phrases than to the refined and sentimental language of popular pulpit discourse, but because they see the matter differently. They come right out in plain terms, and insist that sinners are in danger of perdition, and they must confess their sins, and repent, and cry for mercy. 'A heaven and a hell,' said one, 'are alike revealed. The only way of salvation was through repentance and faith in Christ. Men were selfish, alienated from God. With this spirit they never could be happy under his government. They must submit to his will, and inquire, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*'

"One of the Ministers said, 'We need a revival of primitive doctrine in the churches: we must build on that ground against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. Let us, as brethren, with one heart, build on the only sure foundation, and light will break forth.'

"At the close, another, who had previously spoken, said he could not part with the assembly without repeating two passages of Scripture: 'God *now* commandeth all men everywhere to repent;' and, 'Quench not the Spirit.' 'The word *now* was emphatic, especially as respected those on whose consciences the truth was impressed; and they could not disobey, for a day or an hour, without the guilt and danger of grieving the Spirit of the living God.'

"Let this movement go on: let the spiritually-minded Ministers and laymen continue to labour to bring those around them to a decision, to confess and forsake their ungodliness, and to embrace Christ as a present Saviour, and to assume publicly the responsibilities of a Christian profession; and they will shorten continually the distance between them, as a denomination, and the evangelical churches around them. Calvinists they never will be; for Calvinism, as a *peculiarity*, is becoming obsolete: its adherents are honestly labouring to neutralize what is speculative in it, by giving strong prominence to the practical and the

experimental. They say a thousand words for the freedom of the will, to one for the notion of absolute fore-ordination. Some there always will be, whose natural mode of reasoning will incline them to embrace the abstract theory of Calvin; and the distinction of Calvinism and Arminianism may never be obliterated from the Christian church. But Unitarians incline to the latter theory; and though they may not advance fully to the broad Arminian Methodistic ground, they may come to range ultimately within the scope of the Christian fellowship and confidence of all evangelical sects."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GREAT BUSTARD.

THIS noble bird is so rare in our country that the sportsman who is fortunate enough to secure one, feels, among other sportsmen, much as a soldier who has gained a great battle feels among other soldiers. They are tall, and more than three feet long. The male bird has one striking peculiarity of anatomical structure. Under the tongue is found an orifice, which forms the entrance to a pouch, so capacious, that Edwards, in his "Gleanings," says, he poured into it "seven wine pints" of water. He supposes the use of this remarkable appendage to be, "to hold fresh water, which supplies the bird, when in dry places, distant from waters." Mr. Yarrell, in his "History of British Birds," doubts whether this be the real use of the pouch; for he names a case in which a bustard, kept in confinement, was found to live without drinking. He does not, however, attempt to state the real office of this instrument, which certainly was not supplied to the bird without some adequate purpose.

Although the bustard has been rapidly disappearing from our country of late years, it has evidently been rare for a considerable time. Yarrell quotes a curious advertisement of an estate in Essex, published in Addison's "Spectator," under date of March 4th, 1712, and here, among other advantages of the property in question, is mentioned, "all game in great plenty, even to bustard and pheasant." He quotes, also, a Catalogue made

in 1656, in which this bird is described as "the bustard, as big as a turkey, usually taken by greyhounds, on Newmarket Heath."

Mr. Bennet, in a note to his edition of White's "Selborne," says, "Two birds of this kind, male and female, have been kept in the garden-ground belonging to the Norwich Infirmary, and have but lately been sold by the owner of them. The male bird was very beautiful and courageous, apparently afraid of nothing, seizing any one that came near him by the coat; yet on the appearance of any small hawk, high in the air, he would squat close on the ground, expressing strong marks of fear. The female was shy." Another gentleman mentions a case of a domesticated bustard "swallowing, in an instant, a thin leather glove which I dropped." Yarrell quotes a list of the prices paid for game for an entertainment in the Inner Temple, in 1555, when we find that the bustard was 10*s.*, turkeys, 4*s.*, pigeons, 1*s.* 6*d.* per dozen, and snipes, 2*s.* per dozen. This shows that even then the comparative value and rarity of the bustard were great. He also mentions having himself seen a pair of very fine bustards exposed for sale by a London poulterer. They brought twelve guineas.

The bustard is found in Russia and Tartary, and rarely in Sweden. They are numerous in Germany, and are to be met with in some parts of France, Spain, Italy, and the Levant.

THE PELICAN.

When fully grown, the common pelican is almost the largest bird of its order; measuring from five to six feet from the extremity of its long bill to the tip of its rounded tail, and from ten to twelve in the expanse of its wings. The extent of these latter organs, together with the extreme lightness of the bony structure, (which is capable of receiving a large quantity of air,) enable the bird to soar to a very considerable height, and to remain long upon the wing. Its bill, frequently sixteen or eighteen inches in length, and two or even more in breadth, has but little strength; but the fish on which it preys are immediately consigned to its pouch, in which it speedily accumulates a sufficient store to serve it for a meal, and then retires to some neighbouring rock to satisfy its voracity, which is by no means trifling, from the contents of its wallet. This part is so highly distensible, as to be capable of containing from two to three gallons of water. It serves also as a reservoir for the food which the old birds bring home to their young; and which they disgorge into the throats of the latter by pressing the bill upon the breast; an action which has given rise to the fable of the pelican feeding its young with its blood. In the same manner the males supply the wants of the females when sitting.

The white pelicans nest in rocks on the shores of the sea, of large rivers, and of lakes, in almost every part of the old world, excepting the most northern regions. Buffon gives a curious account of the manner in which they sometimes act in concert when in pursuit of their finny prey; and this fact is confirmed by some late observations of M. Roulin, upon an American species. The latter adds, that when a single pelican is in search of food, it wheels round and round at the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and as soon as it perceives a fish, darts upon it from above with inconceivable rapidity, displacing the water around it for a considerable distance. Should it fail in its attack, which rarely happens, it rises again to repeat the same manœuvre. In captivity the pelicans, like most of the swimming birds, are perfectly contented, harmless, and familiar. Their flesh is said to be far from palatable.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN THE ANIMAL CREATION.

So evidently and so designedly is the tendency of animal existence in favour of enjoyment, that it can only be accounted for by referring it to divine benevolence. If this be correct, we may expect that a benevolent Being will create as great a number of animals as possible, consistently with other claims, in order that the amount of enjoyment may be the greater. And, as the same kind of animals could only exist in one condition, and yet the conditions of external nature are exceedingly diversified, we may expect, for the same reason, that different races will be created for different conditions; so that the means of happiness may be improved to the utmost. And, as the amount of animal life might be vastly increased, if a portion of the food required could be animated and happy till it is wanted as sustenance, we may expect that, if consistent with goodness, life will be thus conditionally granted to it. Now all these conditions are found to be fulfilled on a most magnificent scale.

As to the existing numbers of the animal kingdom, more than a thousand species of quadrupeds, five thousand species of birds, and as many of fishes, are now known to naturalists. Of reptiles, the number and variety are immense, but unknown. "The species of shell-fish, or testacea, crustaceous animals, worms, radiated animals, and zoophytes, which almost cover the bottom of the vast abyss, exceed all calculation. The forms of animalcules vary in almost every infusion of vegetable or animal matter which nature presents." Nine hundred species of intestinal worms have already been extracted from the bodies of animals; and even some

of these worms have parasites within them. And of insects, a hundred thousand species are known. But the number of species affords but a faint idea of the incalculable myriads of individuals which some of them include. Vast flocks of birds sometimes darken the heavens like an eclipse. Clouds of life float in the atmosphere. Immense tracts of the ocean are often coloured by medusæ, or covered as with a sheet of fire. Every drop of the ocean, from pole to pole, teems with existence. "These all wait upon thee, O God; and thou givest them their meat in due season."

Nor is any part of the surface of the globe untenanted. The tropical desert and the arctic sea, the stagnant marsh and the deep sands of the ocean, the mud and the rocky strata, the subterranean cavern and the eternal hills of polar ice, not less than the temperate clime and the open and undulating plain, are full of animal existence. The malaria, fatal to one race, is the necessary condition of life to another. Where one species terminates its range of enjoyment, another begins. Desolation owns not a foot of the globe. One of the ends of the divine arrangement of the animal kingdom evidently is, the production of the largest amount of life and enjoyment.—*Harris's Pre-Adamite Earth.*

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

I HAVE a faithful sheep-dog, wonderful for his sagacity. On one occasion he had lost a younger dog, a great favourite of his. The next morning he commenced a sad lamentation on the loss of his companion; and for a time appeared to be in great distress. While I watched his movements, I saw him apparently cease to mourn, and begin a very diligent search, commencing with the house, up-stairs and down, continuing his search to the stables and out-buildings, &c.; but without success. He next set off about the streets and lanes, and after about six or seven hours' diligent search, returned home very much fatigued, and equally uneasy. Not being satisfied with his former route, he made another attempt. After an absence of upwards of three hours, he returned with his companion, accompanied by a man who lived a mile from my home. He gives the following account:—The old dog came to his door, and made a frightful noise, which brought him to the door. As soon as it was opened, the dog rushed in, with all the calmness of a welcome visiter, and finding the object of his search, instantly roused him, and bounded off at full speed.

JAMES WHORALL.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

No. XII.

THE DISHONEST APPRENTICE.

PART II.

"Quod stultè susciptur, impiè geritur, miserè finitur."

THE precipitous flight of Edward from his father did not originate from the impulse of the moment. The resolution was formed in the instant that he found himself at liberty. London presented such attractions to his vitiated mind as he could not forego; and such alluring incentives to pleasure, as he found it impossible to resist. The chilling remembrance of the tameness of a country life, and the prospect of again encountering its monotonous routine, were insupportable to him; and he determined, at all hazards, to remain in the metropolis.

For several days he wandered about the city, in quest of a situation in his own business; but not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself to the parties on whom he called, his applications were, of course, unsuccessful. Finding that his hopes were thus frustrated, he was at length thankful to engage himself as porter in a mercantile warehouse. But, owing to the drudgery of the employment, and the inadequacy of his salary to support his extravagant mode of living, he soon became disgusted with the situation, and eventually adopted the dreadful resolution of subsisting on the wages of dishonesty. It was indeed a fearful expedient. But his intemperate habits had gained such a strong hold of his depraved inclination, that he found it impossible to shake them off. He would often mingle with the dense crowds who assembled at the doors of the theatre in Covent Garden, when some popular performer was expected; and while the deluded votaries of pleasure were struggling for admittance into that synagogue of Satan, he would pillage their pockets of whatever they contained. By this means he often secured considerable sums of money. Flushed with the success of his new enterprise, he soon became an adept in the *science* of pocket-picking. With his ill-gotten spoil he launched into the very extreme of luxurious living, and was soon regarded as a complete voluptuary in every species of vice and dissipation. Giving up the reins to his passions and his lusts, he rushed

without restraint into every scene of folly with an eagerness that was truly astonishing. But this determined course of iniquity could not continue long. It presented bounds beyond which he could not pass. In certain localities he was already suspected; and the police were instructed to watch his movements.

One day, while looking through the window of an elegant shop in the Strand, he observed a respectable lady in the act of putting into her purse some sovereigns which she had just received in change. The purse was placed in a small reticule, which she held in her hand; and she left the shop. This he considered too *golden* an opportunity to be lost; and he followed her for a short distance, when, on turning the corner of Wellington-street, leading to Waterloo-bridge, he seized the reticule; and with the swiftness of an arrow, fled with his booty to a public-house in Drury-lane, where he had been accustomed to spend his evenings. While engaged in ascertaining the amount of his treasure, two policemen entered the room, and claimed him as their prisoner. Before they could secure him, he seized a poker, and dealt so violent a blow on the head of one of the men, that he fell bleeding on the floor; and while the other appeared paralyzed by this unexpected fray, Edward availed himself of the confusion of the moment to make his escape. With the rapidity of lightning, he ran through several streets, till he at length arrived in Lad-lane. Seeing a coach about starting for his native village, he instantly paid the fare, and in a short time beheld in the distance the dome of St. Paul's receding from his view.

The night was far advanced when the coach arrived at its destination. Still trembling with emotion from the unexpected discovery of his late transaction, Edward bent his steps towards his father's cottage. The moon shone brightly in the heavens, and threw her silvery rays over the old grey tower of the church. All was silent, save the mellow notes of the nightingale, falling melodiously on the ear of night; forming a striking contrast to the noise and din of the mighty city which he had so recently left. But his mind was too much occupied by reflecting on the occurrences of the day, to regard the melting strains. As he passed along, he appeared involuntarily to start at the sound of his own footsteps, and several times looked back, to be satisfied that the officers of justice were not at his heels.

On reaching the paternal dwelling, he found that the front-door was fastened; and he crept silently to the back of the house, from the window of which he saw his aged father seated at the table, reading the sacred volume. His countenance was pale, —ghastly pale; and sadness had furrowed those manly cheeks, which, in former years, had been ruddy with the glow of health. While Edward stood gazing on the altered visage of his parent, the heart of the rebellious son, whose deceptive conduct had been the sole occasion of that painful change, was for a moment softened; the agonies of remorse subdued his turbulent spirit; the tears began to moisten his eyes; and, opening the door of the cottage with a trembling hand, he fell on his father's neck, and kissed him.

"Forgive me!" he wildly cried; "and I will yet be a dutiful son. My future behaviour shall prove the sincerity of my sorrow for the past."

It was some time before the venerable man recovered from the extreme agitation which this sudden and unexpected visit had occasioned. At length, having acquired a moderate degree of calmness, he began to interrogate the youth as to the course he had been recently pursuing, and the reason of his return home.

"Since I left you so abruptly," he replied, "I have been in an excellent situation. I was fortunate enough to procure it on the day when we separated in London. By strictly fulfilling the duties of my office, I have wanted for nothing. The reason of my not returning with you, originated in my dislike to the country. London presented attractions which I could not withstand."

"But, my son, why did you not write to me, if it had been for no other purpose than to relieve my mind, and to remove those feelings of dark suspense which have made me wretched ever since that unhappy day?"

To this question, so natural, Edward scarcely knew how to reply. He was evidently embarrassed. "I wished, father," he stammered, "to ascertain whether the situation was likely to be permanent. I had also intended to pay you a visit, as soon as an opportunity offered. Such an opportunity has now presented itself; and I purpose staying with you for several days."

Soon after this conversation the father and son retired to rest.

At an early hour the next morning, they were both seated at the breakfast-table. Williams endeavoured to improve the occasion, by exhibiting to his son the dangers attending a sinful course of life, and in guarding him against those practices which had almost destroyed his happiness for ever. Edward listened with apparent attention to the counsel of his father; and the latter was encouraged to hope that his advice would no longer be disregarded.

"Now, my son," he exclaimed, when breakfast was over, "I will read a chapter in the Bible, and then pray for the blessing of God to rest upon each of us. You know it has always been my custom to engage in this holy exercise every morning and evening."

The Bible was placed on the table; and

while the pious old man was reading a portion of the word of life, the door of the cottage was suddenly opened, and two police-officers unceremoniously entered.

"You shall not escape this time, my lad," cried one of them, seizing Edward by the collar: "there is a carriage waiting to convey you back to London. Resistance will now be in vain."

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Williams, rising from his seat in the greatest perturbation: "you must have made some mistake."

"No mistake at all," was the reply. "I know the youth well. He managed to escape from my custody yesterday; but I inquired of different persons, who had seen him pass, and by the information I received, was enabled to trace the route which he had taken; and on further inquiry at the coach-office in Lad-lane, I found he had taken coach for this village."

"But surely you *must* be mistaken. My son cannot be guilty of any crime against the laws of his country."

"If he is your son, he is guilty of picking pockets; and, it is very probable, of *murder* too. For the officer whom he struck with such violence, is not expected to recover. So come along, my boy."

And he was in the act of securing the trembling youth, who now saw the utter futility of attempting any resistance; when the agitated parent, unable to restrain his feelings, exclaimed, in a tone of hopeless anguish, "But you shall not tear him from me: he is my son,—my only child! What proof have you that he is the guilty party of whom you are sent in pursuit?"

Then making a desperate effort, he vainly essayed to sever his son from the custody of the men.

"We pity you," they replied, still retaining their charge; "we pity you from our hearts: but we must do our duty."

"Then stay one moment. I will accompany my son to London: I am determined to know his fate."

By this time, a number of persons, who had seen the policemen enter the cottage, and suspecting that some painful calamity had befallen their respected neighbour, began to assemble round the door. On learning the distressing particulars, the general sentiment produced in their minds was that of commiseration. Williams had ever lived in their affections; and by his uniform kindness, and amiable disposition, had for a long time entwined himself around the tenderest feelings of their hearts. And when they now beheld him in the utter hopelessness of grief, an expression of the deepest sympathy simultaneously burst from every bosom. There was not an eye in the village that was not suffused with tears.

"Come," said the policemen, jointly; "it is idle to delay: we shall be reprimanded for dereliction of duty."

Williams now gave his house in charge to one of the neighbours, till his return; and, accompanied by his son, and the unfeeling officers, slowly moved across the village-green. Brightly shone the sun on that melancholy morning, and sweetly sang the lark, as he mounted towards the sky. The lilac and the laburnum vied with each other in displaying the beauties of their vernal bloom. The air was impregnated with the odour of ten thousand flowers; and the surrounding landscape, on which the eye of many a traveller had gazed with enthusiastic admiration, appeared lovelier than ever. But all these natural beauties, all these exquisitely-attractive objects, presented no charms to the eyes of Edward and his sire. To them all appeared a dreary, universal blank. The mind of the former was filled with forebodings of the awful fate that awaited him; and the spirit of the latter was bowed down and disquieted by an accumulated weight of sorrow, which the misconduct of his child had so deceptively heaped upon him.

In a few minutes, they came in sight of the village-inn, where the vehicle was waiting to convey them to the metropolis. The wretchedness of Williams had now reached its climax. His quivering lips, his incoherent expressions, and the wild glance of his eye, betrayed the desolation of his soul. He several times paused, that he might gasp for breath. It was too evident his heart was broken.

"Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit."

Unable any longer to maintain this unequal conflict, he sunk to the earth; and, looking upward, breathed a silent prayer for the conversion of his child. Several of the neighbours hastened to his assistance; but it was too late. His spirit had already taken its everlasting flight.

The soul of Edward was now melted. He threw himself on the body of his father, and kissed his clay-cold lips. There he lay for some minutes; while the melancholy band of spectators filled the air with their cries and bursting sobs. The corpse of Williams was at length removed, and subsequently laid by the side of his wife in the quiet churchyard. Edward was taken to London to undergo his trial. The policeman whom he had assaulted gradually recovered his physical strength; but his reason had gone for ever. The theft was clearly proved; and the assault being considered by the jury as one of an aggravated character, the dishonest apprentice, in the very morning of his existence, was sentenced to transportation for life.

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

'Twas a sweet summer-eve in eastern clime:
The fading sunlight of the evening sky
Shed its rich splendour o'er the heavens sublime:
Great Babel's towers Euphrates "wander'd by"
In wavelets bright: the young wind whisper'd nigh,
Bearing upon its wings the plaintive tone
Of the grey harper, who, with tear-dimm'd eye
And heaving bosom, hope-bereft and lone,
Thus pour'd the mournful lay o'er Salem's fallen throne:—

"Weep, child of Zion! for 'tis thine no more on Zion's hill
To hear the' exulting chorus-hymn Jehovah's temple fill;
The tabret and the harp that rung within that 'stately dome,'
No more with music's gladsomeness shall greet thee in thy home.

"Weep, weep, thou son of Israel!—In the glorious days gone by,
What banner waved so fair as thine beneath the azure sky?
But triumph's lay is thine no more: thy hand of might lies cold;
The lustre of thine eye is quench'd, that beam'd so bright of old!

"Weep, Salem, weep! weep o'er thyself; for glory's star has shed
Its last rich beam of gloriousness around thy drooping head;
The smile of hope has died away; thy voice of mirth is still;
And dark-eyed Desolation sits enthroned on Zion's hill."

Aberdeen. LINUS.

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

(*To an Invalid.*)

Which wilt thou choose? The tear is on thy cheek,
Sweet sister: thinkest thou of happier days?
When long and patiently thou lov'dst to seek
The knowledge shrined in many a thorny maze?
When thy clear eye in nature's volume sought
For all bright things to image forth its thought?
Yet happier, said I? O, not so to thee!
Hath not the chastener wrought his lofty part?
And thou art won from life's vain witchery,
And the world clasps not fetters round thy heart;
Thy faith their deep might sever'd, and thy rest
Is now in calmness on the Saviour's breast.

I bring thee blossoms from the leafy dell,
By gushing waters where we loved to stray;
Rose-tinted bud, and golden cup and bell,
And snowy garlands from the wreaths of May:
Look on them, love!—their fragrance o'er thy sense
Shall fling a breath of summer's redolence.

O, speak they not of hidden nooks and bowers,
And breezy hills, and leafy forest-shades?
Steals not a whisper from their wilding flowers,
Of joyous hours in far-off lonely glades?
Of stillness deep 'neath some rich sunset sky,
With melodies and bright waves gliding by?

I feel thy spirit hath its farewell spoken
To the green haunts of spring-time's sunny hours;
Yet, dearest, still be these a silent token
Of the deep love that clotheth e'en the flowers
With their rich hues of beauty: shall not He,
The One, the' Unchanging, care still more for thee?

Thou know'st it well! In thy deep earnest eye
Are thoughts more eloquent than words may tell:
Thy home, beloved one, is above the sky,
And if earth's treasures still thou lovest well,
'Tis as a Father's gifts, who deigns to fling
O'er life's dim path such radiant blossoming.

Blest spirit! early meeten'd for thy home;
From earth's dark turmoil ready to depart;
O, where no blight or sorrow e'er may come
O'er love, and joy, and bright hopes of the heart,
There may we greet thee! Be it ours to dwell
In that far clime of bliss:—farewell, farewell!

ADELINE.

Dudley.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE MR. W. DAWSON TO MISS ———.

Barnbow, May 1st, 1809.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

THE awful importance of your situation in both body and soul, justifies the friendly interference of a stranger, when he apprehends a fellow-immortal appears in danger of forfeiting her claims to the everlasting and increasing joys of heaven, for a mere momentary trifle; and, strange to say, against the remonstrance of the most rational and scriptural conviction. Methinks I see the cup of poison in your trembling hand. The most opposite resolutions alternately rack your breast. *Now* you feel determined to swallow the tempting draught; and *then again* you feel equally resolute that the cup and its contents shall be hurled upon the floor. *Sometimes* you think that you have forfeited the favour of God so far, that it is rather improbable you will recover it, and therefore you may as well fully enjoy the pleasures of the world; and at *other times* a lucid interval of divine drawings beams upon your soul, and your dying hopes revive, and a faint and pleasing expectation whispers, "Your Father is waiting, is looking for, is gone out to meet with welcome heart the return of his wandering child." Yes, my dear friend; and this is "not the voice of a stranger:" it is the voice of truth, your Shepherd's voice. Lend it your willing ear. *Lend* it, nay, *give* it, your obedient heart; and arise, "prisoner of hope, arise," "shake thyself from the dust;" arise, and "loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." Haste to your Father's house: there is love enough in your Redeemer's heart; there is bread enough in your Father's house, and to spare; and for *you*, my friend, *for you*. Leave the swine to feed upon the husks of mere earthly good: *your* famished soul wants nobler satisfaction. Though you have wandered from the "central point of bliss;" and though one grand cause of your departure has proceeded from professors of religion; though you may have spent many a painful hour in reviewing the causes, with all their aggravations; and such reviews have opened a door for the enemy to urge you "entirely to renounce all connexion with religious characters, and to cast yourself into the arms of a man of the world, as you cannot be worse treated than you have been by those who have made a profession of religion;"—yet, I humbly entreat you, do not take the tempter's advice; do not wantonly follow his reasonings, however specious. Let your attention be awake to the cautions and directions suggested to you by the Scriptures of truth, by the ministry of the word, and by the people of God, both as it regards your temporal and spiritual concerns. Cast in your lot with Christ's followers, and, Moses-like, esteem the reproach of Christ greater treasures than the riches of Egypt; "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Open your mind to some pious, sensible persons, whose gifts and graces qualify them to furnish you with suitable advice in every important occurrence of life. Take no step of consequence, even in your worldly business, without weighing the matter seriously in the impartial judgment of your friends; and when they seem to decide differently from your own inclinations, pause a little, and exercise your own judgment also * * * (The MS. is here a little injured, which makes the sentence incomplete.) But, above all, Miss ——, turn your eyes to the throne of grace, and fix them there. Secure the direction and blessing of the sinner's "wisdom and righteousness," &c. Once more, yield, freely yield your all to God, reconciled to you in Christ. Venture soul and body into his hand. Venture did I say? Forgive me. It is not a venture. It is an act of the most absolute propriety, attended with the most inevitable security. You cannot lose by it; only take eternity into the account. You cannot lose by it: only calculate by the best and most correct "ready reckoner,"—the Bible,—I'll warrant you the Holy Ghost will come upon you; difficulties will vanish; impossibilities will become possible; and you will be "*more* than conqueror through Him that loved you." My paper fails, else I might say even more to prove that I am

Your sincere well-wisher,

W. DAWSON.

If the knowledge of my address will be of the least service to you, a letter would find a candid reader, if directed to be left at the White Swan, Market-place, or Mr. Reinhardt's, Druggist, Leeds.

Barnbow, May 15th, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I READ your epistle, with the painful feelings of a sympathizing heart. I really believe your perplexity is very great. Your soul seems agitated by different views and passions, so that all within is as restless as the ocean in a storm. I perused your letter with a mixture of wonder and pain. I am surprised at your confidence, which so freely unbosoms itself to an entire stranger. But then, again, I see your readiness to communicate is from the pungency of your sufferings, from the tyranny of your crossing

passions, tearing your spirit to atoms; that your prospects at times are so gloomy that you see no haven where you may hide your poor shipwrecked soul for awhile, till clearer openings of a smiling Providence make your way more satisfactory to your own mind. Well, my friend, I assure you that the confidence you repose in me shall never be a source of self-reproach to you; and, as for my advice, what can I say, under God, to compose your unsettled spirits? I perceive your state in a small degree. As for your temporal circumstances, my knowledge is very superficial indeed. All that I know is from a few hints dropped at Hunslet that day; and you may be sure they would be very little, as it was not a day proper for entering into such conversation. Besides, were I more fully informed, I do not know that I am a competent judge to furnish you with directions and cautions fully suitable for you. However, when I direct your soul to the Lord Jesus Christ, and a reconciled God in him, I know my directions are safe, and you may implicitly follow them. But, precious soul, why are you sanguine? Why such strong convulsions when your way is plain? Affection for the young man pleads *for*, and conscience remonstrates *against*, the union. An over-eager desire wishes for a comfortable livelihood in the world, and tormenting fear racks you lest you should lose a part of your all in the attempt; and thus your mind feels tortured with distress, bordering upon despair. You answer, "That is true what you say: but, O miserable I, what shall I do?" My dear friend, with respect to your soul your way is plain. Return to your rest. Your Saviour calls, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Turn your aching heart and weeping eye to your *best Friend*. Beg of Him to dissolve your heart in genuine, humbling repentance for your past folly in departing from Him. I am led to think part of your distress is "worldly sorrow," which "worketh death." The enemy endeavours to increase this kind of sorrow, in order to distract your thoughts, and discompose them from the holy sighs, the generous tears, the humble, hearty application to Jesus in prayer; and all the composed vigorous resolutions of "godly sorrow," which "worketh repentance unto life not to be repented of." Fly back with hasty steps to the bosom of your Redeemer. Make Him the central point of your desires and hopes. "Cast your care upon Him; He careth for you." Let Him have your whole heart. Aspire after a martyr's love, which counts life a cheap free-will offering unto the Lord. Collect your scattered thoughts to this one thing needful. Banish these excessive worldly fears, and soul-rending cares. Listen not to reasoning, murmuring unbelief. "Wherefore doth a living man complain," says the Prophet Jeremiah, "a man for the punishment of his sins? Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." (Lam. iii. 39, 40.) Follow the teachings of the Spirit in all the sacrifices and services which appear according to the Scriptures. Let your undivided heart be always your daily sacrifice to Him; and no doubt He will "accept you graciously, and love you freely." "Trust in the Lord Jehovah, for in Him is everlasting strength;" and "they that put their trust in Him shall never be confounded." Courage, Miss ——, courage! Safety and happiness await you in the mount: escape thither immediately, and your soul shall live. If you proceed in your worldly business as you think of, an entire devotedness to God will be very far from injuring it; nay, on the contrary, you secure His smile, and He engages to make all things work together for your good. Fear not; only believe, and you shall see the glory of God, both in providence and grace. He will watch over you with a Father's eye. "He will make darkness light before you, and crooked places straight unto you." Only take the holy boldness to commit your soul to Him, and He will never leave you, nor forsake you. You will say, on the threshold of both worlds, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." My soul yearns over you. My dear friend, do not reason so much with your nature, your situation, your prospects, or your fears. Resolutely and calmly commend your case to God; and the result will, I am sure, afford the highest of all pleasures to the heart of

Yours, in deepest sincerity,
W. DAWSON.

Should you think it worth your time to write, I have only just to hint that you would add Barnbow to my name in the direction.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

THOUGHTS of the energy of commerce, the transience of human life, and the dark end of the hopeless, naturally rush upon us when we look on the magnificent structure now known as London Bridge. Cart, omnibus,

waggon, porter, and dray, are all there to represent the activities of trade. Human forms are rapidly coming into sight, and rapidly passing out of it, to tell you we are all rushing on towards a new shore. And, as you look on the solemn river gliding darkly beneath the noble bridge, your heart feels chilly by the recollection of those unhappy beings who, overtaken by woes they had not grace to bear, came to take one wild leap from that parapet; that in the cold tide below they might for ever bury their mortal anguish and their eternal hopes.

In Charles Knight's "London" is to be found a detailed and highly-animated description of the various historical stages through which the great Thames-bridge has passed. As early as the year 1008, in the reign of Ethelred, a curious battle took place at London Bridge. The Danes possessed both it and the two towns on each side. The Saxon King attacked them by land, and his ally, the Norwegian King Olave, at the same time led on an assault by water. He rowed up the river against the tide, and, attaching his ships to the piers which supported the bridge, made his men pull down the stream. The tide added to the impetus given by the oars'-men. The ships pulled with fearful force; the bridge was crowded with men, and laden with stones which they had collected to cast upon the Norwegians: this immense weight, added to the strain of the ships, was more than the structure could bear; the piles yielded to the force of the rowers, and the whole mass, with its defenders, was engulfed in the river. From this account, it is sufficiently evident that the bridge was a wooden erection.

History shows that the loss thus caused was soon repaired; for Canute, on invading the country only eight years after, found a bridge standing, and managed to get his ships past it by sinking a canal on the south side of the river. The next occasion on which London Bridge figures in our annals, is that on which (Nov. 16th, 1091) a furious wind threw down six hundred houses; and the tide rose with such violence as to bear the bridge clean away. We next read of "the bridge that was nearly all afloat," in the reign of Rufus (1097); but we hold not ourselves bound to interpret for posterity those words of an ancient scribe. About a century and a half later, London had the sorrow of seeing its bridge completely burnt down. Still adhering to wood, this bridge was replaced by one of the same material; but after a few years the same architect began a stone structure. He was a Monk, called Peter, of St. Mary Colechurch. His new bridge consisted of twenty arches, having a roadway of forty feet in width from parapet to parapet. It occupied thirty-three years in building. The worthy Monk had gone to his long rest three years before the completion of the great edifice that has caused his name to come down to our days.

The parapets of the bridge soon became covered with houses, so that it was really a narrow street, with this difference from other streets, that three openings gave the passer-by to see that his journey was not on *terra firma*, but above the course of a broad and noble stream. Pennant says, "I well remember the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the shrieks of drowning wretches." The houses overhung the bridge, so as to hide much of the arches, and leave little to be seen but the piers; thus appearing to be in constant danger of falling into the water. On the street-side, the upper stories projected, as we often see in old houses; and not unfrequently two vehicles, attempting to pass, got jammed between the houses, and interrupted the whole stream of communication.

On the centre of the bridge stood a rich Gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket: nearer the Southwark side was a drawbridge, and by that a tower, whereupon were exposed the heads of those executed for treason.

About the middle of the last century, the houses began to be removed from the bridge, to make way for the increasing demands of traffic. It appears that the inhabitants of the bridge were principally small shopkeepers. "Most of the houses," says Pennant, "were tenanted by pin and needle makers; and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases."

This edifice, which for nearly six centuries had been the sole bridge across the Thames at London, was in its latter days exposed to the rivalry of Westminster and Blackfriars bridges. And, finally, notwithstanding the defensive efforts of the London Corporation, it was doomed by Parliament to disappear from the seat of its long and valuable services. On the 15th of March, 1824, the first pile of a new structure was driven, and more than six years later, William IV. led his loyal citizens of London to rejoice in the opening of that superb bridge, which now casts its five elliptic arches from one shore to another, and stands in sober majesty, while the Thames rolls its tide below, and English life and industry roll their tide above.

That Old London Bridge has echoed the step of many a nimble foot, and resounded to the applause of many a proud Monarch, and witnessed the ghastly figure of many a deathly head. The bravest pageant that ever crossed it is as clean passed away to-day, as the head of Wallace, the Scottish patriot, which was the first that grinned from its tower. Those that fell to be exposed, and those that lived to look, are equally gone from this scene; and that London Bridge we see standing to-day, with all the thousands who are pouring across it from morn to midnight, will one day be like the former bridge and former crowds, laid low among things that are gone.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. SMITH,

OF ST. GEORGE'S EAST, LONDON.

The following very interesting Sketch was prepared by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, jun., and read by the Rev. John Scott, after a Sermon on the occasion of Mr. Smith's death.

THE subject of the following sketch was born in the vicinity of Tower-hill, in the year 1780. He did not enjoy the privilege of a pious parentage. His father was a publican, and himself was brought up to the same employment; until, compelled by disgust of an occupation which he felt to be uncongenial, he left home, and entered the army, in the year 1800. He served during several campaigns in the Peninsula, the Pyrenees, and the south of France; was present at many great engagements and memorable sieges, and, of course, endured extreme hardships, and escaped imminent perils.

For the first eleven years of his military life, he was a stranger to the consolations and restraints of true religion. In the year 1811, we find him again in his native country. Whilst his regiment was lying at Winchester, he paid a visit to his friends in London, and had an interview with a pious uncle, whose pathetic and penetrating appeals made a deep impression upon his mind. At the expiration of his furlough, while his heart was yet under the hallowed influences which accompanied the admonitions of his godly relative, he providentially became acquainted with Sergeant Hunter, a zealous and consistent Wesleyan. This intimacy speedily resulted in his conversion. He immediately joined the Wesleyan society, receiving his first ticket from the late venerable Joseph Taylor. That love to the communion of saints which so strongly marked his character, developed itself at the commencement of his spiritual history. He walked thirty miles to the first lovefeast he ever attended. He was not, however, long

permitted to enjoy these privileges; for his regiment was almost immediately recalled to the seat of war. Here he proved the reality and blessedness of the religion which he had so lately embraced. Amidst the horrible tumult of battle, it diffused over his soul a celestial serenity equally removed from sullen insensibility and ferocious excitement.

A few days before his death, he informed the writer of this sketch, that, on the eve of the sanguinary battle of Vittoria, he read the ninety-first Psalm; and as he was meditating on the verse, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," a blissful consciousness of the divine presence and protection was imparted to him, which abode with him throughout his subsequent military life. On the morrow, which was fatal to so many thousands, his soul rested beneath the shadow of the Almighty. At the memorable sieges of Pampeluna and Toulouse, and in the perilous pursuit of Marmont over the Pyrenees, the same hallowing, elevating, and tranquillizing consciousness of Jehovah's guardianship maintained a perpetual sabbath in his breast.

He received his discharge in the year 1821, when he returned to London, and was, for a few months, connected with City-road chapel; but, obtaining a situation in the Docks, he came to reside in this locality, and connected himself with the St. George's society. From that time to the day of his death, he maintained an unimpeachable character, and an ever-increasing zeal. For about seventeen years he fulfilled, with exemplary assiduity and pre-eminent faithfulness, the arduous and responsible office of Class-Leader. Though the subject of the most depressing, protracted, and heart-searching trial, yet his confidence in God was unshaken, his joy in the Holy Ghost was undiminished. This is to be attributed, in a great measure, to his constant and cheerful activity in the cause of God. It gave a robust and healthy habit to his piety, and supplied him with meat which the world knew not of. His is not the infamy to die and not be missed. He has left a vacancy in our ranks which it will not be easy to fill.

The last few years of his life were profoundly peaceful. Consolation succeeded to conflict. He dwelt in the land of Beulah; the light of the celestial city streamed upon his soul, and often irradiated his looks. Shortly before his death he said to the writer, "The greatest blessing is, that my last days are by far my best;" and stated that the enjoyment of God's perfect love was the source of all his happiness and all his strength.

His death was not so sudden to himself as to us. He had many physical premonitions, and many mental presentiments. For the last few months he had expressed, at the band-meetings, a conviction that his term of service was nearing its close. Almost the last time he met his Sabbath class, he said, he could not tell what his Master was about to do with him, and entreated them, at all events, to "keep together." The energy and animation which he threw into the work of God concealed from others the decline of which himself was conscious. What we mistook for physical vigour and vivacity, was, in reality, the indication of a "health that pain and death defies." He never spoke after his fatal seizure; but every one who knew him, had perceived for some time past that he was a "shock of corn fully ripe."

It would be superfluous to expatiate largely on the virtues of our departed brother: they were too brightly conspicuous to be overlooked, too divinely authentic to be misunderstood; "they were known and read of all men." To imagine any member of this church unfamiliar with his character were a severe reproach: such a one must be a forsaker of our assemblies, a neglecter of our social means of grace, and a stranger to almost every path of evangelical activity. The constancy, punctuality, and joyousness of his attendance upon the sanctuary, evinced that love to the house of God was his ruling passion. To him no pathway was so pleasant as that which led to the house of prayer. Though often exhausted by the duties of the day, yet he felt that no cordial could exhilarate the spirits, and restore the tone of languid nature, so potently as the droppings of the sanctuary. Duly as the Minister of God entered, he was seen in his well-known place, as if "planted in the house of the Lord," and on his countenance sat "praise waiting for God in Zion." As the gracious and promised results of this, he still brought forth fruit in old age; his spirituality never became sere, sapless, and unproductive. In all the venerable maturity of age, it retained the dewy freshness and fragrance of its youth.

A kindred passion to his love for the house of God, was his cordial esteem of God's Ministers for their work's sake. His heart clave to the Ministers of truth, not on account of the massiveness and brilliancy of their endowments, nor on account of their peculiar adaptation to his own personal tastes, but simply because they were the heralds of God's glorious Gospel, and the Ministers in holy things. He received "a Prophet in the name of a Prophet."

But his piety was no languid sentimentality: it was an ever-active principle of laborious, self-denying love. It was not exhausted in the praises of the sanctuary, and the fervours of social devotion: it sought out the victims of destitution and disease; it loved to bend beside the dying man, and to wipe away the chill, faint dew of dissolution, and tell of Him who drew the sting of death.

Another characteristic of his piety, which would be truly enviable, were it not the

chartered privilege of all who believe and love like him, was a constant flow of hallowed cheerfulness and heavenly hilarity; the light-heartedness of a home-bound pilgrim, who is conscious that he is

> "Marching through Immanuel's ground,
> To fairer worlds on high."

He rejoiced, and worked righteousness: he went to Zion with singing. Those who have followed him in the street have heard him pouring out snatches of holy song. His step was so elastic because it kept time to some sacred melody which his heart was making to the Lord.

But, above all, he put on charity, the bond of perfectness. This was the golden girdle which gave harmony and completeness to all his graces. Though "clad with zeal as with a cloak," yet charity overmantled all. His ever-glowing ardour was tempered by an ever-gushing gentleness. The military regularity with which he performed his own duties, was unaccompanied by the slightest military austerity towards the less rigorous habits of others. He was a good man, and full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost. May the succession of such men never terminate in our church!

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CAMPHOR.

In the Song of Solomon we twice read of camphire, among the many Oriental spices there poetically enumerated, and all of which are said to "flow out," when the south wind blows. Whether the camphire of Solomon means the *laurus camphora*, or the cypress, is matter of doubt. The former is the plant which yields the camphor of commerce. It flourishes all over the south of India, and possibly might have been transplanted by the botanical King to his gardens at Engeddi.

The camphor is obtained both from the branches and flowers of the tree by distillation. It is esteemed not merely as a perfume, but because it is generally believed to possess a property of great value, as a disinfecting agent. Thus in many cases of exposure to contagious disease, camphor is resorted to as a defence. The camphor-wood also is prized, because it is believed to be repellent to insects, and therefore, in hot countries, where scarcely anything escapes their ravages, boxes made of this wood are bought eagerly. In Assam and Silhet is found the *laurus cassia*, the roots of which yield a considerable supply of camphor; and even the cinnamon-tree

contributes a little of this perfume in addition to its other productions. The camphor brought into our markets is chiefly brought from the Chinese island of Formosa.

In the islands of Sumatra and Borneo is found a very large tree, the trunk of which has large cavities, and in these cavities is found an aromatic oil, mixed with a species of camphor exceedingly rich. The camphor is supposed to be formed from this oil, and is found in very large lumps, weighing sometimes as much as a dozen pounds. So precious is this variety of camphor, that it but rarely appears in European markets, being retained for the use of the higher classes in China and Japan. This is called the camphor of the Dryobalanops. We derive these particulars chiefly from Calcott's "Scripture Herbal."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SLEEPING IN THE NIGHT.

SLEEPING in the night is an excellent custom, which seems to have been prevalent in the Apostle's time; for he affirms, without reservation, that those who sleep, sleep in the night. It is not so in our time. There is a great deal of sleeping by day. Suppose, from some cause, an individual was obliged to sleep in the day-time two hours in the course of each week, and that it rested with the individual to fix upon the place and the time. Is it reasonable to suppose that he would fix upon the house of God as the place, and the hour occupied in the delivery of a message from God as the time? And yet there are a great many persons who do just that thing; a great many persons who profess to honour God!

I really do not see why such persons take the trouble to go to church: it certainly must be easier for them to sleep at home. Since they can derive no personal benefit from going, their object must be to set an example. I once knew a deaf man who always went to church to set a good example. If this be their motive, they deserve some credit for their self-denial. But then they should consider the influence of the whole of their example. I was once, when a boy, present when a good mother reproved her child for playing in the sermon-time. One of the lads replied, "Mr. A., and Mr. B., and Mr. C., sleep in sermon-time; and if men can sleep, then I do not see why boys cannot play." I confess my young mind did not detect the fallacy of the reasoning. I would suggest, therefore, this question to the church-sleepers, "Whether the influence of their example as church-sleepers does not neutralize the influence of their example as church-goers?" If this lead them to inquire whether it would not be better for them not to go to church, perhaps continued reflection will lead them to conclude that a more excellent way would be to go to church, and keep awake.—*New-York Observer.*

SHUNNING THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

PRESIDENT ADAMS, the elder, was once within twenty miles of home when overtaken by the Sabbath. He had been delayed by impassable snow-banks. A sickly family at home required his presence. His clerical friend, with whom he lodged, told him he thought the circumstances of his case would justify his travelling on the Sabbath. His reply was, that to those who witnessed it, it would have the *appearance* of evil, as they would be ignorant of the justifying circumstances. The friends of the Sabbath would be grieved to see him apparently disregard the sacredness of the day; and those who wished to be freed from its restraints, would rejoice to have him to sanction their indulgence by his example.

Christian reader, are you as careful of the sacredness of God's holy day? Are you ready to make a similar personal sacrifice merely to avoid the *appearance* of evil? Are you on all occasions willing to prefer the advancement of God's cause,—the spiritual good of others, before your own personal benefit? If you are not, you have reason to fear that your profession of religion is nothing but hypocrisy, or self-deception. The very spirit of the religion of Christ requires us to sacrifice everything personal for the general good; to suffer all things for the elect's sake; to do or suffer anything rather than hinder the Gospel of Christ.—*Religious Telescope.*

TABLE-TALK.

THE MOTIVES TO VIRTUE.

MEN may practise virtues out of different motives, but whether their motives be just or unjust, is not easy to determine, because all men pretend to exercise virtue for virtue's sake; not excepting those who have the

greatest regard for self-interest or worldly glory. Most men go masked, or act their parts in borrowed characters till the play is ended; when, the mask being laid aside, it appears whether they acted themselves or not. So long as any man supports a good character, we should reserve our judgment, and not rashly attribute all devotion to hypocrisy, all friendship to interest, all honesty to ambition, &c. For though we daily see people seek their own advantage, or worldly honour, under the mask of devotion, friendship, honesty, patriotism, &c., yet we must not hence conclude that all good works are hypocritical. We must allow that Socrates was virtuous, Cato honest, and Lelius a true friend, because they sustained their respective good characters. Since men are frequently imposed upon by pretences to virtue, we should not rely too much upon appearance; nor, by judging of all men alike, make the whole world comedians, or think sin the origin of virtue. This would be horrid misanthropy.

THE MISER.

A FABLE.

"WHAT an unfortunate wretch am I!" complained a miser to his neighbour. "Some one last night has taken away the treasure which I buried in the garden, and laid a cursed stone in its place." "And yet you have never used your treasure," answered his neighbour. "Only bring yourself to believe that the stone is still your treasure, and you are none the poorer." "If I am none the poorer," returned the miser, "is not some one else the richer? So much the richer! The thought is enough to drive me mad."—*Lessing.*

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

THAT was a beautiful tribute of Napoleon to the supremacy of mind over physical force in the long trial. "Do you know, Fontanes," he said, "what I admire most in the world? It is the powerlessness of force to found anything. There are only two powers in the world,—the sabre and the pen; and, in the end, the former is always conquered by the latter."

FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out with the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

RECREATION is to a woman what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised, as they must be, in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are, perhaps, as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shades and shadow are to the rose; confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE.

GENIUS, like the lark, is apt to despise its nest upon the earth, and waste its time in fluttering and quavering among the clouds; but common sense is the humbler fowl, which picks up the barley-corns, and crows and fattens at leisure.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.

BE and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown grey with unblenched honour, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*

THE FIRST STEP.

CHATEAUBRIAND says, "In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern."

THE WOMEN OF MONTENEGRO.

THOUGH able, the men are seldom inclined to carry anything, or take any trouble they can transfer to the women, who are beasts of burden in Montenegro; and I have seen women toiling up the steepest hills, under loads which men seldom carry in other countries. They are, therefore, very muscular and strong; and the beauty they frequently possess is soon lost by the hard and coarse complexions they acquire; their youth being generally exhausted by laborious and unfeminine occupations. The sheaves of Indian corn, the bundles of wood, and everything required for the house or the granary, are carried by women; and the men are supposed to be too much interested about the nobler pursuits of war or pillage to have time to attend to meaner labours.

THE SILENCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

One of the most striking things is the silence of the Prairies. It is absolutely awful. At night, when the moon has gone down, and the stars are all out, to stand in the centre of one of these mammoth-plains, and mark the deep, unbroken silence that surrounds you, is sublimely impressive. I never witnessed any effect like it. Not a solitary sound can be heard; no insect, no bird, no beast, no human voice or step; but one immensity of grand and fearful silence. Such a spot, far from the busy haunts of congregated multitudes, becomes, to the good man, like the glorious Bethel, where the journeying Patriarch slept.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

BISHOP BUTLER.

Died June 16th, 1752.

The avowed adversaries of Christianity have ever professed to be guided by reason, unfettered by the blinding influence of priest-craft and vulgar superstition, which hold in contemptible subjection the unenlightened portion of the human family! Satisfied that they are the men whose penetrating intellect has seen through all the deceptions of revealed religion, they answer every argument that has been offered to prove its certainty and infinite importance, with a jest or a sneer, and seem to think that they have thereby sufficiently established their claims to be considered men of reason, well deserving the title of "Free-Thinkers."

Though the temper and conduct of these unhappy beings appear sufficient to place them beyond the pale of that grace against which they direct their energies; yet He, whose glory they attempt to destroy, is long-suffering towards even them, "not willing that they should perish, but come to repentance, and live" for ever. As *reason* is their only authority and guide, and *nature* the only volume in which truth is to be read,—if, indeed, they admit that any such thing as truth exists at all,—even in this, their merciful Maker and Redeemer condescends to meet their arrogantly-selected conditions of receiving instruction, that, if they be not saved, "their damnation may be" visibly "just." Among the instruments raised up to meet infidelity on the ground of *reason*, the author of "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," holds a lofty place in public estimation. Among reasoners he is as Saul among the people; head and shoulders above all. So that if the votaries of reason be at all honest, they will confess him to be a man to their taste, and feel themselves in honour bound to speak with him in the gate.

Joseph Butler, son of Thomas Butler, a respectable shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire, was born in 1692. In early youth he gave indications of his future intellectual greatness, which determined his father to give him such an education as would qualify him to become a Dissenting Minister; himself being, by profession and principle, a Presbyterian. With this view he was removed from the grammar-school, at which he received the rudiments of his classical learning, to an academy at Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire; where his profiting soon appeared in certain ingenious and acute remarks contained in some letters addressed to Dr. Samuel Clarke, on his first sermon at Boyle's lecture "on the Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God." The talent, candour, and modesty exhibited by young Butler, gained him not only the attention, but also the friendship, of that distinguished Divine.

The controversy between the members of the Church of England and the Dissenters having engaged a considerable share of his attention, he resolved on being no longer a Nonconformist, but a member of the Church as by law established: on which he removed to Oxford in 1716; where he entered into holy orders, and was in 1718 appointed Preacher at the Rolls Chapel; four years after which, through the patronage of the Bishop of Durham, the rectory of Haughton, near Darlington, was conferred on him. This was the first-fruits of an intimate friendship he had contracted with Mr. Edward Talbot, son of the Bishop, and brother to the Lord Chancellor; which paved his way to the elevation occupied by the good Bishop himself. He was next appointed to the rectory of Stanhope, where he spent several years in the diligent and conscientious discharge of his pastoral duties, till drawn out of his obscurity through the influence of his friend and fellow-student, Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Secker having mentioned Butler to Queen Caroline, consort of George II., Her Majesty observed that she thought he had been dead; but she was given to understand he was still alive. However, afterwards the Queen asked Archbishop Blackburn if Mr. Butler was not dead? He answered, "No, madam; but he is buried:" alluding to his obscure situation in the country. In 1733, Lord Chancellor Talbot appointed him to a Prebend's stall in the church of Rochester; and in the same year, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. His admirable talents being brought into notice by his

elevation, he was, in 1736, appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Queen; whom he attended daily, from seven in the morning till nine in the evening, by Her Majesty's special command. In this same year he published his masterly work, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" a copy of which he presented to his royal mistress.

In 1738, at the recommendation of Queen Caroline, he was promoted to the see of Bristol; as an expression of Her Majesty's philosophical taste, and esteem for his distinguished attainments as a sound philosopher and Christian Divine. In 1740, he resigned the living of Stanhope, on being made Dean of St. Paul's; in 1746, he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the King; and in 1750, the rich bishopric of Durham crowned his many preferments. Thus the obscure parochial Clergyman, who had laboured in this see in his early days, became its chief Pastor.

This sphere of usefulness furnished ample scope for the exercise of his great talents; and the wealth placed at his disposal, abundant means of exercising benevolence to the poor. As he never married, no family incumbrance stood in the way of his devotedness to his work. But, as is often the case, his enjoyment of the honour conferred on him was of very short duration: his health gradually declined, and, in defiance of every effort to lengthen out his days, he died at Bath, on the 16th of June, 1752.

His corpse was interred in the cathedral at Bristol; where a monument, with an inscription, is erected to his memory.

As to the talents and character of Butler, it is enough to state that few, if any, have ever so fully commanded the respect of intellectual and moral men. Dr. Keppis observes: "On the greatness of Bishop Butler's character we need not enlarge; for his profound knowledge, and the prodigious strength of his mind, are amply displayed in his incomparable writings. His piety was most serious and fervent; and his benevolence was warm, generous, and diffusive."

The following lines, written as an epitaph, soon after his decease, appeared in one of the London Magazines:—

"Beneath this marble, Butler lies entomb'd,
Who with a soul inflamed by love divine,
His life in presence of his God consumed;
Like the bright lamps before the holy shrine.
His aspect pleasing, mind with learning fraught,
His eloquence was like a chain of gold,
That the wild passions of mankind controll'd;
Merit, wherever to be found, he sought;
Desire of transient riches he had none.
These he, with bounteous hand, did well dispense,
Bent to fulfil the ends of Providence:
His heart still fix'd on an immortal crown.
His heart a mirror was, of purest kind,
Where the bright image of his Maker shined:
Reflecting faithful to the throne above,
The' irradiant glories of the mystic Dove."

What shall we say of his "Analogy" as a book for the people? In these days, when philosophy is taught in infant-schools, and boys and girls affect to philosophize ere they reach their teens, shall Butler's work be laid on the shelf as a mysterious production, to be gazed into only by the few whose intellect is of kindred dimensions with that of the author? Fourscore years ago, Wesley observed, "I went on reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's 'Analogy;' but I doubt it is too hard for most of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Free-thinkers, so called, are seldom close thinkers. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this; one that would profit them must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow nor digest it." Yet Robert Hall not only numbered this work among his favourite books in his childhood, but had repeatedly read it through ere he arrived at the ninth year of his age! and the Chamberses have selected and published it at fourteen-pence, as a book hitherto placed out of the reach of the common people, chiefly by its price. It is a vast treasury to all who are willing to pay the price of making its stores their own; and the price is patient attention.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Adcock, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Somerby,	Oakham,	62	Dec. 24th, 1848.
Baisby, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Owston,	Oakham,	69	Oct. 18th, 1848.
Bell, Elizabeth,	Dairy-Houses,	Ely,	33	April 15th, 1848.
Fletcher, Elizabeth M.,		Dewsbury,	26	April 25th, 1848.
Leake, Mrs. Ann,	Somerby,	Oakham,	69	Dec. 13th, 1848.
Palmer, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Knossington,	Oakham,	45	Oct. 21st, 1848.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JULY, 1849.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

"I SHALL surely see him to-morrow," said the young wife to herself, as she sat enjoying the cool twilight of a tropical clime: "should business detain him longer, he will send me word to that effect."

The Missionary had some days before set out on an errand of duty, and this was the day fixed for his return. His journey was one of some peril, being many miles into the interior of the island, where steep and rugged paths, winding round the lofty mountains, afforded the only means of communication with the regions beyond. It was the first time that he had left his home for so long an absence, and, despite her naturally buoyant spirit, Marie felt oppressed and anxious. The hours passed on, but still he came not. The bright moon was high in the heavens, and threw silver radiance on woods and waters, and still she sat watching its rays on the glossy foliage, or gazing on the outline of the far-off mountains, that rose in solemn grandeur to the clear heavens. Her musings were suddenly interrupted by one of her Negro domestics ushering into the room a brother Missionary, an intimate friend of her husband, who resided at a neighbouring Mission-station.

"You have come at an unfortunate time, Mr. R.," said she, after the first greetings were over: "Mr. S. has not yet returned; but I hope he will be here to-morrow."

"My errand is in his name," replied Mr. R., after a pause: "I have just received letters from N——."

"And when may I expect him?" asked Marie.

Mr. R. did not immediately reply; for her bright glance revealed a heart so full of happiness, that he hesitated to check its ardour. She perceived his embarrassment, and her fears were instantly excited.

"I hope nothing is the matter, Mr. R.," said she, hesitatingly. "And why have I not had a letter? If Ernest is ill, tell me—tell me!"

"I am sorry to be the bearer of any evil tidings," returned Mr. R.; "but I trust nothing serious is the matter: so do not be alarmed. Mr. S. is suffering from an attack of fever, brought on by exposure and fatigue, and he thinks that your presence will assist to restore him more speedily."

"O yes, yes: let me go immediately!" exclaimed Marie, starting from her seat, and becoming, at the same moment, excessively pale. "I will prepare at once. When can I go?"

"If you wish it, to-night," replied Mr. R. "But do be calm: you will injure

yourself by this excitement. I shall accompany you myself; and I trust we shall find Mr. S. recovering."

"God grant that it may be so!" fervently ejaculated Marie. "But have you told me the worst? Is my dear Ernest in danger?"

"Not in immediate danger, I am informed," replied Mr. R.; "but he thought you would be so anxious on his account, that it would be better for you to go to him."

"O yes!" said Marie; "and my little Harry, is he, too, to go?"

"O, by no means," replied Mr. R. "I must forewarn you that the journey is one of difficulty, if not of danger: cannot you trust him with his nurse?"

"I think I may leave him safely with Nora," returned Marie; and she immediately left the room to make hasty preparations for her midnight journey. These were speedily effected, and in a short time she was seated in the vehicle that was to convey them to the foot of the mountains, where horses were to be in readiness.

Though travelling by night is not uncommon in tropical climates, Marie could not repress the thought that Ernest must be in great danger, or he would not have sent this hasty summons. She dared not permit her mind to dwell upon what might possibly have taken place in a land where death gives little time to his victims to anticipate their change. Mr. R. endeavoured to amuse her by remarks on the magnificent scenery through which they were passing; but her heart felt anxious and sorrowful. The night was serene and beautiful, and the rich moonlight revealed distinctly the masses of thick foliage that clad, with unfading greenness, the sides and summits of the precipitate mountain-ranges. The narrow bridle-path was at times extremely dangerous, from the torrents that had rushed down the hills, carrying away the soil; but the horses were sure-footed, and Marie was too much absorbed to heed the perils of the way. Daylight broke upon them in the midst of this mountainous region; and, notwithstanding her dejection, she could not help gazing in astonishment on the magnificent scenery around them. The lofty mountains, densely wooded, seemed to stretch away interminably one above another, until lost in the clouds. Foaming cataracts dashed from the heights into dark and fearful ravines, whose dense, tangled foliage veiled them in impenetrable shade. At intervals the prospect was entirely hidden by the clustering trees that flung their giant branches over the pathway, forming groves of picturesque beauty. Vastness and sublimity here reigned unrivalled, and the Christian spectator was irresistibly led to adore the omnipotent Architect of nature's wonders.

They were now drawing nigh to their destination. Negro huts here and there peeped out from beneath their shelter of overhanging leaves, betokening the approach to some village or hamlet. It was still early; but groups of men and women were busily employed in picking coffee, or training their vines, and all wore the aspect of animation and industry. Desirous of obtaining some information, Mr. R. accosted one of the Negroes who was within hearing. "Do you know Minister G.?" he inquired.

"Yes, Massa: him live in de great house on de hill."

"And Minister S., who is visiting him?" continued Mr. R.

"Hi, Massa!" exclaimed the Negro in surprise, and glancing alternately at Mr. R. and Marie, as if doubtful how to proceed: "you no know him dead and buried?"

"O no, nonsense!" said Mr. R.: "you must mean some one else," he was proceeding; but a stifled groan caused him to turn round in time to support Marie, who had fainted.

"You must be mistaken," said Mr. R.: "it cannot be Mr. S."

"Yes, Massa; for thrue it is! And dis be his poor wife? Massa Jesus help her! De fever was strong, Massa, too strong; and last night him die; and little time ago dis morning him buried under de bamboo yonder. Him ask for him wife, dey say, often. Poor ting! what her do now?"

Mr. R. was almost petrified with astonishment. Some water from a neighbouring spring soon restored poor Marie to life and consciousness; but it was only to learn her utter desolation. Ernest was indeed gone; and she had to return to her lonely home a sad and broken-hearted widow, yet trusting in Him who had said, "I will never leave thee; I will never, never forsake thee."

Dudley. ADELINE.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XIV.

DECISION AND DISOBEDIENCE.

THOUGH the Christian may not be prepared fully to subscribe to the popular sentiment, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the ebb flows on to fulness," yet he does believe that there is a guiding providence in the concerns of life, and that while those who acknowledge God in their ways will have Him to direct their paths, those who do not acknowledge Him, may miss their providential way, and wander in mazes dark and dangerous. Should this take place in early life, the false step, or disobedient act, may have a baneful influence on all subsequent years. Had Israel been obedient, their peace would have flowed as a river; but the reverse was their conduct and their portion. It behoves all to seek the guiding hand of Heaven, and especially the young Christian to abide wherein he is called. The attentive observer of principles and persons can scarcely be a stranger to examples confirmatory of these sentiments. The one we adduce is designed to show that decision for God, when He calls in the way of his providence, is attended with his blessing, but disobedience to his voice is marked with his frown. It is full fifty years ago that two young friends were, in early life, brought to the possession of saving religion. Their friendship was cemented by a oneness of disposition, an eager desire to attain useful knowledge, and the endearing bonds of Christian charity. Their intercourse with each other for prayer and mental edification was frequent and profitable; and their conduct excited the attention of the elder members of the Christian church to which they belonged; and it became a settled opinion that both of them were designed for usefulness and public station in the vineyard of the Lord. Under these views, they were encouraged and required to exercise their gifts in the villages of the locality. This they did with some degree of acceptance and profit. After due trial, both of them were requested to give themselves up to the work of the ministry. The more aged refused, assigning as a reason his attachment to his employment as an artist; his readiness to do all the good in his power in his local sphere; but especially that the salary of the ministry was so limited, that it did not afford the possibility of securing a competency for the comfort of old age; and that he was willing to suffer privations in youth, and diligently to toil in manhood, if, by so doing, he could accumulate so much as to have the blessings of plenty to cheer his declining days. The younger of the two, after prayer, deliberation, and consultation with his friends, consented to leave himself at the disposal of the church. In so doing, he met with strong opposition from his beloved companion, who employed every affectionate means

to prevail on him to withdraw his consent. The period arrived when full decision was called for, and a few hours' thought must determine. The more aged renewed his entreaties to his younger friend till past the noon of night; and though he did not succeed, he produced some degree of hesitation. Prayer was resorted to, divine guidance was anxiously sought, and graciously granted. God, who has frequently spoken by dreams of the night season, in this way deigned to instruct his inquiring servant.

Full of anxiety, he retired to rest, during which "he dreamed a dream." He thought that he was walking on a beautiful lawn, adorned with flowers of various hues, the sky was splendidly clear, and the sun shining forth with great vigour. The larks were warbling their tuneful notes, and all nature appeared in joyous harmony. Looking down from the eminence on which he stood, he was attracted by a fine cluster of strawberries, most inviting in their appearance. He leaped down to pluck them; but no sooner did he put forth his hand to do so, than they all turned into serpents, which sent out their forked tongues, and hissed at him with great fury. He started from them, and the agitation, the surprise and fear occasioned, awoke him. He immediately divined the meaning of the dream: it said, "The strawberries are the world; stay to pluck it, and it will prove a serpent." From that moment he decided, and gave himself to the work of the ministry. In a few weeks after, his friend received from the same authority direction to go and do the same; but he was disobedient, and obstinately refused to obey.

From the same point they both now diverged; one for the world, the other for the church. The result is instructive and admonitory to all, and especially to the young who would have Providence for their guide. For a season they kept up a friendly correspondence; but it soon ceased, and they lost sight of each other for nearly twenty years. After such a lapse of time the Minister learned that the beloved friend of his youth was a prisoner in the jail in the town in which he exercised his ministry. He sought an interview, and found that his companion, who was to rise to fortune and fame, was imprisoned for debt. The history of the past was given: it was the recital of poverty and misery. Nothing that he had taken in hand had prospered: the blight of Heaven seemed to rest on all his endeavours. He had been compelled to wander through the country, destitute of any fixed abode, and to live by the practice of fooleries. He had married, but his marriage was one of the most unfortunate and wretched; and he ultimately learned that his partner, the mother of his children, was the wife of another living husband. In the midst of all his sufferings he had lost the consolations of religion, having taken refuge in the heresy of Socinianism, for which he had become a sophistical reasoner. Liberated from prison, he was received into the abode of his friend; who ministered to his bodily wants, and endeavoured to convert him from the error of his ways. Again they parted, never more to meet in time. His subsequent life continued to be of the same deplorable, wretched character; and in a few years he died in great worldly destitution, and it is to be feared without the enjoyments and hopes of religion. Such are the fruits of disobedience, and the end of loving the present evil world. Returning to the diverging point,—the Minister pursued his holy election, and, if he did not attain to eminence, he rose to respectability in his sacred office; and though his office was not attended with worldly wealth, it afforded him the greatest of all luxuries, and conferred on him the highest honour,—the luxury of living to do good, and the frequent opportunity of seeking to glorify God. Even in "carnal things" connected with his station, he so far reaped, that he had no reason to complain; for his toil was rewarded with more than the absolute necessaries of life. Through a long public life he was enabled to keep out of

prison, to pay all his debts, and has the pleasure to know that he owes no man anything but love. He has never had cause to repent his early decision, nor to regret that the Lord chose his inheritance for him. In reviewing his lengthened course, he has much cause to mourn over great unfaithfulness and deep unworthiness, but abundant inducement to give thanks unto God for his favour and grace. To his young friends his motto is, "Attend to the voice of Providence, and Providence will be your safe and gracious guide."

Manchester. N.

"I WONDER IF MY MOTHER IS IN HEAVEN!"

Some time ago, it was the lot of a Christian Minister to preach in a beautiful little chapel not far distant from one of the largest cities in the world. It was a Wesleyan chapel, situated in the midst of a dense population, and had been but newly built. Yet the attendance was very small: in a place that would have contained two hundred, not more than from twelve to twenty were usually found. Ichabod seemed written there. Things had been better: there had been a flourishing society, and a large congregation, by whose united exertions this very chapel had been raised. But a disagreement arose, and led to the total loss of the congregation, and the greater part of the society. Only a few remained steadfast in the hour of trial, and they were truly devoted Christians. On the day to which we refer, there were so few persons present that everything particular would of course attract the Minister's eye. As he looked round upon the empty pews, thinking of the painful circumstances of the small flock, he saw an elderly man enter, on whose face deep thoughtfulness seemed imprinted. The old man knelt down solemnly. Into every part of the service he entered with evident fervour. He heard the sermon as if it had been a message from God to him. It was evident that he could say, "I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." All present were attentive, but there was a particularity about him which could not escape notice. The service over, the Minister asked of his host who the old man was, and if he could tell him anything of his history. In reply, the following narrative was in substance given.

Only a few years previously, that old man bitterly hated and despised Christianity. He was an avowed Deist, and his time, money, and worldly influence were employed in the cause he had espoused. Being a man of considerable powers, he was a sort of champion, a leader among his companions, and had thus attained an unenviable dignity. He rarely read the Bible, and never but with a view to cavil. It was a settled point with him that the Scriptures were not divine; and therefore he treated them with contempt. His favourite authors were those who opposed revelation: with the arguments of others he did not trouble himself. Of course, he never attended any place of worship.

He was married, and had one child, a girl, whom he desired to train in his own principles, and carefully kept from all religious influence. He was very fond of this child, and allowed her to have considerable influence over him. Her wishes were generally consulted: he could not easily deny her. She got an idea that she should like to go with some of her companions to the Sunday-school, and mentioned it to her father. He objected; but she was firm, and succeeded in gaining a reluctant consent. To the Sabbath-school she went, nor was any one more regular in attendance than she. Weeks rolled on, and months, and things remained as usual, the child learning religion in a Wesleyan Sunday-school, the father an infidel. Providence now interfered: the

wife, the mother, sickened and died. He wept, his heart bled, (for, though a Deist, he had loved his wife most tenderly,) and he knew of no balm to heal his spirit.

On the following Sabbath after the funeral of her mother, the child was at the school, and her Teacher kindly strove to impart to her such instructions and consolations as the mournful circumstance demanded. She bent her steps homewards, thinking of her mother, and greatly concerned about her eternal condition. Her little heart beat with intense anxiety as the thought passed through her mind, "I wonder if my mother is in heaven." In the evening of that day, as she sat by her father, down whose cheeks the big tears often rolled, she looked up in his face, putting her soft little hand in his, and gently said, "Father!" He awoke as from a reverie, startled by the voice of his child, and by a sullen look seemed to say, "How cruel to disturb my silent grief! Let me alone: it is better for me to die than to live." But he did not utter a word. "Father!" again said the child; "father! do you think my mother is in heaven?" O, what words were these, what piercing words! He eyed the flowing locks, the rosy countenance, the tearful eye of her who spake; it was his child, his only child, whom he loved as his own soul; but reply he made none. Again she demanded, "Father, do you think my mother is in heaven?" He now replied evasively, and strove to divert attention from that to another subject. They retired in thoughtful mood: the child slept, but not so the father. For as he laid him down, strange feelings came over him, and new thoughts filled his bosom. Fain would he have buried his griefs and reflections in slumber, but that was denied. Of one thing chiefly did he think that night,—the query of his child. It was constantly sounding in his ears. He strove to forget it, but in vain. It had reached his soul: he was deeply wounded. He began to yield to conviction. "The Bible may be true," he said: "there may be a heaven, for which I am unprepared; and a hell, to which I am hastening." He rose to pray; his infidel heart was broken, and he offered it to God.

In the morning he was an altered man: he took up the long-neglected Bible, and began in earnest to seek for mercy. He gave up all evil company, destroyed his vile books, and, being truly penitent, soon obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Now he came every Sabbath to the house of God with his dear little girl, whom he regarded as the instrument of leading him to the Saviour; and having given himself to God, gave himself also to the church by the will of God. From the period when his membership commenced to this day, he had been a most exemplary Christian.

What became of this interesting old man, and his not less interesting child, the Minister never heard; and whether either is living he knows not; but the incident beautifully illustrates the blessed truth that "God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

W. H. Bambridge.

VIRTUE.

Virtue is chiefly considered by us as necessary for the peace and welfare of society; and this is generally pretty well secured by that spurious thing which has the name of it, namely, convenience, ease, and a sense of reputation. If our behaviour is but calculated to answer these ends, we look no further; and perhaps wonder, in the pride of our hearts, why God does not, as he easily might, interpose to prevent the mischiefs occasioned by the perverseness of a few; but then, he himself is ever and anon troubling the order of the world, and repose of individuals, by terrible inflictions. The consequence is plain,—we are ignorant of our state, and live in a perpetual mistake. —*Adams's Private Thoughts.*

THEOLOGY.

THE SOURCE AND MANIFESTATIONS OF CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

"For whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God: or whether we be sober, it is for your cause. For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."—2 Cor. v. 13—15.

In this passage the Apostle Paul accounts for the singular zeal which he displayed in calling sinners to repentance: a zeal which seemed to the people of the world so unaccountable and unjustifiable, that they attributed it to madness. The zeal of the Christian who really acts in accordance with the motives which his faith supplies, will always be thus misrepresented by those who are not spiritual. The believer beholds, in connexion with spiritual and eternal things, solemn and important facts, that cannot fail to excite him to conduct which must appear very strange to those who have not the same views as he has. Reader, is your zeal for God of such a character; or are you so cautious and prudent as never to be charged by the worldling or the formalist with being "beside yourself," or with "making too much ado about religion?"

The passage presents to us,—

I. The source of Christian zeal: "the love of Christ."

This means not merely that "love to Christ" which is kindled in our hearts by the Holy Ghost when he sheds Christ's love abroad there; but it means the love which Christ has displayed towards a guilty world, especially in his voluntary sacrifice of himself on the cross. Our love to Christ, however fervent it might be, would only be one motive to zeal; namely, gratitude. Christ's love to us, as viewed by the Apostle, furnished him with a variety of motives. These were drawn from regarding the great design of this love. 1st. It was *for all;* and hence the Apostle judged that *all were dead.* 2d. It was for all, not merely to deliver them from wrath, but also to bring them under new obligations, and under actual subjection to Him who "both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living." (Rom. xiv. 9.)

The love of Christ is contemplated in the passage before us as being proved by the suffering he endured for us. "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one *died*," &c.

1. His death was one of *great suffering.*—Crucifixion was a peculiarly painful mode of death. Hence our word "excruciate." The manner in which it was inflicted is thus stated:—"The intended victim was nailed to the cross as it lay upon the ground, through each hand, extended to the utmost stretch, and through both the feet together; then the cross was raised up, and the foot of it thrust with a violent shock into a hole prepared for it in the ground. This shock disjointed the body, whose whole weight hung upon the nails, till the person expired through mere dint of pain." Such was the death Jesus Christ endured.

But his sufferings were not merely bodily. They consisted chiefly in the agony of his mind. We gather some faint idea of this from the scenes of Gethsemane. "He began to be sore amazed, and very heavy." "His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "In his agony he sweat great drops of blood falling to the ground." Mental sufferings are always more difficult to be endured than bodily ones. Here were mental sufferings such as no mortal ever endured, or can adequately conceive. But they were not to end here. Even while on the cross, it is manifest that the sufferings of crucifixion were light in comparison to the inward anguish. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was an expression of what the Saviour endured under that mysterious weight of woe, that bruising of his inmost soul, which was the penalty he paid for the sins of man.

2. These sufferings were all *voluntarily undertaken* for our redemption.—"No man," says the Saviour, "taketh my life from me; I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." In the full view of what he was going to suffer, and moved alone by love to man, he voluntarily undertook to pay the wondrous penalty, and "make his soul an offering for sin."

No wonder that the Apostle should

point to the death of Christ, thus voluntarily endured, as the proof of his love.

II. THE MANNER IN WHICH THE LOVE OF CHRIST BECOMES A SOURCE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S ZEAL.

The love of Christ excited the Apostle's zeal by forcing upon his attention most moving truths. "The love of Christ constraineth us, *because we thus judge.*" We are thereby led to infer,—

1. *The universal guilt and danger of man.*—"We thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." We may remark, in passing, that this text furnishes a strong proof of the universality of the atonement. The Apostle treats that point as one which was established beyond controversy, and he therefore assumes it as the foundation of his argument. He could never base so important an argument as this on a position which at best was debatable. By assuming the point as established, he places on record an indirect but most valuable proof that Christ redeemed every man.

From the premises thus laid down, he argues that "all were dead," and seems to look upon an atonement offered for all as furnishing in itself sufficient proof of the fact. God is not wont to use means unnecessarily; above all, such means as were employed in redemption; and if, therefore, he gave his Son as a ransom *for all*, we are compelled to "judge," with the Apostle, that all needed a ransom. And not only so, but the wonderful character of the expedient adopted to save man, is a powerful evidence that his danger was desperate; and, therefore, "we thus judge," says the Apostle, "that if one *died* for *all*, then were *all dead*;" dead spiritually; exposed to death eternal.

Let it be ours, too, thus to think upon the dying love of Christ, that it may excite our zeal, and increase our love for souls. Let us, while we repose on the atonement of Jesus for our own safety, see in that atonement a proof of the danger, the awful danger, of the impenitent and unbelieving. Let us reflect upon Christ's love, till we feel the reason for it in our hearts, in the burning, thrilling conviction of the danger of every unconverted soul. Let us see the wounds, and hear the expiring groan, of Jesus, till our hearts are overwhelmed with a view of the torments of the damned, as that from which he died to deliver us. And in our appeals and exhortations to our fellow-sinners, let us point them to the cross of Christ as at once the proof of their danger, and the source of their safety.

2. *The obligations under which Christ's death placed us.*—"We thus judge that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

In this clause there is a kind of antithesis, and the death of Christ is placed in opposition to the life with which the redeemed race are favoured in this state of probation. He died; we live, by reason of his death; and that not merely in the higher sense in which believers enjoy spiritual life by Christ, but also in the lower and more universal sense of physical life, which includes every human being. For the continuance of our race is a result of the atonement. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," was the curse pronounced against the first transgressors; and then only by virtue of the promise immediately afterwards made, of "the seed of the woman, who should bruise the serpent's head," was the continuation of our race permitted. All, therefore, who in this sense live by Christ's death, are placed under a mighty obligation to dedicate that life to Him who procured it for them by yielding up his own; they are called upon by every sentiment of gratitude to give their little all to Him who gave himself for them; and, in the words of the Apostle, to "live *not unto themselves*," not seeking to do their own will, or to gratify their own desires, but to do the will and promote the glory of Him who died for them and rose again; and who, "to this end, both died, and rose, and revived that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

This obligation, of course, rises in magnitude when we consider the means of spiritual life which are secured by the death of Christ; and the consideration of this part of the subject should indeed be a stimulus to zeal and devotion to the service of our Lord and Master. This also has a universal application; for these spiritual blessings are purchased for all; and those who neglect to avail themselves of them are not the less under obligations to Jesus Christ for the death by which they were procured. But until the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, these obligations are not fully felt; the soul till then is to a great degree insensible to any true emotion of gratitude to Christ.

These inferences, however, to which we have been referring, were drawn by one whose heart, as well as his head, were

engaged in the contemplation of this wondrous subject; and taken together, they exhibit to us the twofold objects of Christian zeal; namely, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. The flame of Christian zeal can alone be kindled by the fire of divine love taking possession of the heart; and our prayer should be to that Spirit whose office it is to take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto us.

"Come shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

As a means, however, of cherishing this holy principle, we must diligently contemplate Christ's love to us till we draw from it the same inferences which were drawn by the Apostle as to the guilt and danger of every unconverted man.

3. *The manifestations of Christian zeal.*—These are expressed by one word in the passage before us. "The love of Christ CONSTRAINETH us:" literally, "it *bears us on*." Have you ever seen the mountain-torrent, dashing on with velocity towards the ocean, and bearing away, in its resistless force, everything placed on its surface? So it is with the love of Christ. It exerts not indeed a physical, but a moral, power; which, when yielded to, becomes equally constraining and impelling. Love to Christ, arising from a sense of his love to us, is an impelling principle. Love for souls, a sense of the evil of sin, of the danger of sinners, and of our own obligations to live to Christ, all drawn from a believing contemplation of his death, are also impelling motives. These "bear us on;" they carry us away; they transport us beyond ourselves. They tear us away from every obstacle, and bear us over every barrier. They bear us above the influence of indolence, fear, worldly prudence, or worldly conformity. They tear us away from whatever would savour of reluctant obedience, from all cold and formal performance of duty; from that spirit which would inquire, "How little can I do without an accusing conscience?" instead of, "How much can I do to promote the glory of Christ?" This was the influence of the love of Christ on the Apostle Paul; it led him to be "instant in season, out of season;" it led him so to act that he was charged with being beside himself; it led to an unexampled course of effort and of sacrifice to save souls from death.

The constraining influence of the love of Christ is seen,—

(1.) In overcoming shame, which often prevents our aiming at the conversion of sinners, especially in our families, and among our acquaintances.

(2.) In leading us to select every opportunity of working or speaking for God.

(3.) In the prompt discharge of duty, without waiting in the vain hope of a better opportunity offering, while the only sure opportunity is flying away.

(4.) In earnestness of manner when addressing sinners on the momentous concerns of eternity, which is essential to success, in arousing them from slumber.

(5.) In agonizing intercession for their salvation.

(6.) In self-denial, willing even to die as our Master died, for the same object he had in view.

Reader, have you these manifestations of Christian zeal? If not, secure them by the modes I have been endeavouring to point out. Reflect frequently and prayerfully on the death of Christ, till that amazing exhibition of love leads you to the same practical judgment to which it led the Apostle Paul. Submit yourself fully to God, and open your heart in believing expectation, while you offer the petition,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Dublin. T. C.

THE MOST VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.

THAT is the best doctrine and study which maketh men better, and tendeth to make them happy. I abhor the folly of those unlearned persons who revile or despise learning because they know not what it is; and I take not any piece of true learning to be useless; and yet my soul approveth of the resolution of holy Paul, who determined to know nothing among his hearers, (that is, comparatively to value and make ostentation of no other wisdom,) but the knowledge of a crucified Christ: to know God in Christ is life eternal. As the stock of the tree affordeth timber to build houses and cities, when the small though higher multifarious branches are but to make a crow's nest or a blaze, so the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, of heaven and holiness, doth build up the soul to endless blessedness, and affordeth it solid peace and comfort; when a multitude of school niceties serve but for vain janglings, and hurtful diversions, and

contention. And yet I would not dissuade my reader from the perusal of Aquinas, Scotus, Ockum, Durandus, or any such writer; for much good may be gotten from them: but I would persuade him to study and live upon the essential doctrines of Christianity and godliness, incomparably above them all. And that he may know that my testimony is somewhat regardable, I presume to say, that in this I as much gainsay my natural inclination to subtilty and accurateness in knowledge, as he is likely to do by his, if he obey my counsel. And I think, if he lived among infidels and enemies of Christ, he would find, that to make good the doctrine of faith and of life eternal, were not only his noblest and most useful study, but also that which would require the height of all his parts, and the utmost of his diligence, to manage it skilfully to the satisfaction of himself and others.—*Baxter.*

TO BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

Have you a mind to return? Would you feel again the consolations of redeeming grace? Would you be restored to the Saviour's arms, to the bosom of the church, to the confidence and affection of God's dear children? Would you sing again, in holy triumph, the songs of Zion? Would you live in the spirit of holy prayer, breathe out your soul in pious devotion, and be fired with the hopes of a blissful immortality? God bless you! It is well that you have thus come to yourself; a prodigal in a strange land, perishing with hunger, while in your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare! Heaven and earth, angels and men, rejoice to hear you say, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."

But let no man deceive you. It is indeed a difficult task you have undertaken. No transient sigh, no burst of grief, no shouts of triumph, can restore your treasure lost. The world, the flesh, and the devil will oppose you at every step. Calm consideration and deep repentance must lay the foundation of that noble superstructure which your own hands have destroyed, but which you solemnly propose to rebuild.

Think, I beseech you, of the ingratitude of that act by which you tore yourself away from the arms of the bleeding Saviour. Think of the tenderness of that love with which he sustained and blessed you. Think of the wound you have inflicted upon his suffering cause; of the woe which has fallen upon the victims of your infidelity. Think of the wrong, the deep, unmingled wrong, the damning guilt, of your apostasy, and yield your heart to the bitter anguish of repentance. It is hard, I know; but you must drain the bitter cup to its very dregs. O may the flaming eye of heaven see that your sorrow is genuine, deep; such as wrung the heart of him who, with bitter oaths, denied his Lord!

Think again of the causes of your fall. How came you to become cold in the cause which once you held so dear? What fell temptation was that to which you yielded? Call up the past,—the wretched, mournful past; summon from their repose the very desires, and thoughts, and motives which led you from the Saviour.

Went not your spirit in the way *of* unbelief? Did you not begin at first to doubt the present power of Christ to save? Ah! here was the very point at which you first diverged from the way of truth. The very sin of apostate Eve first "separated between you and your God." Here, then, must begin your return. You had no reason for unbelief, not even the slightest excuse for it. "Behold" again "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He bled for you, he intercedes for you, he invites you to his kind embrace. By the testimony of the Father, you know him to be the world's Redeemer. By the light of holy prophecy you see him. By the wonders of his life and death, and by the power of his resurrection, he proclaims himself your Saviour. By the joyous testimony of thousands and tens of thousands on earth and in heaven,—nay, by your own past experience, you know He "has power on earth to forgive sins." Faith is your privilege, your imperative duty; unbelief was your most unreasonable, your ruining sin. O renounce it now and for ever! In simple, humble, living confidence, fall upon the merit of his blood, and you are saved.

Let it, moreover, be carefully remembered how fatal to your piety was the spirit of the world which you admitted to your heart, and soon exhibited in your life. It was a grief to the Spirit of God that you entered that party of pleasure, and began to "take such *diversions* as

cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." It is true, and you will not now deny it, that just in proportion as you conformed to the will of sinners, you violated the will of God, and of course lost his approbation. Beware, I beseech you. The same causes will produce the same effects.—*Jesse T. Peck.*

DIVINE AND HUMAN AGENCY IN REVIVALS.

In the excellent work of the Rev. James Porter on *Revivals*, we have the following important practical remarks, deduced from the doctrine of the proper estimate of the agencies by which revivals are brought about:—

1. *The importance of correct views concerning the nature of religion, to well-directed and efficient exertions for its promotion.*—If we regard it as an act, or a series of acts, on the part of the sinner, and no more, we shall pursue a different course from what would be proper under other circumstances. Our concern would seem to be with the sinner alone, especially if we expected him to regenerate himself by "natural ability." If we consider it to be an act of God, renewing the heart and life *unconditionally*, it is difficult to see the appropriateness of any effort with the sinner whatever. The legitimate inference from this view of the subject is, that we have no part to act in the premises, and should indulge no concern. And this inference will generally exert a controlling influence, since Christians are not so fond of religious efforts as to toil where there is no possibility of success.

2. *The proper nature and source of a revival.*—A revival is not a *miraculous* work, with the occurrence of which we have nothing to do. This must not be forgotten, or we shall be found like the sluggard in harvest. Nor is it merely the work of man, created and destroyed at his will, and by his power. There are phenomena connected with it, which indicate that this cannot be, and revelation confirms it. It is rather a work both of God and man, the result of a combination of divine and human agencies, according to certain fixed laws, which govern in the administration of the great Head of the church. The Christian prays, exhorts, and instructs; and the Lord inclines his ear, and pours out his Spirit. The result is, believers are quickened, and sinners are awakened; and, thus stimulated, they repent, pray, and turn to God, who has mercy upon them, and abundantly pardons.

3. *The responsibility of Christians in reference to revivals of religion.*—It is no part of their duty to sit down, and idly wait for them. The farmer would not appear more ridiculous in waiting under the shade of his trees for a harvest, when he has not ploughed a furrow, or sown a seed. The pretence that we are piously bowing to the divine will, does not relieve the case. God forbids such idleness. It is an offence to him. His command is, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

ORIGINAL OUTLINES OF SERMONS, BY THE LATE REV. J. W. FLETCHER, OF MADELEY.

Communicated by the Rev. S. Brocksop.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. ii. 3.

If they who despised Moses in the design of heaven.

I. A "*great salvation*" procured by Christ—offered in the Gospel.

1. Greater than Noah's—Lot's—Moses out of Egypt.

(1.) Great evils saved from. (2.) Great blessings procured.

From God's wrath—into his favour and love.

From sin and Satan's image—holiness that of God.

From misery and hell—happiness and heaven.

2. Great Author of it. (Isai. ix. 6.) "For unto us a Child is born," &c.

3. Great means. Incarnation—life—death—resurrection—intercession—Holy Ghost.

4. Great as to its duration—eternal.

5. As to the number of the invited—*all* sinners.

6. As to the number and size of the sins—*all* but—the "neglect" persisted in.

II. Many "*neglect*" the great "salvation" in,—

1. The inferior means—hearing—reading—praying—seeking.

2. The grand means—faith in Christ—this self-righteousness.

3. They put off seeking and enjoying to another time.

4. They live in sin, perhaps pray for damnation.

III. Inevitable ruin of such. "*How* shall *we* escape?"

1. By *flight*, as Adam, Gen. iii. 9—as Jonas? No.

2. By *might*, as the devil—dragon and his angels?

3. By a *tower* of self-righteousness?—Jews.

4. By *jests*, as those in the days of Noah and Lot?

5. By *faring as the rest?*—evil angels and men.

6. By *saying in a dying hour*, "Mercy, Lord?"—foolish virgins.

7. By *crying to the mountains*, "Cover us?"

We Christians—reformed—baptized—Bibles—Gospel—no more than Bethsaida—great destruction.

APPLICATION.

Unawakened. Neglect it no longer—escape for yourself—great desolation—death—judgment—fly to the wounds of Christ—the covert of his blood—the merit of his life and death.

Seekers. Enjoy—talk not only—are your sins great?—immense satisfaction—a great sinner?—a great Saviour—*present* salvation—full—free—"Visit me with thy salvation!"—say, Art thou my Saviour?—"I am thy salvation."

Believers. Salvation—shout it—show it—enjoy it—*all* the blessing—tell of it—grow in it—live it.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20.

I. *Man is naturally at variance with God.*

1. *In nature.* God is holy, just, true—man unholy, partial, false.

2. *In thoughts.* About sin, the nature and wages of it—about salvation, the way and nature of it.

3. *In practice.* God conforms to, man departs from, the law—light and darkness—fire and water—enmity and love—Jer. xvii. 9; Rom. viii. 7. "The carnal mind," &c.—Gen. vi. 5; Rom. v. 10. Enemies, haters of God—Eph. iv. 18. Alienated from the life of God—Col. i. 21. Enemies in your minds by wicked works—war open or secret.

II. God, *the offended party, demands peace and reconciliation*—He meets man all the way.

1. *Divine majesty* injured—He procures a being capable to repair the injury—unasked—unthought.

2. *Divine law* broken—finds a Christ to fulfil it.

3. *Divine justice* to be satisfied—finds divine satisfaction—blood.

4. Human aversion and enmity overcome by the death of his Son.

5. Heart to be washed, and nature renewed—blood and Spirit.

6. Human obstinacy and stupidity—ministry—glory.

III. *What God requires of us*, and helps us to perform.

1. *Lay down your arms*—sins, by confession—detestation, forsaking, and the company and ways of rebels—repent.

2. *Return to him in prayer*, and embrace him in Jesus Christ—believe—this faith will melt, purify, sanctify, and comfort your heart.

IV. What advantage we may reap.

1. Miseries avoided.

2. Artillery of heaven turned from you upon Christ.

3. Prison of hell shut—instruments of death laid by.

4. The power of the great God—his justice for you.

5. All yours—instanced in return of prodigal.

6. You will walk with God here, and reign with him hereafter.

7. Your sins will be pardoned—your nature changed.

APPLICATION.

Open sinners. Three flags—God hath right and might—the conscience is for him—count the cost—canst thou match him in battle—elements—angels—devils—breath—death—hell—by the terrors of the damned—agonies of Christ—wrath of God—"we pray you," &c.

Weary sinners. By the love—offers—tears—blood of Christ—strive—believe—"be ye reconciled to God"—show it.

THE THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY.

The same great subjects will occupy the thoughts of all men in eternity:—the fall, the cross, the Gospel, probation, and judgment. But how differently will these subjects affect the thinkers, according as they are saved or lost! G. D. J.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.

A FEW weeks since, there was a funeral at Filey, near Scarborough, which excited considerable attention. On inquiry it was found to be the funeral of a young man who had died under very affecting circumstances. He, like others employed on the railway, was venturesome, and got out of one compartment of a carriage to go to some person whom he wished to see in another. When in the act of opening the door of the compartment he wished to enter, as he had to lean rather back from the footboard, the telegraph-post hit his head. His death was instantaneous. He was buried in the grave of a female friend whom he intended to marry, but who had died a few months before of consumption.

The remarkable circumstance connected with this event was this. A short time before the death of the young woman, he sent a physician of eminence from York to Filey, and gave her two five-pound notes with which to pay the fee. The poor girl put them into her work-box, paying the doctor with her own money. Just before her death she requested her mother to return the two bank-notes to the young man after her death. The mother accordingly offered them to him, saying, "It was Susanna's dying request that you would again receive them." But he refused to take them, or even to touch them, saying, "Put them where you found them. I may meet with an accident on the line; and should it be so, bury me with them, by the side of Susanna." This was done. Both the parties were respectable; and such a scene of grief, it is said, at a grave was never before witnessed in Filey. The parents and friends of both families attended to mourn over the union of the deceased in the grave.

H. J. BOOTH.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

III.—RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

PARENTAL responsibility! This is a subject of grave, not to say of fearful, import. By those who weigh the matter, unutterable things are felt. The power of the parent over the child, as shown in a former paper, is great, very great; great for *good*, or great for *evil*. In his relative position, the parent *may*, beyond calculation, damage the child, and corrupt the world. Such power could not be entrusted to a human being, by the righteous "Judge of all the earth," without holding him responsible for the use of it. The helpless infant has a protector in the skies. The child's cry comes up before God. The *babe* cannot be wronged unnoticed, unavenged! It is most remarkable what a response to its plaintive cry there is in every breast not utterly demonized. It has happened that the writer, in the way of duty, has attended in the sorrowful cell of guilt, a large number of malefactors. Among them there was one more vile than all the rest. He was a monster too black to be countenanced even by his companions in criminality and woe. They shunned him. This man, among a series of crimes too horrid to mention, had been accessary to the death of an *infant*. Remorse for this sin pierced his defiled and hardened conscience. Alluding to the catalogue of his crimes, he selected this as the worst, and said to the writer, with a tone and look which he can never forget, "*I feel as if I had murdered one of the Almighty's angels.*" Injustice to the lovely, helpless, hopeful, immortal babe, cannot be forgotten above. "For I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these, ye have done it unto me."

Wrapped in frail but exquisite covering, this living treasure is committed, by the Maker of man, to the care of the parent, with the charge, "Nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages; but if thou sin against the child, at thy hand will I require it." Every child is committed to the care of parents who have the command and the power to "train him up in the way he should go." This is at least the case with all parents who are "*called Christians.*" *They* have the power to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." God has given it to them, and for it he will *reckon* with them at the final audit. "In that day" he will make "inquisition for blood." By criminal neglect somewhere, a soul destined for heaven is *lost*. This neglect *may* be wholly his *own*; or a large share of it *may* be traceable to the criminality of *others*. The *parents* are brought forward. "Is this your child? How did he come to die the death? He was committed to your care: how is it he is lost? Are *you* clear of his blood? Was there any neglect of duty on

your part? Did you watch for his soul as those who must give account? While his mind was yet unformed and in innocent simplicity, he was looking to you for every thing; and did you set before his eyes the example you ought? While you were trusted with the rod of correction, did you use it with meekness, discretion, and promptitude, on all proper occasions? You were appointed his instructers: did you store his mind with all the principles of truth and holiness? You knew it was written, 'I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;' and again, 'If *two* of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them.' Knowing these things, did you avail yourselves of all the power given you at the throne of grace? Aware that the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much, were your believing prayers heard in heaven day and night for the salvation of your child?" Reader, are you a father? are you a mother? and is there any danger that you should be involved in this condemnation? Is your first child yet a babe? Is your eldest grown to maturity? Ponder over this matter, and ask yourselves before God, "*If a child of ours should be lost*, and we should be called to give account, how shall we *prove ourselves* to be clear of his *blood?*"

This is one view of parental responsibility. Doubtless it is the most important, because it affects the child's *eternal* interests. But there are other considerations *less remote*, involved in the momentous principles which should not be lost sight of, if we would touch and rouse the *parental conscience*. The parent has given into his hands power to bless, and many eyes are justly turned towards him. A steward for God, he is surrounded by *claimants*, every one in his own *right* crying, "*Bless me.*" O, that parents would bless, and curse not! The child has a claim, the household has a claim, the relatives have a claim, the neighbours have a claim, the school-teachers have a claim, the church and the nation have claims; large claims! Parents, here is your responsibility. Your *child* is looking up to you. He has a right to do it. His God and your God hath given it to him. Though poor in this world, you can confer on him riches, whose price is above rubies. He is heir of a goodly heritage. It is in your hands: impair it not. Bless him, that he may bless you. How often, by the cruel neglect of parents, has the child who was destined to be the joy of the *household*, been converted into a disturber of the peace! As the mother travailed for his natural birth, had you "travailed" that he might be "born again," born from above, the probability is that he had been the angel and not the tormentor of your domestic circle. His *relatives*, uncles, aunts, cousins, look to you, that you may not dishonour them, and cloud the family happiness. Through your instrumentality your son, your daughter, may affect their interests, by honouring or degrading their name. By the child of your training, the peace of the whole *neighbourhood* may be affected; his birth-place may be corrupted, or enriched and ornamented. The day and Sabbath school *Teacher* have more than a pecuniary claim on you. By you their dearest hopes may be frustrated; or by your powerful aid, their brightest, their highest rewards may be secured. And, O, that you would consider the claims of the *church of Christ* upon you! On you the whole church of the living God have fastened their eyes. Ministers and flock look to parents, and earnestly implore their help. It is yours to hew the future pillars, to cut the future corner-stones, to carve and colour the future ornaments of the house of God! Yes, the *nation* too is in your hands. It looks to you. You are responsible for its future existence, honour, and prosperity. Parents, of Britain, bless the land you dwell in. Bid it live; live the salt of the earth, and the light of the world!

PASTOR.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PIOUS APPRENTICE.

"Of all the sorrows that attend mankind.
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it *chance*, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God."

AT the close of a fine autumnal day, in the month of October, a poor widow, accompanied by her only son, a boy about the age of eleven years, was bending her feeble steps towards her comfortless home, which was situated in a small village, near the Kentish coast. She had been occupied during the preceding month in hop-picking; an employment which is eagerly embraced at this season of the year, especially by the poor, on account of the "golden harvest" which they anticipate reaping from this periodical labour. Thousands of persons, including men, women, and children, may be seen in the numerous plantations, pursuing this humble calling, both in Kent, and in the neighbouring county of Sussex. The widow had on this day

received the remuneration of her own and her son's services, and was now returning to her lonely cottage. She had already walked more than seven miles; but being remarkably delicate in health, and having exerted herself in her recent employment beyond what her physical strength was adequate to perform, it is no wonder that the long journey which she had now undertaken, proved too much for her almost exhausted powers. Still she proceeded along the narrow lanes and well-known field-paths, taking the nearest direction, till the sun had sunk below the horizon, and daylight on its last purple cloud was lingering in the west. The adjacent country appeared beautiful, even in the dim twilight; but the growing faintness of her spirits rendered the poor widow insensible to the charms of an autumnal evening.

"Mother," said the little boy, anxiously gazing on her face, "are you ill? you look so pale!"

"I am tired, Henry; very tired," she replied: "let us rest awhile on this bank: perhaps I shall soon be better."

They sat together on the cold, damp grass, for about ten minutes, without uttering a word. "Are you better now?" Henry at length inquired, while the tears were moistening his cheeks.

"No, my dear," was the reply, "I feel very ill; and we are yet five miles from home."

At this moment, the moon, which had already climbed high in the heavens, emerged from behind a dark cloud, and threw its mellow light on the face of the widow, disclosing a deathly paleness. Henry sickened at the sight: his little heart began to beat, his lips quivered, and fearing that his only parent was about to be taken from him, he involuntarily sunk on his knees, and breathed, amidst the silence of the night, a hasty, fervent prayer to heaven for his mother's recovery. For Henry had been taught from a child the importance of prayer, and had been early instructed in the principles of religion. These principles had taken fast hold of his mind, and already produced the most hallowing influence on his outward deportment. Though poverty had attended him from his birth, he was never heard to murmur at his lot. In the school of adversity, he had learned the salutary lesson of Christian resignation; and was enabled calmly to submit to the will of his heavenly Father.

When he had finished his prayer, he ran to a lone farm-house, which stood at the distance of about a stone's throw from the road-side. Having gained admittance, he urged some of its inmates to accompany him to the spot where he had left his afflicted mother. The apparent distress of the boy, and the earnestness with which he implored their assistance, induced the farmer and his wife to go with him. They found the poor woman just recovering from a fainting fit, into which she had fallen during her son's temporary absence. The farmer, who was a humane man, immediately conveyed her to his house; and under his hospitable roof, the widow and her son were accommodated for the night. The next morning, being much recovered, she proceeded on her journey; but on arriving at home, found herself incapable of resuming her usual occupation as a sempstress, in which capacity she had gained a scanty subsistence since the death of her husband. Disease had made rapid advances on her constitution, and she was now compelled to keep her bed. Medical aid was procured; and as she was much respected in the village, every attention was paid to her comfort by the sympathizing neighbours. Her affliction was severe; but it was borne by the pious woman with exemplary patience. The consolations of religion, to which she was not a stranger, enabled her to triumph over bodily pain; and a sick-room became to her sanctified spirit the ante-chamber of heaven. Notwithstanding the skill of her medical attendant, and the uniform kindness of her neighbours, she lingered but for a few weeks; and then, with a dying prayer for the divine blessing upon her orphan child, she breathed her soul to glory.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish which lacerated the bosom of Henry, when he found himself to be an *orphan boy*; without friends, without a home, and destitute of the means of support. But his confidence in God did not forsake him. Though clouds and darkness were round about him, the eye of his faith rested on the divine promises; for he knew in whom he had believed. Though his earthly prospects were dim and obscure, though poverty, with all its attendant privations, stared him in the face, he was determined in this, the season of his extremity, calmly to trust in Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry.

Within the space of a month after the mortal remains of his widowed mother had been committed to their kindred dust, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in a retail shop, in the town of Dover. In this situation he laboured with unwearied diligence and fidelity; but was treated by his unfeeling master with the greatest severity. He often wept in secret, but never complained of the hardships which he had constantly to endure. For a long time, attempts were even made to deprive him of the privileges of the Sabbath, with a view to prevent him attending the house of God; for his master was an unbeliever, and had never been accustomed to attend a place of worship. These attempts, however, were unavailing; for the pious orphan declared his determination rather to perish in the streets, than violate the sanctity of that holy day. This determination only tended to irritate the warm temper of his unreasonable master, and materially to augment the hardships of the unhappy youth.

But though the mind of the latter was occasionally cast down by these unmerited persecutions, it retained its wonted vigour, under the supporting influence of the grace of God. He saw the horizon of his earthly hopes was becoming more and more gloomy, and presenting to his view nothing but fearful forebodings of the future; yet, by the exercise of a lively faith, he was still enabled to walk in the light of God's reconciled countenance; and the sunshine of heaven beamed sweetly upon his soul.

He had now fulfilled the duties of his situation for upwards of two years, when a circumstance occurred, which, though it appeared to cut off his hopes and expectations, was overruled by a gracious Providence for the comfort of his future years. There was a revival of the work of God in the town; and, in consequence, the meetings for prayer on the Sunday evenings were continued to a later hour than usual. Henry, who felt deeply interested in this revival, ventured to stay at one of these meetings till ten o'clock. On his return home, he was accosted by his master in the most brutal manner, and addressed in language the most blasphemous and indecent. Henry attempted to explain, but his arguments proved futile. "And now," exclaimed the angry man, "since you have dared to trample on the rules of my house, and to insult me with your methodistical cant, you may go about your business, and return to the poverty and contempt in which you were born, and which your conduct so richly deserves."

The door was then opened, and the uncomplaining youth thrust into the street.

This sudden and unexpected change in his circumstances proved a source of painful anxiety to Henry. He wandered along the beach, in the greatest mental distraction. He felt himself alone in the world. He had no friend to whom he could disclose the sorrow of his bosom; no protector to whom he could look with confidence to shield him from impending danger. He gazed upon the tranquil sea. Its calm, unruffled bosom reflected the silvery rays of the full-orbed moon. The lights on the French coast, glimmering from the cliffs near Calais, were faintly seen in the distance. No sound was heard save the murmurs of the receding tide, or the soft splash of the oars, belonging to some pleasure-boat, urging its course to the pebbly shore. "O that my poor mother were yet alive!" he muttered to himself: "I should not then be destitute of a protector. But perhaps she now sees me, and is at this moment watching my steps."

This thought involuntarily led him to retrace his steps to the place of his nativity, where he might once more behold his mother's grave. The walk was long and fatiguing; but the beauty of the night, the lovely appearance of the moon, riding in [illegible] majesty, and the soothing notes of the nightingale, which issued from the neighbouring woods, tended greatly to beguile the journey; and about an hour after midnight, he found himself in the churchyard of his native village, and resting on the grave which contained the ashes of his sainted mother. The scenes of his early life came vividly to his remembrance. His soul was for a moment melted; the tears gushed from his eyes, and he threw himself on the cold turf.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

soon rendered him insensible to every surrounding object; and when he awoke from his slumbers, the sun was high in the east, tipping the lofty hills with his golden rays.

Refreshed in body and in mind, he wafted a prayer to heaven for divine direction; and, leaving the churchyard, he directed his steps to the house of the medical man who had so kindly assisted his mother in her last illness.

The surgeon, who was a benevolent man, wept as the youthful outcast recounted the story of his griefs, and promised to do something for him. Nor was he unmindful of his promise; for the next day he procured for him a situation in a respectable establishment in the town of Chatham. His new employer was a pious man, and possessed a humane disposition. The labour was also comparatively light; so that Henry soon felt himself at home in the situation in which he was now providentially placed; and conducted himself with such propriety, that at the expiration of six weeks his master had him bound as an apprentice. His progress in the business was rapid; for he was a youth of quick parts, and of an enlightened understanding. His moral deportment was also uniformly consistent; and he found favour in the eyes of all with whom he had become acquainted. Thus the Lord smiled upon him; and as he continued to receive from his heavenly Father fresh manifestations of the divine regard, his gratitude kept pace with his mercies, and his early piety began to assume a more healthy and elevated character.

It will be needless to dwell longer on this happy period of his life: his years of servitude appeared to glide away with "down upon their wings." At length the term of his apprenticeship expired; and his excellent employer, who had long been sensible of the value of his services, at once took him into partnership, and allowed him an equal share of the profits of his business.

For some time previous to this pleasing change in his position and circumstances, Henry had cherished a warm attachment to his daughter, a young and accomplished lady, of exemplary piety. This attachment he had sufficient reason to know was reciprocal. An interview with the father was effected; and, as he did not object to the

connexion, the affectionate pair were shortly afterwards united in marriage.

For many years they lived together in the greatest harmony and peace: happy in themselves, and much beloved by a large circle of friends. No untoward circumstance occurred to disturb their conjugal felicity; and in the closing scene of life, having finished their earthly course, they were enabled to look with confidence for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

Thus this amiable youth, by his industrious habits, and an unshaken trust in the promises of God, was raised from the lowest walks of life, to a position in society which secured him the respect of the rich and the honourable. His early piety enabled him to struggle with the nipping blasts of poverty without a murmur; and to bear reproach and persecution with a calm equanimity. And the remembrance of the holy precepts which had been instilled into his bosom in the earliest stages of his existence, under the influence of divine grace, rendered his heart impregnable to the hateful passion of pride, when the beams of prosperity shone brightly upon his path.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CARACAL.

The great tribe of the *felidæ*, which includes lions, tigers, leopards, and cats, counts also among its members the family of the lynxes. Swainson runs rather a curious parallel between the *ferœ* (beasts of prey) and the *raptores* (birds of prey), and sets the lynxes side by side with the owls; both are nocturnal, both have large heads and short tails; the owls are "particularly remarkable for certain appendages or tufts which rise above the ears," and in the lynxes "from the tip of the ears arises a tuft of lengthened hairs, perfectly analogous to the tufts of lengthened feathers on the horned owls."

The lynxes may be sub-divided; one group being formed of those with a slender body, long tail and ears, the ears tufted; the second have a thick body, and short ears and tail. To the latter group belong the lynxes of Canada and Europe; to the former belongs the caracal.

The name of the caracal is from the Turkish words *kara* and *kulach* (ear); and the Persian name for the animal points out the same feature in its appearance. It is an animal somewhat larger than the fox, with a fur of deep brown, passing into white on the lower parts of the body. The chin and lower lip are completely white; at the external angle of either eye is a spot of pure white, and another one above the eye, on the inner side. The long tapering ears are black on the outer side, but whitish on the inner, and terminate in a brush of hairs. It is a native of Persia and India, probably also of Turkey and Barbary.

Besides following lions and other larger beasts of prey, to profit by their prodigality, the caracal chases for its own game, sometimes in packs, and sometimes singly. The prey seized, they hold it fast, lying upon it motionless. It is said that, not content with hunting the smaller animals, they take to

the trees, and there pursue birds. They appear also to be in the habit of hunting such birds as, from their size, do not fly with ease; the peacock, the pelican, the crane, &c. Dr. Charleton relates that he saw a caracal attack a hound, which defended itself to the utmost, but was mastered in a moment, killed, and torn to pieces.

The general impression among naturalists is that the caracal is the lynx of the ancients; but it is most probable that they applied that name to several species, not only of the lynx proper, but of other feline animals. Virgil, for instance, speaks of the skin of the "spotted lynx" in a way which leads us much rather to suppose that he meant the leopard than the caracal.

ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF FISH.

SOME members of the "*Académie des Sciences*" have lately called the attention of the scientific world to a theory which holds that from the peculiar manner in which fish are propagated, artificial means might be successfully used to protect the spawn from injury, throughout the period which elapses between the time when it is deposited, and that when the fry, or young fish, appear. Thus many kinds of useful fish might be greatly multiplied; and the breeding of fish become as much a matter of attention as that of fowls.

A striking confirmation of this theory has just been brought to light in the "*Bulletin du Monde Scientifique*," published in "*La Presse*." We quote the account there given:—

"M. Haxo, perpetual Secretary of the 'Society of Emulation' for the Department of Vosges, announces that, for several years, the inhabitants of the Vosges, not knowing the experiments of M. Golstein, or the principles declared by M. Quatrefages, have been practising the plans of that gentleman, and have arrived at results which permit us to consider the problem as resolved.

"In fact, in the year 1844, MM. Gehin and Remy, fishermen, obtained a medal and a reward in cash, for having artificially hatched the spawn of trouts.

"For a long time our two fishermen reflected on the means to counteract the multiplied causes which lead to the destruction of trout-spawn in the streams of the Vosges; and they frequently observed that when the female trout wishes to spawn, (which takes place in the month of November,) she gently rubs her belly against a bed of sand, and thus effects the emission of her numberless eggs, which she leaves upon the sand by the side of the stream. From this they concluded, that if they could catch the female, (which is not wild at the time of spawning,) and induce, by artificial rubbing, the emission of the eggs, and place them in security, then induce, by like means, the effusion of the roe of the male trout upon the eggs, their hatching would be assured, and all the ordinary dangers avoided.

"They made some trials. Catching a few full females, they pressed the hand slightly along the belly, upon which the eggs were emitted. They were received in a vessel full of clear, cold water, with a bed of sand at the bottom. Having caught a male, they operated in like manner to extract the roe; which was received into the same vessel. The water in the vessel then became slightly troubled, a circumstance which our experimentalists took as a sign that the eggs had received fecundity.

"The vessel (which was of iron, pierced with a multitude of holes) was then placed in a running stream; and, in the month of March following, they had the inexpressible satisfaction to see the eggs hatched, and a great number of fry in movement in the vessel. They repeated their experiments often, and even under the eyes of a Commission deputed by the '*Société d'Emulation*' of the Vosges. Since receiving the encouragement of the Society, they have taken to operate on a grand scale, and proceeded to re-people the streams and rivers of their neighbourhood, and the places adjacent; as is proved by ample evidence.

"Now they operate in a piece of water which belongs exclusively to themselves; and there they can exhibit to amateurs a quantity of trout, of from one to three years old, counting not less than from five to six millions. The hatching of this year is on the point of adding many hundreds of thousands more. At the end of the second year the young trouts weigh 125 *grammes*, (the *gramme* is 5,646 drachms,) and at the age of three, 250."

M. Quatrefages contends that a similar process may be applied to oyster-beds. Should these experiments realize the expectations of the French naturalists, a new source of supply for the wants of a numerous population may be thus furnished from an unexpected department of the Creator's infinite stores.

A GEOLOGICAL DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

GEOLOGISTS have long doubted whether *bilobites* (a certain kind of fossil found in South America, and in Brittany) were of a vegetable or animal origin. The question has been set at rest by the discovery of a large quantity of these remains in a formation of argillaceous sandstone, in the department of the Ille and Vilaine. Leaves, roots, and stems show them to be vegetables.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN PHYSIOLOGY.

M. BERNARD, Professor in the College of France, has lately made a series of experi-

ments with a view to discover the causes of the fatal disease *diabetes*. His researches have led to the curious result that, by inserting a pointed instrument into the head of a rabbit, through the interior orifice of the fourth ventricle of the brain, and slightly wounding the under membrane of the ventricle, the urine (previously in a natural state) becomes, in an hour and a half, of excessive quantity, acid, clear, and has in solution a very great quantity of sugar. He has tried the experiment on sixteen rabbits, with uniform results; but he does not profess to offer any explanation of the singular phenomenon brought to light by his diligence.

OUR SERVANTS.

A SELF-DENYING WAY TO OBTAIN A BIBLE.

JOHN DAVIES, aged thirteen, the son of a poor widow in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, came to my house, (I am Bible Secretary,) at ten o'clock, on an extremely cold winter's night, and on finding my shop closed, came to the kitchen-door, and loudly rapped several times. We had already commenced reading before family prayer, and for that reason I forbade the servant to answer the door; but such was the perseverance of the boy, that we at last yielded to his importunity; and when the servant inquired what was wanting, the reply was, "A Bible." I answered, "If you will come in the morning, you can have one." "I cannot, Sir," continued the boy, "as I work in Moughtre," (a place two miles from Newtown,) "and don't return home until late at night." "Come in, then, and you shall have one;" and on inquiring how he came in possession of the money he gave me for the Bible, and how he thought of spending it for so good a book, he told me that it was announced in the Sabbath-school that any little boy or girl could have a Bible very cheap at my house; "Therefore I saved it, Sir," continued the boy. I replied, "You did very right in having one for yourself;" and wished him good-night. The next day his widowed mother came, with the Bible in her hand. I was for a moment startled, fearing the boy had done something wrong; and her first word was, "Did my little boy buy this Bible here last night?" "He did; and told me that he saved the money for that purpose." "Yes," continued the mother, "and how do you think he saved it?" "I cannot say." "Well, I will tell you: having to leave home very early every morning, before breakfast, I cut him two large pieces of black bread, (for I cannot get anything better,) one for his breakfast, and the other for his dinner; his supper he had when he came home at night; and with this I gave him a halfpenny each day to buy some milk, and told him to divide it into two equal parts, the one for his breakfast, and the other for his dinner." Here was a pause, and from her countenance, the strong emotions of her soul were evident: in vain she tried to repress the feelings of a widowed mother over her child. To use her own language, "The little boy eat the black bread and drank nothing but water for four successive weeks, without my knowledge, in order to have this Bible," holding it still up in her hand. Such was the value set upon the word of God by this poor little boy. Strange and self-denying was the means he employed to procure one for himself; and, shall I add, blessed are those institutions which foster in the minds of our youth such a thirst for the word of life. R. H.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE MR. W. DAWSON TO MISS ——.

(*Communicated by the Rev. J. P. Lockwood.*)

Barnbow, June 12th, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I set my pen to paper, this thought ran through my mind, "I wonder in what state of mind is Miss ——?" Perhaps saying, "I am an outcast; an object not worth the notice of God or man. Yes, my *new* friend, like my *old* ones, slights my distress; and leaves me to sink in the abyss of my own wretchedness." But again, I hope your subject is a different one. Surely you are reposing and solacing yourself in the bosom of your Father, in the smile of your Saviour, and in the approbation of good men and angels. But then, again, when I peruse your letter, and view your circumstances of body and mind, my fears are greater than my hopes; and I am ready to think you are still poring over the dark side of your situation. I readily grant your difficulties are great to prevent an union

with Christ and his people. I say *your* difficulties, because to you they are peculiar, and have wounded your feelings through the tenderest nerves. But I still think that, though they are great, yet they are not insurmountable: you may conquer; you may trample them under your feet; you may be completely victorious, and rise into a higher glory, in proportion to the difficulties you have surmounted. The enemy of souls takes advantage of your wounded feelings, and makes them the microscope to look through at the faults and defects of some of your ——professors; and thus to magnify the mote in your brother's eye while the beam remains in your own. Come, my friend, let no argument but personal guilt prevent your speedy union with the people of God. No, nor personal guilt itself, where it is hated, lamented, and forsaken, is any argument for keeping separate from the visible body of Christ in the world.

I do not write unfeelingly. I believe you have great reason for aversion to such proposals. But listen not to the remembrance of past injuries: attend to the superior calls of present salvation. Let self-will sink before the Lord; and accept of free salvation on his own terms. One smile, Miss, from Him will amply repay you for all your sacrifices; and you will rise into a greater stability in holiness, a higher zeal for the glory of God, and a love for Christ which persecution, fire, and faggot cannot destroy. "Ah!" methinks you answer, "it is easy to talk and write upon such matters; but to practise such duties is very difficult." You say when you read, "He does not know all the painful particulars which lie upon my memory, and steel my heart with disgust at every recollection." All this I grant: but the point is, Are you happy? Do such surmises banish your miseries, and feed your soul with sweetest pleasures? Do they fit your soul for prayer, for love, and praise? Do they make you value your Bible and your Saviour more? Do such musings sweeten the bitters of human life, and ripen you for the enjoyments of God and the Lamb in the world to come? You answer, "No; ah, no! just the reverse: they unstring my soul for action; they relax my strength for suffering; they make my darkness darker, and feed my fears till I am ready to sink into desperation." Then why indulge a known enemy? Why harbour a stanch murderer, steady to his purpose of destroying your happiness and strength? O for a noble effort in sacrificing your all to the will of Jesus Christ! O for a bold surrender of your soul into the hands of boundless wisdom and love! O for a glorious struggle to lay hold on the hem of His garment! O for the spirit of Cornelius, who only wanted to know the will of God in order to do it, and when known, *immediately* did it! Reason not with flesh and blood; but, like Paul, follow the teachings of the Holy Ghost wherever He leads you, and you will find your hinderances will yield before the power of God, and your tongue will loudly speak the praises of a grateful and renewed heart. Lend your willing hand to your divine Teacher, Quickener, Sanctifier, and Comforter. Follow the Holy Ghost through all sacrifices, sorrows, and satisfactions of real repentance. My dear friend, no longer deprive yourself of the joys of faith. Why should not your enlarged and active soul range through all the transporting pleasures of believing gazes upon the lovely Redeemer? Why do you not solace, yea, *plunge*, yourself in the ocean of delights which has neither bottom nor shore in your Saviour's heart? Why rob yourself of the joys of a lively hope? Why is not the eye of your mind travelling through the streets, the mansions, the crowns, the thrones, the glories of the New Jerusalem? Why are you not attempting to lisp the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb? Why not unfolding the drooping wings of your soul, and stretching your pinions towards your incorruptible and undefiled inheritance? *Now* let a holy indignation burn in your heart *against yourself*, that you have been such an enemy to your own soul! *Now* let a worthy ambition be kindled within you to rise to the glorious heights of Christian holiness. Away with earth! Away with false reasons! Away, base tempter! Away, ye ruinous prejudices! Welcome, Christ; welcome, cross; welcome, crown! You yield, you yield; you can hold out no more. Amen and amen. Thus, though I should never see you more below, I am indeed your well-wisher in matters of eternal moment.

W. Dawson.

POETRY.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

When doubts and fears oppress the heart,
  And angry storms arise;
When wild waves flow, and tempests blow,
  And hope from sorrow flies;
When thunders roll, to fright the soul,
  And comforters are few;
O! put your trust in Providence,
  And He will guide you through.

This world 's a weary wilderness,
  Where'er abroad we roam:
'Tis not our lot to call a spot
  Of this cold earth our *home*.

Each day we 're travelling to our rest,
'Midst trials ever new:
But put your trust in Providence,
And He will guard you through.

How many a throbbing heart would say,—
"This world 's a world of woe;
What anxious cares, what griefs and snares,
Poor trembling mortals know!
The brightest day that sheds its ray
Night's gloomiest shades pursue:"
But put your trust in Providence,
And He will cheer you through!

We fear to plunge beneath the stream
That bears our spirits hence;
For all that awful mystery
Is lost to sight and sense.
But, in that dark and trying hour,
Still prove the *Christian true;*
And put your trust in Providence,
And He will bring you through!

Dublin. T. MILLS.

THE BOY AND THE LANDRAIL.

[A young sailor told me, that when far away in the East, a corncraik, or landrail, flew almost into his arms. "I took it up," said he, "put it into my bosom, and wept like a child."]

THE sailor-boy watch'd the heaving sea
That fleck'd the ship with spray:
The home where the sailor used to be
Was miles and miles away.
A bird came flying through the sky,
A moving, growing speck;
At length it lighted wearily
Upon the vessel's deck.

Why turn'd the boy such earnest eye
Upon the slender thing?
What was it changed so rapidly
His dark cheek's colouring?
His lip forgot its manly pride,
And quiver'd as in pain;
While tears he vainly strove to hide
Came pouring down like rain.

He had look'd on birds of gorgeous dyes,
Of soft and graceful mould,
With crimson crests, and starry eyes,
And wings of feathery gold;
Had heard, strange forest-trees among,
Bird-music sweet and low;
But brilliant hues, or gush of song,
Had never moved him so.

That small bird was not beautiful,
It wore no radiant dye;
Its plumage all too dark and dull
To catch the common eye.
But, O! that poor, unlovely thing
From his *own* land had come;
And borne upon its dusky wing
Were precious thoughts of home.

He 'd often heard its tuneless call'
Through the dim meadows sound,
When twilight, soft and grey, let fall
Its shadows on the ground;
And from his casement in the night
To listen he would lean,
While the corn in the still moonlight
Was waving fresh and green.

No marvel its harsh note should be
Such music in his ears;
'Twas mingled with the melody
Of childhood's gladsome years;
Had sounded when his father's tongue
Pronounced the evening prayer;
Had risen with his mother's song
Upon the evening air.

It flew (he would not keep it back)
Swift through the sunlit air;
But he sent upon its homeward track
A blessing and a prayer.
As a departing friend that day
That sought his loved abode,
It seem'd to him; and who will say
It was not sent from God?

Now vividly retouch'd, again
The bright heart-picture grew,
Which, 'neath the breath of sinful men,
Was fading from the view.
'Twas for a blessed purpose sent;
For holy thoughts were stirr'd
By Him who, as His instrument,
Could use a little bird.

W.

THE END OF TIME.

REV. x. 1—6.

I SAW an angel, strong and bold,
Descending from on high;
On either side his wings out-roll'd,
Like two vast rainbows fringed with gold,
Enshrouded half the sky.

Upon his head the massive crown
Eclipsed the orb of day;
The dazzling robe about him thrown,
Made the eternal snows look brown,
The spotless sunlight grey;
And as he flew, the stars fell down,
Like dew-drops from a spray.

With one foot on the land he stood,
The other on the sea;
With one foot, deep in mire and blood,
Three cities crush'd; and on the flood
His right foot planted he.

He sware by Him who never dies,
Who made the sea and earth;
Whose garment is the starry skies;
Before whose face all being flies,
Or travaileth in birth;

By Him whose pathway is the sea,
And whose is every shore;
Who *was*, ere time began to be,
Who *is*, to all eternity,
That "*Time shall be no more!*"

He spoke! the fading sun stood still;
The earth groan'd out, "Amen!"
The streams stopp'd midway on the hill;
Fire, air, earth, water, own'd His will,
Whose only is the power to kill,
And to revive again.

The billow raised ne'er fell again;
The bird hung o'er the field;
The winds stood still upon the plain;
Suspended were the drops of rain;
The lightning's flash congeal'd.

The last earth-angel had been sent
To bid the sinner flee;
Mercy's last message to repent
Had flown o'er land and sea;
The present with the future blent;
All was *eternity*.

He spoke! then *Death* put on his shroud,
And drank his cup of gall;
Time on his scythe fell pierced and bow'd;
Hell gather'd in its countless crowd,
And clang'd its portals tall;
While earth, hell, heaven re-echo'd loud,
"*Our God is all in all!*"

R. W. Horsfield.

Feb. 26th, 1849.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF RICHARD A. BRADEN,

MISSION SCHOOLMASTER, IRELAND.

The subject of this memoir was born in the parish of Dromara, county of Down, about the year 1821. In a Sunday-school held in his native parish, he received his first religious impressions; and from this acquired a love for prayer, which he evinced by going to join in the daily devotions of a neighbouring family, and by having a place in the garden to which he was accustomed to retire for private prayer. There, He that saw Nathanael under the fig-tree, no doubt marked Richard also; and soon afterwards, by means of the ministry of the Rev. John Hill, then stationed on the Moira Circuit, called him to the saving knowledge of Himself through faith.

His fervent piety, and zeal, accompanied by his discreet and humble walk, commended him to the attention of Mr Hill, and under his judicious superintendence he was appointed to the office of Class-Leader, when about eighteen years of age. After this he filled the office of Clerk to the church of Dunmore, situated in a remote rural district of his native parish, to which, in consequence, he removed with his mother and sisters, who were now dependent upon him for support. During the period of his residence in this place, his moral conduct did honour to his religious profession; and this was the more commendable on account of the unfavourable circumstances in which he was known to be placed.

His situation in connexion with the church he resigned, to embrace that of Wesleyan Mission Schoolmaster at Ballynahinch, with a view to closer Christian fellowship, and better opportunity of usefulness in connexion ith the Wesleyan-Methodist society there, than he had enjoyed in the place where he had resided. In his new sphere of employment he thought himself happy, on being able to lay aside his manual occupation, and daily to apply himself to the improvement of his mind, the duties of his school, and such religious duties in connexion with the society as he was called to. For these purposes he made a regular division and allotment of his time, from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, when he retired to rest.

Previous to his appointment to the school, following the impulse of his zeal for God, the convictions of his mind, and the leadings of Divine Providence, he was led to engage in holding prayer-meetings and giving exhortations; and his fitness for a higher sphere of usefulness being now manifest, he was appointed to the office of Local Preacher. In this capacity he was from this time employed every Lord's day until his health failed; and wherever he went to preach, he was much beloved for his usefulness, and humble and affectionate spirit. The school, however, he always attended to as his proper charge; and when labouring in a distant part of the Circuit on the Sabbath, where he would often preach three times in the day, he started for home at six o'clock on Monday morning, and, walking a distance of ten miles, opened his school at the appointed hour. It, therefore, on account of his due attention and proper management, continued to prosper, and he was alike respected and esteemed by his pupils and their parents.

He had spent nearly two years usefully in his new and important calling, when it pleased God to afflict him; in consequence of which, though not quite laid aside, he was obliged to desist from much travelling or labour; but he still preached as he was able; and, with little intermission, and some

occasional assistance, kept the school in operation until within a few days of his death. His illness was lingering, and at times extremely painful; but it was borne with patience and resignation to the divine will. Together with his affliction, there was much in his circumstances that caused him painful exercises of mind, and privation of necessary comforts. But he was uncomplaining; and his private struggles, and the extent of his self-denial, to rid himself of some small debts that had been unavoidably incurred, were known to very few indeed; but these deeply sympathized in his sufferings and trials. He, however, so far from availing himself of their friendship and confidence, was diffident to trespass thereon; and when any favour was done him, he sometimes said, "Your kindness I never can return, but my heavenly Father can."

In the course of the summer before his death, he had tried sea-bathing, and had gone to an infirmary to avail himself of medical treatment; but his anxiety about the school, and his sister, a dependant upon him, would not allow him to remain long enough to derive much advantage from either. He therefore returned home; with an assistant taught the school, and kept on foot himself until reduced to a skeleton. At last, having laboured under his complaint for about a year, he was confined to bed by a renewed attack of his disease, which now partly paralyzed him, and caused extreme pain in the upper part of the spine, where it seemed seated, and in the head. The wise Disposer had graciously so ordered it, that his sufferings should now be of short duration. By his bed-side were seen the pious and profane, and the scholar weeping over his beloved master. When the writer was privileged to visit him, and inquired into his experience, it was prefaced by saying, with great emotion, "O! what should I do if I had to seek religion now! Blessed be God, that I was led to give my heart to Him when in health, and He is now my portion." He expressed his thankfulness for the ministry, pastoral care, and spiritual privileges he had enjoyed. He was delivered from all fear of death, having no doubt of his acceptance with God through Christ. The 190th hymn, commencing,

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress:
> 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
> With joy shall I lift up my head;"—

and also the 202d hymn, beginning,

> "Arise, my soul, arise,
> Shake off thy guilty fears;
> The bleeding Sacrifice
> In my behalf appears;
> Before the throne my Surety stands;
> My name is written on his hands;"—

he often repeated, and requested that they should be sung by the society over his remains, as they contained the ground of his confidence towards God, and his dying experience. A few moments before his death, when the power of articulation was nearly gone, he softly whispered in the ear of a friend, "I shall soon be with Jesus;" and then fell asleep in Him, on the 8th of January, 1849, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

WILLIAM M'GARVEY.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE sun, who, once in every twenty-four hours, sees all that is grand and lovely on our earth, finds among the temples of Christendom, two, with ambitious domes, swelling sky-ward above all that he sees elsewhere. The statelier, and the older, rises from the banks of the Tiber, and on every line of its majestic frame receives through a transparent and glowing atmosphere the unobstructed glances of the sun. But the second, standing by the Thames, is habitually surrounded by a thick and smoky air, which often defies even the sun to penetrate, and leaves him to peer down upon the edifice with a dimmed, bewildered eye. Where that towering dome now rises amid dingy clouds, the sun saw, about two centuries ago, a pile of singular magnificence disappearing amid mantling sheets of flame. That pile had been founded in the days of the Conqueror, on the site whence fire had removed one erected by Ethelbert, with whom was associated Sebert, the founder of Westminster Abbey. Whether a church before that date occupied the same site, is a matter of doubt; but tradition affirms that it did; and that it was founded by the Apostle Paul himself. The remains discovered in different diggings on the ground render it more than probable that a Roman temple once rose to the honour of Diana, where for ages has stood the chief church of London.

The structure founded in the days of the Conqueror took a century to complete, and was of striking grandeur. The whole edifice covered three acres and a half. The nave was one hundred and two feet high: this with the choir formed a vista of seven hundred feet in length, broken only by a low screen dividing the two. Let it be remembered that this superb avenue was filled with tinted light,

pouring in from the numerous stained windows; that gilding, sculpture, and painting had wrought all their witcheries of ornament; that on either hand, altars and monumental tombs filled the vast space with minute objects of beauty; that bursts of music were ever and anon wafted through the arches; and that forms clad in picturesque sacerdotal robes were often gliding by; and it is difficult to present to the imagination an earthly sight of more glory and beauty than must have met the eyes of London's ancient citizens, when they entered that gorgeous fane.

Among the altars of that temple, the most wealthy was at the shrine of St. Erkenwold, the canonized Bishop of the diocess. That altar was covered with oblations in gold and silver, and precious stones. Thither, on the anniversary of the saint's burial-day, did the Bishop and Clergy proceed in the stateliest of their processions; there did they sing solemn mass, recite the indulgences granted to those who offered oblations at that shrine; and, as a natural consequence, rich and poor might be seen crowding with the gifts which brought upon them so public a benediction.

Those who first enter a cathedral where artistic skill has wrought its enchantments, cannot fail to feel a deep impression, approaching to awe. This is favourable to religious contemplation, and generally leads such persons to conclude that under such roofs irreverence is difficult, and deep devotion natural. But the heart does not long obey the eye in moral sentiments. No superb temple has ever existed without covering irreverence more profane than we ever find indulged in our simplest country chapels. In old 'time you would see that awe-inspiring cathedral turned into a kind of theatre, where the chief scenes of Scripture history were acted by the boys of the church with great *éclat*. There, too, were the *saturnalia* of the boy-Bishops. Business, also, of the most vulgar kind was habitually transacted in that sacred enclosure: walking that magnificent aisle, many a citizen has feed his lawyer, or sold his horse, or paid his creditor, or bargained for a church benefice. We read in Dekker's "Dead Term," that "at one time, in one and the same rank, yea foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the knight, the gull; the gallant, the upstart; the gentleman, the clown; the

captain, the apple-squire; the lawyer, the usurer; the citizen, the bankrout; the scholar, the beggar; the doctor, the idiot; the ruffian, the cheater; the Puritan, the cut-throat; the high men, the low men; the true man, and the thief; of all trades and professions some; of all countries some. Thus while Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose." So it is at this day, though in a different form, in the great cathedrals of the Romish countries on the Continent: men do not go there for a promenade or for business; they have more convenient places for both; but in Italy, assignments of even a more profane character are generally made in the aisles of some church, well fitted to inspire reverence.

In the old cathedral, Wyckliffe was cited before the Bishops for heresy. The redoubtable John of Gaunt was by his side, and boldly espoused his cause. In that same shrine did the ashes of Gaunt lie, under a monument of great magnificence. Henry VIII. sorely dismantled the old cathedral: besides many depredations on the body of the building, he laid the bell-tower as his stake in a game of dice with Sir Miles Partridge, who won the game, and made away with the tower. The images, and many of the ornaments, were removed after the Reformation; then a fire (in 1561) destroyed the steeple; and about a century afterwards London and its cathedral sank under a general conflagration.

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

A FRAGMENT FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY;

OR, THE CHURCHYARD OF SHOTTS, A.D. 1630.

A REMARKABLE revival of religion took place at Shotts, in the county of Lanark, in the year 1630, which commenced under the following circumstances: — Some ladies of rank, who had occasion to travel that way, had received civilities at different times from the Rev. Mr. Hance, the Minister of Shotts, and on one occasion, when their carriage broke down, near the manse, he kindly invited them to alight, and remain until it was repaired. During their stay they noticed that the house was much dilapidated, and in return for his attentions they got a new manse erected for him in a better situation. Mr. Hance, on receiving so substantial a benefit, waited on the ladies to thank them, and wished to know if there was anything he could do to testify his gratitude. It is cheering to know that at this time, as well as afterwards, the noblest daughters of Scotland distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of religion. These ladies loved the Gospel, and the persecuted Ministers who were contending for its purity: they, therefore, gladly seized the opportunity of asking Mr. Hance to invite such of them as they named to assist at the sacrament of the supper of our Lord, that they might enjoy the benefit of their ministrations, and afford to others an opportunity of partaking in a privilege at this time rarely enjoyed. The Minister gladly consented; and information of it spreading abroad, an immense concourse of people gathered from all parts to attend the dispensation of the ordinance, which was fixed for Sabbath, the 20th of June, 1630.

Among the Ministers invited on this occasion, at the request of those ladies, were the venerable champion Robert Bruce, of Kinnaird, and John Livingstone, Chaplain to the Countess of Wigton, who was afterwards settled for some time in Ireland. Much of the Spirit of light and love was imparted during the exercise of the Communion Sabbath; and so filled were the communicants with the joy and peace which they had experienced, that, instead of retiring to rest, they joined together in small companies, and spent the whole night in devotional exercises.

It had not been usual before this time to have service on the Monday after the dispensation of the Lord's supper; but God had vouchsafed so much of his gracious presence on the preceding day of this solemnity, that they knew not how to part on this Monday without thanksgiving and prayer. John Livingstone was with difficulty prevailed on to preach the sermon. In the memoir of his life he gives the following memorandum in reference to this discourse:—"The only day in all my life wherein I found most of the presence of God in preaching was on a Monday, after the communion, preaching *in the churchyard of Shotts*, June 21st, 1630. The night before I had been with some Christians who spent the night in prayer and conference. When I was alone in the fields, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, there came such a misgiving of spirit upon me, considering my unworthiness and wickedness, and the multitude and expectation of the people, that I was consulting with myself to have stolen away somewhere; but I dared not so far distrust God, and went to sermon, and had good assistance, about an hour and a half, upon the points which I had meditated on. I was led on about an hour and half's time in a strain of exhortation and of warning with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in all my ministrations."

To this sermon, under the blessing of

God, no less than five hundred people ascribed their conversion; and in gratitude for such a remarkable token of God's blessing, the Church of Scotland have ever since devoted a part of the Monday after a Communion Sabbath to the duty of public thanksgiving.

Some remarkable incidents occurred on that Monday on which Mr. Livingstone's discourse was delivered in the churchyard of Shotts. Three young gentlemen belonging to Glasgow had made an appointment to go to Edinburgh, to attend some public amusements. Having alighted at Shotts to take breakfast, one of their number proposed to go and hear sermon, more from curiosity than any other motive; and for greater expedition they arranged to come away at the end of the sermon, before prayer; but the power of God accompanying the word of His servant, was so felt by them that they could not depart till all was over.

When they returned to take their horses, they called for some refreshment before they mounted; but when it was laid upon the table, they looked one to another, none of them having resolution to eat it until a blessing was asked; and, as they were not accustomed to so good a practice, one of them, after a while, broke silence and said, "I think we should ask a blessing on our food:" the others consented at once to the proposal, and put it upon one of them to do it. When they had finished their repast, they returned thanks to Almighty God. None of them, however, mentioned their inward concern to the others, except now and then, when one said, "Was it not a great sermon that we heard?" another replied, "I never heard the like of it." They proceeded on their way to Edinburgh; but instead of seeking diversions and company, after two days' stay returned towards home. After arriving at Glasgow, one of them made a visit to his friend, and told him what God had done for him at the kirk-yard at Shotts. The other frankly owned the concern he had been brought under at the same time and place; and both of them proceeding to find the third companion, found him also in the same state of mind. They continued to maintain a practice suitable to their profession, and became eminently useful in their day and generation. — *M'Crie's Sketches of Scottish Church History.*

Ah! Mr. Editor, when shall we see such days in favoured Britain? When will the churches of Christ arise and give Him no rest until He establish Jerusalem, and make her a praise in all the earth?

"Come, thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
'Stablish thy dominion here.

"Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the Heathen fall before Thee,
Let the isles Thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war."

K.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERTED INDIAN.

A FEW Sundays since, at a Meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Twenty-fourth (now *Thirtieth*) street Church, we heard a letter read from the President of the Society, (who was then travelling in the south,) an extract of which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers:—

"Picking up a late Number of the 'Southern Christian Advocate,' a subject was presented to my mind, which I resolved should form the subject matter of my present letter. In the paper to which I allude, there was a letter from the Rev. Dixon W. Lewis, a Missionary to the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi river, which called up some pleasant reminiscences.

"This brother Lewis is a converted Indian, and I happen to be acquainted with his early history, portions of which I proceed briefly to lay before you. There remained in Mississippi a remnant of the Choctaws, who refused to go with their brethren to their new home provided for them by Government. Of this remnant were the father and friends of Dixon. Like most young Indians, his boyhood was spent in idleness, hunting, and drinking. By and by, the Methodists established preaching among the frontier whites, in the neighbourhood of the Indians, to which Dixon would occasionally go. Finally a school was established, and our young Indian became one of the pupils. Here he soon learned to spell and read a little. Soon a class-meeting was formed, and he also joined that. Now, for several months, he had felt a disposition to leave off his drinking habits; and when the class-meeting was commenced among the whites, he asked the privilege of joining, upon the impression that it was a *temperance society*. His mind was so dark, that he thought the Gospel was only designed to make people *temperate*; and hence, with these crude notions, he became a member. Gradually the light of the Gospel broke into his be-

nighted mind, and he felt himself a sinner. Still his views of the religion of Christ were imperfect.

"A camp-meeting was held a few miles off, which he attended, and was powerfully wrought upon by the good Spirit of God. He understood so little of English, that he could neither make his feelings known, nor could he gather much instruction. With a heavy heart he retired often to the woods, where his imperfect prayer ascended up to a condescending God. Finally, he kneeled at the altar, scarcely knowing for what, except that the pressure upon his heart led him to try every means for relief. In his own language, he felt that he was dying, so intense was the agony of his soul. But God remembered the poor ignorant Indian. The Lord did not require of him what he could not perform. Sudden as the light, God shone round about his heart, and rolled the burden from his soul. The Indian sprang to his feet, and sent forth a shout in his native tongue, that fairly electrified the congregation. Thus in the midst of ignorance did that Indian youth seek and obtain the salvation of God.

"Upon his return from camp-meeting, his father, and brothers, and relatives, began to scorn him and persecute him for departing from the tradition of their fathers. This he suffered with meekness for several weeks, until his life was a burden to him: so he resolved to go away alone into the woods, where he could not see the face of any man. Here he lived for many weeks, engaged in meditation and prayer, and occasionally reading the New Testament, which he had with him, though it was with difficulty he could understand more than a few sentences. One day, he made out this sentence, 'Whosoever forsaketh not father and mother, and followeth me, cannot be my disciple.' A new thought now occupied his mind: he saw that it was wrong to waste away his life in the loneliness of the forest; for by this time he had become greatly emaciated, having lived on nothing but roots and berries. So, late in the night of the same day, he returned to his father's wigwam, gathered up his few clothes, his 'Discipline,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and New Testament, and thus equipped, he wandered forth till morning, saying, as he went, 'Whosoever forsaketh not father and mother, and followeth me, cannot be my disciple.' He first went to his Class-Leader, who encouraged him in the step he was now taking. Next he directed his way to the white settlements.

"At the period when the foregoing circumstances occurred, I was residing in the town of Columbus, Mississippi. During that winter I visited Mobile on business. On the Sabbath, in coming out of church, I observed an Indian youth, about seventeen years of age, leaning against the fence of the churchyard. He was poorly clad, but there was such a sweetness of countenance, and such an expression of intelligence, that I was struck with his appearance. I accosted him, and asked his name. He replied, 'Dixon Lewis.' I asked, 'What brought you here?' He replied, 'I came from my tribe in Mississippi to ask the white people to teach me the knowledge of the Bible, so that I may go back and teach it to my poor, ignorant brethren.' Here, I felt, was a work for me. I took him to my boarding-house, and gave him dinner. In the afternoon, hearing there was to be a meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society, (a Society which I had assisted to establish,) I prevailed on Dixon to accompany me. Here I introduced him in a short speech; and then the Indian also spoke to them in broken English. O, I shall never forget that scene! With streaming eyes, he related, in broken accents, the manner of his conversion, and the goodness of God to him. All in the room were deeply affected by his simple story. At the conclusion of his speech, I asked the boys and girls if they were willing to educate him; to which they responded, from all parts of the house, 'We will! we will! we will!' And thus in their hands I left him.

"Four years passed by. One afternoon, just as night was closing in, I was standing in my store-door. A tall, graceful, and well-dressed Indian rode up to my door. Though surprised to see so fine-looking a man, yet his countenance plainly told me it was Dixon Lewis. Our meeting together was a scene of great joy. He abode at my house for several days, during which time he became endeared to the members of my family, and to all who had intercourse with him. It was surprising to witness the influence of four years' patient study on the untutored mind of that poor Indian. He preached several times with great intelligence, and to the edification of those who heard him. It was pleasant to my feelings thus to see the bread cast upon the waters appearing after many days; and to see brother Lewis manifesting his gratitude, by leaving his tribe, and coming a long journey to visit me. Soon after this, he induced his brethren to settle in the home allotted them by the Government in the west, accompanying them as a Missionary. The letter which I read in the 'Southern Advocate' gave a statement of a gracious revival which had broken out among the Choctaws, where brother Lewis was labouring. He has already been instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of souls. So much, my friend, for the converted Choctaw."—*From the "Christian Advocate,"*

ANECDOTES.

HEADLESS LADIES.

THE day after our arrival at Schwalbach, we were startled by the appearance of two extraordinary figures advancing toward us by the street. They were females, both very fashionably dressed; one in white, the other in some showy, flowered pattern, with immense sleeves, that stood out like balloons. The ladies, perfectly well formed in other respects, were, horrid to relate, *headless!* We looked at them with amazement and curiosity. They moved on, slowly and steadily, like any one else, keeping side by side, but were evidently timid, from the careful manner in which they avoided being jostled by the passers-by. Whenever, too, a carriage or cart approached, they were in a great hurry to get across to the other side of the street, and once, to escape a cloud of dust, raised by a large donkey-party, they both ran behind a large gate for shelter. We watched anxiously, while nearer came the mysterious ladies without heads. At length they were quite close, and now proved to be two well-starched gowns, going home to their respective owners, at the end of the laundress's fingers. This is the way all the dresses here are returned from the wash. The washer-women, instead of submitting these important articles of dress to the indignity of being doubled up and confined in a basket, convert their fingers into pegs, hang the dresses thereon as large as life, and bear them away; modestly content to be eclipsed behind their own handiwork. You frequently see on some fair lady the same identical gown you had met quietly walking home by itself the evening before. At the end of our first week here, one day the door opened in a great hurry, and, to our dismay, all our petticoats walked in to us. We were just going to tea, and not at all prepared for such stiff visiters.—*A Summer in Germany.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

IT is related, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; when, with great simplicity of manner, but with great courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done; and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave the youth a sixpence. And this may be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art.

This anecdote is but one of a thousand that might be cited of as many different men who, from small beginnings, rise to stations and influence; and shows the importance of not despising the day of small things, in any condition or circumstance of life. All nature, in fact, is full of instructive lessons on this point, which it would be well for us more thoroughly to study and appreciate.

The river, rolling onward its accumulated waters to the ocean, was, in its small beginning, but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss-covered rock, and winding, like a silver thread, between the green banks to which it imparted verdure. The tree that swept the air with its hundred branches, and mocks at the howling of the tempest, was in its small beginning but a little seed trodden under foot, unnoticed; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have for ever crushed.

Everything around tells us not to despise small beginnings; for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reaches to great results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher.

THE WAY TO TEND A BABY.

THE Chippewa Indian (a noble-looking man, by the way) who lectured at the City Hall last evening, advised the ladies of Hartford to tie their babies, as soon as they were born, to a board, bind them down tight, and keep them there, most of the time, till they are ten months old. "Turn aside the head," he says, "and then when the board gets knocked over, it won't break the child's nose." He sums up other advantages as follows: "You see, ladies," (holding up a specimen,) "the child's hands are tied down, so it can't scratch its own eyes out, and can't scratch its mother's breast, too; it can't wriggle about, and get very tired; it can't bend over, and must grow straight; when the mother goes out after herbs, she can hang it on a tree, and snakes can't bite it; when it cries, the mother can swing it across her back, and rock it so (swaying his body to and fro); and can carry it a great distance in this manner, too; can sit it up side of the wigwam, very handy; and when canoe turns over, the child swim off on the board, and don't drown; and its back don't break across his mother's arm, because the board supports it; the child can't crawl into the fire, and burn up, too; can leave it a long time, all safe. So I think this much best way, ladies, much best!"

The ladies gave in their assent by a general laugh.—*Hartford Times.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOX.

To us this graceful shrub is known only as bordering with its solid wall of polished verdure, our pleasant garden-walks. Time was when it flourished wild in our fields, but thence the necessities of agriculture have long since driven it to the gentler garden, where beauty alone gives a claim, without a rigorous investigation of value. Its wood is found exceedingly valuable for many mechanical purposes, and especially in the art of wood-engraving, on account of its rare hardness. Calcott, in the "Scripture Herbal," gives the following interesting notice of box, as known to the ancients:—

"This elegant shrub, or rather small tree, is twice named by Isaiah for its beauty. 'I will set in the desert the fir-tree and the pine and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.' Such is the announcement of the preparation for the coming of Messiah.

"In the apocryphal book of Esdras, a very important purpose to which box-wood was anciently applied is pointed out.

"The Spirit that overrules the Prophet tells him to 'prepare many box-trees,' and to take five scribes which are ready to write swiftly to assist him to write the inspirations which should come upon him.

"Now Esdras was a Levite, and a captive in Babylon in the reign of Artaxerxes, and doubtless made use of the writing materials then common in Babylonia. These, it appears, were tablets of box; and were probably waxed over, that the impression made by the iron style, or pen, might be the more readily received. Such tablets were in use among the writers and designers of ancient Greece and Rome, resembling the tablets that the painters of Italy, even after the time of Giotto, used in their workshops and schools.

"Though paper of papyrus was not unknown, and parchment was manufactured in Asia Minor, they were both too costly for common use; and the box-tablets served for ordinary purposes, and for the first draughts of writings that might require correction. In the form of diptychs, box-tablets long served for private letters, for public despatches, and last, though not least, for secret altar-pieces, which at length were openly displayed when the progress of Christianity had brought the great ones of the earth to know and bow down to their 'Saviour and

their Redeemer, the Mighty One of Israel,' and the Messiah.

"The common domestic uses of the box-wood among the ancients, were those where strength and elegance together were desired. For instance, the yoke of Priam's horses was of box-wood; and such furniture as admitted of carving, coffers for jewels, combs, and other small ware of the kind, were made of the marbled root of the tree; while the writing-tables were of the plain, smooth, yellowish wood of the trunk."

TABLE-TALK.

AN INVALUABLE LESSON TO STUDENTS.

WHAT you do know, know thoroughly. There are few instances, in modern times, of a rise equal to that of Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success. His answer was, "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."—*Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton.*

MILTON.

MACAULAY, in his "History of England," thus, not less truly than grandly, describes Milton:—"A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy, that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

TIME.

TIME is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can only be of use in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigour to the soul which rest and retirement afford to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend: use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

BLESSING A SWORD.

ST. COLUMBA, of old, when asked to bless a soldier's sword, replied, "God grant, then, it may never shed a drop of blood."

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ERASMUS.

DIED JULY 12TH, 1536.

AMONG the collateral advantages of the Reformation of religion, which took place in the fifteenth century, the revival of literature was one of the most important to the substantial and lasting improvement of mankind; and among those who contributed most eminently to this interesting movement was Desiderius Erasmus, who was born at Rotterdam, on the 28th of October, 1467. When four years of age, he was sent to school; and when little more than a child, his musical voice procured him a place as one of the choristers in the cathedral-church of Utrecht. On reaching his ninth year, he was removed to the school at Deventer, and placed under the tuition of Alexander Hegius, having for one of his schoolfellows Adrianus Florentius, who, at length, was elevated to the Papal chair as Adrian VI., and who continued through life to be his friend. At this early period he was particularly distinguished for extraordinary strength of memory.

Before he reached his fourteenth year he was left, an orphan, to the guardianship of one Peter Winckel, and two others, who abused their trust, by urging young Erasmus to embrace the monastic life, that they might divide his little patrimony between themselves. He was accordingly compelled to enter a convent of Friars at Bois le Duc, in Brabant,

where, as he afterwards regretted, three years of his life were lost. His repugnance to the monkish life was increased by observing that these religious houses were the haunts of licentious indulgence and sloth. After being removed to the convent of Sion, near Delft, and then to that of Stein, near Tergou, he passed his year of probation, and yielded to take the vows as a Canon-regular of St. Augustine with much reluctance, having "no inward invocation" to take such a step.

He left the monastery in 1490 to reside in the house of the Bishop of Cambray; and, in 1492, was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Utrecht. From Pope Julius II. or Leo X. he received absolution from his monastic vows. In 1496 he diligently prosecuted his studies at the University of Paris, where he became a member of the College of Montaign; and where, also, he contracted a friendship with the learned Hector Boyce, afterwards Principal of King's College, Aberdeen.

Being in necessitous circumstances, he was put to the shifts of a poor scholar; so that, while labouring to increase his own mental stores, he taught some private pupils to get bread. In this way his reputation gradually spread; and his acquaintance with many individuals, distinguished at once by their rank and talents, increased. One of these pupils, Lord Mountjoy, bestowed on him a pension of a hundred crowns, and became his steady friend. It is supposed that this young nobleman induced him to visit England, where he met with John Colet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, Thomas Linacre, William Gorcyn, and William Latimer, who contributed greatly to promote in England a more general taste for classical literature. He is said, also, to have resided for some time at St. Mary's College, Oxford. He published a little book, entitled, "Enciridion Militis Christiani," which became very popular, and appeared in English as "The hansom Weapon of a Christen Knyght; replenyshed with many goodly and godly Precepts, made by the famous Clerke, Erasmus, of Roterdame, and newly corrected and imprinted. London, 1534. 8vo."

Struggling with poverty, and wandering from place to place, he was frequently compelled to solicit pecuniary supplies from others. To one of his correspondents he observes, that, as soon as he could get money, he would first purchase books, and then clothes. The want of money laid him under the necessity of taking pupils, which prevented the execution of several literary projects he had at heart. His application to study undermined a constitution naturally weak, and tended to aggravate some distempers under which he laboured; so that, ere he reached his fortieth year, he considered himself an old man, and composed a poem on the infirmities of old age.

At the University of Turin he took the degree of D.D., not from its making a man better or wiser, but, as he remarked, "It must be done, if a man would be esteemed in the world." He visited England in 1506, and again in 1510, when he took up his abode with the famous Thomas More, then a young man, to whom he dedicated his "Praise of Folly," a work of celebrity throughout Europe; in which he treated the Pope and the Court of Rome with so little ceremony, that he was never after regarded as a good Catholic. Cardinal Wolsey and the King of England made many handsome promises to Erasmus, which were never fulfilled. William Warham, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chancellor of the kingdom, became his chief patron; and, in addition to several gifts, he bestowed on him the rectory of Aldington, in Kent, worth about a hundred nobles. This he soon resigned, reserving about twenty pounds yearly of the living. Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, President of Queen's College, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, procured for him the appointment of Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and also that of Greek Professor. However, his honours far exceeded his emoluments: his treatment was so mean, that he did not long continue to hold his offices; and, though he would have settled permanently in England had the promises made to him been performed, he was induced to accept an invitation to the court of Charles, Archduke of Austria.

With much labour and care he prepared an edition of the Greek Testament, which led him to Basil, to have it printed at the celebrated press of Frobenius. Of this eminent German printer it is stated, that, "being a man of great probity and piety, as well as skill, he was very careful in the choice of the authors he printed; and would never, for the sake of profit, suffer libels, or anything that would do injury to the reputation of another, to issue from his press."

The habits of the English, as described by Erasmus, in his days, show that there was room for improvement. "The floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes; under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty!" No wonder that the country was scarcely ever free from the plague and sweating-sickness. What a contrast to English habits and habitations in these days of social decency and comfort!

Though the timidity of Erasmus kept him from coveting a martyr's crown, and standing boldly by the side of Luther, when he began the Reformation in 1517, his writings operated widely and powerfully in paving the way for a general revival of true religion and of literature. Against monastic ignorance, licentiousness, hypocrisy, and superstition, his keen wit and cutting satire

were directed with galling power; while the critical knowledge of the holy Scriptures was eminently promoted by his writings, all of which had a tendency to undermine the Papal system, which cannot prosper in the light of truth.

When Frederick, Elector of Saxony, asked his opinion of Luther, while he condemned the heat of the Reformer's temper, he confessed that there were many abuses that required to be corrected; that Luther "had been guilty of two offences,—he had touched the crown of the Pope and the bellies of the Monks; that he had justly censured many abuses and errors which it was necessary to reform; and that his doctrine was essentially right, but it had not been delivered with a proper temper, and with due moderation."

In 1527 his "Colloquies" appeared, and produced a powerful sensation: twenty-four thousand copies were rapidly circulated, through a rumour that the book was to be suppressed. The Theological Faculty of Paris condemned it as subversive of the fasts and ordinances of the Church, of the worship of the Virgin, of celibacy, and the monastic life; and, in 1549, the condemnation was repeated by a Provincial Council, held at Cologne.

On Adrian being elevated to the Papal chair, in 1523, he sent a flattering letter to Erasmus, accompanied by two hundred florins. In an evil hour he consented to take up the pen against Luther, who met him with his accustomed vigour. In 1529 the mass being abolished at Basil, Erasmus removed to Friburg, where he purchased a house, and settled. Too much enlightened on the corrupt state of the Romish Church, yet too much under the fear of suffering for righteousness' sake, he endeavoured to patch up the differences existing between Romanists and Protestants. The result was as we might expect: he lost the confidence of both parties, though it is said that Pope Paul III., on his accession, designed to raise him to the rank of a Cardinal, and nominated him Provost of the College of Canons at Deventer; but, as he never sought ecclesiastical elevation, he declined the honour.

His health being in a precarious state, he removed once more to Basil, where, getting worse, in the course of the summer, he was at length carried off by dysentery. As the hour of his departure drew near, he disregarded the foolish death-bed ceremonies of the Romish Church, and met the last enemy with an unimpaired reason, fervently imploring the mercy of God through his Son Jesus Christ. He calmly finished his earthly pilgrimage on the 12th of July, 1536, having nearly completed his sixty-ninth year.

Among the many and important services rendered by this eminent scholar to the cause of religion and literature, the attention he gave to the elucidation of the sacred Scriptures is not the least. To him belongs the honour of being the earliest editor of the Greek Testament. His "Paraphrase of the New Testament" was translated into English in 1548-9, in two volumes, folio, by Miles Coverdale, Nicholas Udall, John Olde, and others; a copy of which was ordered to be placed in every parish-church in the kingdom. He is described as being of low stature, well formed, having an easy and genteel air, neat in his apparel, of fair complexion, grey eyes, and his hair a pale yellow in early life; his countenance cheerful, voice low, and elocution pleasing; as a friend, steady; and as a companion, agreeable. Fully devoted to letters, he was singularly free from the vices of avarice and ambition. His delight was to promote elegant literature, and a purer theology than existed in what was called the Christian world; though, as it respects religion, many censure him for not acting a more prominent part as a reformer of abuses in the Church.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Broadbent, Joseph,	Shipley,	Holmfirth,	49	March 4th, 1849.
Short, Isaac,	Oldland-Common,	Downend,	78	April 23d, 1849.
Tarbutt, Miss Ellen,	Parkfield,	Bedale,	18	April 30th, 1848.
Tinker, Uriah, Esq.,	Mealhill,	Holmfirth,	70	Jan. 29th, 1849.
Trethewey, Mrs. E.,	St. Stephen's,	St. Austle,	82	May 22d, 1848.
Yelland, Mrs.,	St. Stephen's,	St. Austle,	66	Jan. 31st, 1849.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1849.

THE MEETING OF CONFERENCE.

One hundred years ago, the assembly of the Methodist Conference was an event to which few looked with interest, and of which fewer still would have ventured to speak as possessing great importance. John Wesley, with three or four brother Clergymen, and a handful of lay-Preachers, met obscurely; prayed, conferred, and parted without attracting the notice of the world. But to-day the Conference has eyes upon it from every zone of earth. The time of its meeting is known, and the result of its deliberations watched, in Africa and India, in New-Zealand and Canada, and from one end to another of the British Isles. From that assembly emanate religious influences which pervade the towns and the hamlets of England, pass thence to America, and to all the regions where British enterprise has fixed a colony, or Methodist zeal a Mission. All these points must be more or less affected by the spiritual tone of the Conference. Let abundance of grace reign in the heart of that assembly; let its services be crowned with sanctifying power; let extraordinary baptisms of holy fire be there received; and from that centre away to the various Circuits of the British Isles, and to the Circuits of our daughter-churches in America, and yet away to the scattered multitude of our Mission stations, will spread a thrill of spiritual life and zeal. On the other hand, let discord, or ill-success, or any other evidence of failing strength, be manifested there, and upon tens of thousands of souls will fall a chill of discouragement. The meeting of that Conference is to-day of awful importance. It is the most influential centre of power in the whole religious world. True, it does not legislate immediately for the whole Methodist family, (the largest branch of that family being under the care of the American Conference,) but as the parent body, the British Conference must exercise an unequalled influence on the Methodist churches throughout the world. No doubt can exist but that these churches out-number in communicants any other denomination of British origin. The Anglican Church, throughout the world, does probably equal or even exceed the Methodists in point of hearers; but as to communicants that Church is unquestionably smaller than our own.*

The Methodist Conference, then, leads the largest number of spiritual members of Christ's church that adhere together under one discipline and one doctrine. The rising or the falling of spiritual life in that body, must, therefore, be a matter of vital interest to the universal church of God. Not only our own flocks in various climes, and of various tongues, but also our sister-churches, upon all hands, must share more or less in our faithfulness, or in our defection. If we are mighty through God, and in that might

* Take a million communicants in the United States and add the numbers of those under the British and Canadian Conferences, and it will at once appear that they are more than the communicants of the Church of England.

accomplish great things, others are stirred up, and labour more abundantly: if we are feeble, others are the more content in their own feebleness. Perhaps there never was a time when so many eyes were fixed on the Conference as now. It is not necessary to search into the motives of all who are watching us; but the very fact that they are watching, places them in a position to receive a blessing should the display of God's presence among us be such as to carry with it demonstration. Churchman, Dissenter, and Papist, the politician and the bigot, the Local Preacher and the Class-Leader, the pious member and the curious hearer, the Minister on his Circuit at home, and the Missionary in his solitude abroad, all will look to learn what complexion Methodism is now wearing. We know of nothing so calculated to induce a universal quickening of the church of God, as an extraordinary unction poured out upon the Ministers assembled at the Conference. Did the Lord in some wonderful and gracious way shed down upon that body an unwonted measure of holy light, and love, and power, the flame would spread with singular rapidity throughout the borders of our own Israel, and, burning there, would warm and enlighten all our neighbours. A Pentecost at Conference would be followed by a Pentecost in many a Circuit, and on many a Mission station. And surely if there is one scene upon which we might invoke with more confidence than any other the wonder-working graces of the Holy Ghost, it is when some hundreds of sincere and devout Pastors, followed by the prayers of their flocks, meet to take counsel in the work of God. Surely it requires little straining of our faith, to expect that the town where they unite their prayers and labours shall be visited by a fruitful shower of grace, and that works like to the works of God's right hand shall be wrought on the great assemblies convened by the solemnities of Conference. Is it hard to believe that, during the Conference of this year, a glorious work of God shall be witnessed in Manchester?

O that every member of our churches duly felt the obligation that lies upon him to cry to God for an outpouring of His Spirit upon the Conference, such as would send every Minister back to his sphere of labour with a zeal, and love, and power, all re-kindled from above! You may be far from the centre of our connexional life, far from the great towns which witness our Conference assemblies; but you are not far from the influence for good which a blessing shed upon that Conference exerts. Perhaps the very man who for the next twelve months will have to watch over you in the Lord, is sitting in that Conference; there, too, perhaps, is the man whose voice God used to awaken you, or he who will be your Pastor when you come to your journey's end; and many may be there who will have charge over the souls of your children, and of your children's children when you are gone. Think not that, even personally, it is little to you whether the Lord restrains his blessing, or makes it to abound. Pray, O pray with all prayer, that an unction, mighty as ever came down from heaven, may visit the Conference of this year! Pray that in all its acts of prayer, of public solemnity, and of deliberation, it may be moved and led by the Lord the Spirit. Every act of that body is of sufficient importance to be a matter of earnest prayer: the choice of its President,—much of its tone depends on the degree of his spirituality; the appointment of successors to the dead and the disabled in the legal Conference,—surely God will not smile unless the succession is maintained by men after his own heart; the calling forth of probationary Ministers, and the ordination of those who have already "made proof" of their call,—O try to calculate the importance of these acts; the administration of clerical discipline, —our power depends upon our purity, and it especially needs God's help that we permit no tolerance of sin; the assignment of stations to the Ministers,

—here you feel your own interest, and you will promote that interest better at the throne of grace, than by any other steps you can take.

This year the Conference meets under encouraging circumstances. Our numbers show a cheering increase, and on many parts of the field our gracious Master has been shedding fertile rain. The work our fathers began is not yet done; the strength through which our fathers conquered, is not yet spent; tasks of heavy toil are yet before us; and the help of our Almighty Master is yet at hand. May the Conference of this year be blessed above all that ever met; and may the labours of the year ensuing be crowned with success and gladness! Should not every Circuit have, during Conference-time, prayer-meetings, especially to implore a blessing on the Conference proceedings?

A.

A WORD TO CLASS-LEADERS.

No. I.

CLASS-MEETINGS are a peculiar and distinguishing feature of Methodism: no other section of the Christian church, with which we are acquainted, possesses anything of the kind. Whether good or evil, for the advantage or disadvantage of Christ's militant body, they are essential to Wesleyan Methodism. The "United Society" was cradled in a class-meeting, and to this day they only who meet in class are considered members of that society. In whatever light, therefore, other sections of the Christian commonwealth are pleased to regard these meetings, Wesleyan Methodism must view them as vitally important,—the very entity of the system. Do away with *them*, and with them will be swept away the goodly fabric reared by the pious toils of Wesley and his successors, continued during more than a century; the "United Society" will cease to be; Wesleyan Methodism will be but a thing of history. Such being the case, it is obvious enough that Class-Leaders are a very important and responsible agency; that, to a very considerable extent, the interests of Methodism are in their hands; that they have power and opportunity to exert either a salutary or baneful influence upon the whole Wesleyan community. Give us good Leaders, and we need not fear; with bad ones, we can scarcely hope. Notwithstanding the avowed importance of the Leader's office, perhaps less has been done for the benefit of this class of officers than almost any: writers enough we have on the ministry, Sabbath-school Teachers, &c.; but where are they who have cared for Class-Leaders? A few small tractates we have; but they are not generally known. Can anything be done to meet the case? Perhaps a few sketches by a feeble pen will draw out some more ready scribe; or at least attract the notice of such Leaders as would like to find a word to them in their "Miscellany." Our first inquiry shall be,—

WHAT ARE THE SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS FOR A WESLEYAN LEADER?

We are sure that no Leader, be he learned or illiterate, in all the ranks of our beloved Methodism, will think this an unimportant inquiry; there is not one who will not think it deserving serious, prayerful examination; there is not one who will not admit its claim to take the first place here. So far, then, we may fairly calculate upon agreement. A Leader, whose office binds him to watch over souls, who is to assist the Minister in collecting and keeping together the flock of God, must be qualified for his work. Any man is not suitable; no man is, unless he is specially fitted by the Lord the Chief Shepherd.

The first great qualification is, clear, decided conversion to God.—By this we mean the enjoyment of a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; the possession of the abiding witness of the Holy Spirit to the fact of adoption,

accompanied by all the fruits of the Spirit, adorning the private and public life. This is what we mean by conversion: the possession of the divine favour in the soul, and proving the possession by a holy life; an inward assurance, giving personal satisfaction; an outward and consistent piety, convincing to the world. Less than this does not make a man a Christian, in the full Methodist sense of that term; and though a man would not be denied a place in the society because, though seeking to be, he was not really converted, yet certainly he would be ineligible for sustaining the Leader's office. There can be no enjoyment of religion, no acceptable service rendered to God, by the unconverted; and for such to have any charge of souls committed to them is manifestly improper. Can an unbeliever explain to a poor tempted and harassed penitent the way of faith? can an unpardoned man tell a seeker of mercy of the sweet, forgiving love of Jesus? is he, who is an utter stranger to reconciliation, a fit person to urge those who may be dilatory, to haste and become reconciled to God? No: with earnestness we say, a man who is not now living in the favour of God, is utterly unfit to be a Leader; he lacks the most essential qualification for the office. An unpardoned man, can neither understand nor perform a Leader's duty; and would be as much out of place in that office, as an ignorant clown in a Professor's chair. A Leader has to teach penitents the art of believing; to answer the objections which fear, depravity, ignorance, temptation, &c., raise in the mind; to remove unnecessary scruples and doubts; to take out of the way everything which obscures a full view of Jesus, as ready and able to pardon; to explain, illustrate, simplify the Gospel condition of salvation; to take the bewildered spirit, and lead it directly into the way of peace; yes, to conduct the penitent sinner to a pardoning God. And can an unbeliever do this? Is this work for a carnal, unconverted man? Is any man fit for such employ, but one who is himself pardoned? How can one teach what he never knew, explain what he never understood? Only he who has felt the pains of penitence; trod the rough way of deep conviction; known the peculiar temptations and trials of the awakened, seeking spirit; groaned beneath the weight of unforgiven sin; found his way to Jesus; believed in his atonement; heard his pardoning voice; and tasted the sweetness of forgiving mercy; can know how to deal with penitents, or is qualified to instruct them. And may we not expect penitents in every class? Then, to meet their case, we must have truly converted Leaders: they are not safe in any other hands. Persons may be found among us, perhaps, who have gone back from their penitence, and sunk into formal satisfaction, without one spark of saving grace, or even an earnest desire after salvation. This is quite a possible case, we fear by no means an uncommon one: would that we could say that it was less common than formerly. It is a fact, of which sufficient notice has not been taken in the class-meeting or the pulpit, that if persons do not go on from penitence to faith, they soon either relapse into the world, or sink into a deathly indifference. Now a Leader may expect to meet with some of these persons; the very class to which he is appointed may contain one or more; and his duty in such cases will be, by plain, pointed, and affectionate inquiry, to ascertain the fact, and then seek to remove it. He must know the state of every member,—if faithful, he may soon do that,—and then, having discovered that some are neither saved, nor earnestly seeking to be, he must ply them with arguments, press them with exhortations, urge them with entreaties, until they amend. He must give them no rest: week after week, must he declare to them the necessity of an immediate surrender to God, and ask them pointedly if they have surrendered. This being a case of more than ordinary peril,—for there is, perhaps, more

danger of the eternal ruin of an unconcerned professor than of a man of the world,—he must be the more earnest, persevering, and faithful. The greatest prudence, kindness, and care, tempered with zeal for God's glory, and undying love for souls, will here be requisite. How can such persons be made to feel ashamed of their awfully perilous and yet ridiculous position, and be forced, by the pressure of pious earnestness, to become Christians? A Leader should not want to drive them from class; but to bring them to Jesus. He must not say, "They are worthless, let them go;" but, "Their souls are in danger, and how can I prevent their ruin?" Who can bear with these? who lead them to the smitten Rock? who talk to them of earnest dying love, till the icy heart begins to melt; and reason with them concerning Christ's claims, till they submit? An unpardoned man? No. Who would like to see him in such a position? We repeat, only a pardoned man is fit for a Leader.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XI.

"There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit."—Eccles. viii. 8.

The truths of Scripture are the statements of infallible revelation. They are written, circulated, and change not; and are thus subjected to the test of ages, and all classes and characters of men. What their divine Author hath said, he continues to say, and thus challenges refutation if it be possible. In man there has been no want of disposition to make God a liar, and thus destroy the authenticity of a book that is so condemnatory of human conduct. For this purpose the acquirements of learning, the wiles of sophistry, and the pretence of arguments, have all been employed; but they have failed, while the truths of God remain firm and unshaken. If there be one truth in the whole contents of sacred writ that men would, if possible, falsify, it is the truth, that man must die; that he cannot "retain the spirit" when God requires his spirit. The love of life is wisely implanted in his nature, and in that nature there is a universal shrinking from the hour and power of death. To avoid it, and even to retard its approach, every means of care, of skill, and safeguard have been employed; but all in vain. When He who breathed into man the breath of life says, "Thy soul is required of thee," no man hath power to withstand the demand. This truth has stamped upon it the universal seal of all generations. For not one is found of past ages to witness against the truth of God. If wealth could retain the spirit, the rich would have an abiding place on earth; if skill could retain the spirit, the physician would never die; if exalted station could retain the spirit, Sovereigns would perpetuate their reigns; if power could retain the spirit, there would be a combination of strength, and defiance of death would be proclaimed. But every state, feeling, and character is met with, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Yet attempts have been made to retain the spirit. The lure of gold has been offered, but the purchase could not be made; the rules of longevity have been observed, but they have ultimately failed; determined opposition has been manifested, but this has been overcome. Of old it has been recorded that men have been known who have declared to Him in whom they lived, that they *would* not die, but even they could not retain the spirit; and modern days have furnished similar examples of profane but foolish determination. One of recent occurrence shows the impotency of the creature when contending with the Creator.

In one of the largest towns in Yorkshire resided an individual who, at one period of his life, made a profession of religion; nor was there any reason to

suspect the truthfulness of that profession. The great cause of regret is, that it was not maintained to the end of life: then would he have escaped a death painful to contemplation. In his awful departure from God, longsuffering grace was exercised, and protracted space was granted for reflection and repentance; but, alas! it was allowed in vain. Sickness overtook him, and for many weeks he lingered confined to his chamber; yet even there sin had dominion over him. He was not forgotten by those who had known him in the days of his devotedness to God and union with his people. One ventured to visit him, to expostulate with him, and to exhort him to better conduct, and preparation for approaching death. He would listen, and even approved of what was said to him; but while in the midst of such conversations he would give to those around him sinful directions. Neither warnings, nor prayers, nor the progress of disease, appeared to awaken concern in his hardened mind. Ardent spirits were resorted to, either to lull the voice of conscience, or from the power of contracted habit. The eventful moment at last arrived; he felt a sudden alarming change. He concluded that it was a change for death; and, with a daring that manifested the deceitful wickedness of his heart, he exclaimed, "I won't die: give me a glass of gin;" and while in the act of drinking he expired. "Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker." Thus all ages, all circumstances, and all persons confirm the truthfulness of the word of the Lord; a fact that is warning to the wicked, and comforting to the righteous. Reflecting that the person who thus dared to enter the list of defiance against his God, was once a professed partaker of the salvation of the Gospel, well may we confess and pray with the poet,—

"Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

"Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love."

Manchester. N.

THY BROTHER.

THOUGH poor, ragged, and degraded, the outcast is thy brother still. Why shun and despise him? In years past, a kind admonition, a pleasant word, might have saved him. Yet you refused to counsel him, and passed by him scornfully. Now he is a wreck of his former self. His ambition is destroyed, his energy is lost, and his heart is steeped in vice. There was a time, it may be, when his eye was placed on virtue, and his feet were turned from destruction. That moment, a look from you decided his fate. The lip of scorn was curled, contempt was expressed, and away he urged his steps to ruin. It is a pleasant reflection, "I might have saved a soul from vice and infamy, yet I refused."

Ye who have been remiss in duty, who have not cared when a brother erred and perished, awaken to new life, and be not slack in the performance of duty. It is not too late: scores may yet be saved by your judicious efforts, your counsels, your tears, your affectionate hearts and open hands. A kiss is better than a blow; a tear more effectual than a kick; an open hand far preferable to a clenched fist. Kindness is a moral lever, judiciously used, that will move the world, and raise it to life, light, and joy.

THEOLOGY.

ABRAHAM OFFERING UP ISAAC.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SLEIGH.

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only-begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."—Heb. xi. 17—19.

ABRAHAM stands highly honoured amongst the worthies whose history is recorded in the Old Testament; for, if we do not find unqualified applause accorded to him, yet the testimony borne is truly laudatory on the whole.

Confining our attention to the words before us, they plainly open to us two very distinct sources of meditation; that which respects the *history to which they refer*, and that which respects the *instruction to be drawn from them*. To these, then, let us direct our attention.

I. We have in the history, the COMMAND by which Abraham was tried, and the LINE OF CONDUCT which he pursued on receiving that command. These facts are full of wonder indeed. And in surveying them we are completely lost in astonishment.

Let us first take the COMMAND by which he was tried into our consideration. And truly it was a singular and an afflicting one. When the Almighty issued it, he is by no means to be considered as approving the custom of the heathen,—the offering human sacrifices. The command was given to see whether he had grace to execute it: for disobedience, had he been inclined to it, he might have urged as pleas many things.

He might have urged the *close relation in which he stood to the youth*. He was his father; and we know what it is to be a father to any one. Conceive, then, of Abraham as a father like any of ourselves. What must the aged Patriarch have felt to be ordered to immolate a child, and to offer on the altar of God all that he held most dear in the world! The Lord said, "Take now thy son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." (Gen. xxii. 2.) Every word seems intended to awaken his parental feelings. He must have felt at that moment all the sympathies of nature beyond measure; and, as to obey would make him appear to himself dead to natural affection, well might he have said, "Would God I might die for thee, O Isaac, my son, my son!"

He might have urged *the certainty of being reproached by Sarah, his wife*. How strong are some human attachments! That of a mother to her child is inexpressibly so, and has justly been designated the strongest. She has feelings of her own, and in a manner peculiar to herself. Her affection is displayed by the bestowment of a thousand smiles, and by the performance of a thousand tender and endearing offices. These are the spontaneous product of her own heart. Through sleepless nights and anxious days, she watches over the progress of her child; and no toils are thought too great, no pains too painful, in the discharge of maternal duty. The health and comfort of her child are objects of unceasing solicitude, and sedulously regarded by her. Isaac was rooted deeply in his mother's heart, and was beheld with the fondness of an indulgent and doting parent. She had brought him forth in her old age, when neither she nor her husband, according to the course of nature, could hope for any progeny; and she had given him his very name expressive of joy and laughter. How could Abraham face such a mother? Should he perpetrate the sacrifice, and that without so much as the allegation of guilt against the victim, he might naturally enough conclude how unpleasant his first interview with her would be; that on his approaching her, with quick utterance of passion, her language would be, "A bloody husband art thou to me."

He might have urged *the atrocity of the deed itself*. A father destroying his son, is as dreadful a scene as could be witnessed on earth. The act completely engrosses the mind, excites the strongest emotions, and cannot but be considered a crime demanding the heaviest punishment in its enormity. History records various instances of painful deaths occasioned by the hands of others; yet none can give an adequate idea of the light in which man appears to society, as a father imbruing his hands in the blood of his own son. Dreadful is that hour in which con-

science presents to any one an offence of this description. Perhaps at this very moment conscious guilt trembles at having, at some time or other, made a child's blood to flow; and such unnatural barbarity must ever cause in the executioner a detested life to be wept away in a state of miserable distraction.

He might have urged *the rash suspicions of the justice and mercy of God it would induce.* Abstractly, it certainly appears strange that Abraham should be so commanded; and stranger still that he should have the command from God himself, as if he delighted in shedding blood; more especially when we read so much about the amiableness of his character. For contesting or explaining away the injunction, he might have concluded, and that with seeming propriety, that in executing the assigned commission, the divine Being, instead of deriving glory from such an instance of obedience, would have the lustre of his perfections, in no inconsiderable degree, both tarnished and dishonoured.

He might have urged *the occasion it would give to the adversaries of the Lord to blaspheme.* It must be remembered that Abraham was no common person. He was a saint, a distinguished worshipper, and a Prophet. When, however, his friends and allies should hear of his having put a period to the life of a boy; that boy, too, his son, his only son, who had the right of succession to his possessions; and this, such a son as Isaac, eminent for virtue and piety, how could his name and profession escape perpetual execration?

He might have urged *the requirement having been made without any reason given him for it.* He was to handle the sacrificing knife. This was the divine order. And this the aged man had to do, because, and *only* because, God commanded it, without understanding, in any measure or degree, at least at that time, the design, or discovering the reason, of it, though a mandate so repulsive to human nature. This surely was an aggravation of the trial, and compels us to confess, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." (Psal. lxxvii. 19.)

He might have urged *the defeat of expectation by which it would be followed.* Isaac was to be the father of many nations. In him they all were to be blessed. He was to be the progenitor of the Messiah and the Redeemer of the world. How pleasing were such hopes! How animating to the heart of every one loving his species! But now he might say, as probably he thought, "Can depriving my son of life be at all consistent with these engagements? Can He promise and disappoint?" Such an idea was natural; and that the difficulty thus occurring to, and working on, the venerable Patriarch's mind, was a strong one, can scarcely be questioned.

Observe then, from these and other excuses which Abraham might have alleged for disobedience, how great was his trial, and what a momentous hour of his life it was when he heard the command!

II. In our observations on Abraham's obedience, we may notice separately—its CHARACTER—its PRINCIPLE—and its REWARD.

1. The CHARACTER of his obedience. A just view of this will easily appear, and well satisfy us.

As soon as God intimated to Abraham his will, *he deferred not to comply with it.* We find not in the account given of him (Gen. xxii.) the least intimation, either by his countenance or manner, of any symptom of hesitation or backwardness; and instead of postponing his obedience, being assured the commandment was of divine authority, he sought no further. The duty of the creature was not to question, but to obey; not to consult present ease and comfort, but to renounce both for the preservation of a good conscience.

Having resolved on obedience, we cannot but admire *his decision in acting.* Abraham had seen the divine command in such a light as filled him with sacred awe, and though, in executing it, there was a duty to perform most seriously painful, "he clave the wood," and by so doing showed the intrepidity of his mind.

In this affair, *he carefully guarded against hinderances.* To Abraham it was of importance that the matter decided on should be unknown to others. Had he revealed his purpose, some might be found to have no kindred feelings with himself, and to have officiously interposed to prevent the intended offering. But all fears of this kind were effectually obviated by the secresy observed by him on the occasion; for he neither told Sarah, nor Isaac, nor his servants, what he was about to do.

His course was an *unwavering one* from first to last. He manifested the completeness of his subjection to the divine will, we have seen, as soon as it was made known to him, by receiving it without gainsaying, or sitting in judgment upon it. He then set his face in good earnest towards the appointed place, proving thus the fervour of his piety. He

suffered nothing to impede his progress thither, or to divert him from the course he had adopted. And on his arrival at it, and all being prepared, steady to his object, "he stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." This was enough: the sacrifice, in effect, was offered up, God accepting the will for the deed; accounting that as actually done, which would irrecoverably have been done, had not Jehovah, who had watched every part of the scene, arrested his hand at the instant it was about to obey the high command.

2. The PRINCIPLE from which his obedience sprang. It was faith. So says the text. "By faith Abraham offered up Isaac," &c.

Abraham believed that the Lord was *faithful* who had promised. He was persuaded that he should have a spiritual seed; that the Messiah himself would spring from his loins; that multitudes, both of Jews and Gentiles, through what Christ should do and suffer, were to be saved. This persuasion was a strong support to him: it encouraged him in duty, and confirmed his hope, which did not make him, in the least, ashamed. (Rom. v. 3—5.)

He believed that what God had promised, he was *able also to perform*. He was persuaded that as the mercy and love of God had given him the promises, and his faithfulness was pledged to fulfil them; so almighty power was engaged to execute what his goodness had given him reason to expect. Hence his soul was perfectly at rest; because he knew, that though his son were slain and reduced to ashes, God could easily bring him to life again.

3. The BENEFIT he derived from it. It is asserted in the passage, that Abraham received Isaac again from the dead "in a figure;" that is, in a figure or resemblance of the resurrection from the dead. What a delight would he feel in a son so given, and so restored to him, as from the dead! He had often seen him with joy, but never so much so as now. He returns home with him filled with transports of pleasure.

But while we view these historical facts, the words are,—

III. An instruction to us, teaching us what expectations to form, what course to pursue, what encouragement to regard, and what reward to look for. These are the leading lessons to be derived from the facts recorded.

1. However favoured we may be of God, *we may still meet with occasions demanding the most painful sacrifices.* Of Abraham we may say, that, in his day, he was by far the most highly-favoured of his God. To no other saint upon earth did Jehovah ever allow such intimate and immediate communion with himself; nor was any other blessed with such rich and glorious communications; so that it is not impossible but he might think of passing his days in tranquillity. If so, how vain was the expectation! Any one who peruses his history, and considers the vicissitudes which he experienced, may easily conceive they were most distressing. And there is a close analogy between his case and that of God's church and people in the present day. It can never be thought that we are more privileged than he, or that though tried already, we are not to prepare for new trials, (perhaps for those of a most painful kind,) whatever distinction may have been assigned us; it being a thorny wilderness we have to pass through, and a troubled ocean we have to navigate, ere we can reach the desired haven.

2. No earthly good which we may possess, must be allowed to *stand between us and our duty to God.* God has an undoubted right to command; and whatever his injunctions are, we are bound to obey them. We are not to set any of them at nought, but to show towards them all a willing obedience. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, with every other dear relation, must be parted with at the call of God. There is no choice left us in the matter. No other course is to be followed.

3. We may expect *God will interpose for us in the hour of necessity.* Trials foreseen are always dreaded; and the imagination often paints them in the gloomiest colours. Knowing how feeble we are, we are apt to give way to despondency; and when our fears preponderate, they draw over us the curtains of night; we are thus intimidated by the threatening aspect. Need it be asked whether alarms of this nature do not obtrude in the bosoms of numbers, and embitter many of their present comforts? Is not, in short, the greatest disturber of enjoyment in life the apprehension of suffering which may be endured hereafter, rather than the actual suffering at present endured? But from the kindness of God to Abraham, all believers are taught to expect to be favoured now, as far as their necessities call for it. In the mount God shall assuredly be seen.

Finally, We shall not find it *vain to sacrifice anything to the Lord.* To the grace of God, it is true, must all our blessings be traced. Nothing did we ever merit at his hands, or can we ever merit, but wrath. But if we cannot advance claims, there are still statements in the Bible to encourage us. Truly, too, we are living witnesses for God, that he "will not forget" what is done by us out of love to him. And if by sacrificing to Him our Isaacs, we gain His special and peculiar favour, what reason can we possibly have to regret the sacrifice? The flesh, we know, will protest against the act, and will plead powerfully for indulgence. It will tell us that the separation will be a very painful and difficult work; but we are to silence the suggestion by the sentiment, that God can abundantly make up the loss even in the present world, and that what beloved idol we give up, shall be to our "praise, and honour, and glory," as well as unto the praise, and honour, and glory of our God, "at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter i. 7.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.

Sin haunts the memory, even when it has ceased to burden the conscience. Years may have passed since God forgave the sinner; but transgressions committed before that act of forgiveness occur again and again to the believer's mind, and never without sorrow and shame for their accompaniments. It is not that he dreads his Father's wrath: that wrath has not been kindled against him since the day that he trusted in the atonement. It is not that he expects reproaches; for the love that, when he had nothing to pay, frankly forgave him all, has never upbraided him with the heavy debt he owed. But, as an ingenuous child feels most grief for his fault when his earthly father shows most tenderness towards him, so the Christian's sorrow for sin is the deepest when he is safest under the shelter of the Cross.

Sometimes the believer purposely calls his former sins to remembrance, to enhance his gratitude for deliverance; and at other times they rush unbidden into his mind, claiming and constraining his attention. The power of memory to retain images once traced upon it, and to present them again in the freshness of their first colouring, has often been the theme of sermon and of song; and it is attested by the experience of every man. In the bustle of midday, as well as in the quietness of night, images of the past flit across his mind; their forms sometimes so faint that their presence is scarcely recognised; but sometimes so distinct and bright, that they make the present look dim. Faces, once familiar, but long since hidden in the tomb, look upon him again with their wonted expression; voices, whose living tones are no more heard, vibrate on his mental ear and thrill his heart. He sees himself, too, not as he is now; but as he was then. Trifling words and acts re-appear, as well as those of graver moment, and emotions long hushed are re-awakened.

"Life is all re-touch'd again."

Ah! memory has kept a faithful record. "No day without its line," and no line lost.

Now the pain or pleasure derived from reading this record of memory must depend chiefly on the moral good or evil of our own past actions. And have we not here one powerful argument to employ in recommending an early choice of piety? We generally prefer taking higher ground when urging the young to give their hearts to God; but it is surely allowable also to remind them of the sorrow they will avoid, and the happiness they will secure, if in future years they can dwell in thought on a lifetime devoted to His hallowed service.

The believer who looks back through a long course of years to the early day when he gave his heart to God, has enough of shame when he remembers the rebellion of his childhood, enough of sorrow when he thinks of his subsequent wanderings of heart, omissions and shortcomings; but he has not to mourn over a life of wilful transgression, over a maturing intellect employed in scheming to secure worldly gain and aggrandizement, over a heart closed to the best interests of others. He can say, with as much humility as sincerity, "My rejoicing is this, the testimony of my conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I have had my conversation in the world." Yes; and as he retraces his course, and rests here and there on spots peculiarly dear and sacred, how thankfully he exclaims, "Here, I engaged in a special conflict with my spiritual enemy, and gained a signal victory. Here, alone in my closet, I wrestled and prevailed; a bosom sin received its death-blow, and I pursued my way with a lightened heart, and a free

step. Here I laid my dearest idol on the altar of sacrifice, and was so filled with divine consolation, that 'the sweet returns of comfort' more than compensated for the painful struggle which preceded that act of obedience. Here I received the glad intelligence that one for whose conversion my efforts and prayers had been ceaseless, had given his heart to God."

Far different is the retrospect of the man whose best years have been spent in sin. He sees a lifetime wasted, and worse than wasted; the precious gifts of God employed for Satan, good resisted, and evil loved.

His past sins have an influence on his present experience. His memory is a storehouse of unsanctified imagery. Satan saw that storehouse filled; and skilfully does he now present temptations suggestive of scenes and words which the renewed man would gladly forget. He is harassed, if not injured. Then there is the sad consideration that the consequences of his former sins are still accumulating. His bad example, his pernicious counsel, hurt many who still live to scatter around them seed sprung of his sowing, and contributed to the ruin of others, who are now beyond the reach of his warning voice.

This train of thought was suggested to the writer by a conversation with a poor woman in a cottage visit. She had passed her childhood and youth in ignorance of God; and had married an ungodly man, with whom she had lived very unhappily for several years. Some time after his death, she was induced to attend a Wesleyan chapel. She listened gladly to the sound of the Gospel, received its truths, and became a partaker in its blessings. In the conversation alluded to, she contrasted her present with her former circumstances, and spoke of her husband's wicked life and death. "Had he no thought about his soul?" asked her visiter. "None whatever. He had oaths on his lips up to the last moment." "But had you no anxiety respecting his state; no misgiving when you thought of the future?" She replied, "No: I thought nothing about it. We both of us lived as though there were no God. He had been very unkind to me; and, to say the truth, I felt no concern about him then: but I have felt much since. When first I went to the chapel, and began to care for my own soul, I thought of my poor husband; and since then, I have spent hours in thinking and weeping about his soul."

Reader, would you avoid shedding such tears? Then let your surrender of yourself to God be immediate and entire, and make it the business of all coming years to win the souls of those around you, especially those of your own household, to the faith and love of Christ.

Should any who see your holy example, and hear your faithful warnings, and your gentle entreaties, finally refuse salvation, they will not be able to charge the death of their soul to your account. You will be clear from their blood. But you have scriptural warrant for expecting success. Believe, pray, labour; and yours shall be the blessing, oft-repeated, of Him who saves "a soul from death," and hides "a multitude of sins." H. S. R.

THERE ARE UNCONVERTED PERSONS IN THE CHURCH.

BY JESSE T. PECK.

I MUST call attention to this fact in another aspect. I tremble to confess it, but not a thing shall be concealed. There are those in the church who profess piety, but were never converted! Let me use (though I do it with grief) the only word that will exactly express the fact,—*There are hypocrites in the church!* And who are they?

They surely know themselves. Religion is experience. Experience is matter of consciousness. It is matter of divine communication to the soul's own intelligence. He who has it knows it; by the laws of his own mind he knows it; by the revelations of God to him he knows it; by the hidden sweetness, the subdued acquiescence of his soul with the divine will,—by the new and wondrous power of his supernatural spiritual life, he knows it. Irreligion is also matter of experience. A state of sin is also a state of consciousness: love of sin is inevitably known. Unholy desires encouraged, approved, gratified, are as surely known, as hunger, thirst, love, or hatred. These persons, notwithstanding their feigned conversion, their affected sanctimoniousness, external decency, and even amiableness, know that they are, and have been, what they are by nature, "children of wrath, even as others." The excitement of a revival may have bewildered them for an hour, the pungency of conviction may have biassed their judgments, the relief felt as it subsided may have been for the moment suspected to be conversion, and their self-deception has doubtless been very

much strengthened and protracted by the premature encouragement of unskilful labourers, at the altar and elsewhere. After all, the sane mind soon corrects itself. And if it feels as it felt before, if it has the same love of carnal pleasure, the same earthly attachments, and the same unwillingness to obey God as before, its own consciousness attests the fact. No conversion has occurred. What strange hallucination, to go on, and profess to have been brought from nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, to attempt and carry on a forced conformity to the externals of religion, to claim to be happier by far than when living in sin, while the deceitful heart inwardly owns the fraud, and the awkward attempts to walk in the path of holiness reveal with too much certainty the hypocrisy he would gladly conceal! What madness to mock God thus! to stand month after month, and year after year, before Heaven's altar, perjured and condemned!

Yes, *they know it*, though we may not; and God knows it. He has seen the secret reserves by which they have contradicted their vows; he has seen their lips promise what their hearts never intended to perform; he has watched every step by which they have insinuated themselves into the household of God, without one evidence of adoption. He has known the motives of worldly policy which have induced them to advance step after step in this Heaven-daring career.

The church may not know them; yet I think the chill of their presence has been perceptible to delicately-sensitive spirits in the household of faith. From the beginning there has been something obviously mechanical in their external conformity. They have been restive under the demands of their unnatural position, impatient of restraint, hypocritical in regard to what they have been pleased to dignify as "decorum" in the exercises of the church; easily dissatisfied with Ministers, and great sticklers for "respectability" in everything; pleased, from the first, with show and splendour; gratified with everything worldly in the church of God; ambitious of preferment, of office, and influence; incessantly urging on extravagant outlays for churches and needless equipage; taking high sectarian ground; boasting, like worldlings, of what they are proud to call their own; fomenting discord and strife among brethren; in fine, living like sinners, and only occasionally talking like saints. In these, and a thousand nameless ways, have they indicated their presence in the sacred fold. Not that all who have done this have been of this class. The general tenor of the life from the first must have been carefully observed to make out the probability that such hypocrisy has been among us. And what should be more natural than all this? What else could be expected of a worldly man in the church, than that he should use every effort in his power to make the church worldly? What should a man do whose soul feels none of the power of spiritual life but to oppose those who do feel it? How can pride endure the presence of humility? sin of holiness? Now, that there are such men in the churches, is what every one who observes must know. That they are Christians, without illustrating one of the graces of the Spirit, no candid man would claim; and that many of them were never converted, I strongly suspect, from the fact that from the very beginning these unmistakable signs of love for sin, and hatred to holiness, have developed themselves. Those features of an humble, cross-bearing, pure Christianity, which could not be suppressed, have been merely tolerated; and full compensation for all the sacrifices they have been compelled to make has been demanded, and too often received, in the patronage of the faithful, in support of fortune, character, reputation, or position.

I would, if I could, stir up the slumbering consciences of those guilty men and women. I see their peril. Standing amid the scenes of the crucifixion, they are despising atoning blood. We must alarm the self-deceived. We must unveil his fearful hypocrisy to the gaze of his own spirit-eye. We must extort his confession by the tears of pity, the charms and the terrors of truth, and the power of holy love. We must not—cannot—allow it to be said, that he has fallen from the very altar of God by our side, into the world of despair!

I would, if I could, make the church sensible how large a portion of her work lies within herself. All around us and among us, dear brethren, the suffering, deluded spirits of men implore our aid, our prayers, our unwavering fidelity. Let us not deceive ourselves. We cannot save these men and women by flattering their pride, by cloaking their hypocrisy, by conceding their irreligious demands. No; in the spirit of holy, burning love, we must reveal the truth, and lead them to safety.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

GERMANY AFFECTED BY LABOURS IN AMERICA.

[The American Methodist Episcopal Church has for some time had a highly-successful Mission among German settlers in the United States; and the following extract tends to show, how that Mission will operate, in the providence of God, upon Germany itself.]

While our branch of the church is putting forth her efforts to cultivate the Missionary fields at home, especially among the thousands of Germans that come to this country, it will be interesting to the friends of these home-efforts to learn that they are indirectly exerting a favourable influence upon many who remain in the "fatherland;" and in this way there will be an important door opened to our Missionaries, when they shall have penetrated the heart of Germany, to arouse her sleeping millions from that deep moral slumber into which they have fallen since the days of the Reformers and their immediate successors. I have frequently mentioned, that a favourable impression is often made upon a neighbourhood or parish by letters written by our converts to their old friends in Germany.

The following interesting letter was written by a young man now living in Cincinnati. Brother Nast showed me the letter before it was sent off, and I requested and obtained a copy of it. After the young man had given a fine account of America and his temporal condition, he says, in his letter to his father,—

"However, it is now in order that I should give you some information in reference to the condition of my soul, which should properly have made the commencement of my letter, and which with me is the principal thing. As you know, I, in Germany, already sought in religion a protection against the inward and outward corruptions which were breaking in upon us like a storm; I often felt comforted in solitude, and especially in Hofacker's meetings.

"Never can I forget, dear father, the religious instruction you gave me. I often shudder when I look back and see how often I have broken my vows which I made in my confirmation. I often felt strengthened while partaking of the holy communion, but never found that peace in my soul which every true Christian should possess. My frequently-formed good resolutions were never realized, and often a voice within admonished me, 'You must mend your ways, or be lost for ever.' However, my self-righteousness refused to heed these admonitions. This was the condition of my soul when I left my friends and my fatherland.

"As I informed you, in my last letter, that *vital godliness* which I found here, and especially with my worthy brother Nast, interested me very much, and I soon found that here the words were fulfilled, 'And they continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread from house to house.' I had a desire to be one of their number. I went to the country, as I told you before, and endeavoured to examine myself closely by the word of God; and the more I did this, the more condemned I felt myself before the eyes of a righteous and just God. I found that there was 'no soundness, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot;' and, as Isaiah says, 'Your sins have separated you and your God.' My good opinion of self would not at first allow me to see my sad condition; yet I was soon convinced that I was totally depraved, exposed to death and destruction, and that I was indebted to the infinite mercy of God, that the sentence of condemnation had not been executed upon me; but now a Saviour was offered to me, Jesus Christ, who had made an offering of himself for the sins of the whole world. My distress on account of my sins increased. Lost in a labyrinth of unbelief, I could find no way of deliverance, neither could I apprehend the promises: nowhere could I find comfort, and I was sorely tempted. I soon found that faith was a gift of God, which no one could obtain by his own efforts, and commenced praying in earnest, 'God be merciful to me a sinner! Bring me to a proper knowledge of my lost condition! Give me the faith that overcometh the world! Give me an humble and a contrite heart, which thou, O God, wilt not despise! Speak peace to my soul!' In this exercise I continued many days, especially after school-hours, or in some lonely place in the woods, on my way home.

"One evening, I again fell upon my knees in deep anguish of soul, and prayed to God for the pardon of my sins; but, as usual, there appeared no answer to my prayer. I continued to pray more earnestly. While thus praying, suddenly light came into my soul, and I heard a voice within, 'Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace, and sin no more.' I could now receive my Redeemer as a Saviour; and felt that if my sins were ever so great, his grace would be sufficient to take them all away. I arose, filled with joy and gladness, and praised God with a loud voice. I was delivered from the bondage of sin, and felt the living witness of the pardon of my sins. 'Hallelujah! hallelujah!' I cried aloud. I could not restrain myself: the love of my Saviour was shed abroad in my soul. I felt my great unworthiness, and at the same time the greatness of his grace.

"I immediately made a firm resolve to

remain faithful unto death. In my own strength I am not able to keep this resolution; but by His grace I can do it. I trust in His promises, and have the witness in my heart that I am a child of God, and an heir of eternal life. I serve Him in great weakness, surrounded with temptations, and am often pained that I have not made greater progress in His service; yet I hope to advance and to grow up to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. The Methodist Church received me as a mother, and I have united myself with her. There is no essential difference between the doctrine of Wesley and Luther. Methodism is strictly grounded upon the holy Scripture, and is simply Christianity in earnest."

He proceeds, in his letter, to give a plain account of Methodism, all of which, no doubt, will be very interesting to his friends in Germany, but is so familiar to us here, that I deem it unnecessary to translate this part of the letter. I will, however, say, that his description of Methodism, its modes and forms of worship, and church regulations, does him great credit, and shows that he has improved well the short time he has been among us, to acquaint himself so fully with our usages. His father is a Preacher in Germany; and the letter will undoubtedly be read with attention, and produce a good effect.

ADAM MILLER.

Cincinnati, March 27th, 1849.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

DO WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN?

"My dear wife, do you think we love our children?"

"Why, husband, what do you mean? Do not our labours and self-denial for them prove our love?"

"Just as they do in the birds, who toil to feed, and die to defend, their young. Their love is instinctive; and so is ours, if it is only natural affection."

"But is not our love proved to be more by our anxiety for their moral training, and by our grief for their wrong-doing?"

"Alas! many who are not Christians show anxiety and grief as great as ours. Do we care for the *souls* of our children as becomes Christians?"

"What more can we do than give them good instruction, and pray for them?"

"But do we *really* instruct them, and pray for them? We give minutes to religious teaching for days devoted to worldly education; and then, I fear, we teach words more than thoughts, and appeal to the memory rather than the heart. We teach more theory than practice. And, besides, what is our personal influence? Our children see us 'diligent in business,' but not 'fervent in spirit;' they hear our conversation lively and cheerful upon worldly subjects, but cold and dull when turned to religion. They know that we spend very little time in studying the Bible, or in prayer; and do they not learn from this our daily conduct to prefer temporal things to spiritual? Do we not thus virtually teach them to neglect their souls, and thus prove that we do not love them?"

"Well, my dear husband, I believe you are right; and, to tell the truth, I have long feared that we are not bringing up our children in the nurture of the Lord. But what shall we do?"

"We must repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. We must confess our sin to God and our children. We must teach them religion, by showing in our daily conduct how to live to God. We must show them that we regard them as committed to us by God to be educated for Him, and that we cannot rest till they are truly His; and we must pray and labour, expecting success through the blessing of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"—*New-York Paper.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE FOUR WORDS.

"FOUR little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman the other day. "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me: they were the first words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed: what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:—"My father grafted a pear-tree: it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. They were said to be a very nice kind of pear; and my father was quite anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my

father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope now, there is some prospect of our having good pears!'

"Everybody who came into the garden, he took to the graft; and everybody said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.' It began to look very beautiful: it was full and round: a rich red glow was gradually dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bit,' I cried, as I followed my father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"'Wait patiently, my child: it will not be fully ripe for a week,' said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than anything else: often I used to stop and look longing up to this. 'O, how good it looks!' I used to think, smacking my lips: 'I wish it was all mine.'

"The early apples did not taste so good, the currants were not so relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of, in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it; until I was seized with the idea of getting it. 'O, I wish I had it!' was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did: I tossed about, and could not get to sleep. I crept up, and went to the window. It was a warm, still, summer night: there was no moon, no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and peeped into the garden. I snuffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outline of the trees. I glanced in thedirection of the pear-tree; the pear-tree, then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good a juicy pear would taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back-stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden-door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise: and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out into the cool night-air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment, and looked all around, and then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

"'Father will think the wind has knocked it off;' but there was not a breath of air stirring. 'Father will think somebody has stolen it,—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden: he'll never know.' I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. 'O, it will taste so good! and father never will, never can, know it: he never would think I took it.'

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree, and raised my hand to find it, and to snatch it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'Thou God seest me!' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear-tree. I was so frightened that I did not know what to do. 'Thou God seest me!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words, 'Thou God seest me!' I knew He saw me: I felt that He saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree: nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me; but, O, it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences, which, God be praised! I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me!' stared me in the face; and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished: his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them: I hope it may do them much good.

"Thou God seest me." These four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her to return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God; for nobody but He could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way: when alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest me."—*American Paper.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SERPENTS AND SERPENT-CHARMING.

THE following fact of serpent-charming occurred near my residence, when in Trincomalee, and appears to me to give a true explanation of what is sometimes made a mystery. The band belonging to a line of battle-ship, then in the harbour, was on shore, and playing soft airs, contiguous to the Admiral's residence, where a party of gentlemen were dining. An object was observed emerging from some shrubbery at a distance, and moving slowly up a gentle ascent towards the house; but being small, and having only the evening twilight by which to see it, no one could guess what it might be, until, on a nearer approach, it was discovered to be a serpent, a cobra di capello, with its head and a considerable portion of its body erect, tapering, as it moved forward, to the music that was being played.

The musicians, the soldiers on guard, and some of the persons belonging to the establishment, saw it, one of whom, the Admiral's steward, a pious man, came into my house and gave me the information. It was suffered to approach close to the place where the music was, before they interfered with it, but then a corporal killed it with a bayonet. A Hindoo would not have destroyed it, because with them this species is held to be sacred; but would have placed milk or fruit in a *chetty*, a large earthern pot, to have enticed it in, and, covering it over, would have taken it away.

In this instance, there was no intention to charm, as none of the party knew that such a reptile was in the vicinity, or that music would have any such effect upon it had they known it was there. The music alone drew it from its place, and excited it to the motions which it performed. It was not "a deaf adder." (Psal. lviii. 4, 5.)

While on this subject, perhaps the following facts will be interesting to the readers of your periodical.

One day a cobra di capello had intruded into my bed-room, but was speedily conducted, by means of long sticks, outside the house. For the sake of experiment, it was allowed to bite a hen; which died, in consequence, in fifteen minutes!

Having heard reports that a second bite would not be fatal, on the supposition that the poison at the root of the fangs had been ejected by the first bite, at my request, the local Magistrate, who was present, sent a lascoreen, in his service, to catch what is called a parriaar dog, that we might ascertain, by another experiment, this point. In about an hour's time the man returned with one, having a cord about its neck. When he arrived, the serpent appeared as if dead, no doubt injured by our long sticks by which we held it to the spot. I drew the dog across the serpent; but the latter appeared not to regard it. I then drew it back again, when life kindled in the serpent's eyes, it rose, distended its beautiful neck, and, bending forward the head, giving the form of a hood, (hence its name,) then hissing, seized the dog by its side. It then, by a peculiar turn, which was necessary for the purpose, unhooked the curved fangs, and lay on the ground as before. I still kept hold of the cord which was fastened to the terrified dog, and held my watch in the other hand to observe how soon the poison would operate, if any were deposited in the incisions which the serpent's fangs had made. A quarter of an hour elapsed, (in which time the hen had died,) and the dog did not appear to be affected: however, on touching it with my foot to make it move, it fell over on one side to the ground, struggled a little, but was not able to rise; then the whole body was convulsed, accompanied with a low and apparently distressing whine, and death terminated its sufferings in exactly twenty-five minutes from the bite.

A bottle, with a wide neck, was brought, filled with arrack. I took the serpent by the tail, and held it over the bottle. It tried to evade the entrance; but by means of a stick it was got in, then corked up, and was brought to England by the Rev. William M. Harvard. The late Mr. Briggs showed me the identical serpent in the Mission-Office, Hatton-Garden; and I suppose it will have been removed, with other things, to the Centenary-Hall.

I received from the Magistrate before referred to, the following account of the destruction of a cobra di capello by the ichneumon, called by the Dutch "mungoose." This quadruped is often seen in the district of Jaffnapatam; and sometimes persons keep one in a large cage, as ferrets in this country. It is known to be the deadly foe of serpents. A cobra di capello had got into a room where some military officers were seated, and an

ichneumon being in the neighbourhood, it was sent for; the doors were closed to prevent either escaping, and the latter was liberated from its cage, the gentlemen mounted, some on the table, others on the windows, &c., to be out of the way, and witness the rencontre; but, to their great surprise and disappointment, the quadruped avoided the reptile, and showed the greatest anxiety to make its escape. After several fruitless attempts to bring them into contact, the door of the room was opened, the ichneumon rushed out, but instead of running off, as was expected, ran about a grass-plot in front, and with the greatest avidity appeared to be seeking something. Suddenly it stopped, for about a second or two, then ran into the room, seized the serpent, and killed it on the spot.

The gentlemen supposed that the ichneumon instinctively knew some herb which is an antidote to the serpent's poison, and would not hazard a bite until it had ascertained where it was; and it is difficult to account for its conduct on any other supposition.

It is deserving notice, as a wise and merciful arrangement of Providence, that those reptiles whose bite is attended with so much peril to human life, generally give some premonition, of several seconds, by which persons may escape who are acquainted with them, before they seize their object. The cobra di capello of India raises itself up, distends its neck, and hisses, as has been stated, before it bites. The puff-adder, as the Dutch call it, of South Africa, equally dangerous as the other, first inflates itself, and appears like a long bladder, making a noise like a person or animal that breathes hard and with difficulty. So, likewise, the terrible rattle-snake of America makes the peculiar sound from which its name is derived.

The same also applies to the crocodile, alligator, and shark, none of which can seize their prey directly: the two first have to make several efforts (at least when out of water, whatever may be the case when in it) before they can close their jaws; and the latter has to turn on his back, which enables a dexterous swimmer to avoid his mouth.

Poisonous serpents may be readily distinguished from those which are harmless, by their broad, flattish head, and abrupt termination at the tail. Pliny's characteristics of them in his "Natural History," I have found, on observation, to be exactly correct.

L. T.

MACAW.

THE *psittacidæ*, or parrots, form a family of birds which naturalists find much difficulty in classifying. Swainson, and others, place them among the *scansores* (climbers); while the Prince of Canino, and others, look upon

them as entitled to form a distinct order. Even Swainson himself says, "If any group in nature be isolated, it is this. Possessing in themselves the strongest characteristics, there is no bird yet discovered that presents any point of connexion to them; approximations are certainly made by the tooth-billed barbet, but still there is a gap which no genus discovered is calculated to fill up."

Under the parrot genus, is found the species macaw. These birds are among the largest of the parrot tribe, and are natives of South America. They are by no means equal to the parrots and parrakeets, as imitative birds; for though sometimes taught to pronounce a few words, they can never give them in other than a disagreeable tone. Their natural cries are exceedingly discordant and harsh: but what nature has denied them in music, she has liberally bestowed in painting; for the plumage is unusually gaudy and dashing, the hues being blue and yellow.

The regions of which the macaw is a native, namely, Surinam, Guiana, and the northern parts of Brazil, abound in large rivers, skirted by swamps, on which flourish tropical forests; these are the favourite haunts of this showy but tuneless bird. They are occasionally to be found tenanting these woods in large flocks, but more generally are found only in pairs. A palm, which flourishes in the marshy plains, yields the macaw its chief food. It delights to roost in the highest branches of the forest-trees, and skims with graceful speed around their loftiest tops, exhibiting the rich saffron tints of its lower plumage. The hollow of a decayed tree, is for the macaw, as for the parrot, the favourite place for depositing the eggs, which are two in number; and are tended during incubation by both the parent birds, which also carefully unite their offices in rearing their young.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE MR. W. DAWSON TO MISS ——.

(*Communicated by the Rev. J. P. Lockwood.*)

Barnbow, July 3d, 1809.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR distressing circumstances call forth the yearnings of sympathy; and it cannot be deemed an act of folly or cruelty to attempt to allay the stinging smart of your deeply-wounded spirit. From your opinion (which I heard you express at Hunslet) of your friend, I should scarcely have thought but she would, at the least, have given you some information of her intentions before now: thus you might have been relieved from that unpleasant suspense in which your mind would naturally hang. But by this time, perhaps, you have seen her again, and have reasoned the matter calmly over with each other; and she may have given you some greater satisfaction upon the business. I think, with my present views, I would not have you rashly break with an old-tried friend, for a momentary suspension of friendly attention. Perhaps mutual affection will return to its usual course, and be again reciprocally exchanged, till death interrupt the communion on earth, to be improved for ever and ever in heaven. But perhaps it is otherwise. Your soul is mourning over the separation with a mixture of indignation and grief. Dear Miss ——, what wearisome nights and troublesome days are your portion! Your case demands the soothings of pity, and the encouragements of sympathy. Shall I then reproach you with your departing from God? Shall I upbraid you with ingratitude to your Redeemer, in crucifying him afresh, and putting him to open shame? No, no; *that* be far from me! Shall I do that which *Christ himself will not do, if you return to him?* Cheer up, my dear sister: there is yet hope concerning you. Should *one* truly valued friend slight you with contempt, should another, *more respected still*, bid at once her —— and the world adieu, and close her eyes in death, yet still you are a child of hope. To fold your arms in supine despair, or to let loose the reins of the most passionate sorrow, would be running to opposite extremes, equally destructive to your happiness and *every proper exertion* for eternal life.

Once more, let languid faith and hope look upon the great and precious promises written from heaven *for you*, and then realize the approaching welcome day of heartfelt liberty, after this long and dreary night of disappointment and sorrow. Once more, take your harp from the willows, and sing, with the church, "Rejoice not against me, O my enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness." (Micah vii. 8, 9.) The remainder of the chapter would not discourage your drooping soul at the perusal; but, under God, would feed your expiring pleasures, and animate the smoking flax of your fainting mind. Surely, now you are determined to arise and

go to your Father. You repeatedly prove that earthly friends are broken reeds and pointed spears, "on whose sharp points peace bleeds, and hope expires." Painful experience proves that they are broken cisterns that will hold no water; and methinks now you will turn your inmost wishes to the overflowing and everflowing spring of solid happiness. O, then, yield yourself to Jesus Christ, and willingly follow him wherever he goes! Let no base rival share your heart; nay, possess it; for Jesus will admit of no sharers. I call it a *base rival;* but I am ready to retract the name, and call that a *vile usurper* which fills that throne which ought always to be sacred to the Lord.

I beg, as if it was my last wish, that you will not hesitate; that you will not parley away your time, your convictions, and your soul, with unbelieving reasonings upon so clear a case, whether you should *immediately* return to, or ungratefully treat, your best Friend, in a manner far worse than it is possible for Miss —— to treat you. I beseech you, by all the flaming two-edged swords of the threatenings set in array against the wilful sinner; I beseech you, by all the glories of the precious promises offering themselves to returning penitents; I beseech you, by the love of Christ, by the shortness of time, by the deceitfulness of sin, by the increasing difficulties in delaying, by the everlasting miseries of hell, and by the infinite and eternal pleasures of heaven; by all these, and thousands of similar motives, I beseech you, agonize with Christ for salvation; wrestle, like Jacob, for the blessing; sacrifice your darlings, like Zaccheus; and be determined if you perish, "to perish crying out for God." Farewell! The Lord save you to the uttermost, is the prayer of

W. Dawson.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HAWORTH.

Jane, the beloved wife of the Rev. R. Haworth, was a native of Blackburn, in Lancashire. She was favoured with an early religious training, and when about fifteen years of age, was convinced of sin, and sought and found pardon by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Having given her heart to God, she gave her hand to his people, and became a member of the Methodist church. Her Christian experience was characterized by tranquil joy. Having been converted to God in early youth, and being surrounded by circumstances peculiarly favourable to piety, her religious enjoyment acquired, through grace, a stability which she was enabled to maintain through life. The constitution of her mind was that of sobriety and moderation, which was manifested in all her engagements; her statements of Christian experience were, therefore, rather under the mark than exaggerated. Though not forward to speak of her inward state, yet she was ever ready to do so when the glory of God or the good of others could thereby be advanced. She had a quick discernment of what was right and fitting; and this was not only useful to herself, but rendered her counsels to Christian friends often of great service. Her deportment in every relation of life was such as becometh the Gospel of Christ; and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit disarmed opposition, and gave to her unobtrusive but decided piety a charm and an impressiveness in many cases most beneficial to others. Nor did she eat her morsel alone. Being with Christ, she felt it to be at once her duty, privilege, and delight to gather with him, and employ the gift and grace bestowed in any way the Giver might be pleased to direct. Her calmly fervent zeal was the pure flame of love; not intermitting and fitful, but steady and uniform, ever prompting her to activity in the cause of God. Her labours on behalf of the young were earnest and successful. For many years she was a Sabbath-school Teacher, and was the instrument of much good to the lambs of the flock. A spontaneous acknowledgment of her unwearied exertions was made by her class, on leaving her native place, in presenting her with a copy of the holy Scriptures; but even more precious were the many tears shed when it was known that she must depart from them; and affecting was the sight, at the railway-station, when a number of these little ones crowded around to catch a last look of their much-loved Teacher.

She was also very active in Tract-distribution; and in this department of God's work she was generally appointed to those districts which were notorious for wickedness. Her mild and gentle manner, her kindly, intelligent conversation, arrested and calmed down the most rude and profane, many of whom she persuaded to come to the house of God, and to some of them the Gospel was made the power of God unto salvation. Nothing gave her so much delight as to be employed in directing the penitent seeker of salvation to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and more than once has she been confined to her bed in consequence of over-exertions of this kind. Not only after a Sabbath evening prayer-meeting would she thus employ herself, but

she has, at considerable inconvenience, sought out, at their own residences, during the week, those who had been impressed on the Sabbath, that she might converse and pray with them: nor was this labour in vain in the Lord.

The sick and the poor found in her a ready friend. She not only administered words of consolation, but sought means of relieving their temporal necessities. And many a time was she seen speeding her way, on these visits of mercy, to the abodes of the infirm and the afflicted, with her basket of provisions on her arm prepared for immediate use. It might with truth be said of her, "When the ear heard her, it blessed her; when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her." And all was done with an unostentatious retiringness which confined the knowledge of her unwearied well-doing almost entirely within the circle benefited thereby.

In August, 1846, she became the wife of the Minister of Christ who now deeply, but in resignation to God, mourns her removal; though well knowing she is "not lost, but gone before."

Immediately after that time, she accompanied her husband to Peterhead, in the Aberdeen Circuit, where, as opportunity offered, and to the extent of her ability, she pursued the same course of Christian usefulness; and, as they who knew her best can most strongly testify, exhibited the same features of Christian character. Though many things in the habits of the people, and the forms of religious observance, were widely different from what she had been accustomed to, yet she did not offend national feeling by vexatious comparisons, but sought to accommodate herself, in things lawful, to those among whom she was called to live and labour, that she might please her neighbour for his good to edification, and she bade fair to be increasingly a blessing; but, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord;" though his thoughts towards us are "thoughts of peace, and not of evil."

She became a mother on the 1st of December, 1847, and passed the immediate trial favourably; but a fatal disease had previously undermined her strength, and her time of departure drew nigh. Besides those physical indications of approaching dissolution, which were manifest to the medical attendant, a further preparation by the Holy Spirit for meeting God, a putting on her beautiful garments, became evident. On Saturday, the 4th, she called her husband to her bedside, and said, "I feel a measure of the love of God; but long for a brighter manifestation. Will you spend a quarter of an hour in prayer for this in another room, while I ask it here?" Her request was granted; after which, she said, with emphasis, "I have obtained what I sought;" and her heart overflowed with joy. This was not connected with any hope of recovery; for she expressed her conviction that "nature was sinking," and said to her partner, "I regret to leave you here with an infant babe; but we shall soon meet again in heaven." She continued in a very happy state of mind; so much so, that during the night, her husband was aroused from a transient slumber, by her distinctly and repeatedly exclaiming, "Praise the Lord!"

Sabbath, the 5th, was a day during which joy unspeakable and full of glory abounded towards her. Among the many expressions she used, the following may be noticed:—"My sufferings," she said, "are not worthy to be compared with the joy I have experienced while in the furnace." To a sister in Christ, to whom she was much attached, she said, "I often think of Blind Meggie:* how she will hail me when I reach heaven! and then we shall both hail you welcome when you come; and I know where I'll take you: I'll take you to the feet of Jesus." She often exclaimed, "My Jesus, my precious Jesus! He loved me; He gave himself for me." (1 Pet. ii. 7.) At the close of this blessed day, she quoted the words of Mal. iii. 16, 17, adding, "How astonishing it is that the Lord should employ such a word in relation to such poor creatures as we are! A 'jewel' is what we highly value, and take much care of; and yet such is God's regard for his children." The following day the enemy made a final assault, and she felt it, so as to request special prayer; which the Lord heard, and bruised Satan under her feet. This was followed by an ecstasy of joy and praise. She was cautioned not to exhaust herself; but she would not be restrained, saying, "No: I shall never be the worse for prayer and praise. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath." One observed, "Your Saviour is with you." "Yes," she responded, "and my mother's Saviour too; and I can leave husband, child, mother, and brother, to go to Jesus." While her mental faculties continued collected, which was until a few hours of her death, she remained in this happy state, and thus was privileged to commence the song of victory on this side Jordan. She entered into rest, at Peterhead, on Tuesday, December 7th, 1847, in the thirty-first year of her age.

GEORGE SCOTT, 1ST.

* See "Christian Miscellany," December 1847, p. 382.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. DIXON IN AMERICA.

[The Rev. Dr. Dixon has just published a volume entitled, "Methodism in America," which gives much information, of the highest interest, on America generally, and especially on the great Methodist Church which has so remarkably flourished in that country. We are sure all of our readers who are able will possess themselves of this volume; but in the meantime we give an extract or two.]

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

We hastened to the President's house to see if we could gain access, and be favoured with an interview with the first Magistrate of the Republic. On our arrival, we met with a black man, the only servant of the President we saw; and on asking whether we should be able to obtain an interview, he said he saw no difficulty in the case, but would inquire. He went with Mr. Slicer's compliments, and soon returned with a message that the President would be very happy to see us. [Mr. Slicer is an American Methodist Minister, and was, at the time in question, Chaplain to the Congress.] We were ushered, not into a drawing-room or state-apartment, but into a business-office, with desks, tables, pens and ink, bundles of state-papers, and books on business. And there stood to receive us, to shake us by the hand, and bid us welcome, the Chief of the greatest Republic, if not of the greatest State, in the world. He accosted us very kindly, and bade us be seated; at the same time resuming his own chair.

My embarrassment left me in a moment. I had felt some little trepidation at the idea of being brought into contact with a man so high in station. His demeanour, however, soon dissipated this feeling. There was no state-etiquette observed; no ceremonies but such as common courtesy demanded, and might be performed by the plainest person; no court-dress, no cocked-hat, no sword and sash, no bowing the knee, no kissing of hands; and, moreover, no Peer of the realm, or Officer of the Court, necessary to gain an introduction: a black boy, to obtain his master's assent, and to show us the way, seemed all that was expected. With our European notions, this really did not look like an introduction to the head of a mighty nation.....Here there were four Methodist Preachers and one merchant snugly ensconced in a Government-office, (a sort of counting-house,) with President Polk, one of the greatest men, by position, in the world! Who could forget some of the documents that had issued from this centre of power, this heart of American diplomacy? Decrees had been framed here which had thrilled through the body politic in every part of the world, producing mighty palpitations of heart and convulsive throes! Who could forget some of President Polk's own messages, directed from this very desk, and carried, probably, by the black boy to their destinations? The policy and messages of this very President had produced strange emotions. They once filled Great Britain, if not with consternation, at any rate with indignation; they put the Parliament of England into a ferment, and called forth the impassioned eloquence of men of all parties..... And what of President Polk himself? He is small of stature, and the opposite of corpulent. There is somewhat of a cadaverous and American look about him; but he is grave, thoughtful, meditative, and slow and measured in his speech. A thin face is surmounted by a fine brow, and his features denote great decision and unconquerable firmness. President Polk's demeanour is perfectly simple, his conversation natural and easy, his dress plain, after the American fashion, and his whole contour irresistibly reminds one of the venerable Puritans.

POETRY.

SABBATH-EVENING BELLS.

Like buried joys, whose sweet farewell
In memory's dreams doth chide and swell,
The music of that Sabbath-bell
Pours language on the air.

And o'er the secret chords that sleep
Within the bosom, buried deep,
The solemn-breathing numbers sweep,
And move the soul to prayer.

Bear ye a message from above,—
From viewless homes, where all is love,
And hearts in soft persuasion move
All lips to melody?

Or breathe ye to the silent sky
The music of humanity;
Our fairest hope, our fondest sigh,
For immortality?

Yon breeze-borne sound life's traveller tells
That, flowing to salvation's wells,
From rocks, and streams, and tangled dells,
Earth's weary children go:

Manhood, and age with silver'd hair,
And childhood's happy step, are there,
All hasting to the house of prayer:
How beautiful they flow!

Rise, solemn bells! while on the gale
Lingers your dreamy madrigal,
Earth's visionary pleasures fail;
My spirit mounts to heaven!

Beyond the clouds, beyond the sky,
Unseen, the Christian's home doth lie,
E'en over death, the victory,
Through Christ, to him is given.

Bolton. J. T. M'OWAN.

THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

O GOD, to whom for light I look,
How shall I know this ancient Book,
If it indeed be thine,
Unless thy Spirit break the seal,
And to my heart the truths reveal,
As oracles divine?

The Church, that doth from Christ proceed,
Whose many parts and members spread
Throughout the earth, I see;
Not one, but all, in every age,
Bear record to the sacred page,
And hand it down to me.

Not one particular alone
The universal Church I own,
But all with one accord;
The Church, diffused from east to west,
Engage unanimous to' attest
The heaven-descended word.

The proof historical is plain;
Yet standing on the words of man,
I am not satisfied;
I want a more substantial ground,
A Rock, on which my faith to found,
Which always may abide.

What is that Rock, but Christ alone?
O were He to my soul made known,
The Truth infallible;
Son of the living God supreme!
The faith, the Church, that's built on Him
Defies the gates of hell.

His Spirit in these mysterious leaves
Unerring testimony gives
To Christ the Lord Most High:
O would He take of Jesu's blood,
Blood of the true, eternal God,
And to my heart apply!

The witness of thy truth I need,
(Which whosoe'er believes indeed,
Doth in himself possess,)
To certify that I am thine,
To fill with righteousness divine,
With love, and joy, and peace.

Possess'd of Him I doubt no more,
But God in spirit and truth adore,
My Father and my Friend;
Till the bright image of His Sire
I see, with all his angel-quire,
My glorious Lord, descend!

THE WIDOW'S GIFT.

(LUKE XXI. 1—4.)

POOR widow, in the lofty fane
Thy fathers rear'd so well,
Thou hast forgot the woe and pain
That with the widow dwell.
Blends in the psalm of holy praise
Thy voice, unbroke by tears;
Thy God's sure love for future days,
Lone woman, stills thy fears.

Coarse is thine outward raiment seen,
And pale thy cheek with care:
Poor widow, why, in lowly mien,
Why art thou lingering there?
Where rich men gifts of gold have cast
Into the treasure-shrine,
Thou surely nought to offer hast,—
Nor gold nor silver thine.

A tiny coin of sullied brass,
The smallest of the land,
Thine all of earthly good, alas!
Thine all is in thy hand;
And meekly, thankfully, 'tis given
Into the holy shrine,
Thy heart's deep trust embracing heaven,
The widow's Husband thine!

How bright the eye of Jesus glanced
On that small coin and thee!
How much the words of praise enhanced
Thy deed of piety!
And, Jesus, thou dost mark us still,
And 'tis the heart alone
Makes rich and great the gifts that fill
The treasure of thy throne.

SARAH H. MOULTON.

WRITTEN AFTER WALKING OVER SMITHFIELD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

HAIL, holy martyrs, glorious names,
Who nobly here for Jesus stood,
Rejoiced, and clapp'd your hands in flames,
And dared to seal the truth with blood!

Strong in the Lord, divinely strong,
Tortures and death ye here defied;
Demons and men, a gazing throng,
Ye braved, and more than conquering, died.

Finish'd your course, and fought your fight,
Hence did your mounting souls aspire;
Starting from flesh, they took their flight,
Borne upward on a car of fire.

Where earth and hell no more molest,
Ye now have join'd the heavenly host,
Enter'd into your Father's rest,
And found the life which here ye lost.

Father, if *now* thy breath revives
In us the pure primeval flame,
Thy power, which animates our lives,
Can make us in our death the same;

Can out of weakness make us strong,
Arming as in the ancient days,
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,
And perfecting in babes thy praise.

Steadfast we then shall stand, and sure,
Thine everlasting truth to prove;
In faith's plerophory secure,
In all the' omnipotence of love.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Father, Son, and Spirit come!
Be mindful of thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul thy home.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
In *us* thy glorious self reveal;
Let *us* thy sevenfold gifts partake,
Let *us* thy mighty working feel.

Near us, assisting Jesu, stand;
Give us the opening heaven to see,
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to thee.

My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down;
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown!

We, we would die for Jesus too!
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood,
All, all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

THE NESTORIANS.

DR. ETHERIDGE.

THERE is no community of Christians invested with a more intense or romantic interest than that of the Nestorians. With the exception of a few occasional gleams of favour, or intervals of tolerance, afforded them by two or three enlightened and liberal Khalifs, they have been, from the earliest period of their existence, the subjects of continual persecution. First, the corrupt and intolerant Greek Church excommunicated, and pursued with pains and penalties, often to death or banishment, those who, though mistaken on one speculative point, not unimportant, but by no means of vital importance, were, in general, much purer in doctrine, and more Christian in character and feeling, than themselves. Then came upon them, for many centuries, the fury and contempt of Mohammedan conquerors; while, in later times, Popery, by its Inquisition in India, and by its intrigues and treachery in Assyria, has "minished" them, and "brought them low." Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Grant, and Mr. Layard, have contributed chapters of most touching interest to the narrative of Nestorian sufferings and endurance.

The Church which, in the sixth and seventh centuries, spread Christianity from Syria, Persia, and India, into the vast empire of China, and even among the barbarous nations inhabiting the deserts and the remotest shores of Asia, is now restricted, by the surrounding fires of Popish or Infidel intolerance, to the hill-retirements of Malâyala, and the mountain-recesses of Koordistan. And twice, even within the last six years, has the fierceness of the Moslem Koord, excited and aggravated by Popish malignity and lies, burst in unpitying tempest upon the simple, smiling villages of his Christian neighbours, and overwhelmed them with an utter destruction. Who, then, that has a heart to love the true, to defend the right, to hate the wrong, to honour fidelity, to kindle at the sight of noble and disinterested zeal, to applaud the brave, to pity the oppressed,—who that is loyal to the ancient faith of Christ, and reverences the martyr-spirit of the Christian, but must feel the deepest interest in the Nestorian Church?

There is another point connected with the Nestorian Church of deep interest. The version of the Scriptures in use among this community, has ever been the Peschito, or ancient Syriac. The word *Peschito* is said to signify, *simple, pure, true, faithful;* and the version, as all competent scholars agree in declaring, well deserves the epithet. It is simple, vivid, and correct. It is, also, far the earliest of all the versions of the sacred Scriptures; having been probably

composed about the middle of the second century. Another strong recommendation of this version is, that it was composed in the very language which was the mother-tongue of our blessed Saviour and his Apostles, and by those who were familiar with the very scenes described or referred to in the holy writings.

One of our own Ministers, Dr. Etheridge, has published two volumes, giving the fullest account of the Nestorian Church, both as to its doctrines and its fortunes, with which we are acquainted; and also the only translation of the Peschito which exists in our language. Besides this, the second of them contains a most excellent summary and digest of the Apostolic Epistles, with a very interesting account of all the ancient translations of the Scriptures. Need we say more to recommend them to the attention of such of our readers as can afford money to purchase, and time to study, such works as these?

Dr. Etheridge's style is picturesque and impressive; and there is an Oriental flavour about his writings on the congenial topics to which he has addressed himself, very pleasing to the reader, and very fitting in an Oriental scholar treating of subjects connected with Eastern Christianity. But especially there is a tender, humble, earnest, living Christianity, a simplicity and intensity of Christian faith and feeling, breathing and lightening through almost every page of Dr. Etheridge's writing, which constitute, to our feeling, its highest charm.

The title of Dr. Etheridge's first work is, "The Syrian Churches; with a literal Translation of the four Gospels from the Peschito;" and that of the second, "The Apostolical Acts and Epistles, from the Peschito."

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

UXBRIDGE TREATY-HOUSE.

The town of Uxbridge is well known as the place where a long and unsuccessful effort was made by King Charles I., and his Parliament, to bring their differences to an amicable adjustment. Besides many other important changes, with respect to the militia and Ireland, it was demanded that the King should sign a solemn covenant, and that an Act of Parliament should be passed, for the extirpation of Episcopacy, and the establishment of Presbyterianism in the English Church. After several fruitless messages to His Majesty at Oxford, it was finally agreed that sixteen Commissioners for the King, and sixteen for the Parliament, including four from the Parliament of Scotland, should assemble at Uxbridge on the 30th of January, 1645, to take into consideration the grievances of which each party complained, and to propose those remedies that might be agreeable to both.

The mansion in which the treaty was carried on, and of which the foregoing is an engraving, is built of brick, and situated at the western extremity of the town. It is still known by the name of the "Treaty-House," though it has undergone considerable alterations, and has for some years been used as an inn, called "the Crown." At the time, it stood in the centre of a large garden, through which the high road from London to Oxford at present passes. Two of the principal rooms continue lined with exceedingly rich wainscot, which is nearly in its original condition. The most spacious of these is said to be that in which the Commissioners held their important disputations: the other, until lately, was called the "Presence Chamber." Clarendon states that the King's Commissioners desired to perform their devotions in the church; but the Parliament having prohibited the use of the Book of Common Prayer, together with the vestments and ceremonies of Episcopacy, their days of devotion were observed in one of the rooms of their head-quarters, where many of the country people, and persons from London, usually resorted.

During the discussions, a great number of the Royalists went post from Uxbridge to Oxford, and upon their knees urged the King to yield to the necessities of the times, and assent to the principal requirements that were made. Charles was so far persuaded on one occasion, as to appoint the following evening for signing a warrant to that effect; but before the hour arrived, he altered his purpose, and again became resolute in his demands for the establishment of the Episcopal form of church government. After many warm debates, the royal Commissioners yielded the following particulars; namely, that religious toleration should be granted to all the subjects of His Majesty; that the Bishops should exercise no act of jurisdiction without the counsel and approbation of a select clerical conclave; that they should constantly reside in their own diocess; that, except in case of old age or sickness, they should preach every Sunday; that strict rules should be observed in the ordination of Ministers; that no Clergyman should hold two livings; and that £100,000 should be raised out of the estates of Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, towards the settlement of the public peace. Three weeks were spent in this debate: the concessions of the King's Commissioners were refused; the wars were re-commenced; and, finally, Charles I. was brought to the scaffold and beheaded on the 30th of January, 1649.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

A GLANCE AT BRITISH INDIA.

Now, it is important at the outset to bear in mind, that when we speak of India, we utter a name belonging to a district of such vast extent that we, in our little island of Britain, must regard it as continental. For illustration:—the northernmost part of India is as far from the southernmost as the north of Scotland is from the south of Spain; and the city of Hydrabad on the west is as far from Chittagong on the east, as Calais is from Constantinople. Curious mistakes arise from forgetting this. I remember, for instance, a friend in Calcutta receiving from England a parcel for a person at Bangalore, with a message to the effect that he would be kind enough to deliver it any time he was passing! The places are as distant from each other as London and Lisbon, and far more difficult of mutual intercourse.

And while the extent of India is so vast, the climate is equally diversified. It would be a great mistake to speak of all India as a tropical country. Little more than half of it lies in the torrid zone. There are some parts of it where snow is never absent, as well as others where snow is never seen. The word "Himmalaya," the name of the mountain-range which bounds India on the north, means, literally, "the dwelling-place of snow;" and the dazzling white peaks preserve their purity all the year round. From that mountain-range the river Indus takes its rise, and flows west and south into the Arabian Sea; and from the same range the Ganges gushes out, and flows east and south into the Bay of Bengal. By far the greater part of India lies between these two great rivers. But there are all descriptions of surface and scenery between them. Bengal and the upper country, watered by the Ganges, is one vast fertile plain. You may travel over scores of thousands of square miles in it, and not meet with a single hillock. This is the country of rice, sugar, opium, and indigo; one level, luxuriant field. On the contrary, if you sail from Surat down the western coast of the peninsula, you run for several hundreds of miles parallel to a chain of lofty hills, with but a very scanty margin between them and the sea. These are known as the Western Ghauts; and their summits are crowned with stately groves and fragrant shrubs, producing pepper and betel, sago and cocoa, as well as the most valuable timber. Then, if you climb these Ghauts, you have before you, not an immediate descent, but table-land stretching away for hundreds of miles; slightly inclined, however, towards the Bay

of Bengal, into which all the streams, born in this elevated region, find their way. This is one of the great cotton districts; and may yet supply with this material all Asia and Europe too. And, as if to complete the diversity, there is in the north-west of India, between the valleys watered by the tributaries of the Ganges and the Indus, a great desert, 600 miles long by 300 broad, which, although there is some population scattered over it, looks as dreary and unattractive as the African Sahara.

All this immense and diversified territory we call Hindustan. The name no doubt came from the river Indus, which the nations of the west, travelling to India, met as the boundary on that side. The name of the river was formerly Sind; a word which signifies "dark," alluding to the colour of that deep stream. The termination *stan* simply means "a settlement or station:" as in Afghanistan, the station of the Afghans; Beloochistan, of the Beloochis; Kurdistan, of the Koords. And here I may remark, in passing, that the etymology of the names and places in India, as elsewhere, is not only interesting, but often a great aid to memory. We have all lately, for example, heard much of the *Punjab*; and it has helped our identifying the position of that district to know that the word means "the five rivers," the district lying between the five streams which swell the volume of the Indus. So the *Doodb*, "the two rivers," is the district between the Jumna and Ganges, before their confluence; like Mesopotamia, between the Tigris and Euphrates. So the word *Deccan* means, literally, "the south:" it does not include, indeed, the southernmost part of the peninsula, but by far the largest part of it; the district lying directly south of the most famous, the historical, region around the valley of the Ganges.—*Rev. F. Tucker, B.A.*

THE WORK OF GOD.

REVIVAL IN THE ROTHERHAM CIRCUIT.

[We extract from the "Watchman" the following interesting account of one of those gracious visitations, wherewith the Lord has recently favoured many parts of our Connexion.]

At the March Quarterly Meeting for this Circuit, recently held, it was *unanimously* and most cordially resolved, to request the ensuing Conference to divide the Rotherham Circuit, and to constitute Wath the head of a new Circuit, with two married Ministers to each. This is a measure which has long been needed, but which various circumstances have hitherto rendered impracticable. The gracious revival, however, with which it has pleased Almighty God to bless the Circuit, and the great increase in members and finances arising out of it, as well as the enlargement of old chapels, and the building of new ones, whilst it has rendered the division more imperatively necessary than before, has also opened the way for its safe and satisfactory accomplishment. A few years ago, the Circuit was burdened by a very heavy debt, which not only prevented all progress in the work of God, but was a very painful source of discouragement and embarrassment; so much so, that it was seriously contemplated either to reduce the ministerial allowances, or to give up the *third* Minister. By the judicious efforts of the late Superintendent, the Rev. R. Keeling, this debt was cleared away; and during the last three years the Circuit has enjoyed the unusual luxury of a quarterly surplus; although, during the last year, it has had the additional expense of a *fourth* married Minister, which expense, however, has been comfortably met, without the slightest extraordinary effort. In Mr. Keeling's time, there was a blessed work of God, in which great numbers were added to the Lord. During the late revival, some hundreds more have been converted to God, so that, in the last four or five years, after all the deductions arising from reactions, backslidings, removals, and deaths, there has been a net increase of 700 members. There are many circumstances connected with the recent revival, proving it to be eminently of the Lord. It was commenced and carried on, principally, through the agency of the Ministers, Local Preachers, and others, in the Circuit; though, as a matter of obvious necessity, the assistance of brethren in the neighbourhood was, in some cases, requested, and most kindly and beneficially granted. Both Travelling and Local Preachers entered into the work most heartily, and all were graciously owned of God; so that there is scarcely a place in the Circuit where there has not been a considerable increase to the society.

The work began at Rotherham, at a special meeting of the members there, called together preparatory to a series of special services about to be held, to request their hearty co-operation, and the aid of their earnest and believing prayers. All took tea together, kindly provided at the expense of a few of the principal friends. The rich and the poor were associated in a most delightful and holy fellowship: all shyness, prejudice,

and distrust evaporated; and such a spirit of unity, love, and mutual confidence prevailed, as betokened the willingness of God to sanction and bless the efforts about to be made. Though there was nothing very extraordinary in connexion with the services at Rotherham, many were converted, and the whole society was quickened and blessed.

At Upper Haugh, on March 5th, 1848, there was a remarkable effusion of the Divine Spirit, very forcibly reminding all present of what took place, on a much larger scale, on the day of Pentecost. The Minister appointed to preach there that evening, entered on his work under the influence of much physical exhaustion, having already preached twice in the former part of the day, given tickets to three classes, administered the Lord's supper, and travelled many miles on horseback through heavy rain, which had wetted him to the skin; so that he scarcely knew how he was to get through the service of the evening, having again to administer the Sacrament after preaching. A peculiar influence, however, was felt both by himself and the congregation; and whilst, without any effort to produce excitement, he was calmly recommending the Saviour, and inviting all, even the worst of sinners, to come to Him, with the assurance of His receiving them readily and affectionately, if they only came with a humble, penitential faith; and whilst quoting the well-known passage, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," a poor backslider, who had been pricked in the heart under the first prayer, could restrain himself no longer, but ran out of his pew through the congregation, and threw himself, in an agony of distress, before the pulpit, and began to cry aloud for mercy. At the same time, a female, whose heart had been previously softened and prepared of the Lord, by the sudden death of her father a short time before, a devoted Leader of the society, being wrought upon in a similar way, came forward and threw herself by the side of the other penitent, and, with strong cries and tears, sought the salvation of her soul. The Preacher was for a moment staggered; but, thankful that the Lord had taken the matter into his own hands, he closed the Bible, and requested all the congregation to kneel down, and join in prayer for themselves and the penitents before them. This they immediately did, and a solemn scene presented itself: the whole company bowed before the Lord; not one standing up, or looking about; numbers trembling and weeping; and all overwhelmed under a deep sense of the presence of God. Many, with the Preacher, were led to exclaim,

"Lo! God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!"

After carrying on the prayer-meeting for some time, it was thought desirable to conclude; all who had obtained the grace of God being invited to remain to be spoken to by the Minister. Twenty-four persons gave in their names as having been awakened, of whom twenty-one had obtained the pardon of their sins. All were adults, and several were the most reputable persons in the village. Another meeting was appointed for the next and ensuing evenings, during which about seventy persons professed to be converted to God. The work then spread to the adjoining villages. At Greasbrough, the arm of the Lord was made bare in a somewhat similar way the next Lord's day; and in a very short time about seventy were there, also, added to the Lord. So also at Rawmarsh, at Wath, and at most of the other places in the Circuit. In several instances, some of the most prejudiced were subdued, and some of the most abandoned reclaimed. At one place, an individual who held a situation in connexion with the Established Church, hearing what was going on in the chapel, was so indignant, that he said the whole lot deserved to be whipped. Attracted, however, by curiosity, he went himself the next evening; the arrow of the Lord pierced his heart; he was compelled to humble himself under His mighty hand, and to seek mercy through Christ. Himself and four of his family were savingly converted, and have for the last twelve months adorned the society as zealous and consistent members. At another place, the public-house having been deserted one night of its accustomed guests, the landlord asked his servant what had become of them all. She replied, "They are all gone to the Methodist chapel." "Then," said the master, "you may as well go too." She went, and was converted. On her return, she told her master what had taken place, from whom she received the following pithy but most appropriate advice:—"Hold it fast, lass: hold it fast." It is to be hoped she has. At Haugh, a young man who was deeply convinced of sin, but unwilling to be saved in what appeared to be God's way, looked for his hat, determined to escape. Providentially for him, he could not find it, and was obliged to stay; and was also obliged very soon to cry for mercy. This he speedily obtained, and has since, in sickness and health, maintained a consistent profession.

This gracious movement was connected, in some places, with previous chapel-efforts, and in other places originated them. At Rawmarsh, the chapel was enlarged more than two years ago, at an expense of about £200; the good people on the spot, most of them in humble circumstances, pledging themselves to defray the whole, without adding to the Trust-debt. This they have honourably done; and God has blessed them in return, by giving them one hundred additional members; so that their quarterage, which

was only somewhat above £2, has increased to £12. At Haugh, a similar effort was made. The chapel there, which is now one of the prettiest in the Circuit, has been enlarged at an expense of nearly £200, the whole of which has been met by the self-denying contributions of the excellent people in the neighbourhood. Here also God has rewarded the pious zeal of his servants, by doubling both their numbers and their finances. At Greasbrough, the revival preceded the enlargement, and rendered it necessary. The chapel would scarcely hold the members, so much had they increased. An effort exactly similar to the former has been made here also, and a delightful enlargement taken place, with the pledge, as in the other cases, that none of the expenses shall be entailed on the Trust. A similar but more important effort has also been made at Masbrough, where there had been preaching for years, once a fortnight, in a small room, capable of holding about twenty people. A beautiful chapel has been erected, at an expense of more than £1,000; nearly £700 of which has been raised or promised. It was the intention of the friends on the spot to leave no debt on the premises; and this would have been the case, but for many unexpected and necessary extras. The debt remaining, though, for the present, somewhat above the sum allowed by the Building Committee, comes within the rule, and will be met by an annual income of 15 per cent. From the opening every sitting has been let; the chapel is already much too small for the wants of the neighbourhood; and a gallery will have to be put up as soon as the funds can be raised. A society of more than one hundred persons has already been collected; and a new Sunday-school formed, containing two hundred scholars. Another effort of the same kind, being the fifth, has just been completed at Park-gate, where a beautiful little chapel was opened a few weeks ago, by the President of the Conference. The ground and stone have been given by Earl Fitzwilliam. The whole expense, exclusive of the above, will be upwards of £300, which has already been met within £80; which sum it is determined to clear off as quickly as possible. Every sitting is let, and there is every prospect of there being a very flourishing society in a new and populous neighbourhood.

The rapid increase of the work rendering it necessary to procure additional pastoral oversight, a fourth Minister was appointed to the Circuit at the last Conference, with the purpose of effecting a division, if possible, at the next Conference. Many formidable obstacles seemed to lie in the way of this important measure, and some feared it could hardly be effected. But at a preparatory meeting of Stewards and others, amounting to nearly fifty persons, representing most of the places in the Circuit, the subject was thoroughly canvassed, and all opposition died away; so that at the Quarterly Meeting, a week after, (the largest, perhaps, ever held at Rotherham,) the measure in all its details was carried with the greatest unanimity and cordiality. The proposed new Circuit will be one of the most compact country Circuits in the Connexion. The scenery throughout is most delightful; there are many commodious and beautiful chapels; the furthest place from the Minister's residence at Wath will be three and a half miles; there will be more than one thousand members; and the ministerial allowances the same as at Rotherham. May God give his continued and abundant blessing! There is still much, very much to be done, in both Circuits; and if Preachers and people will only cordially unite and co-operate in carrying out a healthy, loyal, and scriptural revivalism, what has been realized hitherto is nothing compared with what, with God's promised blessing, may reasonably and confidently be expected.

Apologizing for the length of this communication,

I remain, dear Sirs, yours truly,

WILLIAM KELK.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CAPER.

A NATURAL order of plants called *capparidaceæ* is found distributed nearly all over the tropics, and also in Egypt, and southern Europe. They are small bushes, or herbs; and the species best known in Europe, the *capparis spinosa*, has a fine green leaf, a large blossom of bright white, from the centre of which projects a tassel of deep lilac stamens. The fruit of all the species of this plant, is acrid; some of those found in America, are poisonous; and some may be employed as blistering-medicines, while others are used as stimulants. This latter circumstance is thought by some to place this plant among the number of those spoken of in Scripture; for though its name is not to be found in our English version, Celsius has learnedly contended that Solomon used the name of this plant in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, when speaking of the approach of death,—"and desire shall fail."

It is contended that the word here rendered *desire* is the name of the caper; and that the sense is *appetite*, for which the caper was employed as a metaphorical name, because it was usual (and even in modern times has been usual) to eat it before meals in order to promote an appetite. The expression, then, is taken to indicate that not only the natural appetite, but that which might be procured by a stimulant such as the caper, had ceased. That part of the caper which was used with this object, and which is now imported into this country for culinary purposes, is the flower-bud, of which each bush yields about a pound.

The shrub is low and trailing, and appears to have a special love for ruins, many of which, in the south of France and Italy, it renders positively gay by its profusion of white flowers. "This beautiful plant," says Lady Calcott, "is rooted in many a crevice of the palace of the Cæsars at Rome; it spreads its green glossy leaves, and starry white flowers, with their long purple anthers over the ruins of that once-stirring place, the Colosseum; and clothes the arches of the temple of peace with festoons which adorn, without hiding, their beauty. The ancient tombs of the Campagna are frequently hung with it; the rocks of Naples are favourable to it; and it has fixed itself not only on the mouldering cliffs of Malta, but in the narrow crevices of the stones of the fortification."

MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY PRAYER-MEETINGS.

In many of our principal chapels there is, I believe, a meeting once a month, at which the "Missionary Notices" are read, and prayer is presented especially for the prosperity of the work of God in heathen lands. But in many of the smaller chapels, particularly in the villages, there is no service of this kind, there are no "Missionary Notices" read once a month, and no united, special prayer is offered up at the throne of grace, for the divine blessing on the labours of our Missionaries. The people in these localities have their Missionary Collectors, and their annual Missionary Meetings, and their contributions show their love to the Mission cause, but yet they have no monthly Missionary prayer-meeting. The fact cannot be denied: it is a fact much to be lamented. The causes may be various. The hinderance in some places is real, and in others only imaginary. The aged Leader in the village is, perhaps, not a good reader, and there may be no Local Preacher in the place, and no

one has been appointed by the Minister to perform the duty; and, perhaps, the importance of the subject has not been considered. But most certainly it is a duty highly important, a duty which ought not to be left to the society and congregation of the Circuit-town: it is one that should be attended to by every little village congregation; and a blessing will surely follow the performance of it. Those engaged will be benefited, a spirit of Home Missions will be engendered, love for souls will be increased, and the gift of the Holy Ghost will be granted in answer to the faithful prayers of these simple-minded Christians. If ever the state of our Foreign Missions called for united prayer, it is now; if ever they were prepared for a mighty influence of the Spirit, this is the time. There was a time when the door was closed against us, and when the whole church prayed for an open door, and for fields of usefulness: these prayers have been answered. There was a time when the church had but few men to send, and only very limited funds at its disposal, and its prayer was for men and means: this prayer also has been answered. Missionaries have been raised up, and an annual amount of money has been poured into the treasury far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of those who were most interested in the Mission cause thirty years ago. A great preparatory work has been accomplished, and what we now want is the mighty influence of the Spirit. Under divine guidance, the temple has been erected; and now we want "the glory of the Lord" to "fill the house of the Lord." The altar has been built "in the name of the Lord," and the offering prepared; but we want the "Spirit of burning" to come down, that the Heathen may exclaim, with devout adoration, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." The dry bones of the valley have heard the word of the Lord, and under its influence there has been a reformation; but there "needs the breath of life" to complete the work of a new creation. The Missionary has been successful, so far, in every department of his work, and in every place. The young have been instructed; the Bible has been printed and circulated; the Gospel has been preached; and the truth of Christianity is admitted by tens of thousands who have not yet felt its power to save. An additional favour is needed: we want a mighty influence of the Holy Ghost. For this, then, let all the people pray; for this let there be Missionary prayer-meetings, not only in the larger chapels, but in every village-chapel in the kingdom.

T. HODSON.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

REV. JOHN W. DE LA FLECHERE.

DIED AUGUST 14TH, 1785.

THE extraordinary success which crowned the ministerial labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, stirred up a spirit of opposition both within and without the professing church. While brutal mobs argued against their doctrines with obscene jests, wild vociferations, clubs, stones, offal, mud, and such like potent *reasons*, the better classes made their assaults with weapons more becoming beings anxious to be numbered among the rational. In proportion as practical and experimental religion continued to spread, the sound of polemical war waxed louder and louder, till the nation rang from end to end with notes of defiance to the new heresy which threatened to work some fearful change, more to be dreaded than the death-slumber from which the Church was just awaking. To have turned out of the way to combat these motley assailants, whether singly or in groups, would have at once arrested a career of infinite consequence to the welfare of the world at large, and extinguished the spirit of serious inquiry, which resulted in the everlasting happiness of a multitude which no man can number: and yet to pass on without wielding the sword of the Spirit against the chief errors of the champions of a questionable or partial Gospel, would have left a foe in the rear to spoil them of their conquests, and neutralize their extraordinary evangelical labours. To a considerable extent, Wesley proved to his opponents, that what he taught was neither more nor less than ancient apostolic Christianity as found in the inspired writings of the Old and New Testaments. Still, a man was wanted to stand forth, and make a full, clear, and satisfactory exhibition of the denounced doctrines, and to answer the serious charges of heresy brought against them; in order to relieve Wesley from an employment at variance with his design to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. Such a man was John Fletcher: admirably qualified by mental structure, education, and Christian temper, he proved himself in the sequel to be the instrument prepared by the Head of the church to perform this much-needed and important service.

This admirable champion of early Methodism was born at Nyon, in Switzerland, a few miles north of Geneva, on the 12th of September, 1729. His father was an officer in the French service, and afterwards a Colonel of militia in his own country. In

early life he was remarkable for the strength, elevation, and liveliness of his mind. His application to his studies soon placed him high among his schoolfellows. At Geneva, he carried off the two first prizes from several competitors, and received a testimony from the Professors highly complimentary of his merits and ability. Like a determined student, he took little time for play, food, or sleep; often continuing a hard day's study through the greater part of the succeeding night; hence the secret of his extensive acquaintance with the various branches of science, philosophy, and languages, which, combined with pure religion, form the sound, elegant, and useful Christian scholar.

From a very early period, he showed much fear of God, and tenderness of conscience; yet, without any apparent experience of a change of heart. His parents designed him to be a Clergyman; but on reaching his twentieth year, he suddenly took a fancy to enter the army, and turned his whole attention to military studies. This unexpected turn called forth the remonstrances of his friends, but without effect. Dreading the responsibilities of the office of the Christian Minister, he feared to meddle with it. However, He who designed him for an eminent place in his church, hedged up his way; and, finally, made him a burning and a shining light in a dark world, and an illustrious pattern to Gospel Ministers of entire consecration to the service of the Redeemer.

After being baffled in his efforts to be a soldier, he accompanied some young gentlemen to London; where he met with a savage reception from some Custom-house officers, who took away his letters of recommendation, and behaved so brutally, as to call forth the intense indignation of his biographers. He spent eighteen months in the family of a Mr. Burchell, who kept a boarding-school at South-Mimms, in Hertfordshire, and afterwards at Hatfield. During this period he diligently studied the English language, and the various branches of elegant literature. His sweet temper, genteel and easy manners, along with his lively and intelligent conversational powers, endeared him to Mr. Burchell, and rendered him a most welcome visiter at the houses of some of the first families in the neighbourhood.

In 1752 he entered the family of Thomas Hill, Esq., of Tern-Hall, Shropshire, as tutor to his two sons. Here he became a strict observer of the Lord's day, from a reproof given by a servant, who entered his room one Sabbath evening to make up the fire: observing that he was writing music, this faithful servant said, "Sir, I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." It was a word in season: he violated the fourth commandment of the moral law no more while he lived.

Mr. Hill's parliamentary duties calling him to London, Mr. Fletcher accompanied the family. While resting at St. Alban's, he walked out into the town, and did not return till the family had started: a horse being left for him, he overtook them in the evening. On being asked what had detained him, he said, "I met with a poor old woman, who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ, that I knew not how the time passed away." Mrs. Hill exclaimed, "I shall wonder if our tutor does not turn Methodist by and by." "Methodist! Madam," said he; "pray what is that?" She replied, "The Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray: they are praying all day and all night." "Are they?" said he: "then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they be above ground." His search was successful. He found his way to Mr. Richard Edwards's class in London, and lost no opportunity of meeting with that good man as long as he lived.

The preaching of the Methodists soon convinced him of his guilt, misery, and danger, as a perishing sinner, and the necessity of an interest in the blood of the Saviour, and the regenerating influence of his Spirit upon the heart to fit him for heaven. He wrestled hard in prayer, till by faith he beheld the Saviour hanging, bleeding, and bearing his sins in his own body on the tree. Then "all his bonds were broken;" he breathed a purer air; and was able to say, with confidence, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

This happy change in his views and feelings at once prepared him to obey a call to the work of the ministry. In 1757 he was ordained, at Whitehall, both Deacon and Priest. As soon as the Ordination-service was concluded, he hastened to West-street chapel, to assist Mr. Wesley in the administration of the Lord's supper. The fire of zeal, kindled at the cross of the world's infinitely compassionate Redeemer, now burned with a purer flame in his renewed heart, and stimulated him to an intense enthusiasm for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In 1758 he was desired to preach to several French prisoners who were on their parole at Tunbridge. They were deeply affected under his sermon, and earnestly begged him to preach to them every Lord's day; but the Bishop of London peremptorily forbade him to accede to their petition. A few months after, this merciful Bishop died of cancer in the mouth!

In 1759 he was solicited to accompany Mr. Gilbert to the West Indies, as the *first* Methodist Missionary to that interesting part of the world; but he observed, "I have weighed the matter: I feel that I have neither sufficient zeal, nor grace, nor talents, to expose myself to the temptations and labours of a Missionary in the West Indies; and I believe that if God call me thither, the time is not yet come."

For some time he acted as Curate to the

Vicar of Madeley, whom he succeeded, by giving up to him a living double its value, which was offered to him by his kind patron, Mr. Hill, whose sons were now removed to Cambridge. No locality in the heathen world could present a better field for a true Missionary: ignorance, profaneness, Sabbath desecration, contempt of religion, and brutality of manners, prevailed throughout the parish. Such was the field he cultivated laboriously for five-and-twenty years, like another Baxter at Kidderminster, though not with equal success. His efforts met with great opposition from sinners of all classes, who could not endure his plain dealing, and singularly holy life and conversation.

In addition to the discharge of the many duties of his parish, he extended his labours to several other places at a distance. And, at the solicitation of the Countess of Huntingdon, he undertook the superintendence of a seminary she had erected at Trevecka, in Wales, for the education of pious young men, of different denominations, for the ministry of the Gospel, without fee or reward. He discharged his important duties with his accustomed faithfulness and ardour, till he was compelled to retire, by a decided alteration of the catholic principles of the institution. Her Ladyship, urged by some warm advocates of the peculiarities of Calvinism, determined on making it distinctively Calvinistic, and on excluding from its pale all who believed that "Christ tasted death for every man!" This circumstance led Fletcher to consider the controversy; and the appearance of a circular letter by Mr. Shirley, calling upon all lovers of unconditional election to muster, and compel Wesley and his friends to retract some expressions unfavourable to Calvinism contained in the Minutes of the Conference, impelled him to write his "Checks to Antinomianism." From this time he devoted himself to the exposition and defence of what he believed to be the pure "Gospel of the grace of God."

Throughout the long and arduous controversy, in which he felt it to be his imperative duty to engage, he maintained a temper which showed a visible advancement in conformity to the mind of Him whose truth he defended from mixtures which obscured its light and distorted its heavenly beauty. Whoever has read what he has written, will join with Wesley in acknowledging, that "one knows not which to admire most, the purity of the language, the strength and clearness of the argument, or the mildness and sweetness of the spirit that breathes throughout the whole."

Mr. Wesley urged him to give up the limited sphere he occupied at Madeley, and join him in diffusing scriptural Christianity throughout the land, seeing that he was better qualified for that work than even Mr. Whitefield, as he excelled him in person, in languages, philosophy, divinity, and in deep and constant communion with God, while he equalled him in good breeding, and in a winning style of address. However, his intense application to his studies, and the severity of his labours, in all states of weather, by day and night, so injured his naturally strong constitution, that he was compelled to excuse himself from entering on so wide a field of usefulness. For the restoration of his shattered health, he tried travelling with Mr. Wesley, Bristol Hot-Wells, the air of Italy, and that of his native country; and so far recovered, that he returned to England, with the hope of doing some efficient service for his divine Master.

In November, 1781, he was united in marriage to Miss Bosanquet, whose tender and judicious attentions completely re-established his health; so that he engaged once more with all his might in his ministerial work. At length, the hour of his departure arrived. On Sunday, August 7th, 1785, he struggled through a service of nearly four hours' continuance, and was supported from the communion-table to his death-bed. The ecstasy of his happy spirit frequently burst out in exclamations of, "God is love;" and when his voice failed, he raised his right hand, to intimate to his beloved wife that "Jesus was very present with him," that "the prospects of glory sweetly opened before him," and that he felt no pain. For eighteen hours he lay as if in a composed sleep; and then, without a struggle or a groan, his happy soul entered into the joy of his Lord, after a pilgrimage of fifty-six years. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Miss Ann,	Ilkestone,	Ilkestone,	25	May 5th, 1849.
Brown, Thomas,	Holt,	Holt,	84	April 13th, 1849.
Clark, Fanny,	Swithland,	Loughborough,	19	April 2d, 1849.
Goode, Miss Mercy,	Rugby,	Daventry,	19	May 1st, 1849.
Hurst, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Silbourne,	Daventry,	54	May 2d, 1849.
Mellor, Mrs. Rhoda,	Ilkestone,	Ilkestone,	66	April 30th, 1849.
Sutton, William,	Holt,	Holt,	49	May 3d, 1849.

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SEPTEMBER, 1849.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1849.

THE "Rules of the Society" have been already mentioned: these and the "Quarterly Ticket" are united by the great principle of church-discipline. In natural philosophy we know nothing of life without form or organization. Although these two principles are so distinct, and so inexplicably joined, we see the rule, or law, is,—the more perfect the *life*, the more perfect the *organization*. As in the natural, so in the moral world; at least, so far as the moral world is connected with this earth, and is open to our observation. The greater the perfection of moral and religious principle, the greater the perfection of order and discipline. Life is from God, and order one of his first laws. Hence the high sanction of that characteristic Wesleyan principle, "If you would live at all, you must live by rule." Rule does not create life, but developes it, defends it, nourishes it, increases it "more abundantly." The life of Methodism, created by "the Spirit of life itself," had its origin and development "in the latter end of the year 1739; when eight or ten persons came to" Mr. Wesley, "in London; who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption." Was it, that "in the beginning," when the first "blade" of organic life appeared, struggling for existence amidst a mass of inorganic matter, the wisdom of God was seen in its development, by the assimilation of previously prepared surrounding elements? Even so was divine wisdom manifest in preparing a methodical, legislative, logical Wesley, to develope and defend, nourish and increase, Methodist life by Methodist "*Rules.*" And taken in connexion with other extraordinary things, in this "extraordinary work of God," called Methodism, the brevity, simplicity, and inartificialness of these Rules, speak distinctly and emphatically in favour of their high origin, and strengthen the claims which their requirements have on those who, being once "dead in trespasses and sins," are now "quickened," and "raised up to sit in heavenly places," through Methodist instrumentality. And what is it that is required of us by these Rules?

Passing over, for the present, "the business of the Leader," we come at once to the three great principles developing personal piety; namely, *blamelessness*, *benevolence*, and *devotion*. The first of these, which is *negative morality*, is required to be shown "*by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind.*" Above *thirty* distinct bearings of this great and important branch of Christian morals are there specified.* It is intimated that these particular "evils" are named, not because they contain in their nature the greatest amount of sin, but because they are the "evils most generally practised,"

* See the Rules.

either in the ungodly world, or in the professing church. More criminal practices, being comparatively rare, and condemned by the public conscience, it is judged not necessary to mention. It must, however, be admitted, that the condemnation of *all sin* is found in those two general principles: "doing to others as we would not they should do unto us;" and "doing what we know is not for the glory of God." If we would wish clearly to understand, and properly and adequately to feel, the force of these prohibitions, we should read them all over deliberately and prayerfully; comparing them at every step with the dictates of an enlightened conscience, the requisitions of God's word, and the known examples of the pious, clear-headed, self-denying, laborious author, at the period when he wrote them, and, with his brother, subscribed them in May, 1743. The philosophy of suppressing vice in this world, the guarding of professors against backsliding in the church, and the "perfecting of the saints," amidst all things that "war against the soul," was well considered and well understood by John Wesley. To an eye not so far-seeing, and less practised, some things prohibited in the Rules may appear trivial: such, for example, as "drinking spirituous liquors," "using many words in buying or selling," "uncharitable or unprofitable conversation," "putting on gold or costly apparel," "taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus," "reading books that do not tend to the knowledge or love of God," "softness and self-indulgence," "laying up treasure upon earth." To relish all these rules, and others, of which these are declared to be specimens, together with all the "weightier matters" of the prohibitory code, we must possess a clear knowledge of the spirituality of God's holy law, much of the Spirit, and a large measure of that faith which "looks alone" at the promise and things eternal. The moral courage to aim at such a degree of blamelessness and harmlessness, in such a sinful world as this, and in such "sinful flesh" as we are born with, is one of the peculiar characteristics of the energy of Methodist life. It was the elevated sweep of this pure and heaven-born principle which brought the early Methodists into speedy contact with that exalted Christian privilege,—entire sanctification; so explicitly stated in those well-known words of the Apostle to the church of Thessalonica: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

Reserving other remarks on the Rules to future opportunity, let us now notice the *text for the quarter*. It is found in Ezekiel xviii. 30, and thus reads: "Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

"Iniquity shall not be your ruin," if you have turned *from* it, and will never again turn *to* it. But, O, how many has sin ruined! and how great that "ruin" is! Sin ruined our first parents, ruined paradise, ruined the antediluvians, ruined the old world! How effectually did it ruin the peace of man's bosom! Every thing in earth that was beautiful to the eye was blighted and withered by it; every thing pleasant to the taste was embittered and poisoned; and his God, "the spring of all his joys," he could no longer love and confide in. Confounded by his conscious guilt, overwhelmed by his loss, ashamed of his own wretchedness, and terrified by the divine holiness, he fled from the God of love, and attempted to hide himself! When, "in the cool of the day," the thrilling voice of the Lord God was heard, crying, "Adam, where art thou?" what a ruin did that sound announce, and spread before the darkened soul of him who but just now was "*the son of God!*"

"en Noah stepped out of the ark, and beheld the universal desolation spread

over the face of the wide world,—thought of its beauties when God pronounced it "very good," and of its cities and inhabitants when he entered into the ark,—what a vast and awful ruin did he witness! And how fatal was the ruin which fell upon the iniquitous cities of the plain, when God "rained brimstone and fire" upon them, and "their smoke went up as the smoke of a furnace!" When the iniquity of the old Canaanites "was full," what a dreadful and universal ruin overtook those numerous and mighty nations! And what ruin upon ruin, in almost endless succession, did sin bring upon the descendants of Israel! O, could we see all the hopeful and lovely youths, all the prosperous families, all the flourishing empires, that "transgressions" have ruined; and could we look into "the place of torments," and see there the destruction of "both body and soul in hell," we should then behold the deadly doings of iniquity and sin, and see the greatness of the evil we are here cautioned against.

But "iniquity" need not be *our* "ruin." Thank God, we are yet on praying ground. "Turn yourselves from all your transgressions," and then, instead of judgment and ruin, you shall have mercy and salvation. Your God cries, "Turn." He gives you the power to do so. For the use of it, you are accountable. "The Spirit of the Lord," the purchased gift of redemption, now brings you liberty. Through the bonds, the blood, the grace of Christ, you may be free. You have given to you the power to "save yourselves." True, because of your own sloth, "the bond of iniquity" may still be on your members; but if you will only look to Jesus, and ask deliverance, your "chains shall fall off," and you shall be "free indeed." There is a glorious provision made: all things are ready. O consider, pray, repent! Forsake sin. Weep over your transgressions. Feel the joy of "humble, contrite tears" coursing each other down your cheeks. There is joy even in *penitence*; joy infinitely above the "pleasures of sin." The rational soul of man approves of, and exults in, the first movement of the heart God-ward. Mary's tears at the feet of Jesus gave rise to the chastened joys of penitential hope. The streams flowing from the smitten rock, in the dry and burning desert, produced delight in the bosoms of the thirsty Israelites even before they tasted the precious sparkling liquid. So is it when the soul surveys the tears of repentance flowing from the smitten, rocky heart: its inmost powers exult in prospect of tasting the love of God in Christ Jesus. Repentance is "*unto life*;" and "the Spirit itself" bears witness to the saving character of his own work, "that we may *know* the things that are freely given to us of God." In the first godly sigh, the first penitential tear, there is a germ of "*living hope*" which yields the rational, immortal soul of redeemed man more comfort than a whole life, or a whole eternity, of sin's pleasures.

On reading this text, the member of the Methodist society, into whose hands it is delivered, is reminded of the first steps in the good way, in which, perhaps, the Lord has led him "these forty years." While sin's sorrows are ever on the increase, it would seem as if it were a principle in the history of truth's progress in the human mind, that the pleasures connected with "first love" are cumulative in direct proportion to the length of Christian pilgrimage. Hence a sermon on repentance often cheers the heart of an old disciple. J. W. was a member of my father's class. I met with her. She was a poor woman of exemplary, deep, and well-balanced piety; through a lengthened pilgrimage "walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost." One Sunday morning, at the quarterly visitation of the classes, we had a sermon on repentance, by the late Rev. John Slater. It was a well-arranged, perspicuous, faithful discourse. Young in the way, and full of the future, I did not feel my heart so much interested; but when Mr. S.

came to address J. W., her heart was full, and she was ready to exclaim, "My cup runneth over." The sermon that morning, she said, had so reminded her of her own early struggles, and sorrows, and victories, that the word had tended greatly to confirm her faith, cheer her heart, and encourage her to go forward, till she should finish with joy that course, the description of whose beginning had that day again so delighted her soul. More than five times seven years have since passed away, but the striking and instructive statement of this good woman respecting her solid and lively joys, occasioned by the hearing of a sermon on repentance, is as vivid in my recollection as if it were but of yesterday's occurrence. Is it so, then? Have you, my dear reader, repented and turned from all your transgressions? And is that great and successful effort now getting pretty far in the rear of time? Thank God for the course taken, for the victory won, for the grace given. Hold fast whereunto you have attained; continue to "press toward the mark for the prize of your high calling;" so shall iniquity *not* be *your* ruin; but Christ, and pardon, and holiness shall be your portion in this world, and in that which is to come you shall have life and glory eternal.

St. Mawes. C.

A WORD TO CLASS-LEADERS.

No. II.

No person who is not now consciously accepted of God is fit to be a Leader: this point we think fully settled. But clear conversion is not the sole qualification: there is required,—

Secondly, *Such a daily growth in grace as will keep the Leader ahead of his class.* He ought to be above the ordinary religious stature; to take a higher position than the generality of Christians occupy; to be, or at least earnestly striving to be, thoroughly devoted to God. He needs more knowledge of divine things, and a richer experience of saving truth, than the mass of professors possess. Whatever others may be, it is absolutely necessary that he be an adult Christian, who either has attained, or is seeking, the very highest position in the divine life. Such a man will be able to urge upon his members the pursuit of holiness; to keep before them the prize of entire sanctification; and stimulate them to seek its attainment. From his post, on the mount of meditation and prayer, he will have often looked on the goodly land in the distance; and, earnestly desiring to dwell in it himself, in company with his own class, he will say, "Let us go up at once, and possess the good land, for we are able." It is obvious that a Leader has the means of giving a character to the religious experience of those under his care: they will be, to a great extent, what he makes them; no other person has such an influence over them as he has. If, then, he is thoroughly pious, an earnest, devoted man of God, what an agent for good will he be! To his members he will be an invaluable boon; his earnestness will stimulate them; his burning zeal will arouse them; his exhortations will decide them; his counsels will encourage them; his prayers will bring down favours on them; his whole life will be a pattern for them. To him they will look for direction; his steps they will delight to follow: as certainly as personal valour in a General makes valiant soldiers, will a thoroughly pious Leader conduct his members to eminent piety. We put the case thus strongly, because we are persuaded of its truth: exceptions, we believe, will be found very rare. The holiness of such a man is necessarily attractive; and cannot fail to act beneficially upon the parties who are constantly brought under its influence.

h a man is like a luminary scattering its beams of light in every direction,

but shining with most splendour on those nearest to it, and even investing them with a portion of its own brilliancy. Like the eagle, when teaching its young to fly, he bears his members upwards towards the skies,—

"Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

Onward, homeward, heavenward he goes, saying, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus;" and, as he does not wish to go alone, he takes his members with him, if possible. If they go with him, well; he joys in their joy, and exults as one who has found great spoil, and achieved a victory; but if they tarry behind, he stays not with them for one day; his course is straight forward, and he constantly pursues it. Being well acquainted with religious trials, temptations, and experience, he is able to assist those who are in difficulty, encourage the perplexed and timid, and meet all the sophistical objections which an unbelieving spirit raises against entire holiness. In his class he speaks not of metaphysical subjects, deals not in enforcing mere theories, or in "the commerce of a truth unfelt;" but is ever wishful to be able to say, "What I have felt and seen, that do I declare unto you." Not that he wishes to give himself an undue importance; but a reference to his own experience will sometimes be the shortest way of meeting the case of his members. Perhaps, to take an illustration, some one, on whose attention he is pressing the subject of entire holiness, replies, "I doubt whether holiness, full deliverance from sin, be attainable." "Indeed!" says the Leader, "well; and so did I once; but having carefully examined the matter, I found holiness promised, earnestly sought it, and can now testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I myself enjoy what I urge you to seek." He feels the importance of such a position as this; and is aware that his own testimony, especially when corroborated by his life, is better than a thousand arguments. He knows that such are the circumstances of believers, the peculiarities of religious life, that he must experience a Christian's trials, feel his temptations, and enjoy the sustaining and delivering grace of God, to be successful in his office; and therefore he seeks to maintain the full vigour of the Christian life. He has not now to learn, that the secret of success is in eminent holiness; for God has said, "Them that honour me I will honour."

But suppose a Leader to be content with the very lowest Christian position; to manifest no anxiety for any advance upon what he is and has; to remain in the first stage of the Christian life; will he be the man to lead on his class to brilliant conquests, to urge the attainment of Christian maturity, to press the necessity of perfecting holiness in the fear of God, to instruct the seekers, encourage the timid, and deliver the tempted and doubting? How? Will he feel more concern for another than for himself? can he enforce that on others to which he pays no personal attention? Would nobody, in that case, bid him look at home, and, while professedly anxious to keep the vineyard of others, be sure and not neglect his own? And what a position would he occupy if, when asked, "Do you enjoy that to which you urge us?" he answered truly! Surely they would say to him, "Physician, heal thyself." It may be assumed, that when a teacher is in a low state of piety, he will not speak much of the higher attainments of religion. He cannot with any face: if any conscience remain, he will not urge upon others what he does not personally value; and if not wholly lost to shame, he will not thus expose himself to reproach. As a Leader of growing piety draws his members upwards, so he whose piety is dwarfish drags his downward: the former improves,

the latter injures, his class. As a rule, the members will not be in advance of their Leader; and hence the mischief of having in that office a man of low attainments. He may not wish to injure the cause of Jesus, or put a stumbling-block in the way of those who meet with him; but he does both. Example is so contagious, especially of the wrong kind, that they who always witness it are almost sure to imitate it. And besides, there is the absence—for the reason above-named—of those passing and earnest exhortations to deeper piety, which are necessary to animate the people, and force them to the pursuit of the great salvation. When do we hear of one becoming entirely sanctified, or even getting the higher blessings of a justified state, under the management of a sluggish, indifferent Leader? Cases, however, are, unhappily, by no means rare, of whole classes sinking into formalism, while in such hands. Let this consideration meet with the attention it deserves; and perhaps it will be found that much of the coldness which has come into our societies is attributable to the defective piety of our Leaders. It cannot be too frequently said, or too deeply imprinted on the mind, that thorough devotedness to God, mature piety, is indispensably necessary for a Class-Leader.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

DURING the last quarterly visitation, in meeting one of the largest classes connected with the Third London Circuit, I was struck by the extraordinary felicity and force with which its members applied the words of holy writ to the exposition of their own spiritual life. It was evident that the Bible was not merely the book for Sunday-reading: Gospel-truth was inwoven with the whole web of their week-day existence. They seemed to be cemented by the most cordial and adhesive affection to the doctrines of God's holy word, and were solicitously studying to adjust their desires and habits to its perfect rule. In fact, they were "*building themselves up* in their most holy faith." There was an exhilarating freshness, reality, and individuality about each statement of experience. "The spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind," exhaled from every bosom.

This beautiful phenomenon was at once explained, when I learned that the Leader is accustomed to make a weekly selection from the word of God, which the members are requested to read, and which may occupy the thoughts, imbue the spirit, and regulate the movements of all throughout the interval of meeting.

I take the liberty of submitting this practice to the consideration of the whole body of Class-Leaders, from whom is derived, in so great a degree, the shape and spirit of existing Methodism. The effect of its general adoption would be highly tonic and revivifying. Let divine truth become the daily aliment of our church; and, whilst it "filleth its mouth with good things," its "youth will be renewed like the eagle's." Then will be understood the deep significance of the Saviour's quotation, "Man shall live by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." One of its smallest advantages would be equivalent to a re-editing of the entire vocabulary of class-meetings. "Words whereby we may be saved," "words of eternal life," would be substituted for the wearisome rehearsal of a set of phrases which have long lost all definiteness and all vitality, the inane echoing of last week's experience. The word of Christ would dwell in our people richly in all wisdom. Their minds would become palaces of sanctifying truth, filled and adorned with the ideas and images of the Eternal Intellect. Christ's words abiding in them, they would bring forth much fruit.

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THEOLOGY.

THE NATURE, OBLIGATIONS, AND PRIVILEGES OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

A SERMON.

"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."—Matt. iii. 15.

These are the words of Jesus. They were addressed to John, and spoken in reference to baptism. Prior to John's baptism, there was another,—proselyte baptism. It was administered when the new convert was circumcised and admitted into the Jewish church. This was inferior to John's, both with respect to its extent and authority; as John's was inferior to *Christian* baptism, in its principle, object, and effects. That John's baptism was divinely-appointed is clear from the assertion of the text, the example of Christ, and the glorious attestation from heaven that attended the baptism of Christ.

But it is *Christian baptism* I now purpose to treat of; and to this the principle of the text is not a mere accommodation. Baptism is the subject to which the words literally belong; and as applied to the rite under the Christian dispensation, they are literally true. As Jesus said, in reference to the baptism then in force, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;" so must we now say in reference to the sacrament in question, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

Baptism, as a duty, is so clear and important; so neglected and dishonoured on one hand, and so wrested and unduly magnified on the other; it is so much a matter of public controversy; and our present meeting is so expressly in reference to it, * that it is becoming and natural enough that I should make it the theme of my brief discourse. Into the tedious and comparatively unimportant controversies about the *mode* and *subject* of baptism I shall not at all enter, being wishful to make this service as instructive, devotional, and practical as possible.

I shall endeavour, 1. To assign baptism its true position in the Gospel dispensation; 2. To point out the parties more immediately concerned in the sacred transaction; and, 3. To describe the privileges and obligations resulting from this covenant rite.

I. The position of baptism in the Christian dispensation.

1. Baptism *with water* is a duty enjoined upon us. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." According to the most legitimate and natural mode of interpreting Scripture, baptism is here enjoined. Those who think the element of "water" not required here, because the element of "fire" is named in that text, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire," have a sufficient answer to their objection in these words, "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." (Acts ii. 3.) In the great commission, "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," (Matt. xxviii. 19,) we have the duty laid on us. Now when Peter made many converts under his first sermon, he said, "Be baptized every one of you:" and then it is added, "they were baptized." This was his first sermon to the Jews. When he delivered his first discourse to the Gentiles, he was again fruitful in converts. "Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized?" (Acts x. 46—48.) Here we have both the precept, and the proof how it was interpreted.

2. Baptism is not a mere common Christian duty, but a solemn, stipulated, covenant transaction. Hereby God, according to his own appointment, enters into a covenant with his creature, and openly "signs and seals" it; the element being applied to the subject in his name and by his command. While the creature says, "I am thine, save me;" the Creator and Lord of heaven and earth says, "I will be a God unto thee;" meaning thereby, "I will supply all thy need according to my riches in glory by Christ Jesus." This is the "pledge," of which we are "assured" in the covenant rite.

* This sermon was delivered to a congregation assembled on a week-day morning, at the baptism of an infant, the beloved offspring of highly-esteemed friends of the Preacher; he, by request, attending for the purpose from a neighbouring Circuit. A special service for the baptism of a child is often becoming, and very impressive and edifying.

3. Baptism is not the instrument of scriptural regeneration; but when *rightly administered* it becomes the "channel" of peculiar "spiritual grace." It is not regeneration; for Simon Magus immediately after baptism was found unregenerated, and writhed in "the gall of bitterness and bond of inquity." And the converts in the house of Cornelius were regenerated before the rite was administered. (See Acts x. 47.) Regeneration is the work of the Holy Spirit, experienced only by the praying, believing penitent; and producing "love, joy, peace, long-suffering," and every other Christian grace. Yet, where baptism is rightly administered, we hesitate not to assert, in the language of our own catechetical definition, "It is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof." But then we say, that in this matter, baptism is a moral, not a physical, instrument; all the benefit depending on the moral qualifications of the agents and parties concerned. "What have the wicked to do with my law?"

II. THE PARTIES MORE IMMEDIATELY ENGAGED IN THE SACRED TRANSACTION.

These are human and divine; man and his God. Both parties are present to seal and to ratify the covenant.

1. As far as what is human is concerned, the *child* may be regarded as the first object of attraction. Presented for baptism, the infant of a month old is a touchingly interesting object. Sweet babe! condemned to die, yet innocent of personal transgression! Sentenced to death without an act of his own will, and without effort made the recipient of Gospel benefits. Infants belong virtually to the church: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." By baptism their right is publicly recognised and confirmed. Sufferers by Adam, they hereby visibly claim full restitution in Christ, and receive an earnest of it.

2. At the baptism of an infant, *the parents* are the parties naturally sustaining the greatest burden of moral responsibility. It is their connexion with the Christian church, and Christian covenant, which gives the child a right to public baptismal recognition. The parents must be Christian, really and truly so, to the right performance of the ceremony. It rests with them to present the child, and claim his privilege. The Jewish parents had the honour of having their child publicly received, and his title ratified as a member of the covenant of God. This honour and happiness, Christian parents have now. "The promise is unto you, and to your children." The language of the act is, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

3. *The congregation*, or church, is another party deeply interested. The child in baptism is received into their body. They are present to accept him as a Christian citizen, and to offer up their intercessions for him. Their pious, united, fervent, believing prayers, are very important to the moral and spiritual influence and efficiency of the ordinance. It is specially so to us, who have no faith in water applied by hands in "episcopal succession." Your faithful prayers "avail much." "Lift up your hearts unto the Lord."

4. An indispensable party is the *Minister*. He must bear the credentials of piety as well as of sacred office. He should be an accredited Minister of the church to which the parents belong. Baptism is the door of Christian profession, and it is obviously a pastoral duty to admit infant and adult. It is of small consequence what name or denomination he may be of: only, *is he of God?* and has he power with Him?

5. But child, and parents, and congregation, and Minister, are present in vain, *if God himself be not there.* Without Him we can do nothing. If it is not on episcopal succession that the validity of baptism depends, it is on the succession of the divine presence and blessing. This, however, cannot be wanting if we are "gathered together" in a right spirit. Jesus, in condescension, says, "There am I in the midst." Nor the Son alone, but the Father and the Spirit also. The whole Trinity descends. God is come down to enter into covenant with a worm, even a helpless babe. He enters the living temple, with a voice from heaven, "We will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Nor are infants *incapable* of being thus honoured: "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." We may unbelievingly exclaim, "How can these things be!" Or we may take our proper place, believe, receive, and adore; set baptism as high as the Scriptures; taking care not to interfere either with the rights of God or man. We believe God has bound *us*, but does not suffer us to bind him, or our brethren who conscientiously differ from us. "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

III. THE PRIVILEGES AND OBLIGATIONS RESULTING FROM THE COVENANT RITE.

In a covenant there must needs be obligation; and it is mutual. The infant is, by the covenant of baptism, bound to God. Of which act, the parents and congregation are sponsors, agents, and witnesses. God also is graciously bound to the infant by his word, and by his servant, the appointed Minister, signing and sealing the covenant in his name.

In this covenant, God graciously pledges himself to bestow on the subject of baptism certain great benefits. The principal of these are repentance, pardon, adoption, sanctification, consolation, preservation, resurrection to eternal glory. God engages to be friend, Saviour, portion, all in all.

On the part of the infant subject of the baptismal covenant, God requires faith, love, obedience unto death. "What doth your baptism oblige you to do? My baptism obliges me, first, to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and, thirdly, to keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life." These are the sentiments which our formularies teach, because we believe them to be true.

Under these circumstances, then, how numerous and powerful are the motives and obligations binding on parents, congregation, and Ministers, to bring up the baptized child in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" Without them, the infant could not visibly come under the bond of the covenant; nor can he fulfil its obligations without the vigilant and prayerful aid of these parties. How strongly does baptism affect the parents! In virtue of that covenant to which they have bound him, the child, on the authority of God, demands of them, early and constant Christian *government*, early and constant Christian *instruction*, early and constant Christian *example*, early and constant Christian *intercession*. Have members of the church and congregation ratified the covenant by their presence and their prayers? Then are they bound by the covenant-granting and covenant-keeping God, to take up the case of the infant, especially under parental neglect or failure, and see that he is "trained up in the way he should go." In a peculiar sense these baptized "little ones" are among "the least of Jesus's brethren;" and at the final and solemn audit, there will be an inquiry respecting our conduct toward them.

B. C.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love. What a beautiful expression! Not, God loves us, God is loving, God is full of love; but, "God *is* love." It is his very essence, and it is the light in which he chiefly loves to exhibit himself to his creatures. When Moses prayed that he might behold Jehovah's glory, the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, first, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;" and then as one "that will by no means clear the guilty:" and in Jer. ix. 24, he speaks of himself as "the Lord which exerciseth," first, "lovingkindness," and then, "judgment and righteousness in the earth." The Psalmist delights to set forth this crowning attribute of Jehovah, this brightest gem in the diadem of the great King. "The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy; the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." (Psal. cxlv. 8, 9.) "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." (Psal. ciii. 13.) "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." (Psal. xxxvi. 7.) The Apostles no less frequently dwell on this delightful theme: it forms one of the most prominent features of St. John's first epistle; and if we examine the whole of the sacred Scriptures, whether didactic or narrative, we shall find that they all corroborate this pleasant and glorious statement, "God is love."

When Jesus, who is "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person," came in his infinite condescension, and dwelt among sinful men, how completely and clearly did he cause to shine forth this attribute of the Father! Love was the sum of his teaching, and what he taught in theory he exemplified in practice. His whole life was love; his pure breast never harboured a thought contrary to the spirit of charity; his holy lips never spake other than words of affection and kindness; his gracious hands were never employed in deed-

malevolence or selfishness. The tone of his voice, the beaming of his eye, were redolent of love. His days were spent in works of mercy, his nights in interceding prayer. And even his dying words were those of loving compassion: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

God's love is shown in countless ways. He created us in love; and it is in love that he preserves us. He feeds us, and clothes us; He giveth us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. He is tender and pitiful, and of great mercy; He does not always chide, neither doth He keep his anger for ever. But most of all is his love displayed in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 9, 10.)

Sinner, will you slight this love? It was for you that Jesus bled; and shall He bleed in vain? will you reject this offered mercy? will you refuse to accept of pardon? Will you not rather say, "If God so loves me, shall I not love Him?"

Christian, take courage! thou art often desponding, and lookest doubtfully toward the end, hardly daring to hope thou wilt hold out so long. Fear not: "God is love." He will keep the feet of his saints; He will be your guide even unto death; He guards you and cares for you; and if God be for you, who can be against you?

Be cheered, thou mourner in Zion! thou that sorrowest with a godly sorrow working repentance: thou art perhaps afraid to come to God for pardon, because thou hast greatly sinned against Him, and thou knowest Him to be a God of justice. Be not afraid, "God is love;" and if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins; for He can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

Be encouraged, thou that art tempted of the adversary! What though thine enemy be wily and strong; what though thine own evil heart be against thee; what though thy temptations be manifold and various: "God is love;" and He will not suffer thee to be tempted above what thou art able to bear.

Faint not, thou that art tried in the furnace of affliction! "God is love," and it is in love that He afflicteth thee; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." (Heb. xii. 6.) And his love in due time will deliver thee: He knoweth the way that thou takest; when He hath tried thee, thou shalt come forth as gold. (Job. xxiii. 10.)

"God is love." What is the inference that the Apostle draws from this? "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." (1 John iv. 11.)

O that our hearts always glowed with love to that almighty Being, whose love to us is so vast, so unfathomable, so untiring! And O that it may be ours through all eternity on harps of gold to celebrate his love, with saints and angels, in the city of the New Jerusalem!

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

GREAT physical changes in our globe are usually the result of agencies whose operation is slow and long-continued. But this is not always the case. The effects of a volcanic eruption, or of an earthquake, are sometimes as extensive and as permanent as phenomena which have been the labour of years or of centuries. So God does not confine himself to any unvarying plan in the accomplishment of his gracious purpose to draw all men to Christ. For the most part, indeed, the multiplication of believers is gradual, and follows from the blessing of God upon the diligent and persevering use of appointed means. But there are occasions when the Spirit works otherwise. A thousand, it may be, are born in a day, and that under circumstances of extraordinary excitement. We are not to conclude, because the saving process has fewer than the ordinary number of stages, that the work is defective, or that the results will not be lasting.

G. D. J.

"MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD."

WHAT truth and beauty there are in these words of our divine Redeemer! This world is a system at variance with Christ: they are contraries, and can no more agree or combine than light and darkness. The reign of Christ is in the

world. Here He has a people; here He issues laws; here He shows forth his power. But his kingdom is not of this world. How different are the principles of his government; how opposite the influences of his reign! *The world!* and what is the world? Its material part can be computed as to magnitude and value, its dust comprehended in a measure, and its water held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand. The immaterial world, the mind dwelling in it, man who has his abode here, reckoned by units, or innumerable as the sands of the sea, yet rises not above himself. He gives value to the world, but evidently is not the world's object and end; and as the world does not terminate in man, neither does man terminate in himself. And yet what is the policy of the world? *It is of and for itself.* It has no higher aim, no other object. Now Christ says, his "kingdom is not of this world." He disowns its rebel authority, he repudiates its policy and spirit, and proclaims irreconcileable war against it. The world exalts its object, worships itself, usurps the place of God. The man of the world deems it folly to forego honour or profit merely for the will of God; he desires no higher sanction than what the world approves. The law to which he feels himself amenable is the opinion generally current in society. The world's sanction is his justification; the world's connivance his excuse and apology; the world's condemnation his dread. Look at Christ. He is man. How submissive to his heavenly Father; and how courteous, dignified, and perfect in every earthly relation! He has left us an example. We call him Master and Lord, and He justly expects us practically to own the relations, and do as He saith. The world is not under his yoke; but Christians have taken upon them that yoke. The first lesson Christ inculcates is humility. The foundation must be deeply laid to support the superstructure of excellence to be reared upon it. Man loves virtue as an object of the imagination. The Christian would love and idolize himself were he not first taught that self must be destroyed. "Learn of me," says Christ; "for I am meek and lowly in heart." This rebel, self, is the Christian's trouble, the church's bane. O, it is carnal to say, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos." Pauls are required in the church, and are necessary for the world, and so are Apolloses; but the most gifted of Christ's servants are nothing compared with himself, and their work is nothing to his work. Were Christians fully initiated into Christ's kingdom, the person and work of Christ would so fill their eye, that even Paul and Apollos, excellent and beloved as they justly are, would only appear in the background. We do not object to strong personal attachment and preference. It is our nature. I love my wife; I love my child; I love my home; I love my country. Personal feeling is not opposed to the general principle. Love of the individual is the true principle of love of the race. The concentration of a principle does not argue its annihilation or contraction, but its strength and power, and adaptation for expansion. The love of God, conjugal affection, parental love, the love of the brethren, friendship, the enlarged philanthropy; what are these but the expression and development of the principle of love? I love my own church. There I was born, or there I was nurtured, or there I am bound by holiest associations and recollections. I have a strong preference; or here I regard myself placed by Divine Providence; or here I have opportunities of usefulness; or here, by steadfastness and consistency, I may glorify God and recommend religion. I do not tacitly condemn other churches by the strong partiality I feel for my own. To others, the churches in which they are placed may have all the motives to attach them to them, which I have to attach me to my own communion. True allegiance to Christ is all I ask of my Christian brother; and with the seal of my Lord's approbation upon him, I can no more disown him than I can pour contempt upon Christ, and consider myself wiser than my Lord. Well, the world may reject my claim to relationship with my Saviour; it may accuse me of seeking self and party. Shall I alter my bearing to it on this account, feel less pity, and slacken my efforts on its behalf? Shall I bridle up my dignity, and bid it defiance? My Saviour tells me, "My kingdom is not of this world." On worldly principles I might so act.

But on Christian principles, being reviled, we are to bless; and persecuted, to suffer it. But it may be my Christian brother disowns me. There may be points in my character he does not understand, or faults and imperfections I may not myself be aware of; and his view is taken up with these, and rejecting these he rejects me; for, standing in the position he does, or from defective vision, he discovers nothing else in me, and, not perceiving

the family likeness, does not own me for a brother. And am I to be offended? If it were an enemy, I could have borne it: there would be excuse for such; but I am not to be thus treated by one of the household of faith. He must himself be an intruder. He cannot have the spirit of Christ, and reject me. I am so much like Christ, the resemblance is so perfect, rejecting me he rejects Christ: mistake is impossible here. He must himself be a hypocrite or an unbeliever. Now, thus to bite and devour one another may be after the rudiments of the world; but ye have not so learned Christ. The brother, whose erroneous judgment, or mistaken, imperfect views first led him astray, might soon have come over to a better mind, had I in the matter only regarded my Saviour's glory, and left it entirely with Him to answer for mine. As the less is blessed of the greater, so the worse is condemned of the better. That is, the man who sits in judgment on another man's character, in some sense considers himself his superior. Now, in harshly judging my Christian brother, I consider myself better than he; that I have more of the mind of Christ, and belong to a higher form of Christianity. And yet I would have him bear with my infirmities, and cannot bear with his; and yet the Gospel rule is, that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak! Let us do our own work in the Lord's way. The great object of Satan is to draw off Christians from their proper work, and engage them in fighting and quarrelling amongst themselves. Now there must be two parties to a quarrel. We may not be able to bring all over to our own views, and effect perfect reconciliation in the churches. We may not be able to settle disputed points of doctrine, or lay down the only true standard of discipline and church polity; but we may certainly cease from contention, and "put on as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another:" we may at least fulfil the apostolic injunction, "Let each esteem other better than themselves."

As Wesleyans, we are called to this. Our sainted founder may say to us, "Follow me even as I followed Christ." He was never the assailant. With a filial, strong, and enduring attachment to the established Church, he, without guile, sought her welfare, mourned over her blemishes with unaffected sorrow, and in her more abounding good truly rejoiced. By the wonderful though unseen working of Him who walketh in the midst of his golden candlesticks, he was permitted to live and die a Minister and member of her communion; for though above all others irregular in his mode of action, and by an apostolate higher than that of man, spreading abroad his labours beyond all ecclesiastical bounds, and limited only by the world, which he (after-ages may say inspired) called his parish, yet was he not silenced by the rulers of the Church, but, though in a measure disowned, was permitted to continue his ministrations in her to the end of his days. The hierarchy, with some few bright exceptions, poured on him their withering scorn; the Clergy, as a body, would not receive him, or bid him God speed; yet these many waters could not drown his love, nor extinguish that true affection which in filial spirit he cherished to the last. Let the followers of John Wesley, then, in accordance with the first principles of Methodism, be more maligned than their founder; let them wait till efforts purer, mightier, more enduring and disinterested than his have been repudiated and rejected by the Church, before they take up a stone to cast at her.

With regard to our Dissenting brethren, let us labour with them in the bonds of the Gospel. We may not deem it our province to be allies in their attack on the national Establishment; but we may show that we hold as truly as they that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, that the government rests upon his shoulders, and the crown adorns his brow; that our calling in the present times is not to contest with them the five points on which we may not see eye to eye, but cordially work with them in the fifty in which we are well agreed,—those weightier matters of the law, mercy, judgment, and faith.

On the obverse, "My kingdom is not of this world;" on the reverse, "The friends of all, and the enemies of none;" let us go through the land and through the world with our banner, and never come down from our high calling and position to conflict for lower objects, till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ.

T. E.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE EFFECT OF TRUTH IN RELIGION ON NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

DURING the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind, has been her [the Church of Rome's] chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, *has been made in spite of her*, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been *sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor*, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome, with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. *The descent of Spain*, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation, *the elevation of Holland*, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, *teach the same lesson.* Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; *in Ireland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county*, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. *On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails.* The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. [With all their wealth!] The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have doubtless shown an energy and an intelligence which, even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule; for in no country that is called Roman Catholic, has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority, as in France.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

IV. DELINQUENCY OF PARENTS.

PARENTAL delinquency, which I wish I had words of fire to depict, lies chiefly in five things,—indulgence, severity, sloth, ignorance, irreligion.

1. *Indulgence.* There is an excellent prayer against this sin in one line of the 467th hymn,—

"With *resolute wisdom* us endue."

This hymn and the two following are "for parents." Here are an hundred and twenty lines of beautiful poetry, full of instruction to parents, (especially on the sin of *indulgence,*) which ought to be strongly commended to the attention of all who have recently entered, or are expected soon to enter, upon the parental relation. The father of Methodism saw this evil in a very clear light, and against it wrote and spoke some of the strongest things that have been uttered. Doubtless the example and instruction of that great woman, Susanna Wesley, his own honoured mother, added living energy to his own powerful feelings, forcible thoughts, and burning words, on this vital point. Indulgence was the sin of Eli. He did not control his children. When they "made themselves vile," he was too tender towards them. He *told* them their error; but something more was required of him. God complained that "he restrained them not." Here was his delinquency: "he ruled not his own house well;" and disastrous and sad indeed were the consequences to himself, the church, and his offspring. Early did the mother of Henry Longden fall into this. She gave her child his own way. But, happily for her, and for her subsequently pious and useful son, she early saw her error, and with true maternal affection, and "resolute wisdom," rectified her mistake, and retraced her steps. But there are other perils; one bordering very nearly on this; it is,

2. *Severity.* A degree of severity is necessary, as already intimated. Government cannot be maintained without it: hence that wise prayer,—

"Him let me tend, *severely kind.*"

"He that spareth his rod, hateth his son." "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" But the danger lies in pursuing such modes of family government so far as to render you justly liable to the censure of being "too severe." This becomes tyranny; and tyranny is perhaps the proper word to characterize that kind of severity now referred to. There is here danger of a twofold excess. One is the correcting of any given fault *unmercifully:* the other is, the continuance of the *principle* of severity too uniformly, or to too late a period of the child's life. What would be salutary at one stage, would be pernicious at another; and what would be wholesome discipline in one case, would in another be destructive tyranny; because of the different circumstances of the children or government in question. Unreasonable parental severity is unnatural and unchristian; it impairs filial affection, fosters domestic enmity, perverts the influence of parents, and often involves parents and children in misery and ruin. "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath."

3. *Sloth* is another cause of parental delinquency. "A child *left to himself* bringeth his mother to shame." Without doing any positive evil, parents may become very guilty in God's sight. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." Why curse Meroz? What have the inhabitants of this devoted city done? Why, they have done—*nothing*. Their great sin is "they came not to the help of the Lord." The very same sin is laid to the charge of slothful parents. Jesus says, "Thou wicked and slothful servant." Of whom does He speak? Whom does He characterize as "wicked?" The servant who was "slothful;" who made no attempt to improve his "talent." Even so is that mother "wicked" who does not improve that "one talent," a child, her "first-born," committed to her trust. And this child, "left to himself," will in many ways "bring his mother to shame." Perhaps it may be questioned whether sloth (for much of what is called indulgence springs from this source) is not more fruitful of parental delinquency, and all its attendant miseries, than any other cause. It must, indeed, be admitted that a portion of parental sloth is mere neglect, or omission. Closely occupied about many things, this duty of training up their offspring is neglected; and the "child" destined in early life to "know the Scriptures," and become "wise unto salvation," grows up as the "wild ass's colt;" till ignorance and stubbornness become almost invincible, and his mother well may be "ashamed" to own him. Next to care for personal salvation, is the care for our own offspring. God says, "Train them up in the way they should go." And woe to those parents who slothfully, or even inadvertently, neglect their duty. The day of account will come, and then must they be "speechless." But it must be confessed, that with a large class of parents,

4. *Ignorance* is a prevailing cause of their delinquency. This criminal ignorance attaches to three classes of persons:—those parents who are illiterate, living in poverty and general ignorance; those who are educated and generally well-informed, but are destitute of knowledge on this point; and those who are not only generally well-informed, but well-conducted too, yet, somehow, continue grossly ignorant and inattentive to the great duty of training their children. The first of these classes is plentifully diffused among the labouring population; the second is found among the middle and upper classes; the third among *professors* of religion. Ignorant of what God requires of them in the way of instructing and guiding their offspring, the great duty is unnoticed, and, consequently, left undone. Forsaking, in this sense, the offspring of their own bowels, their children grow up in error, under the influence of principles which render them a curse to themselves and the community they belong to. Such unhappy parents are crucifying their own children, and scattering around them "firebrands, arrows, and death," and "know not what they do." O that they were wise! Destruction and misery are in their ways, and their eyes not open to see it. To meet this crying evil in some measure, and in connexion with other means, it would be well for the philanthropist, at a suitable period, to present newly-married couples with a well-written little manual exclusively on "the parental relation." In a catalogue of the causes of parental delinquency,

5. *Irreligion* must not be omitted. The prayerless parent, the father who never raised a domestic altar, the mother who never presented her child before God in humble, fervent, believing prayer, are delinquents indeed. There is only one "way of pleasantness," one "path of peace;" and that is, true piety. To conduct the child into this "path," and to lead him on in this "way," is the high and sacred duty of every one whom God has honoured with the parental office. Sufficient assistance from his parents to find Jesus, "the Way," is the child's birthright. See the mother with the infant in her arms, and the father leading a child in each hand, all in the "broad way," sweeping onward to destruction together. Children led as lambs to the slaughter. Pitiable sight! O, ye graceless mothers, justly delighted with the smiles of your lovely babes, think on what you are doing! will you place your dear children in the flaming arms of Moloch? And ye prayerless men, whom God has honoured with the name of father, cease to lead your children in the ways of destruction and misery; awake to the sin of parental delinquency; turn to truth, to righteousness, and mercy,

and "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

O, who can adequately speak the vastness of the evil resulting from this master-sin! Parents in their families are the representatives of God: how greatly is He dishonoured by their awful delinquency! Does He condescend to bear the name of Father in reference to them? Well may He say, "Ye do dishonour me." What personal misery are millions of children now visibly enduring, which is directly traceable to parental delinquency! What wretchedness and sin, in a majority of "all the families of the earth," which delinquent parents must be responsible for! The uproar of hell going up to high heaven, from domestic circles misruled, crieth against you. You have multiplied the nations, and have not increased the joy. Do we complain of the barrenness of the ministry, of the unfruitfulness of Sabbath-schools, of the non-augmenting state of the church of Christ? Alas! how much of this is to be laid at your door? Had you bestowed that primary culture, required by both God and man, "the Spirit had been poured from on high, and the wilderness had been a fruitful field." We complain of our children, and of the great discomfort they occasion us: but is there not a cause? Remember, it is written, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

St. Mauses, PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE OSPREY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WHEN mountain-hares are not to be had by the eagles, they feed more on carrion, such as dead sheep, than birds; a good-sized dead animal of this kind being far more suited to the ravenous appetite of a golden eagle than a small bird like a grouse; and, in the sheep-districts, there must be a constant supply, owing to accidents and disease. In the month of May I saw the nest of an osprey on the very summit of the old castle built on a point of land (sometimes an island) in Loch Assynt. The nest was then tenantless, and had been so for two or three years. On my return in June, I was much pleased at seeing one osprey on the nest, and another sailing over the loch. Though the osprey is, generally speaking, so very rare in Britain, it frequents this locality, which seems particularly to suit it. Large tracts of the country here are almost unseen by human beings from one end of the year to the other. Covered with grey rocks, and broken up into a succession of small hollows, in most of which there are lochs, all abounding in trout, this district is exactly suited for the osprey, while it is unfit for any other animal: the sheep remain more on the extensive slopes, where they not only find plenty of food, but are more under the eye and protection of mankind. A shepherd in the broken, rocky tracts of country can have no chance of finding or seeing his flock; while, at the same time, the pasturage is worth but little, consisting wholly of heather. Nor is the ground at all better adapted for the grouse-shooter, as he would never keep sight of his dogs for two minutes together. For these reasons the osprey is but little disturbed, and lives unmolested for years. Even if a shepherd does pass the loch, the bird sits securely on her isolated rock, out of reach of all danger, as her nest can only be approached, in most instances, by swimming. I generally saw the osprey fishing about the lower pools of the rivers, near their mouths; and a beautiful sight it is. The long-winged bird hovers (as a kestrel does over a mouse) at a considerable distance above the water, sometimes on perfectly motionless wing, and sometimes wheeling slowly in circles, turning her head, and looking eagerly down at the water: she sees a trout when at a great height, and, suddenly closing her wings, drops like a shot bird into the water, often plunging completely under, and at other times appearing scarcely to touch the water; but seldom failing to rise again with a good-sized fish in her talons. The feet of the osprey are extremely rough, and the toes placed in a peculiar manner, so as to give them the best possible chance of holding their slippery food. Sometimes, in the midst of her swoop, the osprey suddenly stops herself in the most abrupt manner, probably because the fish, having changed its position, is no longer within her range; she then hovers again, stationary in the air, anxiously looking below for the re-appearance of her prey. Having well examined one pool, she suddenly turns off, and, with rapid flight, takes herself to an adjoining part of the stream, where she again begins to hover and circle in the air. On making a pounce into the water, the osprey dashes the spray up far and wide, so as to be seen at a considerable distance. The rapidity and certainty of stroke that a bird must possess to enable it to catch so quick a creature as the sea-trout, can scarcely be understood. One would naturally suppose that the trout,

in its own element, would give a bird not the slightest chance of catching it, particularly as this can only be done at one dash; the osprey, of course, not being able to pursue a trout under water, like a cormorant. All fly-fishers must know the lightning-like rapidity with which a trout darts up from the depth of several feet, and, with unerring aim, seizes the fly almost before its wings touch the water; and yet here is a large bird, hovering directly over, and in full view of the water, who manages to catch the rapid-darting trout with an almost certain swoop, although one would naturally suppose that the fish would be far off, in the depth of the pool, or behind some place of refuge, long before the bird could touch the water. In the same manner it has often puzzled me how the terns can with such certainty pounce upon and catch so quick a little fish as the sand-eel: the tern's foot not being at all suited for holding anything, these birds catch the sand-eel with their bills. The osprey is not nearly so early as the eagle in breeding: in fact, the latter is far advanced towards hatching her eggs before the osprey arrives in Scotland. It is said the ospreys always arrive in pairs: if so, however, it is not easy to understand how, when one out of a pair is killed, the remaining bird can find a mate, which it generally manages to do. There are, too, but very few in Britain at any time, their principal head-quarters seeming to be in America; and, though living in tolerable peace in the Highlands, they do not appear to increase nor to breed in any localities excepting where they find a situation for their nest similar to what I have already described. As they in no way interfere with the sportsman, or others, it is a great pity that they should ever be destroyed.—*St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire.*

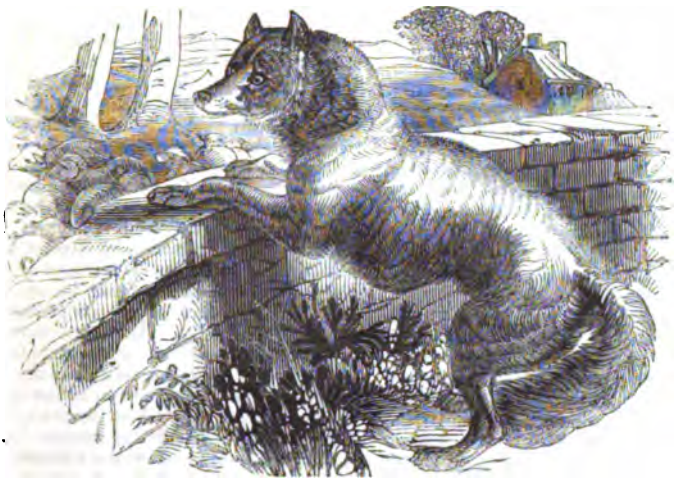
PERSEVERANCE OF A BIRD.

I WAS standing by my window one morning, just before sunrise, admiring the beauty and grandeur of the gilded clouds in the east, when my attention was arrested by two birds (starlings) building their nests in the roof of a house opposite my own window: the entrance to the nest was by a small hole, scarcely large enough, to my view, for the bird. At length one of them came with a large twig, and made the attempt to enter, but could not. It tried again, with apparently greater effort; but the force was not sufficient, and it almost fell as if stunned by the wall. It now flew round the garden two or three times, as if to get a better acquaintance with its task. At length, with greater resolution than ever, it rushed to the hole, and accomplished an entrance. A. S.

THE WOLF.

OF all wild animals, few are more familiar to our early associations than the wolf. In our first acquaintance with Æsop, our introduction to the early story of Rome, our childish knowledge of ancient English history, our first books of travel and of adventure, the wolf figures conspicuously. Few wild animals are more extensively distributed over the globe. In the old world the wolf ranges from the North Pole, down through all the continent of Europe, to the shores of the Mediterranean; and through Asia, down to the south of India, as far at least as the river Krishna. In the new world, also, his range is equally extensive; for he may be found in all the regions, from Greenland, right down to the isthmus of Panama. Naturalists are somewhat divided as to the question, whether the American and European wolves are of different species; but the weight of numbers appears to favour their identity; and the tendency of science being to discover differences, the fact of their diversity being seriously contested, renders it doubtful in the extreme.

To us now the word "wolf" conveys no idea of terror, except as associated with the snows of northern Europe, the forests of Germany, the hills of Spain and France, or the wild far regions of the East and West. Our own walks and persons are far from the danger of these gaunt hunters, and we know of them only as the interesting animals of fable, or the racy dangers of foreign adventure. Not so our good fathers. Time was when wolf was, in these same British isles, a word of real terror. The month of January received from our Saxon ancestors the name of wolf-month. In the reign of Athelstane, so formidable were they to travellers in Yorkshire, that a refuge from their attacks was built, for the public benefit, at Flixton; and when any guilty wight had placed himself in the terrible category of an outlaw, he was called by the significant name "wolfshed," that he might know that his life was as hurtful, and his death would be as welcome, to the community as that of a wolf. It was an ingenious contrivance of Edgar to commute the punishment of rogues into the delivery of a certain number of wolves' tongues; for thus he secured the death either of the beast or the culprit; and gave desperate men a hope of redeeming life by exertions which greatly tended to the public welfare. It will also be remembered that he permitted the Welsh to pay their tribute in the form of three hundred wolves yearly, instead of silver or gold. But all his efforts did not suffice; for Edward I. had to solicit the help of all his lieges on behalf of Peter Corbet, who was to extirpate, if possible, all wolves from the western counties. In Scotland and Ireland the wolves appear to have long survived the last of their English kinsmen; for it was not till the year



1680, that the last Caledonian wolf met his end, by the hand of one bold Sir Ewen Cameron; and even as late as 1710, the county of Cork had before its grand jury a presentment for killing wolves.

The wolf that suckled (or rather was fabled to suckle) Romulus, and that which infests Russia, Lapland, Germany, and France, with the ancient British wolf, and some found in the New World, and even in Africa, are all classed under the one species of common wolf. They vary in these different countries, yet not sufficiently to constitute a specific difference. In the extreme north they are white; and cases of white wolves occur also in other countries; but they are generally regarded as albinoes. The wolf of the Pyrenees, and of Spain, is a larger and more desperate animal, called the black wolf. Among the wolves of America, the most striking varieties are the prairie wolf and the dusky wolves.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOVERNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"O how my spring of life resembleth
The' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

THE year 1832 will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Great Britain with melancholy interest. It was during that eventful year that the visitation of the Asiatic cholera produced the greatest alarm throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its ravages were indeed of the most fearful character. Young and old, rich and poor, indiscriminately sunk beneath its withering and desolating touch. In some localities, one-twentieth of the entire population became its unhappy victims. At length, towards the close of the year, the ravages of this fatal disease were mercifully terminated by Him who alone could say to the Angel of the pestilence, "It is enough: stay now thine hand!"

About this time the following announcement appeared in one of the London journals:—

"'*Council Office, Nov. 21st*, 1832.

"'In consequence of the diminution of the number of the cases of cholera throughout Great Britain, the same will be published by the Central Board of Health, on Monday in each week only, in future.'—So that the direful disease appears to have fled the country, after attacking 73,419 persons, old and young, and destroying 27,997 of its victims."

The Prophet Isaiah says, "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." And I have no doubt, that many who had been insensible of their spiritual danger, and in whom the ordinary means of grace had failed to produce any salutary effect, were

awakened during this awful visitation to a sense of their lost condition; and in the eleventh hour to cry to God for mercy.

In a populous town, in one of the midland counties, there lived, at the period I have mentioned, a worthy man who gained a comfortable subsistence by keeping an academy. He was a man of a highly cultivated mind, and well qualified to discharge the duties of his calling. His wife, who was remarkably delicate in her health, had been under medical treatment for several years. The expenses attending this lengthened affliction sometimes occasioned pecuniary embarrassments; but by industry and economy he was enabled to surmount his difficulties. He had a son, about the age of nineteen, and a daughter, about two years younger. He gave them an education which he flattered himself would enable them to procure the necessaries and the comforts of life. In the month of July the cholera made its appearance, and with a fearful rapidity began to spread its baneful influence through the town. This excellent man became one of its earliest victims; and within the space of three days, his wife, who was also attacked, followed him to the grave. Their son was the next. On the day of his mother's interment, the youth was suddenly taken ill, and died on the following morning.

Thus, in one short week, this interesting family was reduced to a solitary member. That member was Ellen. She had now no father to counsel her; no mother to shield her; no brother to share her affections. She was alone in the world. The pangs which she endured, while seated in the solitude of her chamber, may better be conceived than described. Her gentle heart was breaking; and she was several times tempted to regret that she also had not been marked by the "destroying angel" as one of the youthful victims.

But these afflictive bereavements were overruled by a gracious Providence for the salvation of her soul. Special services were held in the different places of worship in the town, with a view to impress the minds of the inhabitants with the importance of a preparation for eternity. Hundreds who attended these meetings, many of them doubtless under the influence of fear and excitement, were deeply awakened; and, there is reason to hope, were truly converted to God. It was during one of these special services that Ellen was induced, with a penitent heart, to cast herself on the mercy of God, through faith in Christ; and she became a new creature. She could now bow to the will of God, and acknowledge, with deep submission, that the Judge of all the earth will do right.

There was a respectable lady residing in the town, of the name of Denham, who highly esteemed the father of Ellen for his superior talents and unblemished character. Seeing the destitute condition of the amiable girl, she proposed receiving her into the family, as governess to her children. Ellen was too happy to decline the proposal; regarding the opening, in her present circumstances, to be providential. And with a thankful heart she at once entered on her new vocation. Her charge consisted of three children, all under the age of twelve. She found them to be docile and obedient; so that she experienced the labour of teaching them to be a "delightful task." By her mistress she was treated with kindness and affability. But seldom is it the lot of even the prudent and the virtuous to enjoy, in this world of tribulation, a state of uninterrupted tranquillity. How often have the innocent been punished for the delinquencies of the guilty! and how often has the most spotless integrity been injured by the tongue of the slanderer! "Out of the heart," says our Lord, "proceedeth false witness." And it is a mournful proof of the degeneracy of human nature, that thousands who bear the Christian name are ever envious at the prosperity of others. While they

> "Sicken at another's joy,
> And hate the excellence they cannot reach;"

they will labour to cast a shadow over the merits, and study to darken with the densest clouds the character, of their unsuspecting victims! It was thus that the devoted Ellen was injured in the estimation of her only earthly friend; and suddenly deprived, in the morning of life, of that unsullied reputation which it had been the ambition of her soul to maintain.

There were two female servants in the house, the elder of whom, who had been in the family for many years, was of a jealous disposition. When she found that a poor orphan was placed in a more honourable position than herself, and that her mistress treated her with the most marked and unremitting attention, she sought, by all the machinations that her envious mind could invent, to injure the unsuspecting girl. To some extent, she at length succeeded; for when Ellen had spent about twelve months in the family, she observed, with much depression of mind, that her mistress was less kind to her than usual; and, instead of addressing her as formerly in an affable spirit, her language was often discourteous.

On discovering that her nefarious plans had so far succeeded in weaning the affections of her mistress from the object of her own bitter aversion, the wily Sophia was emboldened to proceed to still greater lengths; trusting that she should eventually be the means of ejecting her from the house. On one occasion, Mrs. Denham was invited to spend the day at the house of a friend, who lived in the adjoining street. Soon after her departure, Sophia discovered on the table a massive gold pencil-case. While

Ellen was engaged with her pupils in the school-room, she softly stole into the chamber of the governess, and, unlocking her box with a key that she had already procured, wrapped the pencil-case in a pocket-handkerchief, and placed it in the bottom of the box. Then safely locking it, she returned to her household duties.

It was late in the evening when Mrs. Denham returned, and nothing was said about the article. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, she inquired of Sophia whether she had seen it, as she was positive she had left it on the parlour-table. "Yes," replied the deceitful servant, "I saw the governess with it; and she took it upstairs last night, before you came home."

"O!" said the lady: "she is taking care of it for me. I shall be going into the school-room presently, and will ask her for it."

The hour which was to blight for ever the earthly hopes and expectations of the accomplished orphan had just arrived; and the malignant triumph of the artful Sophia, who had too successfully accomplished her disgrace, was about to be completed.

On entering the school-room, soon after the above conversation, Mrs. Denham asked for her pencil-case.

"I have not seen it, Madam," replied Ellen.

"O yes!" said her mistress: "Sophia says she saw you take it up-stairs last night; and I thought you were keeping it for me."

"Sophia saw *me* taking it up-stairs?" answered the astonished girl: "I never saw it."

Sophia was then called up.

"Did you not tell me, that the governess had my gold pencil-case?" inquired Mrs. D.

"Yes, Ma'am: she took it up-stairs last night."

"You must be dreaming, Sophia," exclaimed Ellen: "on my oath, I have never seen the pencil-case."

"And on my oath, I saw you take it."

"Well, this is strange," said Mrs. D. "I am sure I left it on the parlour-table; and one of you must have it."

"If you suspect *me*," said Sophia, in great perturbation of mind, "you may search my box."

"And as I am not only suspected, but *accused* of stealing it," said Ellen, "I *insist* on my box being searched."

With this she hurried to her chamber, and quickly returning with her box, opened it in the presence of her mistress and Sophia. The search was soon made, and the concealed treasure brought to light.

"Who has done this?" exclaimed the deeply-astonished girl, bursting into tears. "I must have enemies in the house who wish to ruin me. I declare, in the face of Heaven, that I never saw that pencil-case before!"

"I told you," said the deceitful servant, addressing her mistress, with an expression of malignant joy, "I told you she had it; and I hope you are now satisfied."

"I cannot but be satisfied," said her mistress; "and, bless me, here is also my silver thimble, which I had lost for several weeks. I have long suspected that all was not right. What have you to say for yourself, Miss ——? From this day, I have no more need of your services."

Overpowered by her feelings, the poor victim could not articulate a word. She stood motionless as a statue. The delicate sensibility of her bosom completely prostrated her physical strength; and in the excess of anguish, she sunk swooning on the floor.

She was immediately taken to her apartment; and, proper restoratives being administered, she speedily revived; but only to a more vivid impression of the wretchedness of her condition. She felt that her character, which she had uniformly endeavoured to preserve inviolate, was impeached; and that the bright and sunny visions which had previously shed a soothing, tranquillising influence over her young and susceptible heart, were about to be succeeded by prospects of gloom and desolation.

She had an aged aunt, who resided in a retired village, situated in the lovely vale of Evesham, and but a moderate distance from the city of Gloucester. As the only alternative in her present position, she resolved at once to seek an asylum under her humble roof; not doubting, that, by the blessing of God, she should be enabled to obtain a livelihood by keeping a school.

On the following morning, having made the necessary arrangements for her departure, she wept an adieu to her mistress; and, with tearful eyes, kissed the tender objects of her charge, whom she was destined never more to see. Just before stepping into the coach, which was to convey her far from the place of her nativity, and the scenes of her juvenile pleasure, she said to her mistress, "Madam, you doubtless think me guilty of a crime which I have ever held in the utmost detestation; a crime at which my soul revolts. You think, also, that you have sufficient proofs of my guilt. But I am *innocent*. And that innocence is known to *Him* who has the sole prerogative of searching the heart. Be assured, the day will come when your judgment, no longer blinded by your present credulity, will be convinced that these appearances of guilt, which I admit are strong evidences against me, will be found to be fallacious; and you will be compelled to acknowledge that you have thrust from your doors an innocent victim!"

LETTERS FROM THE LATE MR. W. DAWSON TO MISS ——.

(*Communicated by the Rev. J. P. Lockwood.*)

Barnbow, August 7th, 1809.

My dear Friend,

I have now a vacant hour, and I thought, perhaps, I should not much err if I devoted it in attempting to promote the best interests, the glory of God and the welfare of your soul. You know my acquaintance with you is but of short duration, and superficial in some measure in its nature; but when my eye looks at you, I really feel for you. You have, no doubt, been a child of many mercies; but it appears, also, you have been a daughter of many sorrows; and lately deep has called unto deep, and the billows are gone over you, and your tears have been your meat day and night, while your spiritual accusers have said, "Where is thy God?" Your cup has been a bitter one indeed; but it has been mingled and sent by a Father's love. He saw you in the path to deepest perdition; and when gentle calls would not gain your attention, He has taken the rod, to try what correction would do. You have felt, and do still feel, the strokes through your whole soul; and I trust that you are hastening home, though it be with bitter cries and tears. My dear friend, whatever stops us from ruin is a mercy; certainly a mercy of no common kind. Though all our earthly comforts should expire; though health itself leave the body, and our dust pine in consuming sickness; though conscience clamour, accuse, and condemn; though the soul bleed under the unequalled tortures of a wounded spirit; yet if these sufferings are sanctified and improved, they prevent all the miseries of those who are suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; and surely, when viewed in this light, they rank among our first mercies and favours. Then, my dear friend, hear the rod, and who it is that has appointed it; and with all cheerfulness, unreservedly devote your all to Jesus Christ, your all-prevailing Advocate. His perfections, his offices, and his heart unite in one, to form a complete Saviour; and He now waits to be gracious, and to display his glory in the full recovery of your soul into his favour and image. Let not, then, your soul pore only upon the many causes of your sorrows. Do not always keep feeding your pains, and nourishing your despairing unbelief, by looking so much at your bereavements, your weakness, and your ingratitude. Constantly viewing the dark side hardens the heart, fosters bad thoughts of God, rivets besetting sins, relaxes spiritual exertions, and opens the breast for Satan to fix his seat in with greater advantage. View the love of God in the covenant of grace, and see what strong encouragement for a lively hope. Hear the voice of God in the ministry of reconciliation, and listen to those charming accents when He beseeches you to be reconciled to Him; when He tells you He is reconciled in Christ Jesus, and will not impute your trespasses unto you. Away, my dear friend, away immediately, to Jesus, and meet your smiling Father, shining with unutterable glories in the face of his beloved Son. He has come more than half way to meet us. In the body of Christ, He came down to earth itself; and in the presence and offices of Jesus, He can still be approached by sinners. He can admit them into all the familiarities and privileges of children, and receive them into that union with Himself, that He can dwell in them, and walk in them, make them his people, and be, in the full sense of the word, their God. Your loss will not be so insupportably felt, if you gain the smile of God, and the indwelling comforts of the Holy Ghost. Though created streams of satisfaction dry up, you will still have the fathomless ocean of salvation to satiate, fill, and overflow your soul with spiritual pleasures; and though the stars of earthly satisfaction drop into the dust, the Sun of Righteousness will still shine with increasing beams of divine comforts, and more than recompense your loss. This, I believe, is the ultimate design of God in your late painful dispensations. Mercy has tried some severe remedies rather than you should be cut down as a cumberer of the ground. Surely the purposes of love will be completely answered in you and by you; and when the fig-tree is visited again by your divine Husbandman, He will say, with pleasure, "She bears fruit: it is well. She shall be pruned, that she may bring forth more fruit; and after awhile she shall be transplanted on the banks of the river of life, and there bear the fruits of love, joy, and praise to all eternity."

I commend you to God, and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. My desire is your salvation; and this wish has been God's prompter within, I trust, in all the efforts of my pen. And though I should not have again the pleasure of an interview with you on earth, I hope to meet you round the throne of God, and enjoy the pleasures of your company throughout eternity. You will believe me when I add, that one of your sincere well-wishers is

W. Dawson.

POETRY.

VERSICLES

ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER'S FIRST WALKING.

Ha! ambitious little elf!
Off by thy adventurous self?
Fairly off? O fair betide thee!
With no living thing beside thee;
Not a leading-string to guide thee;
Not a chair to creep or crawl by;
Not a cushion'd stool to fall by;
Not a finger-tip to catch at;
Not a sleeve or skirt to snatch at;
Fairly off at once to sea,
Full twelve inches (can it be
Really, truly?) from the lee
Of mamma's protecting knee!

Fair and softly—soft and fairly—
Little bark, thou sail'st it rarely,
In thy new-born power and pride,
O'er the carpet's level tide,
Lurching, though, from side to side,
Even as if yon dancing mote
In the sunny air afloat,
Or the nearest breath that met thee,
Might suffice to overset thee!
Helm a-weather! steady, steady!
—Nay, the danger's past already;
Thou, with gentle course untroubled,
Table-Cape full well hast doubled,
Sofa-Point hast shot a-head,
Safe by Foot-stool Island sped,
And art steering, well and truly,
On for Closet-Harbour duly!

Anchor now, or turn in time,
Ere within the torrid clime
Which the tropic fender bounds,
And with brazen zone surrounds;
Turn thee, to refit awhile
In the sweetly-sheltering smile
Of thine own maternal isle—
In the haven of dear rest,
Proffer'd by the doting breast
And the ever-ready knee
Of a mother true to thee,
As the best of mothers be!

Nay! adventurous little ship!
If thine anchor's still a-trip,
And, instead of port, you choose
Such another toilsome cruise,
Wheresoe'er the whim may lead thee,
Go! my treasure! and God speed thee.
Hackney'd as, perchance, they be,
Solemn words are these to me,
Nor from an irreverent lip
Heedlessly or lightly slip:
He, whose holy name I take,
Thus, my dear one, for thy sake,
In this seeming idle strain,
Knows I take it not "in vain;"
But as in a parent's prayer
Unto Him, to bless and spare!

—*Melbourne Morning Herald.*

THE THREE MARIES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."—John xix. 25.

The coward Peter had denied,
The Judge through fear had crucified,
His followers base themselves betook
To flight, and all their Lord forsook;
The weaker sex, the Maries three,
Patterns of faith and constancy,
By Jesus on the cross remain,
And thence their strength and courage gain.

Arm'd with the power of Jesu's grace,
Surmounting nature's tenderness,
The sharp, heart-piercing sword they feel,
The horrors of that spectacle;
Unmoved by shame, or danger near,
His only dying cries they hear;
Regardless of the' outrageous crowd,
They only mark his streaming blood.

The martyrs thus their strength received,
While with the Man of Griefs they grieved,
And dared the fiery test abide,
Partakers with the Crucified.
Thus all the followers of the Lamb
Endure the pain, despise the shame,
And power to suffer in His cause
Find at the foot of Jesu's cross.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. DAVID CUTTLE,

Of Hinchliffe-Mill, near Holmfirth, Yorkshire.

David Cuttle was born at Cinderhills, near Holmfirth, Yorkshire, July 18th, 1807. At an early period he began to attend the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Holmfirth; and from a period still earlier he had been regularly taken to the chapel, and sat under the word. From these two sources of good, early impressions were received, which we

week to meet his Underhill class. After-wards, on account of the distance, and other necessary engagements, he resigned the care of that class, and, for a little more than twelve months, he became a private member of the society. Here he still grew in grace. But David, like another of that name, was a heart a hero for God. And while the Philistines were seen tented in the plains, his soul had no rest; so that on the 3d of October, 1839, he commenced a new class. This was at Kilnhouse-Bank, in the house of Mr. Firth Barber, a gentleman residing at that place. This class was small in its commencement, there being only one member in it, himself making two, with one or two more on trial. But it grew like a handful of corn; and at the time of his decease, its members were twenty-two. Twelve months afterwards, in 1840, he commenced another class, which also was small at the beginning, but increased to thirty-one souls. Thus he had fifty-three members under his care, all loving him as a Leader, and growing in grace. Besides his attention to these classes, his attendance on public worship, prayer-meetings, visiting the sick, and the like, all which duties had a full portion always of his attention, David Cuttle was one of the most useful Teachers of a large and well-ordered Sunday-school, belonging to the Wesleyan chapel at Hinchliffe-Mill. In addition to his regular teaching in this school, it was his common practice to make a selection from among the scholars of such as he deemed the most hopeful, and to meet them on Sunday evenings, in order to give them instruction from the oracles of God. And the good which was thus effected, who can point out? It kept them from manifold evils; gained their confidence and affection; and he still lives in their affectionate recollection.

Thus did this good man live a long life in comparatively a few years. He attended to his daily avocations till the 27th of September, 1845. He then retired from his work, never to resume it again. During his illness, which was short, he was mercifully preserved, in general, from harassing conflicts with Satan, sustaining only one, in which he was tempted to doubt the mercy of God to his soul. But this temptation appears to have been soon done away. A friend, calling in to see him, asked if the enemy was at a distance. "Yes," he replied. At another time, a friend who visited him inquired respecting his temptation; to whom he said, "The enemy fled when I resisted him." Several other friends, who called, always found him relying upon the Cross, and happy in God.

An event occurred on the Tuesday before his decease, not uncommon, I believe, to truly good people, in the moment of death, yet such as does not always appear to those who stand by. His brother Joseph, and his wife, approached his bed-side. They saw his whole frame convulsed, and in a state of great agitation. They looked on him for awhile, and then said, "He is going." In the course of about ten minutes he turned himself in his bed, lifted up his eyes, and said, "Who is going?" Joseph said, "We thought you were going." "O *laddie*," he replied, (this being a familiar term, which he was accustomed to use,) "I have seen such glorious sights as have made my whole body tremble. Jesus is precious: He is come; He is just here. I shall soon be with Him in glory; and shall then be with the Prophets, and Apostles, and saints of the Most High." He was now in a state of rapturous and ecstatic joy. His whole soul was wrapped in visions of eternal day. He now wished all the neighbours to be called in, that they might praise God together. He then said to his brother, "Joseph, kneel down, and let us praise God." This was a time never to be forgotten. Every earthly tie seemed dissolved, and the portals of glory opened to receive his happy soul, which was then "trembling, hoping, lingering, flying," and experiencing, not "the pain," but "the bliss, of dying." On Wednesday he was a little delirious; but in his wandering he only spoke of his native element, of heaven; and when any of his friends called to see him, he was collected and serene. On Thursday, the last day of his earthly existence, he was collected, and throughout the day kept repeating, "I shall soon be in glory." About five in the afternoon, his old friend, Mr. Barber, went again to see him, and said, "Well, David, you are still a prisoner of hope." He then lifted up his eyes and said, "All is well; all is well." Shortly afterwards, he faintly, but firmly, exclaimed, "A few more minutes; a few more minutes;" and ceased to speak the language of mortals. At twenty-seven minutes before seven o'clock on Thursday, the 6th of November, 1845, the weary wheels of life at last stood still; and on the Sunday following, in the presence of a large concourse of people, who loved him in life and respected him in death, and in the graveyard adjoining the Hinchliffe-Mill Wesleyan chapel, his body was committed to the ground by the Rev. Thomas Hill. He died at the age of little more than thirty-eight years; twenty of which had been spent in the service of God.

A. WATMOUGH.

seen after many days. But, although he was saved by these means, and others of a kindred description, from gross immoralities, and was frequently the subject of deep convictions, even while yet a boy, yet was his goodness as the dew; it early vanished away. In this manner the days of his youth unhappily glided along, till he was about eighteen years of age. It pleased the Almighty, however, in the year 1825, to favour Cinderhill, the place where David then resided, with a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. This effusion of the Holy Spirit commenced at a prayer-meeting, held in the month of August, in the year abovenamed. In this revival, beginning in a private house, and in answer to fervent prayer, scores of immortal souls were converted to God. David felt himself guilty and depraved, and trembled before the Lord. He now solemnly vowed to abandon his sins, and give himself wholly to God; yet he suffered the present moment to escape without taking hold of Christ by faith, and so left the means of grace in the spirit of heaviness and distress. And from that time to the 4th of December, as he was not renewed in the spirit of his mind, but weak, like other young men who have no strength from God, a course of sinning and repenting marked his steps. He was induced, by a company of friends, to go with them to Burton-Dean, a few miles from the town of Holmfirth, to hear Edward Brook, Esq., whose energy and zeal have long been owned of the Lord as a means of doing much good. On that Sunday Mr. Brook took for his text the following impressive words:—"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." (Rev. i. 7.) The discourse was most awakening and rousing; and several felt its effects at the time, but none more than young David Cuttle. His mind was so affected under the sermon, that he fancied the final scene was just taking place. The Judge seemed seated before him, the books were opened, the universe stood assembled before God, and the destiny of the wicked world was, then and there, about to be fixed for ever. Under these awful impressions, his agony became insupportable; for his sins all stared him in the face, and his heart seemed smitten within him, and withering away in his breast; so that his loins trembled as with weakness, and his knees smote each other. At the prayer-meeting after the sermon, he tarried for a while; but his anguish of soul was so great, that he took up his hat and came away.

Some of his friends overtook him as he was returning towards home; and to these, with his wonted frankness, he unfolded his state, and thereby received some relief. Night, however, still shrouded him round; the sky was blackness, and darkness, and tempest; not a star cheered the gloom. He was still only awakened to see the dread lightnings of Sinai, and to hear the thunders of the broken law. He did, however, then and there resolve, that if pardon was to be obtained, and salvation found, he would seek and enjoy them both; and in this state he continued all that week.

On the Sunday following he attended a morning prayer-meeting, at the house of Richard Smith, Underbank; and there, after a mighty struggle with God in prayer, he obtained pardon and peace, exchanging his darkness for light, his sorrow for joy, and his tears of gall and wormwood for shouts of ecstatic bliss. The usual effects of a sound conversion followed. The word of God was sweet; the house of God was like heaven; and the returning Sabbath was as the commencement of everlasting rest. All nature seemed changed; and the universe around him appeared clad in raiment of joy.

David now joined the society; and when his Leader died, David was appointed his successor. And thus, on the hallowed spot where his soul was converted to God, and among the same people who had witnessed his transition from death into life, did he commence his duties as Class-Leader, which office he retained, with satisfaction and honour, to the day of his death.

Two years after his conversion to God, namely, in July, 1827, when he was just twenty years of age, he went to the Woodlands, to be present at an annual lovefeast. One feature of that lovefeast was, the prominence which was given, in the experience of many who spoke, to the blessing of *entire sanctification*, a blessing which many of them enjoyed. Others, who did not yet enjoy it, were on full stretch in its pursuit. This made a deep impression on the mind of young David Cuttle, and he resolved to obtain it too. The day after, at a prayer-meeting held in the vestry of Holmfirth chapel, David was present, having a special and well-defined object fully in view; nor sought he that object in vain. God sanctified him wholly then, and in that very place; so that he returned home from the meeting filled with love and thanksgiving to Him who had applied his own blood, cleansing him from all sin. And through all his subsequent life, a period of eighteen years, he retained this "second blessing," to the glory of the grace of the Lord.

From the time of his conversion to God, he entered heartily and vigorously into the way of doing good; and God succeeded his attempts. His class gradually increased under his zealous and judicious leadership. Of this class he was the Leader till 1837, when he removed from Cinderhill, and went to reside at Hinchliffe-Mill; yet, during the summer of that year, he regularly went once

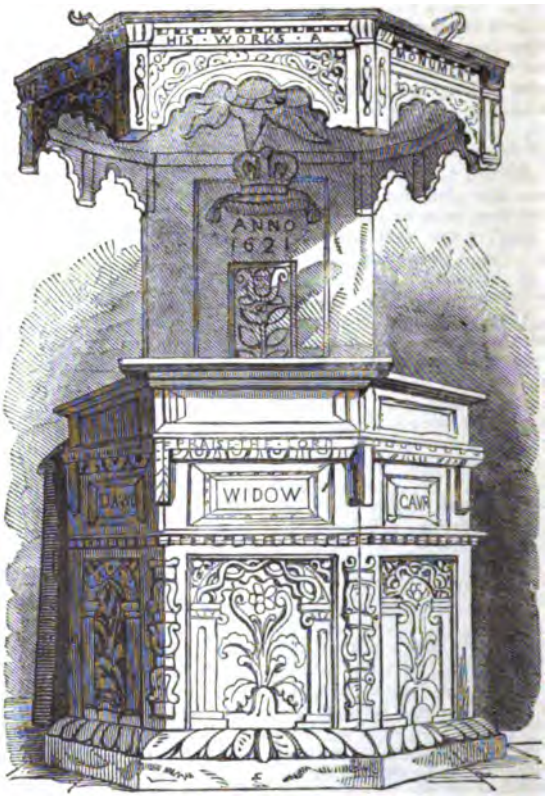
a week to meet his Underhill class. Afterwards, on account of the distance, and other necessary engagements, he resigned the care of that class, and, for a little more than twelve months, he became a private member of the society. Here he still grew in grace. But David, like another of that name, was in heart a hero for God. And while the Philistines were seen tented in the plains, his soul had no rest; so that on the 3d of October, 1839, he commenced a new class. This was at Kilnhouse-Bank, in the house of Mr. Firth Barber, a gentleman residing at that place. This class was small in its commencement, there being only one member in it, himself making two, with one or two more on trial. But it grew like a handful of corn; and at the time of his decease, its members were twenty-two. Twelve months afterwards, in 1840, he commenced another class, which also was small at the beginning, but increased to thirty-one souls. Thus he had fifty-three members under his care, all loving him as a Leader, and growing in grace. Besides his attention to these classes, his attendance on public worship, prayer-meetings, visiting the sick, and the like, all which duties had a full portion always of his attention, David Cuttle was one of the most useful Teachers of a large and well-ordered Sunday-school, belonging to the Wesleyan chapel at Hinchliffe-Mill. In addition to his regular teaching in this school, it was his common practice to make a selection from among the scholars of such as he deemed the most hopeful, and to meet them on Sunday evenings, in order to give them instruction from the oracles of God. And the good which was thus effected, who can point out? It kept them from manifold evils; gained their confidence and affection; and he still lives in their affectionate recollection.

Thus did this good man live a long life in comparatively a few years. He attended to his daily avocations till the 27th of September, 1845. He then retired from his work, never to resume it again. During his illness, which was short, he was mercifully preserved, in general, from harassing conflicts with Satan, sustaining only one, in which he was tempted to doubt the mercy of God to his soul. But this temptation appears to have been soon done away. A friend, calling in to see him, asked if the enemy was at a distance. "Yes," he replied. At another time, a friend who visited him inquired respecting his temptation; to whom he said, "The enemy fled when I resisted him." Several other friends, who called, always found him relying upon the Cross, and happy in God.

An event occurred on the Tuesday before his decease, not uncommon, I believe, to truly good people, in the moment of death, yet such as does not always appear to those who stand by. His brother Joseph, and his wife, approached his bed-side. They saw his whole frame convulsed, and in a state of great agitation. They looked on him for awhile, and then said, "He is going." In the course of about ten minutes he turned himself in his bed, lifted up his eyes, and said, "Who is going?" Joseph said, "We thought you were going." "O *laddie*," he replied, (this being a familiar term, which he was accustomed to use,) "I have seen such glorious sights as have made my whole body tremble. Jesus is precious: He is come; He is just here. I shall soon be with Him in glory; and shall then be with the Prophets, and Apostles, and saints of the Most High." He was now in a state of rapturous and ecstatic joy. His whole soul was wrapped in visions of eternal day. He now wished all the neighbours to be called in, that they might praise God together. He then said to his brother, "Joseph, kneel down, and let us praise God." This was a time never to be forgotten. Every earthly tie seemed dissolved, and the portals of glory opened to receive his happy soul, which was then "trembling, hoping, lingering, flying," and experiencing, not "the pain," but "the bliss, of dying." On Wednesday he was a little delirious; but in his wandering he only spoke of his native element, of heaven; and when any of his friends called to see him, he was collected and serene. On Thursday, the last day of his earthly existence, he was collected, and throughout the day kept repeating, "I shall soon be in glory." About five in the afternoon, his old friend, Mr. Barber, went again to see him, and said, "Well, David, you are still a prisoner of hope." He then lifted up his eyes and said, "All is well; all is well." Shortly afterwards, he faintly, but firmly, exclaimed, "A few more minutes; a few more minutes;" and ceased to speak the language of mortals. At twenty-seven minutes before seven o'clock on Thursday, the 6th of November, 1845, the weary wheels of life at last stood still; and on the Sunday following, in the presence of a large concourse of people, who loved him in life and respected him in death, and in the graveyard adjoining the Hinchliffe-Mill Wesleyan chapel, his body was committed to the ground by the Rev. Thomas Hill. He died at the age of little more than thirty-eight years; twenty of which had been spent in the service of God.

A. WATMOUGH.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.



BAXTER'S PULPIT AT KIDDERMINSTER.

It is worthy of being generally known that the pulpit occupied by "the Reverend, learned, venerable, and holy Richard Baxter, of immortal memory," at Kidderminster, still exists; being preserved, with great care, in the vestry of the Socinian, or "New Meeting-House." It is small, made of oak, quite sound and firm; and is "rather a handsome production of its kind. It is of an octagon form. The panels have long, carved flowers on them, which are painted different colours, and some of the gilding still remains. There is a large octagon-shaped sound-board, surmounted by a crown upon a cushion; around the top is inscribed, 'And Call Upon His Name, Declare His Works Among the People.' (Psal. cv.) Upon the back is the inscription, 'Anno 1621, Mistress Dawkx.' A sentence encircles the pulpit, one word in each partition; namely, 'Widow Dawkx Gave This;' from which it appears that it was presented to the parish church at Kidderminster by the above-mentioned lady." Above this sentence, and in front of the pulpit, is another; namely, "Praise The Lord."

From what has been stated above, it will be seen that this pulpit was not built for Baxter, but was the gift of "Allice Dawkx, Widow," in the year 1621, nineteen years before Baxter came to the town. "In 1780 it was sold, together with the pewing of the parish church, for a trifling sum. A gentleman, anxious to preserve it from destruction, bought it from the first purchaser for five pounds, and placed it in the vestry of the 'New Meeting,' where it may still be seen." It is said that the friends of the Church deeply regret that it was allowed to pass out of their hands; and that liberal sums have been offered for its recovery, but all in vain, as the party in possession of it, for some reason, set a very high value upon it.

The following poem is suspended on the

back of the pulpit, written in Latin and English. It is from the pen of the late Rev. George Butt, Vicar of Kidderminster, who presented it to the congregation of the "New Meeting," during the ministry of the late Rev. Robert Gentleman, editor of "Job Orton's Exposition of the Old Testament," and the first stated Minister of the "New Meeting," after their separation from the "Old Meeting," in 1780.

"Here, let the name of Baxter long be known;
Here let his glory live, whom none excell'd
In all the duties of the Pastor's care;
Whether his mental faculties you weigh,
Or the yet nobler virtue of his heart.
Vain pomp and worldly riches he despised,
That fame which strenuous virtue gives the few,
He saw, he sought, he seized; then raised his head,
Towering superior, like some cloud-capt cliff
Which scorns the fury of the stormy winds,
Whence rushes forth the fertilising stream,
To which the plenteous harvest owes its birth,
(An harvest long remember'd through these plains,)
Thus Baxter stood, amid surrounding foes.
By his example fired, go, banish sloth;
Pour forth the streams of sacred eloquence;
Instruct, then add example's clearest light,
And gain a harvest of immortal souls.
Go, banish sloth; and strive to equal him:
But vain the' attempt. Let this at least be thine,
(Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy strength can do,)
With pure benevolence to serve mankind,
And, through a Saviour, gain immortal bliss."

Baxter's pulpit is an object of considerable interest to strangers visiting Kidderminster; and many Ministers, both of the Established Church and of the Nonconformist bodies, have gazed upon it with very peculiar emotions, remembering "what a saintly and apostolic man had often occupied it;" and "what an eloquence of piety had been, with almost miraculous efficacy, poured from it;" and recollecting, too, his own well-known lines, as descriptive of his preaching, especially at this period of his ministry,—

"Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls did strive.
I preach'd, as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!"
Poetical Fragments.

The profound, yet eccentric, John Foster, author of the "Essays," &c., visited Kidderminster in the year 1814, and went to see the pulpit. The following is the account which he gave of his visit, in a letter to his mother, written immediately after his return home, and dated Bourton, September, 1814:—

"Kidderminster, where Baxter preached with such marvellous success, being at no great distance from Worcester, I took a ride there, with one or two friends, and walked a long time in and about the church in which he preached, and in which the people, it is said, are now taught no doctrine similar to his. His pulpit remained till within a few years back, when it was removed as an old-fashioned thing. We went to see it, where it is carefully preserved, in the vestry of a *Socinian* meeting-house. An ancient-looking inscription carved on it, shows it to be nearly two hundred years old, being placed in the church many years (nineteen) before Baxter preached there. It is small, of oak, quite sound and firm, and is decorated with old carving, painting, and gilding, in a manner which must have been strangely gaudy; insomuch that, unless this was common in those days, one could almost fancy Baxter must have been displeased with so showy an object every time he looked at it. It was striking to stand in this pulpit, and reflect what a saintly and apostolic man had often occupied it; what an eloquence of piety had been, with almost miraculous efficacy, poured from it; and what the state of that Preacher may be now. It was impossible not to feel some emotions of sorrow at having been so little like him, and of desire to be more enabled and animated to follow him as he followed Christ." (*Life and Correspondence.*)

Kidderminster. JOHN SMART.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

LAMARTINE'S INFANCY.

[IN his "Confidences," M. Lamartine gives the following account. His father had been cast, by the Revolutionists, into a prison exactly opposite his own house.]

MY father, when suddenly thrown into this prison, found himself therefore on well-known ground. To crown his good fortune, the jailer, a most corruptible republican, had been, fifteen years before, a cuirassier in my father's company. His new rank had not changed his heart. Accustomed to respect and love his Captain, he was deeply moved on seeing him again; and when the gates of the Ursulines closed upon the captive, the republican was the only one who shed a tear.

My father found himself in the midst of a goodly and numerous company. The prison contained about two hundred persons, confined without any crime being laid to their charge; the suspicious characters of the department. They were huddled together in the halls, in the refectories, and in the corridors of the old convent. My father

requested, as a sole favour from the jailer, to lodge him alone in a corner of the garret. A lofty dormer-window, looking towards the street, would permit him at least the consolation of seeing sometimes, through the grating, the roof of his own abode. This favour was granted him, and he installed himself beneath the tiles, with the aid of a few planks and a miserable truckle-bed. In the day-time he descended to his companions in captivity to take his meals, to play at games, to talk over the affairs of the time, respecting which the prisoners were reduced to conjectures, for they were not permitted to hold any communication in writing with those outside the walls. But this isolated state did not last long, as far as my father was concerned.

The same feeling which had induced him to ask the jailer for a cell looking out on the street, and which kept him stationed for whole hours together gazing at the roof of his little house opposite, had also inspired my mother with the idea of frequently ascending to the garret of her dwelling, and of seating herself near the skylight, a little back from the opening, so as to see without being seen. She contemplated from thence, through her tears, the roof of the prison which had snatched from her love, and hidden from her eyes, him whom she adored. Two looks, two thoughts, which seek each other through the universe, ever end by meeting, and *a fortiori*, when they are separated only by two walls and a narrow street. Their eyes met, their hearts were stirred, their thoughts beat responsive, their signs supplied the place of words, for fear that the sound of their voices should betray their intercourse to the sentinels in the street. They passed in this manner regularly several hours each day, seated face to face. All their soul was centred in their eyes. My mother, who had retained some paper and pens, thought of the expedient of writing in large characters some concise lines, containing in a few words what she wished to communicate to the prisoner. The latter replied by a sign. Thenceforward a communication was established, and it was not long before all the arrangements were completed. My father, as a chevalier of the arquebuss, had in his house a bow and arrows, with which I have often played in my boyhood. It occurred to my mother to make use of this means to communicate more satisfactorily with the prisoner. She practised for several days in her apartment at shooting with the bow; and when she had acquired sufficient address to be certain of not missing her aim at a few feet distance, she attached a thread to an arrow, and shot the latter into the window of the prison. My father concealed the arrow, and pulling the thread towards him, he secured the letter which was fastened to it. By means of this apparatus, under cover of the night, were transmitted to him paper, pens, and ink. He replied at his leisure. My mother, on her side, came before daybreak to release long letters, in which the captive poured forth his tenderness and sorrow, questioned, advised, and consoled his wife, and spoke to her of his child. My poor mother carried me every day in her arms to the garret-window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of the prison; then, pressing my forehead to her breast, she devoured me with kisses, in the sight of the prisoner, and seemed thus to waft him mentally all the caresses which she lavished on me with this purpose.

Thus glided on months and months, troubled by terrors, agitated by hopes, sometimes illumined and consoled by those gleams of light which two beings who love send each other by a look, even in the darkest night of sorrow and adversity. Love inspired my father with a bolder and still happier idea, the success of which rendered captivity itself delightful, and banished from his mind all dread of the scaffold.

I have already said that the street which separated the convent of the Ursulines from our paternal abode was very narrow. Not content with seeing my mother, with writing and speaking to her, my father conceived the idea of enjoying closer communion with her, by crossing the interval of space which separated them. She shuddered at the thought; he persisted. Some hours of happiness, snatched from persecutions and death, were well worth a few moments of danger. Who could tell if this opportunity would ever again present itself? If to-morrow orders might not be received to transfer the prisoner to Lyons, to Paris, to the scaffold? My mother yielded. With the aid of an arrow and a thread, she managed to transmit a file to the captive; one of the iron bars of the little window of the prison was silently filed through, and then restored to its place; then one evening when there was no moonlight, a stout cord was fastened to the thread, and glided from my mother's attic to the prisoner's hand. Firmly fastened on one side to a beam in the garret of our house, my father tied it on the opposite side to one of the bars of his grated window. Then, clinging to it by his hands and feet, and sliding himself along from knot to knot above the heads of the sentinels, he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife, and beside the cradle of his child.

Having thus escaped from prison, it was perfectly at his option not to return; but by so doing he would have been found guilty of contumacy, or condemned as an emigré, and in either way would have ruined his wife and family: he therefore never dreamed of such a step. He reserved to himself, as a last means of safety, this method of escape, to be

put in practice on the evening before he should be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, or doomed to die, for he could depend on being forewarned of either event by his friend the jailer. It was the only service he asked at his hands.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

FACTS AND INFORMATION RELATIVE TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

[From "The Teacher taught," a very useful Lecture, by the Rev. E. Russell, we copy the following.]

1. Although there were some things, or plans, in operation, similar to Sunday-schools, before Mr. Raikes began his career; yet these were so few and limited, that he may properly be called the father of Sunday-schools.

Robert Raikes was born at Gloucester, in the year 1735. Hearing and seeing much wickedness, especially among the children of the lower streets of that city, he had them collected together, and sent to women who kept schools during the week. These women instructed the children, and for their services were paid one shilling per day. This was in the year 1782; others followed Mr. Raikes's example, and schools became general.

2. In 1785, a society was formed, having for its object the establishment of schools throughout England.

3. The good work spread so rapidly, that it is thought in 1786, 250,000 children were receiving Sabbath-school instruction.

4. From the period of its establishment, to the year 1800, the Sunday-school Society expended several thousand pounds in paying teachers; but in the above-named year, gratuitous teaching became general.

5. In the year 1805, the "Sunday-School Union" was formed in London, on the 13th of July. The object of this Union was to help on Sunday-schools, by cheap and suitable books, and all other proper means.

6. In 1819, a Sunday-School Society was formed for Ireland, which has worked very efficiently. And in 1824, a similar one was formed at Philadelphia, for America. Such has been the success of this Society, not only in diffusing information, forming Sunday-schools, and establishing auxiliaries, but especially with regard to spiritual things, that during the first eight years of its existence it was reported that 26,393 teachers and scholars had been devoted to God, in connexion with it.

7. In 1787, the Scotch Sabbath Evening-schools were established; whose object is to teach the way to heaven, in the plainest manner, to children in general. But they are especially blessed to the elder boys and girls, who have ceased to be benefited by either the Day or Sunday school. And the "Bible Society," one of the greatest and most blessed of the day, arose out of Sunday-schools. The above Society thus originated:—A Minister of Wales went to London to solicit subscriptions, for Bibles for the Welsh population generally, and for the Sunday-schools in particular. This circumstance was mentioned at a meeting of the Tract Society, when a thought came into the mind of a Minister present, that they might as well attempt to supply the world with Bibles, as merely to send a few to Wales. A public meeting was called in the London Tavern, where a Society was formed, on the 7th of March, 1804. This Society has been the means of originating similar institutions in various parts of the world. And in many parts of Europe, and especially in America, Bible Societies are now flouriahing. These Societies have not only printed the Scriptures in many languages and dialects, in which they had never before appeared; but also assisted many Missionary and kindred institutions in the circulation of the word of God. And it is thought that if the copies circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society were added to those that have been sent out by the European and American Societies, they have unitedly given, to different parts of the world's population, at least forty-four million copies of the word of God. Great and glorious as has been their success, we trust they will not rest until every man shall read in his own tongue the wonderful word of God.

8. Adult Sunday-schools were formed by the Rev. Mr. Charles, in Wales, in the year 1811, in the following manner:—Some adults came with the children to the Sunday-school. Not liking to see them mixed, he formed the adults into separate classes; and, finally, they were taken to distinct places, where they were taught, even before they could read, the great facts of our holy religion. They were also taught to read the book whence those facts were drawn. The same plan of teaching adults was soon adopted in different parts of Britain and America.

9. In order to come in contact with the lowest and poorest of the population, Ragged-schools have been established. In and near London there are more than fifty such schools; and they are rapidly extending to different large towns throughout the king-

dom. And in order to assist such schools, in 1844, the Ragged-school Union was formed. These schools have also a periodical devoted to their interests, called, "The Ragged-School Magazine." And it seems to us of great importance, to establish Ragged and Infant schools wherever it is practicable; for these are the bases of other schools, and the latter especially are those from which the Day-schools are to have their materials prepared and supplied to them.

10. But even if we were able, our space would not allow, nor time permit us, to enumerate all the advantages, directly and indirectly, arising ont of Sunday-schools. They have assisted Tract, Benevolent, Young Men's, and Literary Societies; but especially Missions are indebted to them, not only in a spiritual point of view, but even financially. There is one branch of the church, in which the children, principally those of the Sunday-school, collect thousands per annum for the funds of Missions. And there are other branches whose Missionaries have actually been sent forth by the efforts of the children of the Sunday-school. And also in the Mission-field the man of God looks with great patience, but with equal faith, that the seed sown there will produce an abundant harvest; and it may be emphatically said of our educational institutions, both at home and abroad,—OUR SCHOOLS ARE OUR HOPE.

POPERY.

OLD BRIGIDA.

THE following fact is related in a recent work on Italy, by Mrs. Colonel Stisted:—

"Among the followers of the house of Stewart, there was a faithful adherent of the name of Hadfield. The fallen line having no better return to make him for years of service, established him in a hotel on the Arno, at Florence, now the '*Quatre Nations*,' to which the partisans of the royal exiles in consequence resorted. Mr. Hadfield had recently married: the birth of a son soon completed his domestic happiness. There could not be a fairer, healthier boy. After a few months the child fell asleep one day, and awoke no more: his death was in no way to be accounted for. The grief and disappointment of his parents only gave way on the birth of another the following year. It was also a boy, blooming and full of life. He also slept the sleep of death, to wake no more! A third was born, and the same mysterious fate awaited him. The horror of the heart-stricken parents can only be imagined. 'The shaft flew thrice, and thrice their peace was slain!' The following year the olive-branch was again held forth in mercy. A fourth child was vouchsafed: it was a girl. The parents watched and prayed, but trembled. Only a few weeks had passed over, when the nurse, to whom the infant had been entrusted, ran to them one day, her countenance full of horror, her lips livid; she could not articulate, but held out the babe to its mother. After some restoratives had been given, the poor creature recovered sufficiently to tell, that having left the nursery for a moment, while the child slept, and without her shoes, for fear of waking her, she was amazed, on seeing, on her return with noiseless step, Old Brigida, the laundress of the hotel, leaning over the cradle, with a phial in her hand. The crone, unconscious of her presence, was talking to herself. The nurse could distinctly hear words to this effect: 'I must snatch another heretic from hell! Drink, my child, and join your brothers: they are angels in paradise. The blessed Virgin waits for you.' The wretch was in the act of applying the phial to the infant's lips, when the nurse darted forwards, snatched up the child, and fled. Old Brigida fled too; but it was to a convent, a sanctuary! where her guilt was deemed meritorious, and her redemption secure. She died soon after, in the odour of sanctity."

The above requires no comment.

P. B. B.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TURPENTINE-TREE.

OUR version of the Scriptures does not contain the name of this beautiful and useful tree; but it is mentioned among the choicest plants in the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus; and Lady Calcott contends that in numerous passages where our translators have used the name oak, that of turpentine-tree, or terebinth, would have been more correct; as also in passages where we have only the words, "thick tree," and "shady tree," and where we read ELAH and ELATE

as proper names. Thus the vale of Elah, where David slew Goliath, is the vale of turpentine-trees; and even some modern travellers have noticed it under that name; though "it is now but a stony hollow, through which a small rivulet makes its way among the rocks; the brook, no doubt, from whose bed David chose the smooth stones for his sling."

The turpentine is a tree of the genus pistacia; grows to a height of thirty feet, and has pennated leaves, of about seven leaflets. The fruit is not succulent: when ripe, it is of a dark blue colour, round, and somewhat furrowed. The leaves and flower have a strongly resinous odour. It exists in this country, but is very rare: in the south of Europe it is indigenous. The turpentine is obtained by making an incision in the branches, whence it oozes; and after being allowed a few days to congeal, is gathered. In North Africa, a species of terebinth exists, which yields a large quantity of turpentine, and the fruit of which is eaten by the Moors as freely as dates.

The terebinth is a very durable tree; and this property, united to the grace of its form, has led to its being adopted by the Christians of Turkey as a cemetery-tree instead of the cypress, which is used by the Mussulmauns.

Lady Calcott says, that "the terebinth grows freely at present, on the road between Jerusalem and Rama, and on the rocks about Mount Tabor; also at Jaffa, and probably throughout the greater part of Palestine."

ANECDOTES.

THE SOLDIER AND OFFICER.

A poor soldier was mortally wounded at the battle of Waterloo. His companion bore him to some distance, and laid him under a tree. Before he left him, the dying soldier entreated him to open his knapsack, take out his Bible, and read for him the twenty-seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of St. John. The words are these: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." After his companion had complied with hi-

request, the dying soldier said, "I die happy. I desire to have peace with God; yea, I possess the peace of God which passeth understanding." A little while after, one of his officers passed him, and asked him how he did. He answered, "I die happy: I have peace within which passeth understanding;" and then expired. The officer left him, went into the battle, and was mortally wounded. Surrounded by his brother officers, full of anguish and dismay, he cried out, "O! I would give ten thousand worlds, if I had them, to possess the peace that gladdened the heart of a dying soldier whom I saw lying under a tree; for he declared that he possessed the peace of God within, which passed understanding. But, alas! I know nothing of this peace. I die miserable; for I die in despair!"

A BLIND SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER.

Mr. Williams, in his "Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South-Sea Islands," mentions an old blind Chief of the name of Me, who was brought under the influence of the Gospel. Mr. Williams, having found this old blind man laid upon a bed of sickness, and intimating to him that he thought the sickness would terminate in death, wished him to tell what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope. "O," he replied, "I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted, perplexed, and fatigued, I went to a distance, and sat down to weep; and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." Wishing to obtain his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, Mr. Williams said, "This was certainly a strange sight: what construction do you put on it?" After expressing his surprise that Mr. W. should be at a loss for the interpretation, he exclaimed, "That mountain was my sins; and the drop that fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." Mr. Williams expressed his satisfaction at finding that he had such an idea of the magnitude of his guilt, and such exalted views of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood; and that, although the eyes of his body were blind, he could with the eye of the heart see such glorious sights.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

BISHOP JEWEL.

DIED SEPTEMBER 22D, 1571.

Every section of the Christian church can boast of a few adherents whose extraordinary endowments have given them a prominence above their brethren, and constituted them, through force of concurrent circumstances, founders, expounders, or defenders of their distinctive forms of Christianity. How far the Episcopal Church of England is justified in regarding Jewel in one of these characters, may soon be settled by any fair-dealing inquirer, who will read what has been written by him, and of him; even his opponents being admitted as evidence.

John Jewel, the illustrious apologist of the Church of England, was born at Buden, in the parish of Berinerber, Devonshire, on the 24th of May, 1522. He was the youngest of ten children. The respectability of his parents exceeded their wealth; so that he was indebted to the generous assistance of benevolent strangers for the pecuniary means of prosecuting his studies. Among the lovely features of his character, was his filial affection for his mother, whose family name he wore on his signet; as a constant memento of her claim to his esteem, on account of her virtue and motherly affection.

When seven years old, he was placed under the tuition of his mother's brother, John Bellamy, Rector of Hamton; after which, he attended schools at Branton, South Moulton, and Barnstaple. The care of his parents and teachers was well bestowed. His amiable temper, industrious habits, along with his great talent and strong desire of knowledge, fitted him for the University at the early age of thirteen, when he was entered student of Merton College, Oxford. The best thing his first tutor did for him, was to place him under the care of Mr. John Parkhurst, a Fellow of the same College, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, whose principles and enlightened teaching contributed largely to make him the most accomplished Christian scholar of the age. When the plague broke out at Oxford, he removed to Croxham; where, from lodging in a low room, and close night-studies, he brought on a lameness which affected him as long as he lived. Having spent about four years at Merton College, he was, through the interest of his tutors, removed to Corpus Christi College,

where he met with both encouragement and discouragement; his superior exercises being frequently suppressed by his competitors, and inferior ones read in their stead. On receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, amidst general applause, he rather increased than diminished his application to his studies; which he was in the habit of beginning at four in the morning, and continuing till ten in the evening, with so little intermission, that, unless some one called him, he neglected his necessary food. His profiting soon appeared to all: his tutor, Mr. Parkhurst, was so satisfied with his character and scholarship, that he intrusted his own son to his tuition; and he was also chosen by his College "Reader of Humanity and Rhetoric," the duties of which he continued to discharge with great credit and applause for seven years. He held it as a maxim, "That men acquired more learning by the frequent use of the pen, than by reading many books." Hence he wrote something every day; a practice which was of incalculable use to him, in his efforts to instruct mankind, in an age in which pure Christianity was an uncommon thing; and especially in his controversies with his Papal adversaries, who were unable to gainsay or resist the force of his truthful and vigorous reasoning, so richly impregnated with choice matter, drawn from the best works of classical and Christian authors of antiquity, as well as of the leading schoolmen of the middle ages.

In February, 1544, he took the degree of Master of Arts; on which occasion, his liberal and noble-hearted friend, Parkhurst, paid the fees. On another occasion, this worthy man entertained Jewel, and some companions, hospitably at his house, and as they were about to depart, he seized their purses, saying, "What money I wonder have these miserable, beggarly Oxonians?" and finding them pitifully empty, "he amply replenished them."

On the arrival of Peter Martyr, from Germany, to occupy the Divinity chair at Oxford, in 1548, Jewel assiduously attended, and took down all his lectures; and when Martyr disputed with the Papal party on the subject of "the Lord's Supper," he appointed Jewel to report the proceedings of the five days' discussion.

On proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, in 1551, he preached a Latin sermon, which established his character as one of the first Preachers of the age, in point of elegant scholarship and sound scriptural theology.

Being appointed to a small living near Oxford, he preached once a fortnight, besides frequently in his own College and in the University, till he was expelled by the Fellows of his College, on the accession of Queen Mary of cruel memory, for refusing to attend *mass*.

He took a pathetic leave of his Lectureship, Fellowship, and College, and was instantly reduced to distress and extreme poverty. As some compensation for this cruel usage, the University appointed him her Orator; but from this time, the Popish party became zealous for his ruin, in which Martial, Dean of Christ's Church, was the most active and bitter; and so far succeeded, as to terrify Jewel into a subscription to a bead-roll of Romish doctrines; but this only stimulated their fury against him: on which he fled for his life. Forsaken by his friends for his sinful compliance, hunted by his bloodthirsty persecutors, and suffering under a bleeding conscience, on account of what he had done, he lay down in the open air on the road to London, where he was found by one Augustus Berner, formerly servant to Bishop Latimer, almost on the point of death, lying on the ground, worn out with grief, weariness, and cold. This good man, so providentially sent to save the life of a precious servant of Christ, took care of him till he got safe to London, where he concealed himself, till, by the kind aid of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Minister of State, he escaped to the Continent.

Arriving at Frankfort, he found several distinguished friends of the Reformation, who had also escaped from England. And on the following Lord's day, ascending the pulpit, he made a public recantation, saying, with deep anguish of soul, and many tears, "It was my abject and cowardly mind and faint heart that made my weak hand commit this wickedness;" then burst forth into fervent prayer to Almighty God for pardon, and then to the assembled church, which melted all present into tears, and gained their esteem and confidence ever after.

The public faith of England being pledged, preserved the life of Peter Martyr, and gave him the opportunity of fleeing to Strasburg, whither he earnestly pressed Jewel to follow him. The remaining period of his exile was spent with Martyr, who entertained him hospitably, and engaged him to assist in the transcription of his Commentaries on the Book of Judges for the press, and in reading the works of Augustine, and others of the early Christian Fathers. While he sojourned here, he met with several eminent men who had fled from England to escape the fangs of Mary and her bloody Clergy; among whom were Poynet, Bishop of Winchester, Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edwin Sands, I. Chuke, and Sir A. Coke, Knight, who afterwards contributed to his elevation in the Church. His attention to his studies during his exile was close and unremitting.

Disputes about church-government, the use of a Liturgy, and some points of doctrine having introduced disorder among the exiled reformers, Jewel did all he could to "exhort them to lay aside all strife and emulation, especially about such small matters, lest they

should thereby greatly offend the minds of all good men," and retard the Reformation.

The welcome news of Mary's death reached Zurich on the 17th of November, 1558; on which the exiles hastened to England, to congratulate Elizabeth on her accession to the throne. A public disputation was appointed to take place, in the church of Westminster, on the 13th of March, 1559, on three questions: "1. Concerning Prayers in the Vulgar Tongue; 2. The Power of the Church to change Rites and Ceremonies; 3. The propitiatory Sacrifice of the Mass for the Living and the Dead." It was to be conducted in writing, and in the presence of the Lords, the Council, and such members of both Houses of Parliament as chose to attend. Jewel was appointed one of the disputants, and he also wrote a particular account of the discussion. The first day's victory was declared in favour of the Reformers. The conduct of Cole, the Popish Prelate, was insulting, low, bitter, and furious; in harmony with the logic of the Inquisition, and the sentiment he uttered, "That it was not fit the people should understand the public worship; for ignorance is the mother of devotion." The second day's discussion so vexed the Romanists, that they broke off the dispute under the galling force of Scripture truth; and their cause, from that time, greatly sunk in the opinion of the people.

The next public service Jewel was called to perform, was that of visiting all the dioceses in the west of England, along with other Commissioners appointed by the Queen, to rectify all things that might be found amiss. Having accomplished the visitation, Her Majesty was so pleased with Jewel, that she nominated him to the bishopric of Salisbury; but so miserably impoverished did he find it, that he complained, "there was never a good living left him that would maintain a learned man; for the Capon" (his predecessor) "has devoured all, because he hath either given away or sold all the ecclesiastical dignities and livings." The manner in which he discharged the duties of his office placed him far above the average mark of Episcopal labourers. At four o'clock in the morning he rose, and attended to personal devotion; at five he had family prayer; at six, he was in the cathedral; then he studied intensely till dinner-time; after which all suitors were welcomed, causes were heard, or cases referred to his arbitration settled. At nine in the evening each of his servants was called to give him an account how the duties of the day had been discharged; then family-prayer was conducted in the chapel. He then studied till near midnight, and after getting into bed, his valet read to him till he fell asleep. No wonder that such incessant diligence, self-denial, entire want of recreation, and so short a season of sleep, tended to shorten his stay on earth.

Popery received a heavy blow, and sore discouragement, by a sermon he preached on 1 Cor. ii. 23, at St. Paul's Cross, on March 30th, 1560, in which he gave a challenge, containing twenty-seven propositions impugning Popery. The Papists, at home and abroad, were confounded, and several entered the lists against Jewel, the most distinguished of whom was one Harding, formerly a fellow-student of the Bishop; but the result was further triumphs for the doctrines of the Reformation.

In 1562 was published his celebrated "Apology for the Church of England," in Latin, printed by the Queen's authority, and with the advice of some of the Bishops, as the public confession of the catholic and Christian faith. This admirable treatise was hailed by the Reformed, and translated into several languages; and has passed through many editions, especially in Latin and English.

The death-bed of this learned and holy man was one of triumph. His last words were those of St. Ambrose:—"I have not lived so, that I am ashamed to live longer; neither doe I feare to die, because we have a mercifull Lord. A crown of righteousnesse is layd up for me. Christ is my righteousnesse. Father, let thy will be done! Thy will, I say, and not my will, which is imperfect and depraved. Lord, confound me not. This is my *to-day*. This day quickly let me come unto Thee. This day let me see the Lord Jesus." With his eyes directed towards heaven, he breathed a few fervent inward petitions, and then entered into his wished-for rest. Such was the end of this good Minister of Jesus Christ, whose scriptural faith, holy life, and apostolic self-denial and diligence, reflect lustre on the Church of England; while his works powerfully expose and condemn many of his successors in that Church for their sympathy with that corrupt antichristian system which he felt it to be his duty to oppose with all the gifts of his richly-furnished and scripturally-enlightened mind, as long as life was granted to him. Happy would that Church be to which he belonged, if all her Bishops were Jewels. The pretensions to "apostolic succession" would have some plausibility, which modern claimants do not possess, and cannot show, except to themselves.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

OCTOBER, 1849.

THE VILLAGE-SCHOOL.

Not long ago it was our lot to visit a pleasant village, in the heart of an inland county, where a charming natural landscape, added to the highest style of English agriculture, gave to the eye a sweep of scenery wherein beauty and wealth delightfully combined. A pretty Wesleyan chapel graced the village; which, alas! is more than can be said of all village Wesleyan chapels, for not a few of them are in such taste, that they do not grace even the rudest hamlet. This is a pity: the house of God should not be ugly. Near this chapel a group of village urchins were gamboling. They had got a rotatory swing, and were lustily enjoying the exercise, yet without ill-temper or turbulence. It was hearty, happy play; such as does children good, and makes old folks feel young to look upon it; but somehow, you could not watch them without getting the impression that these children were milder, less prone to quarrel, and withal more intelligent than the smock-frock and heavy shoes of some of them would lead you to expect. Moreover, they were all so tidy, and some of them so well-dressed, that you saw at once it was a holiday. Yes; so it proved. They were that day to be examined. But, after all, an examination and a romp form rather a new combination. We remember the time when examination-day was just the last day in the year to think of swing, or ball, or other sport. However, it did not seem as if these village children were alarmed at their approaching test; although the examination was to be public, and every little scholar knew that some anxious relative would be watching to learn his success. Yet there they were, right merry at the swing; and the Master, instead of denouncing the indulgence as below the occasion, looked on cheerfully. It was no truant romp; but a healthy part of their school routine; and the examination approaching, was not to be a mechanical discharge of a loaded memory, for which the mind required to be kept perfectly still, lest the smallest jostle should upset its top-heavy burden; but to be a sprightly exercise of all the faculties on subjects familiar to the mind, which it would handle all the better for a little cheerful excitement.

At last the school-room was crowded, the gallery alone being left vacant. There were intelligent faces, in which you saw benevolent piety, watching how the good cause of enlightenment sped in that rural vicinity. And there were rustic fathers, and rustic mothers, looking out of eyes that no ray of science ever brightened, to catch the form of their own little one, as the youthful band came in. For in they came, with steady march and cheery song; tramp, tramp, tramp went their tiny feet, regularly as a file of soldiers, and the music of their little voices swelled and subsided tunefully, all the time they took to wind up the gallery. Then a louder burst of singing, a clap of the hands, a movement or two at the word of command, and the work of the

day began. In good sooth, thought we, we never were so merry on examination-day. Gravity and trepidation were, in those times, the lot of the learner: one would almost like to go to school again, to sing, and march, and clap hands, and look happy in the very face of examiners.

It was a curiosity to watch a man in a smock-frock listen to the urchins tell all about Palestine; its mountains, lakes, cities, and brooks, from Dan to Beersheba. He plainly wondered how ever it had all been got into their heads. Then there were hanging on the walls a number of maps; maps of England, maps of Europe, maps of Palestine, maps of the world, drawn and coloured by these village children. Many a father, and mother, and uncle, ay, and even elder brother and sister, were there, who plainly said to themselves, "Who ever knew the like? I can't understand them there maps; and, just think, Tommy can make them!" Then came the History of England, and, amid marvelling and delight, the rustics heard of all the old Kings; Saxons, Normans, and Plantagenets. At the next change—(be it said, by the way, that on finishing each subject, the Teacher led the children off in a hearty sing, which was followed by clapping and manœuvres, till they looked as brisk as they did at the swing;)—well then, at the next change, the Master carried them beyond all bounds; for they got among the planets, and, from Mercury to Neptune, told all about their rotation, revolution, distance, satellites, and magnitude. Down, however, they soon came from those distant regions, where formerly only collegians thought of venturing; and they began to tell, as fast as thought, how many fields could be ploughed, how many wells dug, how many loaves bought, for a given number of pence or half-pence. "If one yard of cloth costs 2½*d.*, how much will seven dozen cost?" Now, let us confess, that on hearing questions like that, to be answered right off, we ceased to watch the rustics who had been wonderstruck with the astronomy and so on, and we began to comfort ourselves that we were not "in the gallery," to be questioned thus; for, thought we, on these knotty points of dozens and farthings, we should hardly keep pace with those little fellows who look so merry. And the whole of this arithmetical examination, while it convinced us that those children could, with incredible speed, add, divide, subtract, and multiply, convinced us also that it was very happy for our own credit that we were behind the examiner and not before him. Then there was singing, and clapping of hands, and showing of well-written copy-books, and beautiful work by the girls; and then came one or two short speeches. The "father and founder" of the school (as noble a specimen of an English yeoman as England contains) said that when he was a boy, no school existed within three miles of the farm; and then, what a school! A hapless thatcher had fallen off a house, and being no longer able to thatch, he had been set to teach!

What a blessing it would be if a good Wesleyan school were established beside every chapel, in town or in village, throughout the Connexion! The progress that has been made during the last few years is very encouraging; but the admirable arrangements of our Education Committee are not sufficiently known. They have adopted the remarkable system carried out in Glasgow, by Mr. Stow and others. They send the Masters and Mistresses there to study; so that before they are appointed to a school, they thoroughly understand the system of teaching. The children play under the Teacher's eye, thus giving him an opportunity to observe their various dispositions; and their lessons are mixed up with singing, and with drill, which change the drudgery of school into an intelligent pastime. The scholars are lively, and even merry; and the Teacher has every advantage for giving a large amount of knowledge in a short time. The school just mentioned had only been in operation two years. In these schools, also, the children of our

people have the primest opportunity to have their minds thoroughly imbued with the truths of Scripture, and to learn the harmony between those truths and the doctrine, discipline, and spirit of our own denomination.

Hitherto it has cost our Education Committee much to have Teachers educated at the Glasgow College. But they have now the pleasing prospect of erecting, in London, a College of their own, where those young men and women who wish to devote themselves to the work of training youth, may receive, at a very small expense, an education that will fit them to fill, for life, a post of great respectability and usefulness. Many a pious youth has wished rather to spend his life in some engagement that would cultivate his mind, and serve the public, than in one where all his industry could only procure himself and his family a maintenance. But the expense attendant upon education has closed up to him all hope of giving his energies to any public movement. Here, however, a new and most promising field is opened up. Wherever a young man has piety, intelligence, and a will to consecrate himself to profit the coming generations, he will have the opportunity of securing, at the cost of a few pounds, the qualification to teach with credit and success. The excellent and laborious Chairman of the Education Committee (the Rev. John Scott) has been in communication with the Government respecting the proposed Training College, and has obtained from them the munificent grant of £7,000 towards its completion. It is to be erected in one of the most necessitous neighbourhoods in London; and will contain accommodation for very large schools, and also for one hundred students. At present we have 37,804 children in our Day-schools throughout the Connexion; but this is only the beginning of what will be done, as our people begin more to feel the immense advantage to their children, both temporally and spiritually, of such an education as these schools afford. Some whole Districts in the Connexion have only yet two or three Wesleyan Day-schools; in many Circuits, perhaps, a large number of our people do not know that Wesleyan Day-schools exist. Pains ought to be taken to inform our poorer friends of their value, and to urge the necessity of doing all in their power to have their children educated under a system, which unites the very highest temporal advantages with sound and healthy religious training. Many a poor man would surely forego his pipe, or his ale, to make his boys and girls grow up intelligent and useful. A.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

Example XII.

"They that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."—1 Sam. ii. 30.

All the dispensations of Divine Providence have not their solution in the present life: they are sometimes clad with a dark mantle of mystery that human reason cannot fully penetrate. On them men may gaze, concerning them men may ponder; but their why and their wherefore are beyond their comprehension. Among those which have engaged the attention of the pious, few have been more perplexing than the prosperity of ungodly men; men who have excluded God from all their ways; yet his blessing has rested on their circumstances and their efforts. There was a period when the devoted Psalmist, contemplating "the prosperity of the wicked," who were not "plagued like other men," was ready to conclude that, as he was "chastened every morning," he had "cleansed his heart in vain." But when he waited on God in the sanctuary, and sought instruction from the Lord, then he acknowledged that he "understood their end." And if men would now wait to see the end, they would frequently be given to "understand," that

whatever might be the design of God in smiling for a season on the paths of the ungodly, riches are not always real blessings, nor durable possessions; yea, that the means by which they were obtained had not, and could not have, the sanction of God, however He might, for his own wise designs, permit them to succeed. To trace those designs, to exemplify them from the facts of his providential government, would require a treatise, rather than a limited page. But one fact, illustrative of the truth that they who, in the pursuit of riches, however prosperous, "despise God," are, and will be, "lightly esteemed of God," may be given; proving, as it does, that when riches have been obtained by desecrating the sanctity of the Sabbath, however rapidly they may have been gathered, with greater rapidity they may "make themselves wings and fly away."

A person, well known to the writer, began life in a very humble station and employment. His efforts were successful, and he rose to become a corn and flour merchant. A mill for grinding the corn was taken, a shop for the sale of the flour was opened; the wheels of the mill ran their rapid rounds, and the weights and measures of the shop were busily employed, and, with the exception of what were termed "church hours," the Sabbath differed not from other days. For a season the full stream of prosperity seemed to flow, and the once poor man became comparatively wealthy. Though thus favoured, his heart was not won over to obey his God. The admonition to keep holy the Sabbath was disregarded. Gain was the object of his adoration, and the god was realized. Sometime, however, before the death of the head of this family, losses to a considerable amount were suffered: still he had sufficient to provide for his widow, and to leave respectable portions to all his children. But scarcely had he left the world two years, before nearly the whole was scattered. The eldest son, in whose hands a considerable portion of the property remained, engaged in a speculation that violated the sanctity of the Sabbath, and lost all, and had to become a menial servant. The provision for the mother was placed for security in the hands of her daughter's husband, who failed, and deprived her of the whole; and other members of the family became parish paupers.

These facts are admonitory; they have a voice of warning to others; they manifest that man shall not despise his God with impunity. The way of safety is the way of duty; and though it may not always be attended with riches, it will be blessed with the testimony of a good conscience, and the smile of God; and "better is an handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." (Eccles. iv. 6.)

Manchester. N.

A WORD TO CLASS-LEADERS.

No. III.

MAY the day never come when Methodism will cease to require the piety of its spiritual officers! At present none is eligible for the ministry, or the office of Leader, who is not professing to enjoy the witness of the Holy Ghost, and to be pressing after full salvation; which is as it should be, as we trust it ever will be. We must have thoroughly religious men for spiritual work: to all others God says, "What have ye to do to declare my statutes?" But if a person be thoroughly pious, he may still be unfit for spiritual offices; that is, though if he were not pious he could not be qualified, the possession of piety, if alone, will not qualify him. Thousands of truly pious persons, fully athirst for the uttermost salvation, are to be found who have no call to the ministry, and would be quite out of their place as Leaders. In addition to piety, therefore, there is required,

Thirdly, *The possession of suitable talents; gifts as well as graces.*—We may perhaps, assign the first place here to that tender love for souls which constrains its possessor to use every available means, and put forth all his energies, to save them from ruin, deliver them from the giant grasp of sin, and present them at the last perfect in Christ Jesus. We call this a talent, because it is evidently a peculiar endowment, and not shared by the whole Christian brotherhood. It is indeed true that every believer in Jesus is a philanthropist: Christians are not haters of mankind. No sooner does an individual pass into the kingdom of grace, than he becomes a lover of souls, and animated with an earnest desire to benefit them. But this common Christian love is not like that which inflames the spirit of the man to whom God has committed a dispensation, as an officer having the care of souls. Here love rises into intensity, is earnest, restless, anxious, and seems lost in the object it seeks; it overpowers every other feeling, and is second only to love to Christ. A man who is a stranger to such love as prompts to make sacrifices, endure hardships, suffer personal inconveniences, undertake difficult labours voluntarily, and even cheerfully, lacks a prime qualification, and can scarcely be very successful as a Leader. If his whole soul is not in his work, if he does not long for the salvation of souls, if he knows nothing of the feeling which said, "I travail in birth until Christ be formed in you," he is not in his proper place as a Leader, and cannot rightly discharge the duties of a Leader. If we refer to the history of the past, from the Apostles' days to ours, we shall find that they whom God has honoured the most as his instruments in the world, were thoroughly pious men, whose ruling passion was undying love to souls; men who sought no worldly honours, asked no fleshly ease, paid no regard to privations, abounded in toils and sufferings, accounting all right so that souls were saved. And did they meet with success who acted thus? were they the men whom God specially delighted to honour? Then the case is plain: if we wish similar successes, we must have similar labours. Such love would do wonders in this age, by pushing true, Christian, soul-saving enterprise into every open door which Divine Providence has set before us, and make our Leaders rival the spiritual giants of former days.

Next we mention, an intellectual capability for discerning and rightly estimating diversity of moral condition. To this point, though of vast importance, very little attention has been paid, and men even with no skill in distinguishing things that differ, have been put into an office for which they were manifestly unfit. Would it be thought wise to appoint as an instructer of artists one who has no notion of colours? Would he be considered a fit teacher of music who could not distinguish between different sounds? Each might be attached to science, but could not be employed in the specified post with propriety. So, if a man cannot distinguish the diversities of moral state, and thus is not able to make himself acquainted with the specialities of character and circumstance, he will not make a good Leader. All men are not alike in constitution; the same qualities are not possessed by every mind; human circumstances are almost infinitely varied; and cases will be of frequent occurrence, in which apparent similarity conceals from the unskilled eye real and very important diversity. We will mention one as an illustration. There are, in one class, three persons who have not the Holy Spirit's witness to the fact of their adoption. Here, then, is the point to which attention must be directed: three professors of religion are as yet unconverted. Is it not likely that, as the fact is the same with regard to each person, the cases will be considered and treated as in all respects alike? Yet they may differ essentially. What then is to be done? the fact must, if possible, be removed; but how? A skilful

man will see at once, that the very first step in the right direction is to find the cause of the deplored fact; for *that* constitutes the peculiarity of the case, and must be known, if the case is to be properly treated. On the admission of the fact, therefore, by the parties, he proceeds to elicit, as best he may, information on other points, that he may trace the stream to its source; and after a while, discovers what perhaps he had conjectured before,—that ignorance is the cause in one, timidity in another, and inwardly-cherished sin in the other. Had he taken for granted that the cases must be alike, had he not possessed sufficient skill to discern things that differ, he would have been led to a line of conduct which might have issued in most disastrous results: as it is, he suits his treatment to the circumstances, and sets about removing the fact by removing the cause. Take another illustration. Three persons, living in the favour of God, complain that trials injure their souls, and produce an unhappy state of religious experience. Here, too, the fact is in all the persons the same; but the cases may be very unlike nevertheless, as a skilful man well knows. In one, it is temptation; in another, worldly care; in a third, the strivings of inward corruption, that constitute the trial: and a knowledge of the very thing, with the temperament, besetments, and moral tendencies of the parties, is absolutely necessary for an efficient Leader. In the absence of such knowledge, he may apply a caustic to a wound which needs healing, or a plaster to one that should be probed. Only he who is tolerably versed in the diversities of religious character, will be able to appreciate the wonderful adaptation of the Gospel to all the circumstances of the Christian life, and apply its provisions to the cases that need them. In the Gospel may be found what is suitable for every case; and a Leader should be able at once to put his hand upon the appropriate blessing, that he may give the proper portion to each person. It would be manifestly improper to speak to a trembling penitent and a dilatory formalist in the same manner; to address a timid believer and a mere professor in the same language; to give the same treatment to every grade of the Christian life; and yet this impropriety must exist in all cases where the talent of which we speak either has not been received, or has been lost for want of culture. We do not intend to produce the impression, that no one is fit to be a Leader who is destitute of secular learning, and worldly influence: the talent of which we speak is by no means confined to the learned and wealthy classes, but is a special gift of God for the benefit of the church, and is often bestowed on the poor and illiterate. Some of the very best Leaders are taken from the humbler classes of society; and many wealthy members delight to meet with them, on account of their superior talents and signal endowments. Thus does the divine Author of our religion, in the selecting and appointment of agents for conducting the affairs of his church, prove indisputably that He sends by whom He will send; and, for the utter abasement of human pride, proclaims to the world, that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of men. He chooses his own agents, fits them for the proper post, and prepares the station for them. Happy he, who, being called to such service, is faithful to his heavenly calling. His talent may be improved by cultivation, and lost by neglect: hence his responsibility, and the urgent necessity for stirring up the gift of God that is in him. Woe to him who, being called and qualified, refuses to submit, and by his disobedience becomes the occasion of an improper person being appointed to office in the church! Like the servant in the Gospel, he hides his talent in the earth, to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of employing it, and perhaps expects to escape without censure. Let him not be deceived: "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and to him that hides, instead of using, his talent, the Judge will say, "Thou wicked and slothful servant!"

THEOLOGY.

ON PRAYER.

A SERMON.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray."—James v. 13.

WHO is there that has not, at some time or other, drunk some draughts out of the cup of affliction? Are there any who have passed even a portion of their lives, without finding that every sweet is mixed with drops of bitter? Affliction is such a natural concomitant of human life, that even after the soul has been renewed by the influence of the Holy Ghost, it has often occasion to feel deeply its power. The least acquaintance with ourselves will show that it is utterly impossible for us to pass a life here upon earth, without tasting, in some measure, its bitterness. Some, of strong and inflexible temperaments, may boast of their stoical passions, and a total unconcern to every emotion of the heart; yet these are often observed to be overcome by its workings, and broken down by the strength of its influence. It is, in truth, almost as easy to breathe without air, as it is to pass through our mortal existence without affliction. The above passage, however, from St. James, shows that under this, as under every other dispensation of the Almighty, a remedy is provided; and experience has shown that, when adopted, prayer, in a great measure, assuages its anguish. Nothing is more simple than prayer; for, when afflicted, we have only to call upon Him that saith, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Affliction is always, to some extent at least, beyond our own control. The health that has failed, the friend that is gone, the property that has vanished, we cannot restore: the bereavement, the loss, the danger that threatens, we cannot prevent. If, therefore, our affliction is to be relieved, the Lord alone can accomplish that relief, and to Him are we bound to look. Affliction often makes us feel that we are under the control of a superior Being, and presses upon our notice the evidence of our own impotence; and thus it disposes us to seek the help of a hand mightier than our own. When afflicted, the Christian should not murmur, should not harden his feelings, should not neglect to see, in every loss or suffering, the wise chastisement of God; but, bowing beneath the hand that smites him, he should pray.

Let us consider prayer as follows:—

I. The nature of prayer.

II. The mode of prayer; or, how to pray.

III. The advantages of prayer.

I. What, then, is prayer? If we were in want of a favour, and were to ask a person to grant it, it would be in a literal, what prayer means in a spiritual, sense; only, that the one would be addressing a fellow-creature, and the other addressing the omnipotent Being, from whom we receive every comfort which we enjoy. Prayer is the means we have given us of supplicating for mercy at the throne of grace. We have only to approach Him in fervent prayer through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died, "that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly," and He willingly grants us every blessing which He sees that we need. Nothing can be obtained of Him without prayer. We are told to ask, and we shall receive; but we are nowhere informed that we shall receive without asking. By prayer we can approach the divine footstool, and "find mercy and grace to help in every time of need." When at prayer, we pour out our whole souls to God. It is the secret communion of man with his Maker; and, as the poet beautifully describes it,—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near."

Prayer, then, simply means asking God for his mercies. In prayer, considered as a devotional exercise, praise naturally mingles; and though offering thanks for benefits received is not praying, yet the man of prayer has always so many tokens of divine goodness to acknowledge, that his prayer is never pure supplication, but constantly blends petition and praise. The very essence of prayer is desire; if nothing be desired, nothing is prayed for: meditation or gratitude do not constitute prayer, any more than desire constitutes thanks. The heart must wish, the soul hunger, or there is no prayer.

II. The mode of prayer; or, how to pray.

There are two kinds of prayer; namely, ejaculatory and regular prayer. The one is calling upon God in broken sentences for mercy; and the other a more calm and deliberate manner of worshipping him. We shall first examine ejaculatory prayer. The cases recorded in the Scriptures of this kind of prayer are both satisfactory. The publican, who went up into the temple to pray, "standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." "I tell you," says Christ, "this man went down to his house justified *rather* than the other." Also the dying thief upon the cross, who said unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." This is the language suitable for the poor sinner, labouring and heavily-laden with sins, and seeking for mercy; for it is not the eloquence of words, but the fervour of the spirit, that reaches the ear of God. He who knows every impulse of the heart, looks not for glowing language, but for souls truly devoted to Him. Thus we see that the form of prayer is of little importance, in comparison to the feelings with which it is uttered.

Secondly, we shall notice the regular form of prayer. Ejaculatory prayer is the swift and brief utterance of a desire, under circumstances in which the person is so occupied as not to permit of a lengthened or formal exercise; but it is necessary that, in addition to these snatches of devotion, which ought to mingle with the occupations of every Christian, we have a season of more regular and deliberate supplication. For such prayer, we have an example which cannot be equalled. The Lord's Prayer, delivered by Christ himself to his disciples, is the most perfect form which can be used, and contains, in few words, all we can wish to express. It commences with adoration, and calls for the hastening of the kingdom of the Messiah; then that God's will may be done on earth, as it is in heaven. We then ask for forgiveness of our sins; not to be led into temptation, but delivered from evil; and conclude with an address of praise to the Most High. This will always serve as a groundwork for our devotions; and though insufficient for expressing the many requests which every individual case may require, yet it should form the model of all our petitions. Taking, then, this perfect model, we should, at stated times, draw nigh to the throne of grace, and there, with all our thoughts collected, adore the high and heavenly Father of all, plead for the due vindication of his honour amongst his creatures, for the swift establishment of his universal sway, and for the perfect fulfilment on earth of that will of his, which, being perfectly fulfilled in heaven, makes heaven a world where all that saddens and pollutes ours is far away. Then, too, ought we to lay all our temporal cares open to our Father's eye, seeking from Him our bread, and content if that bread be given day by day. Our offences should be remembered, so remembered as to be confessed, and their pardon humbly sought. And care must be taken as to the state of our heart; for idle is the lip that prayeth with an unforgiving heart beneath: he little feels his own need of forgiveness who can treasure the memory of any man's fault. And while there, in the presence of our great Friend, we must think of the wiles of our great enemy, who is ever "walking about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." And yet in face of him we must not fear, but ever remember that "He who is for us" holds in his own blessed hand all "kingdom, power, and glory."

III. The advantages of prayer.

Can we do without prayer? Could we reach heaven without it? The soul would sink under its heavy load of sin were it not for the support it receives from prayer. If it were not for holding communion with God, we should be unable to derive that consolation which He so readily gives to those who ask Him. In the case of the sinner, he could never reach heaven without prayer; and it is only by prayer that he is "made meet to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This is its great object; and all that come to God through the merits of the crucified Saviour will He receive graciously and love freely.

There is another kind of prayer which is most important. Unless we continue to grow in grace daily, we can never reach that perfection spoken of by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews; (chap. vi. 1;) and it is by prayer alone that we may attain unto it. Again, besides praying for ourselves, we should pray for others. "The effectual fervent prayer," says St. James, "of a righteous man availeth much." We should therefore pray that the Lord would have mercy upon all men. This every person who "feels the

love of God shed abroad in his heart," will do, not only *for* sinners, but *with* sinners; and "exhort every one everywhere to repent;" for who knows but his prayer may be the means of converting a soul to God, which will shine as a star in the kingdom of heaven for ever and ever?

In conclusion, let me entreat every one to pray without ceasing; for by so doing, we shall be relieved from the cares of the world, and draw nearer unto Christ. And in all times of sickness, affliction, or tribulation, pray to Him who alone is able to relieve us, that He will send us his Holy Spirit to guide and direct us, and finally that He will bring us to his everlasting kingdom, for his name's sake.

C. M.

WILL YOU COME TO CHRIST?

A WORD TO SINNERS.

DEAR reader, just consider for a moment the importance of the question which now attracts your attention, and which is proposed to you. Will you come to Christ, and offer your heart a living sacrifice to God? or are you determined still to continue in the hard slavery of him who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; who is the great deceiver of souls, and the grand adversary of the Christian? Beware, sinner, beware! lest thou fall a victim in the snare of this great deceiver. By engaging in the service of Satan, you exclude yourself from every spiritual blessing, you chain your soul to earth, you bind yourself with bonds and fetters. In health you deny yourself the enjoyment of that happiness which religion alone affords; in death you suffer not yourself to be supported by the consolations of religion; in the eternal world you refuse a seat in glory, preferring a lot amongst the damned. Your situation is truly fearful, for you stand in imminent danger; you have already nearly filled up the measure of your iniquity, and still you are hurrying on with rapid strides to destruction; a few more steps, and you may be lost for ever!

Then will you come to Christ? If you will, He will receive you. It is true, you are a great sinner; you have oftentimes grieved the Holy Spirit of God; but, notwithstanding the multitude of your transgressions, Christ will receive you. If you will come to Him, He will in no wise cast you out; for He has declared that He has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that all would repent and live. He left his throne above, in order that you might be rescued from perishing in that place where hope never comes. He led a suffering life below, in order that you might be made an heir of everlasting life. He died an ignominious death upon Mount Calvary, in order that you might sit exalted high at his right hand in glory.

Then again we propose to you the momentous question, Will you come to Christ? It requires an immediate answer; for it is an important subject. There is no time for delay. Life is uncertain; death is sure: to-morrow you may have drawn your last breath, and heaved your last sigh; yes, to-morrow you may be a corpse. Then come to Christ, and come now. Embrace the present opportunity. Come now, before your life-blood ceases to flow within your veins. Come now, before your pulse refuses any longer to continue its beating. Come now, before the brittle thread of life be snapped asunder. Come now, before these solemn words are repeated over your lifeless body, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." Come now, before the fire of hell folds its flames around you. Yes, come now, sinner! What do you say? We urge the question; for your eternal destiny depends upon your determination. It is a matter of life and death. Your immortal soul is at stake. Heaven or hell must be your portion. Angels or devils must be your companions. The song of praise, or the shriek of the damned, must employ your tongue. A crown of glory must grace your head, or the fire of hell must torture it. Your eternal happiness must be secured, or your damnation must be sealed. The continual blaze of glory, or the smoke of everlasting torments, must surround you. You must walk along the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, or you must sink in the fiery lake of hell. Your determination will decide the matter. The whole mystery of your eternal portion hangs upon your decision: it is the most eventful crisis of your existence. The hosts of heaven are anxiously waiting to hear what answer you will return to this important question. Then restrain not the general burst of holy joy which would peal throughout the domes of the heavenly Jerusalem at your repentance; but let the language of your heart be this:—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror."

Christ will then receive you, and angels will rejoice over your salvation.

J. M. Bamford.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST A PROOF OF HIS DIVINITY.

The variety and strength of the evidences which we have of the deity of Christ must be most satisfactory to every prayerful inquirer. Passing by, altogether, the evidences to be derived from the writings of the Prophets in the Old Testament, and from the Apostolic Epistles in the New, we have, in the history of Christ's humanity alone, a series of irrefutable arguments: so that, amidst the very circumstances on which the opponents of the truth base their objections, we are furnished with the amplest means for its defence. From the first intimation which is given us, in the Gospel narrative, of our Lord's incarnation, to the closing scene in his earthly career, we have a chain of evidence, so strong that the combined powers of the adversaries cannot break it; and so complete, that all their ingenuity cannot discover in it a single defect. The announcement of the angel to the virgin-mother, before our Saviour's birth, at once reveals the close conjunction into which he would bring our humanity with the divine nature; the mysterious alliance which should take place between them, in his person: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And when we take up the records of his life, and endeavour to ascertain the amount of information which they supply on this subject; when we follow Him through the ever-changing circumstances in which He was placed, and view Him in the variety of aspects in which He is presented to us, we see proof follow proof in rapid succession. A host of witnesses rise up, and with united voice proclaim his divinity. And when we connect with these facts the circumstances of his death, and mark the events which then took place; while a veil of supernatural darkness is drawn round external things, yet, in the midst of that appalling gloom, the brightness of his Godhead beams forth through the miracles of that hour, and we are seized by the same overpowering convictions which led the Roman Centurion to exclaim, "Surely this was the Son of God." But when, in addition to the foregoing, we take his resurrection, and examine into all its circumstances and bearings, and mark the distinct evidence which it supplies, we feel the truthfulness and force of the Apostle's language, He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, by his resurrection from the dead." Our understandings bow beneath the massive weight of proof which is laid upon them. The investigation is satisfactory: the truth is established. We ask no further evidence. And yet there is one argument more which we must not lose sight of. However clear and convincing each preceding proof may be, in its individual character, still, without this additional argument, the *chain* of evidence which runs through the history of "the *man* Christ Jesus" would be incomplete. The miracles of his life, the wonders of his crucifixion-hour, the glories of his resurrection, must be followed by the splendour and triumph of his ascension. This is the link which binds the whole to the throne of truth, to the throne of God.

The argument to be drawn from this event can be stated very briefly.

There is a law in nature, impressed upon all material things, and—so far as human observation and research have gone—extending through the whole sweep of creation. It is the law of attraction. By it order and harmony are maintained in the universe, and the countless atoms of which our world is composed are kept in perpetual cohesion. Like an invisible network, of celestial fabric, it surrounds the globe, and preserves upon its surface the various tribes of living beings by whom it is inhabited, and the various portions of inanimate matter which are loosely strewn around. It is directly contrary to this established law that any portion of matter, as, for instance, a human body, should be removed from the surface of the earth, and be carried, wholly and for ever, beyond the range of its influence. Should such a circumstance occur, it would be essentially miraculous. It would be a miracle of the highest order, and therefore must be the act of God, and of God alone. Such an event was the ascension of Christ.

In the whole history of the world there have been but two occurrences which bear any resemblance to it. We refer to the translation of Enoch and the translation of Elijah. Between them and

the event under consideration, the Scriptures make a wide distinction. We read that "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." And in the case of Elijah we are told that celestial messengers were sent forth to bear him away to the skies; and we hear his servant Elisha exclaim, as he witnessed his departure, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." There is no such language employed to describe the ascension of Christ. Each event was truly startling and miraculous; but the removal of Enoch and Elijah was a *translation, the act of another;* Christ's removal was an *ascension, his own act.* And herein lies the grand distinction. It was the putting forth of that power which sustains the world, and directs its affairs; that power which hangs the earth upon nothing, which guides the stars in their courses, and which, in the days of Joshua, made the sun stand still. It was the Almighty Creator of the universe, placing his hand upon the law of his own enactment, and holding it in temporary suspension, while his human nature passed into the heavens, where He sits at the right hand of God, "inhabiting the praises of eternity."

Dublin. F. S.

FUTURE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

My soul is enlarged, and stands erect, as I look down the declivity of years, and see the changes which these young Davids, under God, will make in all the earth. Countless millions are shortly to awake from the sleep and darkness of a hundred ages, to hail the day that will never go down. I see the darkness rolling upon itself, and passing away from a thousand lands. I see a cloudless day following, and laying itself over all the earth. I see the nations coming up from the neighbourhood of the brutes, to the dignity of the sons of God; from the sty in which they had wallowed, to the purity of the divine image. I see the meekness of the Gospel assuaging their ferocious passions, melting down a million contending units into one, silencing the clangour of arms, and swelling into life a thousand budding charities which had died under the long winter. I hear the voice of their joy. It swells from the valleys, and echoes from the hills. I already hear, on the eastern breeze, the songs of new-born nations. I already catch from the western gale the praise of a thousand islands. I ascend the Alps, and see the darkness retiring from the Papal world. I ascend the Andes, and see South America and all the islands of the Pacific one altar. I ascend the mountains of Thibet, and hear from the plains of China, and from every jungle and pagoda of Hindostan, the praises of the living God. I see all Asia bowing before Him who, eighteen centuries ago, hung in the midst of them on Calvary. I traverse oceans, and hear from every floating Bethel the songs of the redeemed:—

> "The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other; and the mountain-tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

Come, that blessed day! Let my eyes once behold the sight, and then give this worthless body to the worms.—*Dr. Griffin.*

SENTENCES FROM DR. CHALMERS'S "SABBATH SCRIPTURE-READINGS."

Give me, O Lord, to make a real business of my Christianity; and then shall I be experimentally as well as doctrinally skilful in the word of righteousness.

It is an incidental revelation, but a very interesting one, that angels somehow or other minister to the heirs of salvation. They rejoice in their conversion; they are ranked with the spirits of just men made perfect, who compass us about as a cloud of witnesses; and here (Heb. i.) they are represented as helping us onward upon our course homewards.

Would it be looked upon now-a-days to be a doctrinal sermon, or would not the soundness of the Preacher be suspected, were he to give forth a textual exhortation from the clause of "Keepers at home?"

November, 1845.—Thou knowest, O God, what sufferings are yet in reserve for us. If it be thy blessed will, do thou avert the judgments which hang over our country; but if not, and we have to pass through the ordeal of *famine,* and *pestilence,* and *insurrection,* grant that when thy judgments are abroad

upon the earth, we may learn righteousness.

O that a living Christ were more the object of my steadfast contemplation, and faith, and practical regards, than a fluctuating Christianity! Would I but cultivate the habit of believing converse with Christ as a person, then, through his grace and Spirit dwelling in me, there would be that element of unchangeableness within, which would save me from the endless tossings and turnings of many a vain question, grounded on the too-prevalent view of Christ not as a person but a doctrine.

The Epistle to Philemon.—Nothing can exceed the tact and courteousness of this communication: a perfect model of the gentleman blended with the Christian. The politeness of modern society is in many respects the embodiment of the Christian graces. It may be, and generally I fear is, the body without the spirit; but that it should express what it does is in itself an homage, the homage at least of its forms, to the substantial virtues of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When I contrast such a chivalrous exhibition of so much generosity and so much gentleness, as is here made, with the rudeness of the age, I cannot but look on the outpeering quality of this Epistle before that of all other specimens which have come down to us, as another and most interesting contribution to the evidence daily accumulating upon our view, in behalf of the divine origin of our faith.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

The pious Leighton, in his sermon, "Christ the Light and Lustre of his Church," broke out in the following expostulation:—"What meanest thou, O besotted sinner? Is it so light a thing to die in thy sins, and to die eternally for them, that thou wilt not so much as open thine eyes, and admit the light of salvation? What wilt thou pretend on that terrible day? Though all other kinds of people should have some excuse, thou, who hast heard the Gospel, shalt be speechless; for not only shall the rigour of justice condemn thee, for thou hast despised it: that the light did come and was not embraced, shall be the main condemnation." Well might a holy man of God say: "Have you been hardened in your sinful ways by a suspicion that your case is desperate, that it is now too late, and that He whom you have so often rejected will refuse you mercy?" Beware of such a thought. "There is forgiveness with God." (Psal. cxxx. 4.) "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) He is gracious to pardon, and "mighty to save." (Isai. lxiii. 1.) Only acknowledge your offences, and throw down the arms of your rebellion, and fight against the Lord your God no more. He is mighty to save, and no less willing than able. If you seek Him with all your heart, you shall find Him. But who can answer for to-morrow. To-morrow or to-night your soul may be required of you; (Luke xii. 20;) or, if your lives are spared, you may be given up to judicial and incurable hardness of heart.

If his Spirit should cease from striving with you, you are for ever lost. (Gen. vi. 3.) Therefore "seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near." (Isai. lv. 6.) Let me beseech you to go at once to God. Go in prayer, in faith, in a submissive state of mind. Seek him earnestly, fervently; constantly plead for salvation, for pardon, for holiness, for heaven; plead your Saviour's blood, his merits. Go to Jesus, He will accept of you; He invites you, listen to his voice. Turn not a deaf ear, I beseech you, lest God should say, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. i. 24, 26.) Turn not a deaf ear, but attend to your salvation. Apply to Christ; He is the porch of heaven, the way to glory. (John xiv. 6.) Do not delay: consider the shortness of time, the certainty of death, the glories of heaven, the terrors of the lost, the promises of God, and the ability of Christ to save your soul. Haste, haste, to Jesus. You are guilty, He will pardon; polluted, He will purify; unrighteous, He will justify; you are lost, but He will save you. Come at once, He will receive you; He casts none out that come, for He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) J. M.

Curbar.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

JAMES MACNAMARA AND HIS STEPFATHERS.

[We insert the following affecting tale, in the hope that it will incline the heart of many happy parents to be "fathers to the fatherless."]

Among the miscellaneous crowd of criminals who appeared at the late Criminal Court, held at Aberdeen, the smallest in stature, though not the youngest in crime, was our old acquaintance, James Macnamara. He is a rare specimen of the genus *juvenile delinquent*, having commenced his career as a juvenile vagrant. His mother took to herself, as a second husband, a country hawker, of the name of Douglas, and by following his stepfather in the course of his profession, James early acquired a wandering habit, which soon became to him a second nature. To him all places are nearly alike, and his only reason for going to one place rather than another has been because the people were kind to him. When seven years of age, he found it difficult or inconvenient to follow his father; and, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the country, he wandered about alone. Some had pity on the poor neglected child, and kindly supplied his wants; but no one offered him a permanent abode, or thought of giving him any instruction. So he grew up perfectly independent, and thoroughly ignorant.

James learned to maintain himself by his own shifts, but his shifts were not always deemed honest; and when eight years of age, he fell into the hands of the police, accused of theft. The Judge was sadly puzzled how to deal with this infant criminal, who did not know where his mother and stepfather were,—who had none to care for him. He seemed a broken reed floating on the ocean of life, driven hither and thither by the restless tide, without object, and without direction. His confession, however, was held to be a plea of guilty, and the Magistrate sent him a few days to prison, and then obtained his admission to the House of Refuge. Though kindly treated in these asylums, the little wanderer could not endure confinement, and soon deserted the Refuge, and returned to his old haunts in the country. This was in the summer of 1845; and in the course of the autumn of that year he was again brought before the Magistrate, accused of having stolen an ass. He could give no reason for taking it. It was grazing by the roadside, and he had mounted it, and rode along the road for two or three miles, when he was followed and apprehended. He did not know how far he was to take it, or whether he intended to steal it. It might be an act of theft, or of childish thoughtlessness or folly; but the public prosecutor substantiated his charge, and James was sent to prison for sixty days. During the winter he probably lived with his parents, who generally then lodged in town in that season, and he does not appear to have resumed his wanderings until the end of spring, or beginning of summer. At any rate, it was not till July, 1846, that he came again before the Judge, accused of housebreaking. He was tried by a jury, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. When sent to the general prison at Perth, the authorities were not a little astonished to receive so young a culprit, and transmitted an order to Aberdeen to be informed how so small a criminal should have received so large a punishment. In answer, they were informed that James had been wholly neglected, was grossly ignorant, and was scarcely believed to be altogether sound; and it was supposed that the Judge who sentenced him had made the imprisonment so long, in the hope that prison-discipline would correct his habits, enlighten his ignorance, and make it clear that he was a responsible agent.

The twelve months' imprisonment wore away, and James was again at liberty: the wide world was before him, but he had not a friend in it. It was a matter of indifference to him whither he went, or whither he was carried. He would have remained at Perth, but the inhabitants of the fair city have not unlimited faith in the reformatory effects of their prison-discipline, and generally desire to send off the liberated criminals as soon as possible; and James was forwarded to Aberdeen per coach, under charge of the guard. However, he had acquired a liking for the prison, and in less than a month he had found his way back to Perth, where the Chaplain of the Aberdeen jail saw him playing within the outer court of the prison, and was informed by the Governor that he got most of his food in his house, and that he could not induce him to leave the town. Some time after that, the Perth police got hold of him, and again returned him to Aberdeen, where, finding no shelter, he resumed his wanderings on Donside, his favourite district of the country. He said the people there were kind to him; and some of them so far pitied him as to send him to school, gave him the shelter of an outhouse, and an occasional meal. Matters might have gone on in this way for some time, but James one day went with another boy to shoot at small birds with a pistol, and he liked the sport so well, that he wished to

have a shot by himself. So, having seen where his friend deposited his pistol, he went and took it, and again appeared in charge of a policeman, accused of having stolen it. For this offence he stood before the lords, and afforded the audience as much amusement as pity, by his grotesque appearance and simple manners. He has now been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. When asked his age lately, he said, "The Government" (Governor) "says I am twelve years old." And twelve years of age he probably is, but not more.

And what a life has this young thing led! And what a prospect he has before him! Will the imprisonment he has now to endure strengthen his bodily frame, or elevate his moral or religious feelings? He may be said to have two stepfathers, his mother's husband, and a Christian community; and it is difficult to say which of the two has acted, with most effect, the part of a stepfather: both may be said to have trodden the little stepson under foot. The neglect of the former, and probably some harsh usage, early made him independent; and the law seems to have no other care for him, except to punish the wrongs he is alleged to commit. We wonder if this simple narrative will not raise up a single friend for this fatherless and friendless child. We believe he is not naturally vicious: he seems alive to kindness; and his returning to Perth, and to the confines of the prison, shows that he would easily become attached to any place where protection was afforded. We have no doubt the lot of many a poor child is as hard as his; and we may be censured for attempting to excite sympathy for individual suffering where so much general misery is unregarded; but, having become interested in the fate of this outcast one, and being unable to render him any assistance, we have felt impelled to write his little history, in the hope that some one, able and willing, may be induced to become to him, what he so greatly needs, a friend and protector. When the State has performed its part in punishing the offence, we trust that private benevolence will devise some plan for reclaiming the offender.

Now, although we may have appeared only solicitous to excite sympathy for this juvenile delinquent, yet we shall have failed in our main object if we do not awaken reflection in the minds of many as to the mode and effect of his treatment. He seems to have none to care for him. But what his youth and helplessness could not obtain,—food, shelter, and instruction,—his cunning or knavery did not fail to procure. The cost of his neglect has been at least ten times the amount of order and protection. He might have been fed, trained, and taught in an Industrial School at £4 a year: we have no doubt that his crimes and his punishments cost the country at least £40. If the Magistrate had been authorized to send him to the Industrial School, at the expense of his parents or the parish, when he first sent him to prison, he might now have been entering on a course of honest industry: under the direction of our present laws he has only become more matured in crime; and, judging from experience, we do not expect this imprisonment will be more efficacious than the last. Eighteen months' seclusion, with the certificate of good conduct from the Governor of a prison, is not a good qualification nor a good passport to success in the world. Who would admit into his house, or his service, a culprit trained to vice from infancy; a wanderer, who had never had a home but the prison; a waif, who had strayed so long that he was claimed by nobody? We wonder what the feelings of such a creature are when turned out of jail and restored to liberty. *Liberty*, so dear to most, is worth less than nothing to him. His mind has been disciplined to bondage; and when discharged from the inner court of the prison, his only desire seems to be that he might be allowed to haunt the outer. We have heard of a boy who had left home for a public school, and who felt the restraint and discipline (though by no means severe) so irksome, that he spent whole days and nights considering by what means he could tear himself from a life which to him was insupportable, and, after months of torture, escaped from the thraldom, and fled to his father's house and his mother's bosom. But our little criminal has no such feelings. There is the whole world for him to roam in, and the wide expanse of heaven to overshadow him; but there is no spot on earth that he can call his own, no parents' arms open to receive him, and no roof that he can demand the shelter of. If he asks charity, he is desired to work; and if he asks employment, it is denied him; so that we see nothing he can do but to put forth his hand and steal. We would not thus vent all the wrongs of a parent, and all the neglect of society, on a helpless child. In correcting his faults, we would seek to amend them. In his confinement we would endeavour to inspire hope; and when the period of imprisonment was past, we would not cast him out again to plunder or to perish. We would require his parents, the parish, or the State, to maintain, instruct, and direct him, till he can maintain, and direct, and care for himself; and until full provision is made for the treatment of juvenile delinquents on some such philanthropic and rational grounds, James Macnamara will never be awanting to fill the criminal dock when our Circuit Courts come round.—*North of Scotland Gazette.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOVERNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

"A form so frail,
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth;—
'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,
And see it traced with such a tale of woe.—
To think that one so young and beautiful
Was wasting to the grave."

THE spires of her native town began gradually to fade in the distance, as the coach in which Ellen was seated rolled rapidly along the turnpike-road; and the green fields, where she had so often rambled in innocent delight, during the period of her early childhood, had already receded from her view. The sun was high in the heavens, and poured his sultry beams on the parched and thirsty earth. The air was still; scarcely a breath disturbed the foliage of the neighbouring woods. Beauty and magnificence characterized the scenery in all directions, inspiring the lover of nature with sensations of exquisite delight. Ellen gazed from the window of the vehicle on these opening scenes of splendour with feelings more of melancholy than of pleasure. For though she was an ardent admirer of the beauties of creation, as the works of Infinite Wisdom, her mind at present was too much occupied with thoughts of the heavy calamity which had so recently befallen her, to feel the inspiration of the external loveliness by which she was surrounded. Her spirit was bowed down with a heavy weight of sorrow; and her bosom beat with tremulous emotions while reflecting on the future. Still her confidence in God was unshaken; and she was enabled calmly to resign her cares into his hand, convinced that in the time of trouble He would "hide her in his pavilion."

At length the coach arrived at the place of its destination, and Ellen was soon encircled in the embraces of her only earthly relative. After recounting to her aunt the story of her griefs, the aged woman, who had long enjoyed a sense of the divine favour, endeavoured to encourage the mourning orphan with the assurance that her heavenly Father would supply her wants; and, in the order of his providence, would doubtless establish her innocence of the crime of which she had been so unjustly accused. In a short time, through the influence of her aunt, and a few of her neighbours, Ellen secured a number of pupils. The number gradually increased. Their progress in learning was rapid; and the parents of the children were induced, on several occasions, to express their high satisfaction and hearty approval of Ellen's mode of instruction.

Her amiable spirit, and superior mental accomplishments, had also secured her the esteem of the more respectable portion of the inhabitants, and she soon became a general favourite in the village. These flattering prospects, however, while they excited in her bosom sentiments of fervent gratitude, could not chase from her mind those gloomy forebodings which the constant recollection of the past continued to keep alive. That pleasing vivacity, for which she was so remarkable in her earlier years, had fled for ever. The pallid cheek, the downcast eye, the half-suppressed heaving of the heart, all these indicated the fearful change which adverse circumstances had so rapidly produced. She would, indeed, have deemed it an act of impiety to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, though those dispensations were dark and mysterious; yet a settled pensiveness sat on her handsome features; and a feeling of dejection, which neither time nor change of scene could obliterate, continued to pervade her mind.

The Clergyman of the parish was a pious, devoted man, and dispensed with faithfulness and fervency the word of life. Under his ministry the soul of Ellen was often blessed. On one occasion, when she had been in the village about six months, she attended divine service as usual. It was a Sabbath morning. The discourse was founded on Psalm xxxvii. 5, 6, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." No passage could be more suited to her case; and certainly none more calculated to strengthen her faith in God. Her attention was at once awakened; and she listened to the sermon with unusual interest, eagerly devouring the sacred truths which the Minister so earnestly delivered. An extraordinary elevation of soul seemed for a moment to "lift her above earth." The Divine Comforter diffused over her spirit such a hallowing influence, such "strong consolation," as she had never before experienced. An expression of heavenly hope spread over her beautiful countenance; the tears of joy involuntarily burst from her animated eyes; and lifting up her heart to heaven, she inwardly exclaimed, "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

The vicinity of the village in which she was now located, presented many attractive

features. The scenery was sweetly picturesque; and in the direction of the Malvern hills, which were visible in the distance, peculiarly grand. In the intervals of school-hours, Ellen had been accustomed to ramble along the banks of the classic Avon, or over the gently-rising hillocks, in order to sketch with her pencil some of the natural beauties which were presented to her eye. She was thus employed, one lovely evening in autumn, when two ladies, who appeared to be strangers to the neighbourhood, slowly approached the spot where she was seated. The elder of them fixed her eyes upon Ellen with a steadfast scrutiny, which she almost regarded as rude. When they had proceeded the distance of but a few yards, the same female whispered to her companion, sufficiently loud to be heard by Ellen, "I am sure she is the same person: she was dismissed from Mrs. Denham's for dishonesty."

This incident, so unexpected, and so excruciating to her feelings, once more plunged the unhappy girl into the depths of despondency. Her heart began to beat with unwonted violence, and in the greatest mental agitation she hurried from the spot.

This unlooked-for occurrence tended materially to strengthen the malady which was secretly undermining her delicate constitution. Her languid eye and pallid cheek had, indeed, for some time presented evident indications of the insidious workings of disease; and her widowed aunt, under whose roof she still resided, became at length painfully apprehensive that the period of her dissolution was fast approaching.

Days and weeks rolled away, without producing the least favourable change. Symptoms of consumption were becoming more and more apparent. She found it impracticable any longer to attend to the duties of her school; and was at length compelled to be confined to her apartment. This affliction she sustained with exemplary patience. Supported by an inward consciousness of her innocence, and relying on the covenant mercies of God, she regarded her present sufferings as light and momentary; and with calm equanimity contemplated the hour of her dissolution as the dawning of a brighter day; when, freed from the trammels of mortality, she would rise to the life eternal, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

"It is almost inconceivable," says a modern writer, "how soon and how completely a finely organized mind adapts itself to inevitable circumstances of reverse, which would bring a more blunted intellect to despair. The sense of enjoyment is proportioned to the vivacity of mind; and the thousand fresh-springing sources of pleasure, open to the more susceptible among human beings, far out-balance the power of that morbid tone of suffering which bears down the dull." But it was not merely a *well-organized* mind, in the usual acceptation of the expression, that enabled the devoted Ellen to maintain an inflexible courage amidst the pangs and sufferings of sinking nature. She derived her chief support from her heavenly Father; not from the broken cisterns of human philosophy, but from the Fountain of living waters; and in the strength of divine grace, she endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

Three months had now elapsed since she had relinquished the duties of her school. During that period her physical energies had considerably diminished; and her wasted frame was becoming more and more debilitated. Occasionally she was allowed, by her medical attendant, to sit up in the room, as a temporary relief from the monotony of a sick bed. One evening she sat later than usual; for her spirits, during the day, had partially revived. The village Clergyman called; and several pious friends, who had, especially during her illness, expressed the deepest interest in her welfare, were also present. Several hymns, appropriate to the occasion, were sung by the party, and the Minister engaged in prayer. Though unable to join much in these devout exercises, the dying girl participated largely of their holy influence. The following beautiful stanza, from one of Mr. Wesley's hymns, and which was sung to her favourite tune, "Arabia," was peculiarly refreshing to her soul:—

"What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind."

Her eye seemed for a moment to be lighted up with an expression of blissful animation, and a heavenly smile appeared to brighten her countenance.

She was seated at the window of her chamber. It was a lovely evening in May. She gazed on the beautiful landscape, which was mellowed by the departing rays of the setting sun. The apple-blossom, with its rich and varied colours, adorning the numerous orchards throughout the wide-spread valley, was peculiarly grateful to her sight. And the early spring-flowers, which shed a fragrant odour on the balmy air, sweetly regaled her senses. While watching intently these attractive objects, the wheels of a vehicle were heard moving slowly down the lane. In a few minutes it was in sight, and appeared to be a genteel carriage. It stopped in front of the cottage. A lady, respectably attired, immediately alighted, and, leaving the horses in charge of a livery servant, proceeded towards the door. What was the astonishment of Ellen, when, as the lady advanced, she recognised her late

mistress, Mrs. Denham! A sudden tremour agitated her bosom, her cheek was suffused with an unnatural flush, and it was with difficulty that she retained her seat.

"Now," said the Minister, addressing the invalid, "the only anxiety which has so long disturbed your mind is about to be removed. I have no doubt the lady, convinced of the injustice of the charge preferred against you, has taken this journey to establish your innocence. You will now experience the accomplishment of the divine promise, to which your attention has been so often directed, 'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.'"

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SEA-EAGLE.

Among the birds of prey the family *falconidæ* hold a conspicuous position. In them the instruments of destruction are more perfectly developed than in any other family of birds; they being provided, according to their various habits of chase, with weapons highly adapted to strike their prey, to secure it, and to tear it to pieces. Some of them pounce upon the quarry from above, some attack upon the surface of the ground; but in either case the victim finds itself in the power of a swift and cruel destroyer. The organs of flight are equally developed in the *falconidæ*, with those of destruction. The visible organ of flight being the wing, much of the aërial power of the bird depends on its structure. For superior flight, it is necessary that the wing have a large surface; be long, pointed, composed of narrow, strong feathers; thus compact, so as to resist the pressure of the air when the wing is forced against it in the act of flying. That these particulars meet in all the families of birds most remarkable for power of flight will be at once observed on noting the wings of the families *hirundo*, (swallows,) *scolopax*, (woodcocks,) *tringa*, (sandpipers,) &c., &c. But if the external organ of flight be large and compact, a corresponding muscular mechanism must be prepared to work it with effect; consequently it is found that the birds thus furnished with wings large and strong in proportion to the size of the body, are equally furnished with powerful muscles on the breast, by which those wings may be

efficiently worked. The wings are the paddle-wheels; the muscles the inferior hidden engine.

Cuvier divides the falcons into noble and ignoble birds of prey. The noble birds are the true falcons, or those which are capable of being used in the practice of falconry; and among the ignoble are classed the various divisions of the powerful eagle tribe.

Mr. Bennet has shown that, owing to the different plumage assumed by the great sea-eagle, at different stages of its progress, it has been classed by naturalists under several distinct heads. In its earlier stages it is of a brownish black, with deep brown head and neck, a bluish beak, and ashen spots on the back and tail: in this stage it was called *falco ossifragus*. After two or three years of age, the spots disappear from the back, the tail becomes a whitish grey, the head and neck ashy brown, and the beak yellow: in this stage it was called *falco albicaudus*, or lesser white-tailed eagle. Between the age of four and five it puts on its permanent costume: the head and neck lose their brown, the back is a mixture of dingy brown and ashen grey, and the tail is perfectly white; in this its mature stage it has been called *falco albicilla*, the white-tailed or cinereous eagle.

The *haliæetus leucocephalus*, or white-headed eagle, called also the bald eagle, and sea-eagle, differs when at maturity from the great sea-eagle, especially in the pure whiteness of the head, and neck, and tail. This bird is the national emblem of the United States. Upon the choice of this emblem Benjamin Franklin remarked, "For my part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labours of the fishing-hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case; but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward. The little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *King-birds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of Knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*." We may just say that the *Chevaliers of Industry* in Paris, belong to the same order of birds of prey as the "swell mob" of London.

OUR SERVANTS.

"TO THE COMPTER."

(*From the Servants' Magazine.*)

Occasions frequently occur when a few very simple words fall with solemn significance upon the ear of those who traverse the streets of the metropolis. Such was the experience of Grandfather Gray a short time since. He was passing along the footway of Guildhall-Yard, when he saw before him, opposite the justice-room door, a cab, in which were seated an elderly male and female, and a young woman, who appeared to be their daughter. As Grandfather Gray came up to the vehicle, a policeman stepped in, and, turning himself towards the driver, said, in a commanding manner, "*To the Compter.*" The reins were instantly pulled, smack went the whip, and the horse, alike unconscious whether he was bearing his burden to the house of joy or that of mourning, to a palace or a prison, sped his way, under the guidance of his driver, to the appointed place for thieves, in Giltspur-street, Smithfield.

The simple words, "To the Compter," were not only soon said, but said with as little apparent feeling on the part of the policeman as if he had ordered the driver to "the docks," or "the Tower:" the command was a mere official act on the part of this needful functionary of justice, and one which, alas! he had probably discharged so often that all sensitiveness in the performance of such duties had long since ceased to be felt. There *was* feeling, however, in other bosoms; for Grandfather Gray saw, with even a passing glance, that the old man and woman, who seemed to be the parents of the young one, were downcast and sad; whilst she who appeared to be the prisoner was shedding big tears of shame and sorrow, and looked as if her bosom heaved with unutterable woe.

The rattling of the cab soon died away upon the ear; but the words, "To the Compter," have seemed to return to Grandfather Gray a hundred times since he first heard them, and have led him to serious musings as to the probable steps by which the young woman about whom he is writing was led to such disgrace. He has thought that possibly the old people might not have been guiltless in that matter; that perhaps

they had never taught their child those solemn truths,—

"The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire."

He thought, too, that possibly they had never taught her the words of Him who says, "Thou shalt not steal;" or that they might even have been so wicked as to commit acts of theft themselves, and to have trained their child, both by their example and their precepts, to similar habits of dishonesty.

As he has stated, the subject has frequently recurred to his thoughts, and in his musings on the fate of this young woman, he has often wondered by what steps she was conducted to such a depth of degradation; whether she commenced by *little* acts of pilfering, (the most common course of those who at last become great and daring thieves,) or whether she yielded to the solicitations of her parents, or other relatives, to take, *but once*, not money, jewellery, articles of dress, or furniture, belonging to her employer, but *food*, because her relatives required it. Grandfather Gray has also thought that possibly she might have had the temptation whispered to her, "It is *only food;* there can be *no harm in taking that;* and then, consider, it is for your parents, your dearest relatives." Such a snare has been laid for many poor young women whose sense of honesty has been so feeble that they have readily yielded to the solicitation; first, perhaps, giving but a few pieces of stale bread, then something more valuable, and then things still more costly; until they have found themselves, from habit, giving away their employers' property unasked!

Since these reflections have passed through Grandfather Gray's mind, his eye has fallen upon several reports of cases in the newspapers, in which servants have been charged with theft, and sent to jail. In some of these instances, the temptation appears to have arisen from *a love of dress*, demanding greater supplies of money than upright, hard-earned, honest wages could afford; in other cases, the thefts appear to have been committed at the instance of immoral, worthless young men, to supply them with the means of living in idleness and dissipation; whilst, in other instances, the thievish propensity can only be traced to acts of dishonesty in early childhood, nourished up by sinful practices in youth, until, by frequent repetition, the individuals have become, in riper years, confirmed and daring thieves. It is only a few days since Grandfather Gray read an account in the newspaper, which stated that a nursery-servant, whom he cannot but describe as an execrable wretch, had been convicted of stealing her master's watch, silver snuff-box, gold pins, and various other articles, and that she had also been the cause of casting so much suspicion on a fellow-servant, who had entered her employer's service more recently than herself, as to occasion that young woman's dismissal; of course, without a character, and probably to be consigned to ruin. Besides which, the thief, in this instance, had jeopardized the characters of many other servants; inasmuch as, in all the houses of her master's acquaintances, at which she had contrived to call with the dear little ones committed to her care, she had perpetrated similar depredations; leaving it to be presumed that the servants in these various establishments were thieves. Her guilt and cunning were, however, at last discovered, and she has been consigned to the dark recesses of a prison, and will, in all probability, descend to still more complete infamy and ruin.

From all these painful statements, Grandfather Gray would seek to impress upon his readers this moral,—that not only is "honesty the best policy," but that *no act of dishonesty can be committed without great peril;* because even that first step may be detected and lead to shame, and, if not found out, will assuredly lead to another and another crime, until He who has uttered the prohibition, "Thou shalt not steal," and has declared that "the wicked shall not go unpunished," brings home conviction and punishment to the sinner.

GRANDFATHER GRAY.

BIOGRAPHY.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF JOHN NAYLOR,

Of Armitage-Bridge, in the Huddersfield Second Circuit.

AMONG the proofs of the truth of the Gospel, scarcely anything is more striking than its power to make poor, miserable man happy. It makes him happy in the midst of poverty and suffering; when nothing else can give comfort to his distressed conscience, and when he is dying, and leaving behind him all those with whom he has been familiar, and whose company has yielded him nearly all the joy he has known in this world except from religion. That must be a reality, and not a delusion, which can support a man under these circumstances. But when we find that

little children can tell of the very same joys, obtained in the very same way with wise and aged men, surely their religion must be real. They could not fancy themselves to be happy when they were not; and it is plain, are not capable, in such circumstances, of playing the hypocrite. And thus all persons are much struck with accounts of the religion and happy deaths of little children. As a little child cannot be taught to look happy and cheerful when he is in great pain of body, so he cannot be taught to look happy and cheerful when he feels great pain of mind from fear that death will plunge his soul into hell. And very young children will generally look very happy, and talk very cheerfully, when they feel so. We may, therefore, be quite sure that little children, who know that they are about to die, will talk as they feel; and that, if *they* feel that religion takes away all sense of God's anger,—makes them feel nothing but love to Christ, and to all mankind,—and makes them willing to die, and long to die, that they may be with Jesus,—that religion is not hypocrisy, is not a fancy, but is a reality, and is the work of God in their hearts.

Now I want to give you a short account of a little boy, who died very happily when he was only nine years and nine days old. I shall use no hard words, because I want you to understand me, without asking anybody what this or that word means.

This little boy's name was John Naylor. He was born at Armitage-Bridge, a little place near to Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, October 5th, 1839. Both his parents were members of the Methodist society. They took pains to teach him "the way of the Lord," while at home; and they also sent him to the Sunday-school, that there he might learn the holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation. John was fond of reading, and very quick in learning; but he did not, on that account, lessen his attention and diligence. It is very likely that if he had been spared a few years longer, he would have made great progress in learning.

One Sabbath-day in July, 1848, when John was at school, (and he loved the Sunday-school,) he was taken very ill. He was very sick; and became so poorly that he could only once go to school after that. One day, soon afterwards, he said to his mother, "Mother, I believe I shall never get better: what must I do?" She said, "My dear, you must pray to God to pardon your sins, and make you fit for heaven." He replied, "I would, mother, but I don't know what to say." His mother said, "You must cry, 'Lord, help me!'" He began immediately to pray in these very words, for he felt he needed salvation, "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" And the Lord did help him; for He taught him how to pray, so that he never had cause afterwards to complain that he did not know what to say. And if any of you, my dear young friends, want blessings of God, and yet do not know what to say to the Lord, you see how you must do. Cry to God, and say, "Lord, help me!" and God will as surely help you as he helped little John Naylor to pray.

On the 3d of October, he was much worse, and all his friends thought he was dying. He sent for his aunts and uncle; and when his uncle entered the room, John was praying earnestly, partly in his former words, "Lord, help me! God be merciful to me a sinner!" and then, knowing that Christ is God, and ought to be prayed to by little children as well as by old sinners, he said, with great earnestness, "O Christ, thou living Son of God, have mercy upon me!" He asked his grandfather to pray with him: but he was too full of sorrow to be able to speak: so he asked his uncle. His uncle prayed very earnestly that John's sins might be all pardoned, and that he might be comforted with knowing that they were forgiven. John joined with all the rest, very heartily, in these prayers; and when they arose from their knees, he said, with great joy and confidence, "God has blessed me while you have been praying." From this time he was constantly happy, and saved from all fear of death. He urged the friends who came to see him, to "seek the Lord while He might be found;" and often said what he felt must be true, that Jesus Christ, "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." He told them this, that none might be afraid to come to Christ, as if He did not mean his salvation for them. He told the Superintendent of the school, that "God had blessed him, and made him happy; and that he was not now afraid to die."

John's sufferings were very great; but the Lord Jesus enabled him to bear them with great patience. Not a murmur escaped his lips. When asked how he felt, he would say, "Thankful, thankful!" After this, for two or three days, he was a little better; at least, he was easier. He said, "It is not Dr. Taylor, nor Mr. Dyson, that has made me better, but the Lord; and if He sees good, He can raise me up again; for He raised the widow's son from the dead."

On the 13th of October, he had another severe attack, which proved to be the last. While two of his aunts were sitting up with him, he wished them to call up a neighbouring Local Preacher to pray with him; but was soon content to wait for day. Soon afterwards, he began to sing a verse which was a favourite with him:—

"I'm but a stranger here,—
Heaven's my home.
Rough is the course I steer,—
Heaven's my home.

But time's wild wintry blast
Only an hour can last;
Soon will the storm be past;—
Heaven's my home!"

He then desired them to sing the sixty-eighth hymn in our Hymn-book,—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!"

When they came to the seventh verse,—

"There is my house and portion fair," &c.,

he joined with all his strength, and sang so loudly and sweetly that all present were much astonished.

About one o'clock, he sent for two or three praying men. He could not talk much, but said, "Heaven's my home." He exhorted his relations and friends to lose no time in getting ready to die. His afflicted mother asked him if he was happy. He answered, "Yes!" and, after a short pause, he said, with great emphasis, "*I say*, YES!" and in a few minutes yielded his spirit to God who gave it. Thus peacefully died John Naylor, October 14th, 1848.

Would you not like to die as calmly, and as happily? Then begin *now* to pray, "LORD, HELP ME!"

F. A. WEST.

POPERY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

[THE following facts were related by Colonel Lehmanowsky, the officer engaged in the service. After the peace, Colonel Lehmanowsky went to America, and at the time of this narrative was a much respected citizen in New-York. In describing the eventful scenes he had passed through during the wars of Napoleon, few recollections seemed to give him such satisfaction as the part he took in the demolition of this place of iniquity, the Inquisition of Madrid.]

IN the year 1809 I was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. Soult was Commander-in-chief and Governor of the city. My regiment was the 9th Polish Lancers.

One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as I was walking alone in one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon me from a doorway. I instantly drew my sword, and defended myself as best I could from their furious attack. When struggling with them, I saw at a distance, crossing the top of the street, the lights of the mounted patrols. French soldiers on guard, with lanterns, rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night to preserve order. I called to them in French, and as they hastened to my help, my assailants took to their heels, not, however, before I saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition. Having been in the habit of speaking freely among the people what I thought of the Priests and Jesuits, and the Inquisition, I have no doubt that these men were set to watch for me, and to assassinate me. It had been decreed by Napoleon that the Inquisition and the monasteries should be suppressed. Months, however, had passed away without the decree being executed.

I went that night directly to Marshal Soult, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the Emperor's decree. He said I might go the next morning and destroy the Inquisition; giving me charge at the same time to take care of the pictures, library, and other things of value. I replied that my regiment was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give me the 117th of the line, and another regiment which I named, I would undertake the work. The Colonel of the 117th, Colonel de Lile, was an intimate friend of my own, and is now the Pastor of an evangelical church in France. Marshal Soult gave me the troops required. That night the expedition was arranged; and next morning we proceeded at break of day to the Inquisition, which was about five miles distant from the city.

A wall of great strength surrounded the buildings. I went forward with a company of soldiers, and, addressing one of the sentinels on the wall, summoned those within to surrender, and to open the gates to the imperial army. The man withdrew, and after conversation apparently with some one within, he re-appeared, presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was a signal of attack, and returning to my troops, who had halted at a distance out of sight, I ordered them to advance, and to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The garrison was numerous, and on the walls there was a strong breastwork, from behind which they kept up a destructive fire upon our men on the open plain. We had no cannon; our scaling-ladders were insufficient, the walls being higher than we expected; and the gates resisted all attempts at forcing them. Wishing to get through the work as quietly, as well as quickly, as possible, I directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering-rams. Selecting a place where the ground sloped

a little toward the wall, and so gave advantage to my men to cover with their fire those engaged in the assault, two of these battering-rams were brought to bear upon the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here we met with a scene to which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal. The Inquisitor-General, followed by the Fathers in their robes, all presented themselves, as we were making our way into the interior of the place, with their arms crossed on their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on. They addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that the defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity of escaping. Their shallow artifice did not succeed. I ordered them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition who had not escaped in the confusion to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded to explore the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through hall after hall, richly furnished; we found splendid paintings, a rich and extensive library, and everywhere beauty, splendour, and order, such as I had never seen in any palace. The architecture, the furniture, the ornaments were such as pleased the eye and gratified the cultivated taste. But where were the gloomy cells and horrid instruments of torture which one had been taught to expect to find in an Inquisition? We looked for them in vain. The holy Fathers seemed surprised at our expecting to find any such things; assured us that they had been belied; and that the holy Catholic Church, in this, as in other things, was grossly misrepresented.

Although I saw through the cunning villany of the Fathers in these remarks, and knew how the Romish Church always affects to deny its crimes and cruelties when it cannot carry them into execution, I was ready to believe, after our careful search, that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard. My friend, De Lile, was not, however, so easily convinced. "Colonel," said he to me, "you are Commander to-day; and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let us have another search: I do not believe we have seen everything yet." We accordingly again began to explore, especially in the parts under-ground. By marking well what portions of the buildings we were beneath, we found that we had been under every part except the great chapel of the Inquisition and the buildings adjoining. The floor of this chapel was formed of vast slabs of marble. The floors of the other parts of the Inquisition were also either of marble or highly polished wood. We could find no entrance to vaults, or other indication of anything being below the chapel. Being now ready to give up the search, a thought struck Colonel De Lile, who was still sanguine of discovery. "Let us get water," he said, "and pour it over this floor, and see if there is any place where it passes through more freely than others." Water was immediately brought, and a careful examination made of every seam, none of the slabs being cemented, to see if the water passed through. Presently one of the soldiers cried out that he had found it! By the side of one of the marble slabs the water was passing through fast, as though there were an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. The officers with their swords, and the men with their bayonets, were trying to clear out the seam and to raise the slab. Others began to strike the slab with all their might with the butts of their muskets, in order to break it. The Fathers, who had been looking on with the greatest dismay, now broke out into loud remonstrance against our desecration of their holy and beautiful house. As they were thus engaged, one of the soldiers who was busy with the butt of his musket, struck a part of the marble, under which was a spring, and the slab partly flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale, and they trembled, as Belshazzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall. The marble slab being raised, the top of a staircase appeared. I stepped to the altar, and took one of the long candles which was burning, some of my men doing the same, that we might see to explore what was below. One of the Inquisitors here came up to me, and laying his hand gently on my arm, said, with a demure look, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands: they are holy." "Well," said I, pushing him back, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity: I will bear the responsibility." We proceeded down the staircase.

On reaching the floor, the first room we entered was a large square hall, on one side of which was a raised platform, with seats, the centre one being raised considerably, being the throne of the Inquisitor-General. In the centre of the hall was a large block, with a chain fastened to it, where the accused were chained during the examination.

On leaving the Hall of Judgment, we proceeded along a passage with numerous doors. These were the cells of solitary imprisonment, from which the miserable victims were never brought out, except it were for torture. Within some of the cells we heard sounds as we advanced. On opening the doors, we witnessed such sights as I wish

never to see again, the details of which are too horrible to relate. In some cells we found bodies apparently but a short time dead; others were in various stages of decay; and we saw some of which little but the bones remained, still fixed by chains to the floor of the dungeon. To prevent this corruption being offensive to the occupants of the Inquisition, there were flues extending along the roofs of the cells, and carrying the odours off to the open air. Among the living prisoners we found aged men and women of threescore years and ten; youths and girls of fourteen or fifteen; and others in the prime of life. Some had been there for many years, and had lost count of the time since they entered. The soldiers went to work to release them from their chains, and took from their knapsacks, their overcoats, and other clothing, to cover their nakedness. They were eager to be taken to the light of day; but having heard of the danger of this, I caused food to be given to them, and then directed them gradually to be brought out to the light as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded to explore another room, where were the instruments of torture. One of these was a machine on which the victim was stretched, and every joint of the body, beginning with the fingers, was racked until the sufferer swooned away or died. Another engine consisted of a box in which the head and neck were immovably confined by a screw, and over this box was a vessel from which, drop by drop, water fell every second upon the head. This perpetual drop falling on the same spot caused most excruciating agony, ending ere long in raving madness. Another infernal machine lay along horizontally, to which the sufferer was bound, and then was placed between two beams on which scores of knives were fixed, so that by turning the machine with a crank the flesh was torn from the limbs in small pieces. A fourth machine surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, with arms extended to embrace the victim; around her feet a semicircle was drawn. Whoever stepped over this line touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open, and a thousand knives pierced him with deadly force.

The sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the fury of the soldiers, already enraged with the resistance they had met with, and the death of their comrades in assaulting the walls. They declared they would put their prisoners to the torture. I could not stem their fury. They began with the holy Fathers. They put one on the machine for racking the joints. Another was put under the dropping water, and terrible was the agony he seemed to suffer. The Inquisitor-General was brought before the machine called "the virgin," and commanded to kiss it. "You have caused others to kiss it," said the soldiers: "now you must do it." They pointed their bayonets, and pushed him over the fatal circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut in pieces. My heart sickened at this awful scene, and I saw no more.

In the meantime the report had reached Madrid, that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open. Multitudes already were hastening to the place. Fathers there were who found long-lost daughters; mothers their sons; wives were restored to their husbands; sisters and brothers met once more. Some were friendless and unrecognised. The scene of mingled joy, surprise, and anguish, no tongue could describe.

While this was going on, I gave orders for the library, paintings, and furniture to be carefully removed, and sent to the city for a large quantity of gunpowder. Placing this in the vaults and subterranean places of the buildings, and a slow match being set, we all withdrew to a distance, and waited the result in silence. Presently loud cheers rent the air; the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heaven, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth a vast heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

"CHRIST IN THE STORM."

UNDER the above title, the Rev. Alfred Barrett has recently published an exceedingly beautiful little work; of which the chief aim is to show that of all our troubles, whether personal, domestic, or national,—of all our anxieties, whether spiritual, mental, pecuniary, or political,—the sole true relief and solace are to be found in Christ. It is a book that all Christians will read with exceeding pleasure: it will gently carry their thoughts to holy things, and will leave them with sweet and elevated reflections on the various adaptations of God's mercy to man's need. We give the following quotation:—

"There are three forms of restlessness

which specially contribute to human misery, and can only be subdued by a *vital* Christianity; namely, the superstitious, the intellectual, and the conventional.

"The superstitious. Here attention must be directed to a corrupted, as distinguished from a pure, faith. The effect in question is produced by the violence done to the soul of man, in imposing a doctrinal creed, on traditional or church authority. The Creed of Pope Pius IV., for instance, professes belief that there are 'seven sacraments of the new law;' that Christ 'instituted' them; that 'they confer grace;' that the mass is 'a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead;' that in the eucharist 'there is truly, really, and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ;' that 'there is a purgatory, and that the souls therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful;' that the 'saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invocated;' that 'the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the church;' and that the 'Roman Church is the mother and mistress of all churches.' Now, it is true that there may be realized an apparent, and in many instances a real, submission to all this, by putting down everything like anxious and inquiring thought; by turning despot to your own soul; by reading the inspired Bible, if it be read at all, only in the light of uninspired and human books; and by cowering under the voice and eye of a Church which claims some of the attributes even of God, in the hope thereby of being more tranquilly guided, and with less of personal responsibility, unto God. But this submission is not rest. The mind of man, even where the Bible is not read, has been too much lighted and fostered by its variously conveyed and refracted truth, to suffer this with impunity. The Author of our being is the Author of revelation; and the human intellect is as much adapted to the Scriptures, as the eye is adapted to light, or the ear to sound. The sheep know the voice of their shepherd; the human soul knows its infinite and condescending Teacher; and where a revelation has been given, the strain of teaching is so unique and clear, so entirely one in its practical tendency and development, that the very attempt to set up a co-ordinate system which aims at harmony with it, while actually denying and perverting its whole character, is one which produces the most terrible conflicts to which humanity is subject. Deep are the inward heavings and misgivings of Romanized consciences. If the ocean of the mind be no longer stormy, as to its surface, there are the swell and suppressed thunder of its bounding caves. How else is it that the absence of the confessional to the living, and that of the Priest and viaticum to the dying man, is so regarded with agony? How else has the slightest whisper of doctrinal rebellion produced such persecuting wrath on the part of those who had power to persecute? Compare the excited frenzy of the Roman party at the Diet of Worms, with the sublime repose of Luther casting himself upon God's word. Watch how Romanism, void of social and moral fruit, struggles so often both in the persons of its people and its Priests into infidelity. How its results spurn its professed Christianity, driving the thoughtful soul into the dilemma that the one or the other is a lie and wrong! Once allow Popes and Councils, traditions and Fathers, to determine for you whether there be a penal sanctification after death; whether certain saints are now in heaven; whether the host may not be bread in appearance and Christ in reality; whether a few words and actions of an ungodly man, who is placed in a certain ecclesiastical position, may not be infallibly the words of pardon and peace to the living or dying;—once, I say, accustom the soul to hearken to an authority like this, and its condition becomes deplorable. The authority is so vague and ill-realized, that it expands with all the imaginings, fears, and aspirations of the inner man. The racked spirit trembles in an ideal world of its own creating. Saints and angels, Priests and relics, rites and holydays, and dogmas that Prophets and Apostles never knew, call it away from the dignified and intelligent exercise of faith and hope, from walking with God in the unburdened simplicity of Enoch, the dignity of Moses, the power of Elijah, the gladness of David, the blended zeal and love of Paul, and the glorious intellectual liberty of them all. Believers of this order are neither chafed by chain nor lamed by crook: their new-born spirits know no struggle with authority when it is invested with attributes such as those which appear on the face of revelation. They rest in God, and cease from man; they hear the Bible, and refuse to be unsettled with Councils; they see Christ, and have no eye for the Priest; they meet two or three together in His name, and there is the church; they have the Holy Ghost, and care nothing for the absolution; they practise the love of God and man, and do not toil to distil, from everything they touch, 'the odour of sanctity.' Walking by faith, they have substance and evidence, (Heb. xi. 1,) instead of doubt and shadow; and, as far as a probationary state can realize, their so walking is the character, condition, and happiness of their delight in God."

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

A VISIT TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

"Beneath this sky-like dome have pray'd
The heroes of the stormy ages;
And here their noble dust is laid,
Commingled with the saints' and sages'."

WHO has not heard of Canterbury Cathedral, with its storied windows, dim with the solemn tints of sacred emblazonry, and its beautiful chapels, rich with the sculptured effigies of the mighty dead? It is, indeed, a noble structure, a splendid monument of the olden time. It was the place of interment of many of our Kings, Princes, Cardinals, and Archbishops. Here are the tombs of Henry the Fourth and his Queen; Edward, the Black Prince; Cardinals Chattilon and Pole; Archbishops Courtney, Chichele, Bourchier, Walter, Reynolds, Kemp, Stratford, and Sudbury, with many others of less celebrity. These interesting memorials cannot fail to gratify the historian, the poet, or the virtuoso.

Whether we consider the pious zeal which prompted the erection of this magnificent fabric, the princely munificence by which it was endowed, or the beauty of its architectural embellishments, there is a peculiar feeling of reverence, an undefinable sentiment of awe, which involuntarily arises in the mind, even on our entrance into the building, and which leaves us not on our departure.

The first visit which I paid to this celebrated place, was in the autumn of 18—. I did not, however, travel at railway speed, propelled by locomotive power; for the steam of the South-Eastern Railway was not then up. Nor did I proceed in the equestrian style of the jovial Monk, who was one of the twenty-nine "sundry folk," mentioned by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," who were bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

"And when he rode, men might his bridle hear,
Gingling in a whistling wind so clear,
And eke as loud as doth the chapel-bell."

At the pleasant town of Ashford, I took my seat in an omnibus, from the window of which I had an opportunity of surveying the rich and variegated scenery which in all directions meets the eye in this delightful county. My company in the vehicle consisted of an aged gentleman, in the garb of a *Friend*, a young man, of a lively disposition, and an interesting female, "clad in sable mourning," about the age of thirty. We were all strangers to each other; but finding they were going to Canterbury, I made some inquiries respecting the city, its principal attractions, &c. The young man spoke in glowing terms of Danejohn, its conical mount, said to have been thrown up by the Danes in the siege of the city, about the year 1011; and of the beautiful walks and shrubberies, which form a delightful pro-

menade for the inhabitants, especially during the sunny days of summer. While listening to this animated description, I observed the female suddenly to turn pale. Her mind was evidently affected by some painful retrospection. The aged gentleman inquired whether she was ill. She faintly replied in the negative. "But," she said, "I never think of that place, or hear it mentioned, without feeling a peculiar dejection of spirits; and when I relate to you the cause, you will not be surprised. I once loved to wander along the walks of Danejohn, and admired the beauties of the spot as much as the gentleman who has just been describing them. But one occurrence, the remembrance of which will follow me to the grave, has deprived the place of every attraction."

She then proceeded to relate the following particulars. Her only child, on whom she doted with almost adoring fondness, when only twelve months old, was taken by the servant to Danejohn, where she had many times previously taken it, for the benefit of the air. On this occasion, she stayed longer than usual; and when she at length returned, the child appeared very ill: there was something in its appearance that excited alarm in the bosom of the anxious mother. The servant was questioned, but no satisfactory account could be gathered from her; her answers were evasive. She protested her ignorance of anything that had befallen the child. A medical man was called in, and, after examining the infant, declared his opinion that the child must have had a violent fall, as there was a severe contusion of the brain. The servant was again questioned, and now confessed the mournful truth. While standing near the railings on the summit of the mount, her foot slipped, and the child fell out of her arms; nor could she rescue it till it had reached the level.

"The child is still living," said the unhappy mother, "but has been an idiot ever since."

A silence for some moments succeeded the relation of this affecting occurrence; and I am sure the sympathies of the passengers were awakened towards the weeping mother.

Having arrived within a short distance of Canterbury, the venerable cathedral now burst upon our view. The central tower, which is two hundred and thirty-five feet in height, with its parapet and pinnacles, had an imposing effect. The surrounding hills, covered with verdure, the ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, the spires of the different churches, and the numerous hop-gardens in the vicinity, presented an appearance highly picturesque. But these objects have been so often described, that I need not dwell upon them.

On leaving the omnibus, I repaired at once to the Cathedral. Entering at Christ-Church gate into the body of the church, my attention became at once fixed. No workmanship of man could be more imposing. My eye could but dimly trace its vast proportions by the light which was admitted through the gorgeously-painted windows. The clustered pillars, the groined and arched magnificence of the roof, at the height of eighty feet, and the echoing aisles, leading to the flight of steps which conduct the visiter to the choir, produced in my mind the most solemn emotions.

It was at the altar of St. Benedict, in this Cathedral, that the celebrated Thomas à Becket was murdered. This event took place on the 29th of December, in the year 1171. It is well known that Henry the Second was greatly annoyed by this ambitious Prelate. For some time, the King had contemplated the reform of certain abuses which had rendered the reign of his predecessor painful to himself, and distressing to the nation. The pride of the Clergy at that period was so intolerant, as to be detrimental to the State, and prejudicial to the royal prerogative; for they pretended an exemption from the civil power. But when Henry communicated his intention to Becket to correct these growing abuses, that haughty Prelate vehemently opposed him; and his opposition was greatly strengthened by the interference of Pope Alexander the Third. The latter not only threw his shield of protection over Becket, but condemned the designs of Henry as detrimental to the interests of the Romish Church. This caused the Archbishop to be more insolent than ever; and he began to form plans for violating the privileges of the Crown, and the existing customs of the land. At length the King, who had been for some time in Normandy, became so provoked at the turbulent spirit of Becket, that he was heard to exclaim, "It is my great unhappiness, that among all my servants there is not one who has the courage to revenge the insults which I am constantly receiving from a wretched Priest."

There were four Knights present when the King gave expression to these words; and, hurrying to England, they followed Becket into the Cathedral, where, in the chapel of the Holy Trinity, they slew him with their swords.

"The shades of evening," says a modern historian, "had fallen; and in the obscurity of the vast church, which was only broken here and there by a lamp glimmering before a shrine, Becket might easily have hid himself in the dark and intricate crypts under-ground, or beneath the roof of the old church. Both these courses, however, he obstinately rejected."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

THE following extract cannot fail to be interesting to the botanist and the chemist, as well as to every lady who has a rose-bush in her garden, or a flower-pot in her parlour. It is from the Paris "Horticultural Review" of July last, translated by Judge Meigs, of New-York, for the Farmers' Club of the American Institute. The experiments described were made by Robert Berauds, who says:—

"About a year ago, I made a bargain for a rose-bush, of magnificent growth, and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded colour, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale-coloured enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot, in which my rose-bush was, about half an inch deep with pulverized charcoal. Some days after, I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine lively rose-colour as I could wish. I determined to repeat the experiment; and, therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off all the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently, to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and dis-coloured; but by applying the charcoal, as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy-red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise, in large quantities, upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigour to the red or violet colours of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers are (as I have proved) insensible to the influence of charcoal."

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY PIOUS RELATIVE.

SHALL tears bedew the mourner's cheek?
Shall sighs and sorrows break his rest?
Shall woe, that words could never speak,
Now rend his breast?

Mourns he some sad, neglected one,
Mouldering beneath the green-clad sod?
Ah, no! a faithful servant, son,
And friend of God!

Freed from its load of cumbrous clay,
Whose spirit wing'd its course above;
Rose to the realms of cloudless day,
And endless love.

O! let not grief, nor sorrow's dread,
Disturb his rest, his bosom tear:
But let him in his footsteps tread,
To meet him there!

Dublin. THOMAS MILLS.

"WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?"

MILLIONS of souls are perishing
On India's burning plain,
Amid the icebergs of the north,
'Mid Europe's hosts of slain.
Ah, yes! and in our own fair land,
In Britain's noontide light,
Thousands are sinking day by day,
To everlasting night.

Millions of souls are perishing!
Yet many Christians sleep,
Or stand with sentimental ease,
To speculate and weep.
Up! let us, if our hearts can feel,
Rush forward and proclaim
A present, free salvation, through
The great Redeemer's name.

Forth let us go, to seek the lost,
Wherever they may roam,
Nor rest till every banish'd one
Is to the Lord brought home.
So when He comes, like brilliant stars,
We round his throne shall shine,
And multitudes shall greet us there
With ecstasy divine. MARGARET.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CORN-COCKLE.

"LET thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley," says Job. (Chap. xxxi. 40.) Considerable doubt has existed among critics as to the particular weed signified by the original word *baash*, here translated "cockle." Some think that because *baash* literally means *stink*, the weed of that name must be one of a peculiarly disagreeable odour. The same word is rendered "wild grapes" in Isaiah v. 2, 4; but in the words of Job it evidently means some weed which mingles with and deteriorates cereal crops, and which in case of the failure of the latter might even supplant them.

Lady Calcott thinks that there is no reason to depart from the word cockle, as employed by our translators; saying, "Wherever barley or wheat is grown, some of the varieties of corn-cockle appear. The English corn-cockle, or rose-campion, differs from those of the Levant, in being of larger growth, with a smaller flower, and less brilliant colour. The bladder-cockle, or campion, which the ancients looked upon as a specific cure for the bite of venomous reptiles, grows almost as freely with us as in the corn-lands, at the foot of Mount Caucasus; and, wherever the cockle grows, it is a peculiar nuisance to the farmer." She, therefore, concludes that cockle is a more probable translation than hoary night-shade, or monk's-hood, or dwarfish-elder, all of which have been proposed instead.

The words of Job are highly poetical and touching. "If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley." Here ground, of which the fruits shall have been secured by a powerful proprietor, without due wages to the tiller, "without money," or by over-taxing his strength, is represented as raising a cry against the oppressor, and the very furrow opened by the toil of the injured labourer, as making a complaint. How forcibly this language ought to touch the heart of a slave-owner! Ought he not, as he surveys his broad plantations and counts their coming produce, to hear the very land crying against him? for its fruit has not been duly paid for, he is securing it "without money."

And as he looks upon his furrows, should he not hear them complain? for the health of the slave has been broken in toiling for his owner's gain. Every hard master, also, in whatever degree he exercises oppression, may be sure that from furrow, or factory, or shop, or workroom, the cry for justice will not fail to rise. Happy he who, with a conscience clear as that of Job, can say that if any of his riches have been got by fraud or by harshness, then his wheat may turn to thistles, his barley to cockle.

TABLE-TALK.

TASTE.—MRS. HEMANS'S LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Taste, when drawn into strong sympathy with the beautiful things of nature, cheers the hours of sickness or decline, and glows even amid the icy atmosphere of death. Combined with a vivid imagination, it colours, like a passion-tint, the whole of existence, and if surrounding scenes are devoid of its favourite objects, peoples for itself a world of ideal beauty. How touchingly did Mrs. Hemans exclaim, as she drew near the close of life,—"I really think the pure passion for flowers, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy; when, if a friend has sent but a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems one of the mysteries of our being." And almost the last tone of her sweet lyre, ere it was crushed by death, perpetuated her love of flowers:—

"Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone: ye bring a joyous train
Of summer thoughts attendant on your bloom,
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs, filling mossy dells,
Of stars, that look down on your folded bells,
Through dewy leaves of many a wild perfume,
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
Far more; ye whisper of the' all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,
Whether his lingering couch be that of life or death."

—*Scenes in My Native Land.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "NEWS."

Among the vast number who read newspapers, few are acquainted with the ideas conveyed by this expressive and well-known term. As news implies the intelligence received from all parts of the world, the very word itself points out its meaning:—even *N.* the north, *E.* the east, *W.* the west, and *S.* the south. Farther, Europe, or the North, has for a long period been the most enlightened, therefore has afforded the largest share of news. She received both her existence and her first information from the East, or Asia. America, or the West, was the next quarter of the globe who poured her treasures of information into the common stock; and the South, or Africa, is also now supplying her long deficiency. This expressive word also recommends the practice of the following virtues:—Nobleness in our thoughts,—Equity in our dealings,—Wisdom in our counsels,—and Sobriety in our enjoyments.—*The "History of Origins."*

CHILDREN'S CRYING.

There is an immense deal to be learned, too, in the varieties of children's crying, not only in the judgment of the child's individual character, but for sound instruction in the arts of passion and pathos. There is a good, earnest, open roar, quickly raised and quickly spent, which is of excellent promise,—the explosion of a good heart, which clears the air without muddying the ground. And there is a patient, monotonous, wearing-out snivel, with no expenditure of strength or voice, which augurs a weak intellect, and one of those amiable dispositions which provokes you more than a decidedly bad one. Each of these is an excellent study; the one to intimidate, the other to tire; rarely failing of their end on any stage, but neither succeed in touching the heart. For this, however, children are matchless as examples. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction; sobs and sighs, now hemmed in, now breaking forth again with a sobbing kind of back-water stroke, which one could imagine "the babes of the wood" to have uttered, at the very moment they lay down and died, that "no heart that breathes with human breath" could ever resist. And then, again, there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, trickling tears, as if the little heart were driven to the last refuge of self-pity, or had caught the first glimmering of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse:

"What is so shrill as silent tears?"

Most children cry; and it is a safe and

desirable sign. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who abstain, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the sullen temper. The first, with gentle usage and implicit trust, you need never despair of: the latter, alas! will tire out the fondest physician.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

INFIDELITY SUPPLANTED BY THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Norfolk Chronicle" mentions the following facts:—"In the course of the meetings of the religious Societies held last week, the three following remarkable coincidences were mentioned: 1. *Voltaire's* press is now employed in printing the Society's Bibles. 2. In *Gibbon's* house, which is now an hotel, 4,000 Bibles have been sold by one of the Society's agents. 3. In *Hume's* house the first meeting was held for the formation of a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Edinburgh."

FORCE OF HABIT.

LORD CAMPBELL, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says that Lord Tenterden, the celebrated Judge, expired with these words on his lips, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict."

REMARKABLE DAYS.

HUGH LATIMER, BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

BURNT AT OXFORD, OCTOBER 16TH, 1555.

AMONG the many strange events of the present age, one of the strangest is the singular favour shown to the system of Popery by the legislators, Clergy, and gentry of Protestant England. That a system so clearly developed in the page of history, and proved to be at variance with the dearest interests of individuals, of families, of nations, and, above all, opposed to the glory of God as revealed in his own infallible word, should be patronised, endowed, lauded, and professed, is a significant indication of the divine displeasure, and betokens the approach of a day when He shall visit a guilty nation for the resistance of that light which was kindled by the fires in which its martyrs expired. If it be asserted that Popery is no longer the monstrous thing it was when Mary of England used her royal power, like a good Catholic, to destroy the enemies of that Church which serves God by offering to Him, as an acceptable sacrifice, the blood of his dearest saints; let the sufferings of the witnesses of Jesus at Tahiti, and Madeira, testify the truth, so oft asserted, that the Church of Rome is "*unchanged and unchangeable.*" If it be objected that Protestants have persecuted Papists, we answer that their avowed principles condemned them for it; while Papists make the extirpation of heretics an article of faith, and a meritorious act in the sight of God.

England's history is graced with many illustrious names, among which those of her martyrs are second in interest to none, and they shall be had in remembrance while scriptural Christianity exists; yea, when every human name shall perish except those which are found "written in the Lamb's book of life."

Of Latimer little is recorded till he took the degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge. He was born at Thirkeston, in Leicestershire, about 1470, of respectable parents, whose family consisted of six daughters and one son. In one of his sermons, preached before the Court of King Edward, while denouncing the oppressions exercised by the nobility and gentry over their tenants, he contrasts their conduct with that of their predecessors in the following familiar language:—"My father, upon a farm of four pounds a year at the utmost, tilled as much ground as kept half a dozen men. He had it stocked with an hundred sheep, and thirty cows. He found the King a man and horse, himself remembering to have buckled on his father's harness, when he went to Blackheath. He gave his daughters five pounds apiece at marriage; he lived hospitably among his neighbours, and was not backward in his alms to the poor."

His studies at Cambridge made him a zealous Popish Priest: the opinions of the German Reformers excited his hearty opposition. In public and private, he denounced the Reformers as sacrilegious wretches, who had gone so far in the way of deadly error, as to question even *the infallibility of the Pope.* His bigoted zeal was so acceptable to the priesthood, as to procure for him the office of Cross-bearer in all public processions; an office exactly suited to his religious views and feelings.

About this time, the sentiments of Luther and his fellow-labourers began to influence some of the members of the University;

among whom was Thomas Bilney, with whom Latimer was intimate. This good man had long been grieved with observing the corrupt lives of the Clergy, and the fatal effects their example produced among the people. The writings of Luther fully opened his eyes to the necessity of a radical reformation of the Church. With admirable prudence he proceeded to enlighten his friend Latimer, whose sincerity of heart plainly appeared in all his conduct. The result was full conviction, and decided conversion to the views of the Reformers; on which, with his constitutional frankness, fearlessness, and ardour, he began to propagate his new views in town and country, as well as in the University, by preaching publicly, and exhorting privately, wherever he could obtain a hearing. Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, at that time reigned with unquestioned sway in the University, so that his conduct excited instant alarm and indignation. A course of sermons he preached, during the Christmas holidays, against indulgences; the uncertainty of tradition; the vanity of works of supererogation; of useless ceremonies in religion; the pride and usurpation of the Romish priesthood; and the wickedness of depriving the people of the holy Scriptures,—called forth active opposition. Dr. Buckenham, Prior of the Black Friars, was appointed to confute him from the pulpit. Latimer attended, and listened to his strange assertions, of the danger of suffering the people to read the Bible in their own mother-tongue, with a secret satisfaction, as it gave him an opportunity, on the following Sunday, of placing the statements of the Prior in the strongest light, and then refuting them with irresistible wit, good humour, and force, which completely silenced and shut him up in his monastery.

On Latimer being silenced by the Bishop of Ely, at the instigation of his Clergy, Dr. Barnes, Prior of the Austin Friars, fearlessly allowed him to preach in the chapel of the monastery, which was not under episcopal jurisdiction. Here even the Bishop who had been compelled to forbid his preaching, often listened to his sermons, and declared that "Mr. Latimer was one of the best Preachers he had ever heard!"

In 1530 the zeal of Latimer received additional stimulus by the sufferings of his friend Bilney, who was condemned to be burned for heresy. While the tracts of the Reformers, and a translation of the New Testament, were opening the eyes of the people of England, a proclamation came forth forbidding their use; against which Latimer boldly wrote to the King. But the Bishops, with the Cardinal, gained the royal ear, and obtained full power to wield the sword against all suspected of favouring the Reformation. Again Latimer wrote to King Henry; honestly placing before him the contrast between the Apostles of Christ and the Romish Priests; and concluding with a most faithful admonition to that licentious Monarch. But still without success: the Popish party prevailed, and the power of the sword remained with the priesthood.

The divorce sought by the King about this time, being favoured by the Reformed party, Latimer was brought into notice; and Cromwell rapidly rising in his Monarch's favour, patronised and obtained a benefice for him. However, regardless of court favour, etiquette, and intrigue, Latimer forthwith proceeded to Wiltshire, and addressed himself zealously to the discharge of the duties of his ministry; not only in his own parish, but throughout the country, having obtained a general licence from the University for that purpose. His matter and style of preaching excited general attention, and alarmed the Clergy. The Bishop of Bristol would not allow him to preach within his jurisdiction; and he was cited to appear before the Bishop of London, in the depth of winter, while suffering under a severe attack of stone and colic. Instead of being examined, or put upon his trial, a paper was handed to him, approving of all the errors of Popery, which he was required to sign. But he firmly refused; which excited and incensed the Archbishop and his other clerical inquisitors, who gave him several meetings to consider the matter more fully. Three times a week, for some time, they questioned and teased him, in hopes of gaining him, till at last he refused to attend; and shortly after he was, by the direct interference of the King, delivered out of their hands, and had the bishopric of Worcester conferred upon him, through the influence, it is supposed, of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, and the Lord Cromwell, who greatly admired his apostolic simplicity and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties.

His elevation produced no change in his spirit, views, or conduct. To the discharge of his episcopal duties, he brought all his characteristic ardour, zeal, courage, and conscientious adherence to the word of God, though surrounded by the errors, agents, and pageantry of Popery. In 1536 he was called by Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, to preach before a Convocation of the Clergy, whose corruption in doctrine, discipline, and conduct, he exposed with a plainness and fearlessness unsurpassed by any of the Reformers. A debate of several days' continuance ensued between the Papal and Reformed parties into which the house was divided. As each day's discussion only inflamed the temper, and hardened the combatants in their respective views and prejudices, Cromwell entered the assembly, and required the Popish Bishops, in the King's name, to cease their opposition. The affair ended in a compromise, by which four out of the seven sacraments were excluded. The

talents, taste, and habits of Latimer unfitting him for public stormy debate, or court intrigue, he wisely left others to play the part of courtiers and legislators, and turned his whole attention to pastoral duties, as a shepherd and Bishop of souls. While, according to the custom of those days, the Bishops presented the King purses of gold, as a new-year's gift, Latimer presented a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down, pointing conspicuously to Hebrews xiii. 4: "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge!"

Two years having elapsed, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, returned from Germany, where he had succeeded in negotiating some commissions for the King, so much to the royal wishes, that he gained the royal favour, and through it laid, and effectually executed, a plot to crush the Reformed party. Henry, ever the slave of licentious and violent passions, and the mere puppet of those who gratified them, called Parliament together in April, 1539, for the purpose of re-establishing Popery. After many days' discussion, on the 12th of May, the Duke of Norfolk presented six articles for adoption. The Protestant party now saw through the plot. Cranmer contended nobly; but in vain. An Act was immediately passed, putting the sword once more into the hands of the Papists. Latimer now felt it wrong to hold office any longer: he, therefore, resigned his bishopric, and retired into the country. In London alone, five hundred persons were imprisoned within a short time. Cranmer's blood was earnestly sought; and Lord Cromwell perished on the scaffold. On his fall, a series of bloody scenes followed, which form the most horrifying chapter in England's history, the remembrance of which ought effectually to cure the people of England of sympathy with a Church drunken with the blood of the saints and the noblest of her sons. Latimer, having been dangerously bruised by the fall of a tree, was compelled to leave his country retreat to seek medical help in London; where the Popish bloodhounds found him out, and shut him up in the Tower, where he was kept during the rest of Henry's reign. After more than six years' exemplary suffering, he was set at liberty, on the accession of Edward VI.; and though urged to resume his bishopric, he refused, on the ground of his great age, and retired to Lambeth, where he spent his time with Archbishop Cranmer, and exercised himself in redressing the wrongs of poor people, and doing good in a private way; and also assisting the Archbishop to compose the "Homilies," set forth by authority in the first year of the reign of Edward, to make up for the deficiencies of an ignorant, dumb, corrupt, and negligent Clergy.

During the short reign of Edward, the Protestants had rest. But on the accession of Mary, of odious memory, to the throne, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was made Lord Chancellor; and Bonner, Bishop of London. Then was the sword once more unsheathed, to be glutted with Protestant blood. Among other scenes, a mock disputation was appointed to be held at Oxford. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who were imprisoned in the Tower, were taken there to defend Protestant tenets; but no books, pen, ink, or paper was allowed them! On the 30th of September, 1555, Latimer and Ridley were arraigned before Commissioners, who sat in great state to examine them: both were condemned to die.

On the morning of Oct. 16th they were led out to execution, in front of Baliol College. On coming to the stake, they affectionately embraced each other, and Ridley said to Latimer, "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or enable us to abide it." Dr. Smith preached a bitter sermon against them, which Ridley wished to answer, but was not allowed, unless he recanted. On which he said, "I will never deny my Lord, nor those truths of his of which I am persuaded. We commit our cause to Almighty God." An officer now called them to prepare for the stake. Latimer at once threw off his old gown, and appeared in a shroud. Foxe observes, "Whereas before he seemed a withered and crooked old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold." Having prepared himself, and commended his soul to God, he delivered himself to the executioner, saying to Ridley, "Be of good comfort: we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

Bags of gunpowder being attached to their bodies, and the faggots set fire to, Latimer was soon shattered in pieces, and out of pain; but Ridley's legs were almost consumed ere the flame touched any vital part.

Thus perished two of the most illustrious of England's Reformers, whose only crime it was to prefer the religion laid down in the Bible, to the corrupt system of Papal usurpation which has for ages ruled with a rod of iron all who have been permitted to fall within its grasp. But the day of retribution has come. The triple crown of the "man of sin" is now trampled in the dust, the "eternal city" shaken to its foundations, and the prospect darkening around her, giving notice that the prayers of those whose blood she has shed, are about to be answered in her utter destruction.

PETER SAMUEL.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XV.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A BIBLE.

DESTITUTION in every form is to be deplored, but spiritual destitution the most, connecting with it present and eternal consequences. Under temporal destitution the body may decline, and sink into the untimely tomb: but under the power of the latter, the soul is deprived of holy life, sacred peace, and spiritual joy; and ultimately becomes the prey of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched. But however the benevolent Father of mercies may, in the order of his mysterious providence, permit temporal want and privation, it is not his pleasure that man should suffer the absence of spiritual good. To meet the necessities of the immortal spirit, he spared not his own Son, but freely gave him to be a ransom, sacrifice, and atonement; and has appointed that in Him all fulness should dwell: and well might it be inquired, "Will He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Yes, with Him He has given all things required for grace and glory. Next to the gift of his dear Son, may be classed the gift of his word, the revelation of his will; the means designed by Him to communicate to his intelligent creatures the purposes of his wisdom, power, and love,—the Bible; the Book of all books the most valuable, of all books the most precious, of all books the most necessary. History may perish, but time would continue to flow; science may fail, yet human beings still would exist, nature's sun would shine, and the earth in season yield her increase: but destroy the Bible, extinguish the light of Revelation, and creation would be a spiritual blank, the earth an empty waste, void of good. Dismiss from the world all that it owes to the Bible, and what darkness and desolation would follow! Banish from the mind every ray of Bible light and every grain of Bible knowledge, what a vacuum there would be, which no philosophy could fill, which no amount of treasure could fully satisfy! Happy, then, are they who live where this Book of books is known. Happy, then, are they who possess this invaluable treasure; still more happy they who know its worth, and have an experimental realization of its blessings. Such happiness man may have: the rich at almost every price, and the poorest at the hand of kind benevolence. Then, unfurnished must that house be, however numerous the articles of convenience and comfort it may possess, where the Bible is not found. Unadorned is that habitation, however splendid and costly its ornaments, where the Bible is absent. In such dwellings moral darkness reigns in the

midst of natural light; want is present, surrounded with the richest luxuries of life; and poverty has more than a name, with the coffers full of gold. In such abodes where the Bible and its blessings are unknown, there is no sun to illumine the traveller's path to the land of blessedness, no fire to cheer the heart amidst the freezing blasts and chilling storms of life, no food to sustain the fainting mind in its conflicts with the foes and ills of time, and no guide to warn of danger near, and point out the way of safety and salvation. Yet such houses are to be found; found in Bible Britain; found through the influence of carelessness, and indifference, and impiety; and, worse than all, such habitations are to be found where God's word is excluded by the mandate of the tyrant Priest, who dares to withhold what God has given; dares to silence that voice that cries, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord." A solitary fact, from, alas! too many, may be adduced confirmatory of the charge made.

A Protestant physician, who was concerned not only for the bodies of his patients, but also for the welfare of their souls, requested a Christian Minister to visit a sick, aged female under his care. Being extremely poor, he empowered the Minister to contribute to her temporal comfort. To what professing church the female belonged, the following facts will clearly show. On entering the room of the afflicted one, no sooner did she see the Minister, but she exclaimed to her husband, "O, there's our Reverend Father come!" and immediately she raised herself from her miserably-formed bed, to show all personal reverence. The visiter had attended, through his lengthened life, numerous habitations of sickness, but never was he received with such awe and humility as on this occasion. Perceiving that he was in a Roman Catholic family, he thought it prudent to allow the mistake to pass uncorrected, lest, by informing them that he was a Protestant Minister, he should be prevented from communicating spiritual consolation and instruction. "You appear to be very sick and feeble," it was observed. "Yes, indeed, your Reverence, and I am." "And should your affliction terminate in death, have you a hope of being with the Lord?" A very serious look, but no reply. "Are you trusting in Christ for salvation? do you love Him?" it was inquired. "And sure I do love Him, the blessed Saviour," was the answer. The Minister then took occasion to state the Protestant doctrines of the one Mediator; that the only safe dependence was the merit of Christ; that sin must be repented of, and confessed to God alone, who only had power to pardon the sinner; and that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was the Gospel condition of forgiveness: and though the language evidently was not familiar to the ear, nor the sentiments in accordance with a received creed, yet, coming from the supposed Reverend Father, they were implicitly consented to, and acknowledged to be true. "How have you employed your time? Can you read? and what do you read?" "And sure, your Reverence, and I can read; and many holy books I have read, and that I have." "Do you read the Bible?" Surprise was excited. "Have you no Bible in the house?" "No, and please you, Reverend Father, we have not." "No Bible in the house! Why, does the visiting Priest for this district call upon you?" "And that he kindly does, Father." "Then tell him, when he calls again, to be sure to obtain for you a Bible, to read in the hours of your affliction." A request, if complied with, that would doubtless announce the voice of a heretic. The entrusted boon of charity was bestowed, and prayer was made to the God of all grace to enlighten the mind, and bless with his pardoning mercy and renewing grace; and the supposed Reverend Father retired, amidst the expressed fervent gratitude of the members of the family.

"And so," reflected the Minister, "here is a house without a Bible, yet visited by one who calls himself a Priest of religion!" Such is one development of the devices of Popery. But why this objection to the laity having the sacred volume? Why? Because Bible light would free from priestly bondage, and deliver from priestly dominion. Let Protestant Christians rejoice in their liberty, and walk in the light while they have the light; remembering the teaching of the Holy Spirit, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." N.

Manchester.

TRUE WISDOM.

"And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus."—Mark x. 50.

THE principal pursuit of man should be to know God as manifested in and by our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ. We have true wisdom, when we know, and have fellowship with, the Father and the Son, by the Holy Spirit. Our minds may be filled with all attainable knowledge merely human; we may be able to discover millions of minute animals by means of the microscope, and even to describe their structure and habits; by the aid of the telescope the starry heavens may be laid open to our view; the sun, and moon, and the planets, from Mercury to Neptune, may have their distances measured, and their dimensions ascertained, and all their movements precisely calculated; we may bring the past back to the present, and make the events of human history live once more before us; we may thus explore, as it were, caverns in deep ocean recesses, and bring to notice gems long hidden from human gaze; in fine, we may rank among the highest proficients in science and literature: and yet, melancholy truth! such wisdom will be but folly if we are not enriched with heavenly wisdom. Our explorations of the objects before us in the material world may be carried on till we arrive at the threshold of eternity, and the immaterial, never-dying soul remain a miserable wreck, because "all unfurnished for the world to come."

Far be it from me to decry human learning, or scientific attainments: these things are valuable in their place, and will afford much profit and delight when connected with divine knowledge,—the knowledge of Christ crucified; his atonement for our sins; his advocacy and intercession for us in the presence of God. This is heart-religion, and by this should every other kind of knowledge be sanctified.

It is a lamentable fact, too obvious to be denied, that many persons who have made great advancement in science, have entertained very low views of the doctrines set before us by the wonderful plan of human redemption. They have thought little of man's guilt and depravity through the fall, or of restoration to the favour and image of God through faith in Christ. We feel as if compelled to repeat the language of Scripture, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Here is an admirable passage from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake: "I am the Light of the world: if any man follow me, he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." There is more depth, more true philosophy, in this one verse, than is to be found in all the wisdom of men separate from the knowledge of God. "The light of life" within, of spiritual life, life of which the blessed Spirit of God, given in answer to praying faith in the alone and perfect merits of the divine Redeemer, is the Author and Sustainer. And where this "life" is, there is holy light, so that our path, if we live and walk in the Spirit, shall be unclouded and serene.

And this knowledge does not "puff up," inflate the soul with vanity.

They who have it, feel the force of the appeal,—"Walk humbly with thy God." This is every way consistent with reason. All our good is from God. Jehovah is our Creator and Redeemer, our Comforter and Sanctifier. We are children of dust and sin. We can only come to God by the fountain which He has opened for sin and uncleanness. Man is dependent as a creature. He is every moment a pensioner on the divine bounty. How much more is he dependent as a sinner, a pensioner on the divine mercy and grace! It is his heavenly Father who gives him all things necessary to life and godliness; and surely for this the homage of the entire heart is reasonably due, giving to God all glory for all things, and thus walking before Him clothed in humility. Justified by faith, we can walk before God in newness of life, because we have experienced a new birth by the powers of the "Holy Ghost given unto us." We shall thus be enabled to appreciate the many blessings, spiritual and temporal, with which we are surrounded. We shall have a double enjoyment,—the enjoyment of the blessings themselves, according to the design of their Giver, and the joy always connected with the exercise of gratitude. Here, then, is the key to happiness. Reader, grow in this grace, in this "light of life;" for it is your high calling in Christ to have the indwelling Spirit, by which you shall be daily renewed in the spirit of your mind. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

(*To be continued.*)

DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.

(*Extracted from an original Letter by an Engineer on board one of Her Majesty's Steam Ships.*)

The sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays. A light breeze played upon the surface of the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning was only disturbed by the ripple of the waters, or the diving of a flying fish. The national flag, displayed half-mast, played in the breeze. The vessel glided in stately serenity, seeming tranquil as the element on whose bosom she moved. To the minds of our brave crew it was a morning of gloom: we had been boarded by the angel of death; and the forecastle now contained all that was mortal of his victim; his soul had gone to its final audit. Grouped around the capstan, the hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other. They seemed to think of their own mortality. Conscience was at her post; and I believe their minds were somewhat impressed with the realities of eternity. They spoke of the virtues of their deceased messmate; of his honesty, his sensibility, and his generosity. One remembered him sharing the last dollar of his hard-earned wages with a distressed shipmate: all could attest his liberality. They spoke, too, of his accomplishments as a sailor; of the nerve of his arm, and the intrepidity of his soul. In an hour of peril, when the winds of heaven were let loose in fury, and destruction was on the wing, they had seen him seize the helm, and hold the ship securely in his grasp, until the danger had passed away.

They would have indulged longer in their reveries, but were summoned to proceed with the rite of sepulture. The work of preparation was commenced with heavy hearts, and many a sigh. A hammock was procured, in which the body was sewed, with a seventy-six pound shot, to sink it from the sharks, which were in waiting for their prey. All was ready for the final scene. The main hatches were his bier; the British flag his pall. His surviving messmates stood around: all were silent. The wind moaned

through the cordage. The main-topsail hove to the mast; and the ship paused in her course, and was still. The funeral service was read by the Captain: and as those deeply impressive words, "We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption; to remain until the last day, when the sea shall give up her dead," were uttered, I heard the knell of the ship's bell; I saw the plunge into the dark blue waves; I saw the tears start from the eyes of the generous tars. My soul melted within me, as I reverted to the home-scenes of him whom we had buried in the deep.

You cannot imagine the loss occasioned by a death on board a ship. You, at every turn, miss the familiar face of him you were wont to meet. His place is vacant, and cannot be filled.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

This dreadful scourge has now visited our shore, and is committing its ravages in many parts of the United Kingdom. The necessity of being prepared for an attack of the disease, appears evident to every well-thinking mind; and the state of the Christian, who is prepared to live or die, is a very desirable one for all people, whether noble or mean, rich or poor, learned or illiterate. That exhortation or command of our Saviour, "Be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not," ought to be thundered from the pulpit, impressed upon the mind and heart of all classes of people, and especially upon those of the poorer classes, the situation of whose dwellings, and, in many cases, the unwholesome diet indulged in, render them more susceptible of the disease. Every inattentive, sluggish, lukewarm, Laodicean soul ought to be awakened, alarmed, and saved; every one who has "crucified his Lord afresh, and put Him to an open shame," or, in other words, has backslidden from the truth "as it is in Jesus," ought to be reclaimed, and brought again to the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. All believing, Christian-like souls ought to be strengthened, and made proof against the bolts of death, and ready at once to obey the Maker's call, "Come, and enter into the kingdom of heaven," &c. Young men, arm yourselves with the shield of righteousness, and you need not fear. Be on the Lord's side; and who is stronger than He? The middle-aged, clothe yourselves with the garment of praise, and await patiently the coming of your Maker. The old and infirm, whose course cannot be prolonged many years, who have fought many a battle, and conquered Satan and his host maddened with fury, be more than ever watchful against his attacks; keep a good look out; and when, in the all-wise providence of God, your days are numbered, and your fate is sealed, you will be crowned with everlasting glory, and carry palms in your hands, as emblems of your skill in the great warfare. Let every reader of this extensively-circulated Magazine be impressed with the great importance of seeking a fitness for a mansion in the skies, prepared for the meek and lowly in heart, and for that man who has fought the fight of faith, and come off the field victorious. Take every possible means to ward off the disease: be clean, recollecting what the venerable Wesley said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" be temperate in eating and drinking; and very careful of your health; and, having done your part, "fear not, and trust in Providence."

Manchester. B. D. A.

THE YOUNG THIEF.

THERE is a good man in London who cares for the thieves and pickpockets, and does all he can to bring them to a knowledge of Jesus as their Saviour. A short time ago, a poor boy only thirteen years old came to him, and asked him to give him something. He was in a beggar's dress, was dirty, diseased, and miserable; and I will tell you, in the good man's own words, what he did with him; for he knew he was a pickpocket, and had been in prison. He said, "I asked him if he had been in prison. He said, 'No, he never did anything wrong.' I said, 'You are a pickpocket, and have been in prison.' He said, 'Upon my honour, Sir, I never did anything wrong, and never saw the inside of a prison in my life.' A person who was present tried entreaty, warning, affection, promise, and threatening, to induce him to tell the truth: still the boy said he was innocent. I said, 'Let us try another way.' I addressed him as a father. I said, 'My boy, I wish to love you: kneel down, and I will pray for you.' He knelt down; we knelt with him, and we asked the blessed Jesus, who once hung between two thieves, to have mercy upon him, and give him repentance unto life. We rose from our knees; but *poor John was weeping aloud;* and, stretching his coarse sleeves to wipe his eyes, he said, 'Sir, I'll tell you the truth: I've been in prison twice;' and confessed that he had long been a pickpocket. I wrote to the father of this boy, who came to see me. He was taken home; he promised to be a good boy, and I do hope he is yet doing well."

ON THANKSGIVING.

THE mercies of the Almighty are so frequent and unlimited, that man too often receives them without returning even the low praise he is capable of offering. By constantly receiving favours, he grows indifferent to them: it is only when the blessing is withheld that he thinks of the extent of its value. A season of humiliation and self-denial is peculiarly adapted to call forth thankfulness and praise for those comforts which form such a necessary part of man's existence. It behoves us, then, to dwell seriously on the many mercies we daily receive, on the numerous dangers we hourly escape, and the unnumbered blessings that are continually about our path. We should meditate on the misery around us, the difficulties that constantly oppose, and reflect on that infinite goodness which assists and directs through all. Thanksgiving is as important as prayer. It is as needful to return thanks for the blessing we receive, as, in the first instance, to pray that we may receive it. And in proportion to our praise will be the benefit we shall partake; for thanksgiving proves the want we feel of mercy, and the real value we set on the Almighty's gifts. Let, then, thankfulness and praise be our frequent occupation. As each day brings its return of favours, let each day bring its anthem of thanksgiving. As each day restores its magnificence and beauty, let each day offer up its praise to Him who is the source and fountain from whence all is derived. Finally, let the consideration that all the minor objects, both inanimate and living, yield their several notes of praise, forbid us, the head and lord of all, to neglect offering that adoration which the infinite and incomprehensible love of Jehovah demands.

THEOLOGY.

ANTIDOTE TO A BAD MEMORY.

To assist us in seeking to provide an efficient remedy for what is the subject of frequent complaint, and the occasion, to say the least, of great inconvenience, let us take a particular case, and carefully examine it for those principles which will be calculated to accomplish our design. We place before the reader the language of the Psalmist, recorded in Psalm cxix. 52:—

"I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself."

It is supposed that this Psalm was composed by David, in the reign of Saul, when he was much exposed to the vicissitudes of public life, and when he was frequently placed in circumstances so exceedingly critical, that his life was literally "in jeopardy every hour." The general design of it is to "magnify the law, and make it honourable;" and to show the utility and excellence of divine revelation. In order to set forth, by variety of expression, the nature and perfection of the word of God, it is here denominated by the various titles of *law, statutes, precepts, commandments, judgments, ordinances, righteousness, testimonies, way, word;* and there are but two or three verses, out of the one hundred and seventy-six which compose the Psalm, in which some one of these titles is not used.

From the contents of this Psalm it is evident that the writer was a very contemplative man; that he meditated much on the divine law and government; that his mind was well stored with sacred truth; and that, in all his persecutions, troubles, and afflictions, he could always derive comfort and satisfaction from the remembrance of the name and word of the Lord. Hence he says, in the preceding verses, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me." From almost every verse we perceive that the holy Psalmist evidently possessed one great advantage; namely, *a retentive memory in spiritual things.* This is certainly an inestimable benefit. Happy is that man who, in the time of need, and in every emergency, can call to his aid the words of eternal life from the resources of his own memory. The generality of mankind, however, lament that this valuable blessing is placed, alas! out of their reach; but whether this is truly the case or not, we will endeavour to show in the sequel, for it is our intention to make that faculty, power, or capacity of the human mind the subject of consideration in the present paper.

We will set out by observing that *a tolerably good memory in spiritual matters is a great advantage.*

Memory is that faculty of the mind whereby it retains or re-collects the images and remembrances of the things we have seen, heard, imagined, or understood; and to be able to call good things to remembrance has ever been esteemed an advantage by wise and good men. Indeed, it is alluded to in Scripture as a great privilege. The book of Psalms abounds with resolutions not to forget, but to remember, the benefits, mercies, and works of the Lord; and the thirty-eighth Psalm is entitled, "A Psalm of David, *to bring to remembrance.*" The Great Teacher showed his disciples the advantage of calling his sufferings and death often to their recollection, when He instituted the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper: "He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you; this do in *remembrance of me.*" St. Paul reminded the Corinthians that their salvation stood inseparably connected with their "*keeping in memory*" the Gospel which he had preached unto them. He also exhorts Timothy to "*remember* that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead;" and informs him that one essential part of his duty as a Bishop, an Overseer of souls, was to put the people *in remembrance* of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel.

A tolerably good memory is a great means of faith and hope. The more we can remember of the interpositions and promises of the Lord, the stronger will be our faith. Besides, memory is the great storehouse of experience; and experience worketh hope. Memory is a great help to gratitude. We ought to be thankful to God for past favours, deliverances, and blessings; but this we cannot be if we have allowed them to fade away from our view. Memory is adapted to aid and promote humility. We have need to be humbled on account

of our past ingratitude, thoughtlessness, and infirmities; but how can we be so if they be all forgotten? Memory assists in overcoming temptation. A man whose memory is well stored with the word of God has a double chance with the enemy: he can resist, defend, and attack with this powerful sword of the Spirit. It was by this sword that Satan was foiled, and defeated, and driven from the field, by Jesus in the wilderness.

But, from the words cited at the beginning of this paper, it seems that the great advantage which the Psalmist derived from the exercise of his memory was comfort. "I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself." By the remembered "judgments" of the Lord he might perhaps mean the "mighty acts," the "wondrous works," the unsearchable "greatness," and "the great goodness" which the Lord had showed unto his ancestors; or, more probably, he might allude to the righteous dealings and gracious interpositions with which he had himself been favoured. And what a host of unmerited blessings would pass in review into the ark of his tenacious and grateful memory! How he would think upon the goodness that protected his childhood; of his deliverance from the paws of the lion and of the bear, and from the grasp of the uncircumcised Philistine; of the day when Samuel poured the consecrated oil upon his youthful head; of his escape from the javelins of Saul, and from the weapons of the Philistines; and of many other wonderful preservations from all his "enemies, ghostly and bodily:" and how would the remembrance of these "judgments" warm his spirit with "comfort" and gratitude! Reader, try to imitate him. Send forth your imagination into the very region of your childhood, and bring up what you can recollect of the multitude of the "tender mercies" which the Lord has vouchsafed unto you; and, as they pass before you, in your retrospection, if your heart be right, a glow of warm and pleasant gratitude will come over your spirit, and you will be ready to exclaim, with the illustrious sweet singer of Israel, "I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord; and have comforted myself." Having noticed some of the benefits arising from it, I will now proceed to show that

A tolerably good memory is attainable.

I am quite aware that this assertion is contrary to popular opinion and confession. Most men suppose that they are unavoidably troubled with very bad memories; and this they are ever ready to acknowledge, not as a *failing* which implies any neglect on their part, but as a natural *infirmity* which cannot be cured. This strange imperfection of the memory is the universal outcry, the general complaint; and sometimes we meet with some notable examples of its prevalence, attended, however, occasionally, with some rather amusing inconsistencies. For instance: walking leisurely on the road, you are overtaken by a respectable agriculturist, or tradesman, on horseback. You enter into conversation; and, after some English observations upon the state of the weather, and other usual civilities, you inquire,

"Were you at your usual place of worship on Sunday, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who was your Minister?"

"Mr.——Bless me! what is it they call him? I always forget his name,—dear me,—it was that elderly gentleman."

"What was his text?"

"Text!—wherever was it, now?—let me see—"

"It does not matter much: you would have a good sermon, no doubt."

"O! capital, first-rate."

"What was its principal subject?"

"Upon—let me see—whatever was it? I cannot exactly say just now: I have such a memory!"

Seeing the man confused, out of courtesy you change the conversation, and begin to admire his horse. Immediately he kindles up, and expatiates and amplifies upon the powers and properties of his charger with the greatest fluency and eloquence. He will tell you how he bought the mother of the animal at a neighbouring town some twenty years ago. He will tell you the sign of the public-house at which he bought her, and the history of the host and hostess. He will describe to you the room in which he purchased her, the persons there present, something about their connexions, and finally the pedigree of the mare, and some circumstances relating to the man of whom he bought her, together with the price, and the "gift again." All this happened twenty years ago, and yet the most trivial circumstances are remembered.

Here is an anomaly: the manifestation of a very *bad* memory and of a very *good* one, but upon two widely-different subjects. And this is no isolated or exaggerated picture: the reader well knows

that it is a fair specimen of common life. I will make no comment upon it; but I will take occasion to "persuade men" to examine the reason of their weak memories in reference to spiritual things, and to attribute them to their proper cause or causes. If in these matters your memory be treacherous, ascribe it either to the depravity of your nature, to the deficiency of your education, or to your own neglect; but take care that you do not, directly or indirectly, attribute it to your Maker. To hear some people talk, one would be led to conclude that the gracious and merciful Creator had formed nine-tenths of the human family with a deficiency in this noble faculty of the mind; whereas just the reverse is the real fact. There is not one memory in ten that is naturally bad: the prevailing defects arise only from want of moral culture. But how shall these *bad memories* be amended?

One general remark may be made, supported, as we believe it will be, by universal experience. That which we observe with no particular interest soon passes away from our memory. It is like a writing on the moist sand of the sea-shore, which is removed by the first wave which washes over it. You noticed as if you did not notice. The old saying is more significant than many suppose,—"*In at one ear, and out at the other.*" But when we mark anything with great interest, or under the influence of powerful feelings, it makes an impression which nothing can subsequently erase. We ourselves often bear testimony to this fact. We have been witnesses to some most painful occurrence, to some distressing affliction, or to some striking, unexpected manifestation of moral heroism, or to some wonderful display of affection, or self-controlling forbearance. We are describing to some friend what we witnessed. How do we generally conclude our description? Why, we are sure to say, "Never shall I forget it! I shall remember it as long as I live!" So it is. Whatever impression is made on the mind in a careless, half-sleepy state, will pass away "like fading hues of even." But let the impression be made when we are in a state of deep emotion, and it becomes permanent as our very being.

To this general rule, one or two directions shall now be added.

Earnestly endeavour to dismiss all unprofitable, injurious, and idle reminiscences. If the memory be occupied by "vain thoughts," or "evil imaginations," weakness and leanness of soul will be the result, although there may be no moral inability, but vigour and power sufficient in the "inner man," if it were not thus exhausted by vanity. "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven," and thus prepare the memory for the reception of better fare.

Having thus laid the foundation, proceed to store the memory with wholesome food. If it be very weak and languid, it can be supplied with nothing better than "the sincere milk of the word." This will be the most easily digested: it will also be the most nutritious and invigorating, and will best prepare it for the reception of stronger "meat." Although the maxims of the uninspired wise and good are, in many cases, very excellent, and worthy to be had in remembrance, yet there is nothing with which we can store the memory that is so profitable as the word of God, the principles of the doctrine of Christ, the words of eternal life, "the sacred oracles divine." Therefore, "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom:" "give attendance to *reading*, to *exhortation*, to *doctrine*;" for remember that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

But great care should be taken, not only as to the *matter* with which the memory is furnished, but also to the *manner* in which it is introduced. With respect to the human frame, if the food be not properly masticated, or if it be received in too large quantities at a time, indigestion will be the result. And if the memory be crowded at random, and without rule, incoherence and confusion will follow. Supply it, therefore, *systematically*. Do not attempt too much at a time, particularly at the commencement. When you read or hear, lay hold of *a few* of the most striking and important ideas, and fasten them in the memory. If you find it ready again to betray you, and let them slip, by mental effort call them up again, *meditate* upon them, *repeat* them, *converse* about them, *write* them, and thus make it impossible for them to escape. If you only proceed in this manner, you will soon be able to take in a greater number of ideas, and to secure them with greater ease; and if you go on *cultivating* and *sowing* in this way, you will soon *reap* an abundant harvest. The memory will become healthy, vigorous, and retentive: you will no longer have occasion or disposition to complain; but will be amply satisfied

with the capabilities that God has given you.

I must, however, add, in conclusion, that, during this process of moral culture, it will be absolutely necessary to pray for divine assistance, and the influence of the Holy Spirit. Remember that every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of lights; and that the Spirit not only "helpeth our infirmities," but that of Him the Saviour said, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your *remembrance*, whatsoever I have said unto you." B.

Skipton.

THE CELEBRATED LESLIAN ARGUMENT FOR THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

THIS short, plain, unanswered, and unanswerable argument for the truth of divine revelation, deserves to be better known to "our young men" of the present day.

Its history. Mr. Leslie was the son of an Irish Bishop, who lived in the time of Charles II. He was intimate with the Duke of Leeds, and was an acute writer on the theological controversies of the day. One day the Duke, in a friendly conversation, said to him, "Mr. Leslie, if Christianity be true, there must be some shorter way than is generally taken to show it is so. I wish you would think upon it." Turning his attention to the point thus brought before him, in three days Mr. Leslie produced a little book, containing this great and justly-famed argument, entitled, "A short and easy Method with the Deists: wherein the certainty of the Christian Religion is demonstrated from four rules, which are incompatible with any imposture that ever yet has been, or can possibly be."* He presented it to the Duke, who carefully read it, and observed to the author, "I *thought* Christianity was true before: now I *know* it is."

Its principle. Mr. Leslie argues that the manifest truth of a matter of fact may be infallibly known if it be attended with certain marks, such as no "false fact" can have. These marks are four. First, that the matter of fact be a *sensible one*, such as man's senses can judge of; secondly, that it be performed publicly in the presence of *witnesses*; thirdly, that there be circumstantial *records* of it preserved, and that there be *monuments and actions kept up* in memory of it; and, fourthly, that the records be published at the *time* and *place* of the event, and that the origin of the commemorative observances be distinctly traceable to the same period and locality.

Its application. 1. The Christian religion is founded *on*, or inseparably connected *with*, the great and unmistakable facts in the histories of Moses and of Jesus Christ. That Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter in a sort of basket in the river Nile; that he was brought up in the King's family; that he became the leader of the children of Israel; that by a series of palpable miracles he rose to great power, and delivered his people from bondage; that he divided the Red Sea, and led all the people safely through the watery gap; that he fed, for forty years, six hundred thousand men and their families with bread, not from the earth, but from the skies; and that all that time there was suspended over the vast camp a most conspicuous fiery-cloudy pillar, affording them a shadow in the day and a light in the night; are striking indisputable facts which occurred in the life of Moses. These and similar matters of fact are interwoven with all the moral and religious instruction of the Old Testament. If the facts be true, the high authority of the teaching cannot be denied. Now, in the New Testament we have a long series of palpable, notorious facts, connected with the birth, life, teaching, death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ. And to make these facts in the history of Christ the more notable to friends and enemies, they were all foretold by previous writers.

2. As to the "*witnesses* of these things," there is no difficulty, whether we refer to Moses or to Christ: in both cases, there are truly "*many* witnesses." To the miracles of Moses there were millions of witnesses. They were national events: contesting nations were intensely interested in them, and compelled to behold them. To the miracles and events in the life of Christ the witnesses were also countless, friends and foes, willing and unwilling, good men and bad men; that the world might have "many infallible proofs" that Christ was "a Teacher come from God." More public characters than the Prophet Moses, and "Jesus the Son of God," we cannot well conceive of. "These things were not done in a corner."

3. The history of Moses was written by

* Published by J. Mason, 14, City-road, London, in Jackson's "Christian armed against Infidelity." 18mo.

himself; and after his death there were kept up daily, weekly, monthly, and annual observances in memory of his doctrines, laws, and institutions, for fifteen hundred years, till they had, according to their original *design*, fairly introduced Jesus Christ to the whole world. The history of Jesus Christ was written immediately after his death by eye and ear witnesses of the recorded events, and by four different authors. The whole of these writings, together with the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, we have now in our hands. As perpetual memorials of the truth of Christianity, we have now the living ministry, baptism with the element of water, the sacrament of bread and wine, and the sacred observance of the *first* day of the week in contra-distinction to the Jewish Sabbath, still held on the *seventh*.

4. Having now before us the two-fold series of plain matters of fact, the two mighty hosts of attesting witnesses, and all the records and memorials in our hands or actually before our eyes; it remains only to be proved that there is *no fraud in the matter*. Has any one subsequent to the time of Christ or Moses, invented and cunningly palmed Bible-religion on mankind? or did Christ and Moses themselves establish the system by falsehood? Is revelation a forgery of any period since the birth of Christ, or the Exodus of Moses? Or, if *from the memorials constantly before the eyes of every succeeding generation*, this is found to be *impossible;* and if it *must* be admitted that Moses did write the Exodus, and Matthew and the other Evangelists the Gospels; then did not the Evangelists and Moses, by arts and jugglery, by fraud and cunning, succeed in getting their histories passed in the world for truth, when they knew them to be their own lying inventions? Now such is the force of Leslie's common-sense reasoning on these two points, that he makes the truth of the Bible, and the holy religion taught in it, to appear before your eyes, as clearly as you see that two and two make four; or that all the parts of any given quantity when taken together are equal to the whole: *you see it is so, and you see it cannot be otherwise*. The truth of Christianity is proved with all the force of mathematical demonstration.

He sums up his reasoning with these words: "Now, to apply what has been said, you may challenge all the Deists in the world to show any action that is fabulous which has all the four rules or marks before-mentioned. No; it is impossible. And, to resume a little what is spoken to before, the histories of Exodus and the Gospel could never have been received if they had not been true; because the institutions of the priesthood of Levi and of Christ, of the Sabbath, the passover, of circumcision, of baptism, and the Lord's supper, &c., are there related as descending all the way down from those times without interruption. And it is full as impossible to persuade men that they had been circumcised or baptized, had circumcised or baptized their children, celebrated passovers, Sabbaths, sacraments, &c., under the government of a certain order of Priests, if they had *not* done these things, as to make them believe they had gone through seas upon dry land, seen the dead raised, &c.; and without believing these, it was impossible that either the Law or the Gospel could have been received.

"And the truth of the matters of fact of Exodus and the Gospels being no otherwise pressed upon men than as they have practised such public institutions, it is appealing to the senses of mankind for the truth of them; and makes it impossible for any to have invented such stories in after-ages without a palpable detection of the cheat when first invented; as impossible as to have imposed upon the senses of mankind at the time when such public matters of fact were said to be done."

St. Mawes. C.

"A MAN'S FOES SHALL BE THEY OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD."

Our relations are ofttimes the greatest enemies to our salvation. The greater our fondness towards earthly things, the more capable are they of hurting us in respect of our salvation. The father is the enemy of his son, when, through a bad education, an irregular love, and a cruel indulgence, he leaves him to take a wrong bias, instructs him not in his duty, and puts ambition into his head. The son is the father's enemy, when he is the occasion of his doing injustice, in order to heap up an estate for him, to make his fortune. The mother is the daughter's enemy, when she instructs her to please the world, brings her up in excess and vanity, and suffers anything scandalous and unseemly in her dress. The daughter is the mother's enemy when she becomes her idol, when she engages

her to comply with her own irregular inclinations, and to permit her to frequent plays and balls. The master is the enemy of his servant, and the servant of his master, when the one takes no care of the other's salvation, and the other is subservient to his master's passions.

IN THE WORLD, BUT NOT OF IT.

THE poll was kept open for fifteen days, and until the twelfth Mr. Wilberforce was in the full turmoil of this noisy scene. "Breakfasted," says he in his diary, "daily at the tavern, cold meat at two, addressed the people at half-past five or six, at half-past six dined forty or fifty, and sat with them. Latterly the people would not hear me, and shameful treatment. On Sundays allowed to be very quiet; to dine alone; to go to church." His temper of mind in the midst of this confusion, was such as is rarely preserved in the rude shock of such a contest. "It was necessary," says Mr. Russell, one of his most active and friendly agents, "that I should have some private communication with him every day. I usually put myself in his way, therefore, when he came in from the hustings to dress for dinner. On each day, as he entered, I perceived that he was repeating to himself what seemed the same words. At length I was able to catch them, and they proved to be that stanza of Cowper's:—

'The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee.'"

—*Life of Wilberforce.*

CHOICE SENTENCES.

THE rain is not more necessary to raise the seed, the sun is not more necessary to bring it to maturity, than is the work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of men. But it is one thing to believe that there is an agency of the Spirit, and gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost to render Christianity beneficial to men, and quite another thing to have a deep and practical persuasion of it, and to regulate all our feelings and expectations on the momentous subject of converting the world, by a continual reference to this most interesting truth.—*Robert Hall.*

Some men's hearts are narrow upwards and wide downwards; narrow as for God, but wide as for the world. They gape for the one, but shut themselves up against the other. The heart of a wicked man is widest downward. But the desires of the righteous, like the temple in Ezekiel's vision, are widest upward, and spread toward heaven.—*Bunyan.*

Unprofitable discourse robbeth us of much time. Some simply employ their tongues in telling fabulous and filthy stories; others in discoursing of parties and opinions, and in talking of the faults and miscarriages of other men; some about the times, and inquiring after news. But let Christians, when they converse, imitate their Lord: the words that proceeded out of his mouth were gracious words.—*John Foxe.*

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad, the body sick, and all enjoyments sour; it arises not from the condition, but the mind. Paul was contented in a prison; Ahab was discontented in a palace: he had all the delights of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasures of a court, the honours and powers of a throne; yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desires expose men to continual vexations; and being disposed to fret, they will always find something to fret about.—*Matthew Henry.*

In the meditation of divine mysteries, keep thy heart humble and thy thoughts holy; let philosophy not be ashamed to be confuted, nor logic blush to be confounded. What thou canst not prove, approve; what thou canst not comprehend, believe; and what thou canst believe, admire: so shall thy ignorance be satisfied in thy faith, and thy doubts swallowed up with wonders. The best way to see daylight is to put out the candle.—*Quarles.*

Solid virtue can be grafted upon no stock but that of religion; universal righteousness can be raised on none but Gospel principles. "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Christ?"—*Lucas.*

Grace never appears grace till sin appears to be sin. The deeper the sense of the evil of sin is, the deeper our apprehensions of the free grace of God in Christ will be.—*Flavel.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

WHY SHOULD OUR CHILDREN NOW SEEK THE LORD?

ANSWER. 1. Youth has its eminent *advantages* in regard to this duty.

All generations have told us of its charms and enjoyments. It is the beautiful morning of life. Who has not heard the sighs, and marked the miseries, of old age? Myriads have felt, too late, that affliction and infirmity are most adverse to the duties of religion; and, with many tears, they have deplored their folly and guilt in so long neglecting the great salvation. Happy youth is the season for God. Under the law, the *first-fruits* and the *firstborn* were consecrated: and why, O why, should not the brightest period of life be given to the Sovereign Benefactor? Why should we not run to his altar with the morning sacrifice of praise and piety? Why should not our acknowledgment of his mercies be fresh and fragrant with the breath of youth and infancy? Why should not children again sing, "Hosanna in the highest" to the Son of David?

It is not easy to make up the catalogue of those advantages to which allusion is made. With youth are associated health and generous ardour, leisure and mental capacity. Unworn by sickness, unclouded with the anxieties of after-years, not yet immured in scenes of business, how favoured are they to whom our appeal comes! and how obvious that every year will abridge some of these privileges! To borrow the highly-wrought representation of Ecclesiastes, (chap. xii.,) "the sun," and "the light," and "the moon," and "the stars," are not yet "darkened;" nor do "the clouds return after the rain." "The keepers of the house tremble" not; the "daughters of music" are not "brought low;" and "the almond-tree" has not begun, in hoary whiteness, to "flourish." The sad variety of pain and disease is yet unknown. The powers of the mind are vigorous as those of the body. Clear is the understanding, vivid the fancy, glowing the affections, capacious and retentive the memory. Happy, thrice happy, season! Let it be employed in cultivating true religion. Now let the eye roll ardent over the works of God, and the tuneful voice sing his praise. Let the feet run swiftly in the way of his commandments. Let the heart beat highest with the impression of the motives drawn from infinite goodness. Let the understanding mind task all its powers in contemplations of truth, and of the God of truth. Let the imagination be fired with objects worthy of our anxiety, because enduring as our nature. Let the memory be stored with the *words* of eternal life. Let the thoughts become a ceaseless sacrifice; and the affections, in all their collected strength, a consecration to Him who is "the chiefest among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely."

Every view of the subject supplies new inducements. The sweetest motives of our common Christianity seem to acquire tenfold impressiveness when applied to youth. Is godliness a crown of glory on *every* brow? That crown is brightest when it binds the temples of regenerated youth. Are its privileges offered to all ranks and ages? Blessed be God, the patriarch in years is invited to partake them; but their attainment is easiest in the morning of life. The twig is easily bent. The clay, not hardened by years, readily yields to the mould, and receives the impression; many difficulties are avoided; many sins prevented. The soul born from above is "delivered from death," the "eyes from tears," and the "feet from falling" in the paths of confirmed iniquity. The youthful penitent weeps, indeed, and weeps abundantly; but he blesses God, whose preventing grace has saved him from many a crime of scarlet hue. Through the grace given, it is easy to repent; easy to believe; easy to come to that condescending Redeemer who says, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me;" and who invites even "little children" to his arms; chides his disciples for discouraging them; asserts that "of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and solemnly commits them, as the "lambs" of his blood-bought flock, to the care of his restored disciple, and thus of his Ministers in all ages. (Mark x. 13, 14; John xxi. 15.) See the penitent of tender years hastening to the throne of mercy. The success of his appeal seems to anticipate the fulfilment of that wonderful word,—to be more publicly verified when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together," —"And it shall come to pass, that *before they call*, I will answer; and *while they are yet speaking*, I will hear." (Isai. lxv. 24.) Welcome, young disciple! The God of his fathers meets him with a smile. Jesus "rejoices in spirit," "sees the travail of his soul," and is benevolently "satisfied." The church on earth hails the "blessed of the Lord;" and heaven rejoices over a sinner that repenteth.

In fine, while youth has its matchless facilities and advantages, it is the season in which the sweetness of the divine service is most enjoyed; and in which the influence of true religion, in preparing us for all the changes of life, is most valuable and important. You know not your future lot. But choose Christ,—his cross, and his crown; "seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and you will be ready for holy living, as well as for triumphant dying. Amid the

joys of prosperity you will be enabled to say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early." "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; to sing praises to thy name, O Most High." And "in the night" of trouble and adversity, his song shall still be with you: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. iii. 17, 18.)

(To be continued.)

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

Chapter XIV.

THE GOVERNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Part III.

"Then came consumption, with her languid moods,
Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
To nurse themselves in silent solitudes:
She came with hectic glow, and wasted cheek,
And still the maiden pined more wan and weak,
Till her declining loveliness, each day,
Paled like the second bow:—yet would she speak
The words of hope, even while she pass'd away,
Amid the closing clouds,—and faded ray by ray."

From the time of Ellen's departure from her native town, no occurrence, involving any particular interest, appears to have taken place in the house of Mrs. Denham, till the close of the ensuing winter. A new governess had been introduced into the family, as the successor of the persecuted orphan; and the circumstances which led to the dismissal of the latter were almost forgotten, or had ceased to be the topic of conversation in the family.

During the Christmas holidays, Sophia obtained permission to visit her parents, an aged couple, who resided in an adjoining village. This visit was protracted to a considerable period beyond the time prescribed for her return; and, on inquiry, it was found that Sophia had been taken ill. The weather having been unusually severe, she caught a cold, which subsequently settled on her chest; and she was now confined to her bed. Her disorder gathered strength; and after enduring the most acute sufferings, both mental and physical, she at length closed her eyes in death.

On the evening preceding her dissolution, the wretched woman sent for Mrs. Denham, strongly urging her to visit her without delay, as she had something of importance to communicate; and that she could not die in peace till the mournful truth was revealed. Mrs. Denham promptly obeyed the summons. On entering the chamber, she found her servant lying on her bed, gasping for breath. The change which had been produced in her countenance, and the extremely emaciated appearance of her sinking frame, caused Mrs. Denham involuntarily to shrink, and she burst into tears. The aged parents were also in the room, leaning over their dying daughter, in silent but unavailing grief.

"Sophia," said Mrs. Denham, "I am sorry to see you in this situation; so ill, and so dejected: what can I do for you?"

"You are very kind, mistress," was the reply; "and I thank you, heartily thank you, for calling to see me. But I do not now need anything; for I shall soon return to my kindred dust. This poor, feeble body is rapidly failing, and I feel the hand of death is upon me! But my *soul!* ah, my poor soul! what will become of it? I dare not appear before an angry God; for I am unprepared to meet him. Think you there is mercy for so wretched a sinner as I have been?"

"Yes, Sophia: Christ died for the chief of sinners; and He is willing to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

After a moment's pause, during which Sophia appeared to be greatly agitated, she fixed her languid eyes on her mistress, and, in the most supplicating manner, exclaimed, "I have something on my mind which I wish to disclose. It has made me wretched during the whole of my affliction; so that I have endured the heaviest, the bitterest reproaches of conscience, both by night and by day. But I cannot——" Here she again paused. The violence of her emotions seemed almost to choke her. "I cannot," she at length resumed, "pain the minds of my beloved parents by disclosing in their presence what I wish to communicate to *you*. I wish to speak to you *alone*."

The aged couple instantly withdrew to an adjoining apartment.

The night was bitterly cold; the wintry wind howled dismally through the leafless trees which grew at the back of the cottage; and the drifted snow lay embanked against the little window. Mrs. Denham shuddered, as she slowly approached the bed on which the guilty sufferer lay.

"And what is it, Sophia, that you wish to communicate to me?"

"O, it is concerning Miss ——, the late governess. You recollect, mistress, you dismissed her for the supposed crime of theft."

"Why do you say, *supposed* crime, Sophia? Was she not guilty?"

"No, Ma'am, she was *innocent!*"

"But were not the articles found in her box?"

"Yes; but I deposited them there. I alone am guilty."

"What upon earth could have induced you thus to ruin an innocent girl?"

"You may well ask such a question. I was jealous of her, because you treated her so kindly, as if she were your own daughter. I was also annoyed by her religious conversation, and her frequent exhortations to me to become pious. I thought myself as good as she was; indeed, I often told her so; and I felt determined to use every effort to prejudice your mind against her. This accounts for the many artful reports which I communicated to you; but which, I declare on my dying bed, were false! I succeeded in obtaining a key by which I could open her box, and placed in it your silver thimble, hoping you would miss it; and I had resolved, in my own mind, to accuse Miss —— of having purloined it, in case you should inquire for it. I afterwards concealed the gold pencil-case for the same purpose, not doubting that the loss of this article would lead to some decisive step for the removal of the governess. I need not tell you the extent to which this nefarious plan succeeded. You believed her guilty, and dismissed her. For some time I rejoiced that I was thus freed from an annoyance. Since my affliction, however, I have bitterly regretted my base conduct towards her. I would give kingdoms, if I possessed them, could I but see her once more, and entreat her forgiveness before I die."

During this recital Mrs. Denham appeared to be lost in dumb amazement. Her bosom heaved with mingled emotions of pity and anger. "O, Sophia!" she exclaimed: "what have you done? By your wicked and deceptive conduct you have made me the instrument of cruelty to a helpless orphan; and perhaps blasted for life the prospects of an innocent girl! But I will not reproach you. You are dying, and need spiritual instruction. Let me entreat you to cast yourself on the mercy of God without delay. And I sincerely trust, before you are called hence, you will secure an interest in the blood of Christ."

For several weeks after this affecting interview, Mrs. Denham made every inquiry as to the present abode of Ellen; but her efforts were unsuccessful, and she began to despair of ever again seeing her. She was, one morning, in the pleasant month of May, taking a solitary walk through a beautiful shrubbery adjoining her own grounds, when a young lady thus accosted her:—

"Mrs. Denham, I have seen your late governess: I mean the girl whom you dismissed about twelve months since, for dishonesty."

"And where did you see her? Pray tell me; for I have now obtained the most satisfactory proofs of her innocence."

The young lady, who was one of the two visiters seen by Ellen, and mentioned in the preceding chapter, gave the necessary information; and within the space of a few hours, Mrs. Denham was on her way to ——, in the Vale of Evesham.

The sun was going down when she arrived in the village, and the fading lustre of his departing beams threw a purple glow over the summits of the Malvern Hills. The spire of the little church, which was seen peering through a cluster of trees, was tipped with gold. The sky was beautifully serene, and the earth displayed its richest vernal flowers. Mrs. Denham had little difficulty in discovering the retreat of Ellen. But when, on being admitted into her chamber, she gazed on the faded form and death-like features of the interesting girl, she wept audibly. Her heart reproached her as being an agent, though not the primary one, in producing this distressing change.

Scarcely had she recounted the particulars of her last interview with Sophia, and her dying confessions on that melancholy occasion, when the medical attendant came into the room. His stay was but short; and on his rising to depart, Mrs. Denham followed him to the door, and inquired whether, in his judgment, the removal of his fair patient to her own residence would be attended with danger.

"Yes," said he: "she is too weak. Had such a removal been adopted a few weeks earlier, the change might have been attended with beneficial results. But she is now too far gone. Indeed, she cannot survive many days. There is not the slightest hope of her recovery."

This afflictive intelligence greatly increased the anguish of the benevolent lady. It appeared to cut off the only hope which she had cherished, of rendering a service to one whom she had so unjustly banished from her house. She resolved, however, not to leave her till death should occasion a separation. This resolution she scrupulously kept; watching, alternately with her aunt, by the bedside of the dying patient, till her happy spirit at length took its flight to heaven.

On the morning of the third day, symptoms of approaching death were increasingly apparent. The pulsations became fainter and slower; and a difficulty of breathing indicated that the hour of dissolution had arrived. Three persons were in the room,—her aunt, Mrs. Denham, and the pious Minister. Not a word was uttered; no voice

was heard. They all bent over the almost inanimate form, in trembling solicitude.

"My dear," said the Minister, breaking at length the solemn stillness, "I fear we are about to lose you. Is Christ still precious to your soul? Are you happy in God?"

"My soul magnifies the Lord," she whispered, "and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour."

Then directing her eyes to Mrs. Denham, she said, "Raise me a little: perhaps it will relieve me."

She was accordingly raised in the bed. At that moment the sun darted through the casement his earliest beams, and faintly illuminated the chamber of death. The feathered choristers had begun their morning song, as if rejoicing in the returning light. The mists were gradually rising from the hills; and the face of nature was revealed in all its beauty and loveliness.

"O, how sweet is nature!" said the dying saint. "What a beautiful world! But it is a mere desert, a wilderness, compared to the heavenly kingdom which I shall soon behold. For there are flowers which shall never fade, and glories which shall never end.

'The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see!
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality!'"

Her spirit, for a moment, seemed to be revived; a heavenly smile beamed from her countenance; and, with a soft voice, she requested her friends to sing Pope's "Dying Christian to his Soul."

"I have often been affected," she said, "on hearing that beautiful ode; and should like to hear it once more."

With deep emotion they commenced singing; but on arriving at the beginning of the second stanza,—

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'"

their feelings were overpowered, and there was a melancholy pause; during which Ellen dropped her head upon the pillow, and, in holy exultation, exclaiming, "I come! I come!" breathed her spirit into the arms of Jesus!

"She died in the bud of being, in the spring—
The time of flowers, and songs, and balmy air;
'Mid opening blossoms she was withering."

In a corner of the quiet churchyard, not far from the stately yew-tree whose spreading branches have afforded an agreeable shade during a hundred summers, a stone marks the spot where her mortal remains are deposited. And many a village maiden has paused to shed a tear over her early grave.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

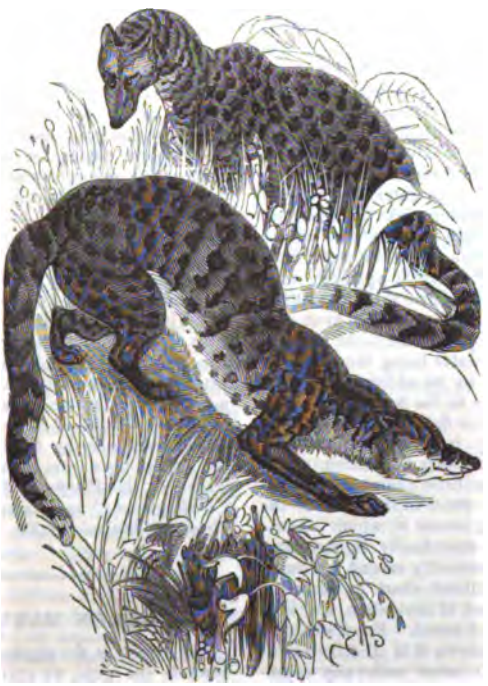
THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The increase of leaves, whether in length or in breadth, generally attains its term with considerable rapidity: the leaf exercises its functions for a while, and enjoys the fulness of its existence; but by degrees, in consequence of exhaling pure water, and preserving in the tissue the earthy matters which the sap had carried there, the vessels harden, and their pores are obstructed. This time in general arrives the more rapidly as evaporation is more active: thus we find the leaves of herbaceous plants, or of trees which evaporate a great deal, fall before the end of the year in which they were born; while those of succulent plants, or of trees with a hard and leathery texture, which for one cause or another evaporate but little, often last several years. We may, therefore, in general say, that the duration of life in leaves is in inverse proportion to the force of their evaporation. When this time has arrived, the leaf gradually dries up, and finishes by dying: but the death of the leaf ought not to be confounded with its fall; for these two phenomena, although frequently confounded, are in reality very different. All leaves die some time or other; but some are gradually destroyed by exterior accidents without falling, while others fall, separating from the stem at their base, and drop at once, either already dead, or dying, or simply unhealthy. The main cause is, however, to be sought in the different rates at which leaves and bark grow. So long as they continue to grow at the same rate, they adhere to each other: but if, from whatever cause, the leaf grows more slowly than the bark, it drops; or if the tissue of a leaf contracts suddenly while the bark remains distended, we obtain the same result. The latter seems to be one of the reasons why leaves are instantly cast in the autumn after a sudden frost; the former is the obvious explanation of the fall of evergreen leaves upon the renewal of growth in the spring.—*Lindley's Introduction to Botany.*

THE MISSISSIPPI KITE.

Early one morning, whilst I was admiring the beauties of nature, as the vegetable world lay embalmed in dew, I heard the cry of a bird that I mistook for a pewee fly-

catcher. It was prolonged, I thought as if uttered in distress. After looking for the bird a long time in vain, an object which I had at first supposed to be something that had accidentally lodged in a branch, attracted my attention, as I thought I perceived it moving. It did move distinctly, and the cry that had ceased from the time when I reached the spot where I stood, was repeated, evidently coming from the object in view. I now took it for a young one of the chuck-will's widow, as it sat lengthwise on the branch. I shot at it, but perhaps did not hit it, as it only opened and closed its wings, as if surprised. At the report of the gun the old bird came, holding food in her claws. She perceived me, but alighted and fed her young with great kindness. I shot at both, and again missed, or at least did not succeed, which might have happened from my having only small shot in my gun. The mother flew in silence, sailed over-head just long enough to afford me time to reload, returned, and, to my great surprise, gently lifted her young, and sailing with it to another tree about thirty yards distant, deposited it there. My feelings at that moment I cannot express. I wished I had not discovered the poor bird; for who could have witnessed, without emotion, so striking an example of that affection which none but a mother can feel; so daring an act, performed in the midst of smoke, and in the presence of a dreaded and dangerous enemy?—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*



THE CIVET.

This animal is often called the civet-cat, but it is not placed by naturalists in the feline tribe. It belongs to what Linnæus termed the genus of the *viverridæ*. The most remarkable feature in their natural history, constituting, indeed, their generic character, is the existence of a deep pouch beneath the root of the tail, divided into two bags, filled with an abundant concrete substance, of the consistence of pomatum, exhaling a strong musky odour.

They very much resemble cats in their carnivorous propensities, as well as in their predatory, sanguinary, and nocturnal habits. Their teeth are fitted for tearing flesh, and their tongue is rough, like that of the cat. It is mostly found in Northern Africa. In the island of Java, an animal slightly differing from the African species is found, but agreeing with it in the secretion of the odoriferous substance.

The civet is collected from the living animal. Both in North Africa and Java large numbers are kept for this purpose. The perfume is generally taken away twice a

week, and in quantity amounts to about half a quarter of an ounce each time. The animal is placed in a cage formed for the purpose; so narrow that it confines the head, and all the fore-parts. The inside of the pouch is then scraped with a spatula, and the civet removed. In Java it is such a favourite perfume, that the inhabitants apply it to their dress, and, by means of unguents, to their persons. Even the apartments and furniture there are often so strongly scented as to be quite offensive to Europeans; and at their feasts and public processions, the air is widely filled with this odour.

THE NAUTILUS.

I AM delighted with that natural little boat, the stern of which rises so gracefully in the water. The little fish that inhabits it mounts in it up to the surface of the water in calm weather. He unfurls a membrane to the wind which serves him for a sail, and extends two arms, with which, like two oars, he rows his little bark along: when he has a mind to dive, he strikes sail, collects himself within his shell, and, filling the remaining room with water, without any apprehensions of drowning, sinks to the bottom. The fish, by contracting itself, leaves a vacant space in his boat, into which the water finds admittance through a little aperture contrived in the different little inner chambers, which it removes out of from year to year, as it enlarges its boat in proportion to the increase of its body. The water being thus received into the boat, does, by its additional gravity, cause it to subside to the bottom. On the other hand, when the fish has an inclination to ascend to the top, it is very likely that he dilates himself, extending the extremities of his body into those little chambers or cells, thereby forcing the water in them out of the top of the boat; by means of which evacuation, it, becoming specifically lighter than the water, must necessarily ascend. Thus it steers its course without chart or compass, self-taught in the art of navigation, and is at once both pilot and vessel. From whatever quarter the wind blows, it is all alike to our little sailor, who is never under any apprehension of danger, nor ever destitute of rudder or oars, cordage or pump, having all proper utensils of navigation within itself.—"*Nature displayed; or, Discourses on Natural History.*" 1776.

AN ALBATROSS.

THE albatross is more wary, and affords better sport. Its bill is very peculiar, large, and flat, and terminating in a formidable hooked point. It is a curious fact that his bones are quite hollow and empty; a beautiful provision of nature. His enormous wings mark his vocation to be a wanderer of the trackless ocean, no part of which is too distant for his inspection: be where you will, there, like a guardian, he is with you. In the heaviest gales he seems perfectly at home, swooping about, now up to windward, now going down on the very whirlwind; now high above, without motion, save a turn of his head as he surveys you with his fixed imperturbable eye; anon he walks up in the very teeth of the blast, and disappears. It seems odd, but really I am half inclined to think they return to land every night: they always flew that way at sunset, and even on the clearest nights I never saw one. In the morning, also, they always rejoin the ship a short period after daylight. When you mark the incredibly short time they take to reach you from the verge of the horizon, this seems more probable than at the first mention of it. Well, but spite of his riding the tempest and not caring for the blast, he has loved, not wisely but too well, a small bit of pork; so well, in fact, as not to notice a cod-hook and line attached to it. Repentance comes too late; but with an attempt to better himself, as the line is gathered in, he puts his huge web-feet and enormous wings out; so the odds are even he breaks away. Slack the line, however: suddenly man's cunning overcomes brute strength, and, falling head over heels, he is on board before he knows anything more about it. And now, freed from the hook, see what a poor figure he cuts in the lee-scuppers! not being able to stand, the wind catches him under the tail, and throws him nearly over: there he sits, snapping his bill in impotent rage. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Albatrosses may be fine fellows in the air, but they have not good sea-legs.—*Four Years in the Pacific, in Her Majesty's Ship "Collingwood:" by Lieutenant the Honourable Frederick Walpole, R.N.*

QUEEN MARY'S YEW.

AND now, as the stranger directs his steps towards the gate, we crave a parting glance to the yew upon the grassy sward on the east side immediately within the inner gate. This is actually a branch or cutting, consequently a piece of (not a seedling from) the famous yew at Crookston Castle, taken off while that tree was in health, more than fifty years ago, by the late Mr. Spreull, of Linthouse, City Chamberlain of Glasgow. That gentleman succeeded in making it throw out roots, and retained it at Linthouse until the establishment of the Botanic Garden in 1817, when he presented it to the institution with a letter authenticating the fact; which letter, along with copies of certain Glasgow news-

papers of the day, and a list of the Directors, the date of its transplantation, and other particulars engraved upon a plate, the whole enclosed within a metal box, and this again encased in one of hard wood, was deposited at some depth under the tree. There was also presented at the time an enlarged cast of the Crookston dollar. This coin was struck in the reign of Queen Mary, and had what is supposed to be a representation of the yew-tree with the figure of a small land-tortoise, designated "a shell-backed puddock," which must, however, have been imported probably from some part of North America, where they are frequently met with. All these were removed in 1841, when the former Botanic Garden was disposed of, and the box with its contents again deposited under the tree where it now grows.—*Guide to the Glasgow Botanic Garden.*

STRONGHOLD OF ANTS.

I REMARKED in the reeds many ant-hills, such as are seen in Taka: they were from eight to ten feet high, but whether inhabited or not I cannot say. If they were so, their height might be explained by the supposition that the insects sought to protect themselves in their upper cell from the high water; that is, if the Nile did not formerly make another bend here, so as not to overflow this marsh-land. Besides, I had already had the opportunity of observing these *termites* and their ingenious strongholds, whereby I convinced myself that they are not very much afraid of the water; but, on the contrary, they descend deep into the earth, to fetch up damp soil, in order to give a smooth surface to the apparent labyrinth of their cells, which, in the lower part of their habitations, are as thick as one's fist. These little whitish insects are also themselves full of water, and burst as soon as they are touched. These ants are called "arda." They will perforate in one night, from the bottom to the top, a trunk filled with clothes, if it is not placed upon a stone; for they dread daylight, and are afraid to climb up stones on the earth. —*Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile.*

TEA.

THIS leaf was first imported into Europe by the Dutch East India Company, in the early part of the seventeenth century; but it was not until the year 1666 that a small quantity was brought over from Holland to this country, by the Lords Arlington and Ossory.

The tea-plant is a native of China, or Japan, and probably of both. It has been used among the natives of the former country from time immemorial. It is only in a particular tract of the Chinese empire that the plant is cultivated; and this tract, which is situated on the eastern side, between the 30th and 33d degrees of north latitude, is distinguished by the natives as "the tea country." The more northern part of China would be too cold; and farther south the heat would be too great. There are, however, a few small plantations to be seen near to Canton.

The leaves, as soon as gathered, are put into wide, shallow baskets, and placed in the air, or wind, or sunshine, during some hours. They are then put on a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal; from a half to three-quarters of a pound of leaves being operated on at one time. These leaves are stirred quickly about with a kind of brush, and are then as quickly swept off the pan into baskets.

The next process is that of rolling, which is effected by carefully rubbing them between men's hands; after which they are again put in larger quantities on the pan, and subjected anew to heat, but at this time to a lower degree than at first, and just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching.

The tea is then placed on a table, and carefully picked over; every unsightly or imperfectly dried leaf that is detected being removed, in order that the sample may present a better appearance when offered for sale.

AN EAGLE TAKEN BY A FISH.

THE oft-told, but frequently-doubted, story of an eagle, that is, an osprey, having been carried under water and drowned by a large pike, into whose broad shoulders the bird had fixed his talons, derives some credibility from the circumstances attending the capture of an osprey a few years since near Rottingdean, a little village about three miles from Kemptown. The facts were as follows. A shepherd's boy, while attending his flock near the cliffs, observed an osprey rising with difficulty from the sea, and bearing in his claws a large fish, with which he alighted near the edge of the precipice. Running up hastily to the spot, and perceiving the distress of the bird, who appeared equally incapable of carrying off his prize, or of disengaging himself from it, but looked, as the boy expressed it, "as if he was stuck in a trap," he disabled, and subsequently despatched, him with his crook. I saw this specimen after it had been set up by a clever taxidermist, who, to commemorate the particulars of its capture, had mounted it on a large fish, with the claws firmly imbedded in its scaly back.—*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex.*

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN W. COLLINS,

OF YEOVIL.

THE subject of this brief memoir was the offspring of parents in respectable life, and of decided piety; whose chief concern, next to their own salvation, has been to bring up their children in the fear of God. Firmly attached members of the Methodist society themselves, they have been consistently anxious to bring their children into the same fold. When John was thirteen years of age, he was taken by his mother to a lovefeast at Crewkerne. It pleased God then deeply to awaken him to a sense of his sins. He was "pricked in the heart;" his spiritual anguish could not be concealed; the prayers of the righteous were offered up in his behalf; his wounded mind was healed by the balm of a Saviour's love; he became a member of the society, and continued steadfast about six years, till he finished his early race, bequeathing to the young an example of sincere godliness.

His mind was cultivated; and his youthful feet were happily established in the paths of peace. Being the eldest of six children, and possessing thoughtfulness above his years, he often judiciously counselled his brothers, especially when separated from them during their respective apprenticeships. The writer of this sketch has been furnished with many of his excellent letters, and he thinks he cannot better contribute to these pages than by giving two or three extracts from them.

October 8th, 1841, he thus writes to one of his brothers, who had recently left the parental roof to reside in a distant town:—"I am pleased to hear that you like your place so well. Now the only course you have to follow, to benefit yourself and your master, is to act with what you have in hand as if it were your own. Be diligent, careful, and honest; particularly the last. Do, my dear brother, above all things be *that!* Not that I am for a moment thinking you would be otherwise. O, no! such a thought would be very quickly dispelled by the knowledge and consideration of your having had such examples set before you during the whole course of your life. But, my dear brother, temptations of that kind have proved too effectual in the ruin of many young persons. We have had an instance in this town during the past month. A youth placed with Mr. ——, on trial, like yourself, was discovered in the wretched act of defrauding; and he is sent home, a disgrace to his family and connexions, and himself ruined."

In a letter written within a few months of the above, he thus addresses the same correspondent:—"We cannot, my dear brother, too grateful for the favours we have received from our parents' hands. I feel very conscious of it myself. But we should not only be grateful to our parents, but to our God. When we consider His kindness in bestowing food and raiment, health and strength, and every temporal good, we ought to bow our heads to the earth in adoration. But when we consider the greater kindness in sending His Son Jesus Christ to save us from hell, how then should we be grateful? How? Why, we must consider, first, our rebellious ways; look at our original sin, and our actual daily transgressions; repent of our wickedness, and pray God to forgive us. If you do this with sincerity and faith in Christ, God will answer by sending into your soul peace and joy, much greater than the world knows anything of. I bless God that I have felt, and do feel, something of it. And now, as I am blessed with these delightful feelings, it is my desire that my brother A. should enjoy them too. Christ is just as able, just as willing: only 'repent and believe,' and you may claim heaven as an inheritance. O, my dear brother, I was thinking if I should get to heaven with the rest of the family, and you be left out of it, were it possible, I should make heaven itself a place of mourning, and shed floods of tears on your account. Now, my dear A., consider these things; recollect that you will not live always in this world, but be for ever

'——with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest.'

O may God forbid that you should be cast out with the damned! but may you now turn to Him with full purpose of heart. Youth is the time to serve the Lord, the time to enlist under the banner of Christ."

A few months before his death, John's heart was gladdened by a letter from his brother giving an account of his conversion; and, in answer, he wrote as follows:—"It was with feelings of holy pleasure that I received your very cheering epistle; and it is now, my dear brother, with feelings which I cannot describe, that I also join with you in strains of praise for God's great mercy, in showing you your state by nature, and directing you to the source of relief and consolation. Yes, my dear brother, it was with tears of joy in my eyes that I perused and thought on your heartfelt expressions. The prayers of my dear parents are now in some measure answered, and I have the prospect of having at least one brother going to heaven. But, my dear brother, I hope your conversion will be doubly blessed,—not only to your own soul, but to the whole family, and especially to me. I am determined, through grace, it shall act as a stimulus to my love for God, and zeal for his cause. When I think upon

all our family becoming God's children, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, my heart bounds with joy; and I trust it will not be long before it is so. It may be so, if we like. God has promised that whatever we ask in the name of Christ, He will grant it; and, more than this, He even begs all to come. Now then is the time: the work is begun; let us continue to pray for further success. But we must especially pray for ourselves; pray, not only that we may be kept in our present state, but that we may rise in wisdom and grow to perfection.

"You must also pray for resisting grace; because, as a soldier entering the field of battle, you must expect enemies. And these will be threefold: seducing suggestions from Satan; evil inclinations from your own heart; opposition from the world. O! my dear brother, the utmost vigilance is required; constant attention to prayer is highly requisite. You will doubtless be assailed by your companions with scoffing and laughter; but regard them not; fly to the throne of grace, and supplicate that aid which God is ever ready and waiting to bestow. You will rise refreshed,—a new man. Your loins will be girded; so that you will be able to 'run and not be weary,' and you shall 'walk and not faint.' And in your running, keep your eye upon the goal. The sight of the prize, which never fadeth, will prove a cordial to renew your spirits. Lose not your evidence; give way to no doubts and fears. Remember, it is written in God's word, 'Those that seek me early *shall* find me.' What encouragement! I fancy, on reading that passage, it has not its due meaning without laying stress on the 'shall,' as well as the word 'early.' And again, it is said that the good Shepherd will 'carry the lambs in his bosom.' Yes: if you confide in Christ, He will not forsake you, but protect you, and make the wolf, Satan, flee your presence, leaving you in perfect peace. But if you give up that confidence, or place your feet on any other than the 'Rock' Christ Jesus, it will be to the loss of your happiness here and hereafter. Do not, my dear brother, hearken to the thought, suggested by your own heart or human reasoning, that you will not be able to hold out; for that will be the last circumstance to transpire, if you put your trust in Him. It is contrary to His nature and covenant to forsake those whom He has taken beneath His care."

These extracts will suffice to illustrate the writer's enlightened and fervent religion, and the purity and strength of his fraternal affection.

About three weeks before he was snatched from earth by the cold hand of death, while yet full of health and active in the affairs of life, he wrote to his youngest brother, just then leaving home and entering on the duties of his apprenticeship. His letter contains the counsels of matured wisdom, blended with pious instruction and admonition. A few days afterwards he was seized with malignant fever, and taken from Bridport to his father's house at Yeovil. The same dear mother who had taken him to the lovefeast where he first met with the Friend of sinners, now with wakeful solicitude watched the progress of the fatal disease. To her he unbosomed his most secret feelings. For several days after he was laid on his last bed, he was deeply dejected in his mind; partly from the virulence of the disease, and partly from the review of what he termed his "shameful unfaithfulness." God heard his fervent prayers, cleansed his soul from all sin, and filled him with joy and peace in believing. The sting of death was now taken away. Trusting in his Saviour's love, and testifying of his power to save unto the uttermost, this youthful soldier of Christ entered into his happy reward, January 1st, 1844, in the twentieth year of his age.

B. Carvosso.

SUSANNA ELEANOR MONSHALL,

OF SHEERNESS.

Susanna Eleanor Monshall was born of godly parents, on December 13th, 1817. From a very early period of life she had serious impressions. She was brought up in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, where she received her first good; and joined the Wesleyan society in 1831. Throughout the whole of her Christian career she was consistent. Her natural disposition was very amiable; and, being under the influence of the love of God, tended strongly to recommend religion to others. She was a Teacher in the Sunday-school for twelve years; and was regular, diligent, and useful in that office. Through heavy afflictions, she suffered much for her last fifteen months; but she bore all with Christian fortitude, and with resignation to the divine will; counting all things loss that she might gain Jesus. She was never heard to murmur, but frequently to say she was sure the Lord would not lay more upon her than He would enable her to bear. Satan at times tempted her to doubt whether she was on the right foundation; but she thanked God that, though these temptations were often suggested to her mind, they were never of long continuance; and that, after the temptation, she was favoured with that strong assurance of God's favour which led her to exclaim,—

"O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!"

Toward the close of her life, she frequently said to her husband and family, "When God has tried me as silver is tried, and sees his

image in me, then He will take me to Himself, where there will be no pain or suffering, but God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." On the Friday afternoon before she died, a friend who visited her asked the state of her mind. She answered, "All is calm and peace within;" adding, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When the friend was about to leave, he asked her if she could bear a little prayer. She answered, "O yes! for I love prayer." Soon after this, her husband came home; and she said to him, "I feel my change is come: I am going; I shall not be here long." During the night she felt herself much worse, and wished her husband to pray with her. On his asking what she most earnestly desired him to pray for; she said, "Pray that the Lord would cut short his work in righteousness, and grant me an easy passage." After prayer she exclaimed, "O Lord, receive my soul!" She wished her husband again to pray with her; which he did just before her death. He then asked her if she was happy. She replied, "Yes; yes! O Lord, receive my soul!" and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, August 16th, 1845.

Her death was improved at the Wesleyan chapel, Sheerness, by the Rev. John Smith; when the attention of a large congregation was directed to 1 John ii. 28: "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at his coming."

S. M.

POETRY.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

O! LET the little ones come to me,
In all their love and simplicity:
I will let them lean on my gentle breast,
Will smile upon them, and make them blest;
And I will show them my saving grace;
O! let them come to my kind embrace:
Forbid them not.

The humblest child is as dear to me,
As the brightest seraph in heaven can be;
'Twas not for angels I left the sky,
To mourn and weep, and to bleed and die:
For these, e'en these, from my throne I came:
Shall they not love and adore my name?
Forbid them not.

There is for them, in the region blest,
A home of love, and delight, and rest:
'Tis not the will of your Father on high,
That one of these should for ever die.
That I may save them eternally,
O! suffer them now to come to me!
Forbid them not.

"GOD IS LOVE."

"GOD is love!" delightful truth,
'Tis the joy of age and youth;
Saints below, and saints above,
Own, with rapture, "God is love."

Every day his love He shows,
In the blessings He bestows:
All things that supply our need,
From his gracious hand proceed.
He dispels his people's fears,
Gently wipes away their tears;
His kind arms around them throws,
Lets them on his strength repose.

He regards the rapturous songs
Bursting from angelic throngs;
And He listens to the cries
That from little children rise.

All his love we cannot know;
But we know He loved us so
That his only Son He gave,
That our spirits He might save.

Lord, to us Thyself reveal,
Grant that we thy love may feel;
Let us in the world above
Ever prove that "God is love."

THE SPIRIT DEPARTING.

SPIRIT, gaze not on the tomb,
Upward, upward soar, and sing;
He who took from death its gloom
Bids thee welcome to thy home:
Spirit, upward gaze, and sing!

Thou hast done with earth's dim care,
Angel pinions throng the air;
Seraph harpers linger round,
Waiting for thy mingling lay;
Listening for the' omnific sound
That shall bid thee rise to day.
Life hath shadows,—on thy brow
Gloomily they press not now;
Life hath burdens,—from thy heart
He hath bid them swift depart;

And thy song of faith and love
Still victoriously doth rise:
Spirit, haste thee hence to prove
All the joys of paradise.

Ask not for a longer stay
'Mid the turmoil of life's day;
Grieve not that the cord is loosing,
Mourn not that life's task is done,
Dream not in thy lonely musing
Of aught earthly yet unwon.

Thou may'st weep, perchance, for moments
Lost;—lost moments! pearls unstrung!
Hither, thither in the darkness
Scatter'd, or by wayside flung:
Would'st thou seek them? ever, ever,
Shall they mock thy vain endeavour!

Thou may'st weep for treasures wasted,
Springs of blessedness untasted;
Gifts all slighted, blessings lost,
Wavering faith, soul tempest-tost;
Yet in meek, confiding trust,
Ere thou bidd'st farewell to dust,
Lay thy sins and frailties down
At His feet who gives the crown,
Not for deeds of glory done,
Not for aught thyself hast won,
But in virtue of the blood
That doth speak thee one with God!

Spirit, haste thee hence, and rise
To thy blood-bought paradise!

Tipton. ADELINE.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.

A VISIT TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

(*Concluded from page* 314.)

SOME time after this occurrence, Henry expressed to the Legates of the Pope his extreme sorrow for the imprudent words which he had uttered; and was only absolved upon promising to perform all that was required of him in favour of the Pope, and to do penance at Becket's tomb. On his return to England, when he came within sight of the Cathedral of Canterbury, he alighted off his horse, and walked barefoot, in the habit of a pilgrim, till he came to Becket's tomb; where, after he had prostrated himself, and prayed for a considerable time, he submitted to be scourged by the Monks, and passed all that day and night without refreshment, kneeling upon the bare stones.

The Pope had already inscribed the name of Becket in the list of saints and martyrs. Miracles said to be worked over his festering body, were soon acknowledged both by the priests and the laity; so that multitudes of persons from all parts of Europe, for many succeeding ages, made pilgrimages to the shrine of the reputed martyr, to present their costly offerings, and to worship at his altar. Indeed, the offerings of these superstitious devotees poured in so fast, and so profusely, that Erasmus relates that when he visited the tomb of Becket, "a coffin of wood, which covered a coffin of gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, and then an invaluable treasure was discovered; gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the most precious jewels, of an extraordinary bigness; some were larger than the egg of a goose."

Erasmus also mentions a precious relic called St. Thomas à Becket's slipper, adorned with crystals set in copper. This relic was deposited in an hospital for lepers in the village of Harbledown. Here the pilgrims were accustomed to stop, and kiss this bauble, as a preparation for the more solemn approach to his tomb. Indeed, this great influx of persons, from all quarters, appears to have raised the city of Canterbury to a state of unusual prosperity and splendour. The jubilees, also, which were here celebrated by the permission of the Pope in honour of Becket, were every one sufficient for enriching an entire generation of the inhabitants. These jubilees, each of which lasted fifteen days, continued till the sixteenth century, when they were prohibited by Henry the Eighth.

A few brief observations on the errors and superstitions of Popery, which the subject of this chapter naturally suggests, may form an appropriate and useful conclusion to the present article.

1. These superstitions prevailed during what the historians have denominated the *dark ages*. They might well be called dark; for Popery was rampant, and the "Man of Sin" held uncontrolled dominion over the States of Europe. With respect to Britain, it is no wonder that internal dissensions and animosities should disturb the social order of society; and that misery and degradation, anarchy and ruin, should prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land; for these are the essential characteristics of the Papacy. However the emissaries of Rome may disguise the fact, Popery is truly and properly *Antichrist*; and every other view of it is fallacious. Wherever it rears its apostate head, it spreads pollution, fetters the

conscience, demoralizes the intellect, and accelerates the progress of idolatry and superstition. Where is the holy Sabbath so grossly or so universally desecrated as in Popish countries? Where is the blessing of religious and civil liberty so utterly prostrated as in those nations which are under the dismal usurpation of the Pope of Rome? When Becket was bleeding from the wounds which he had received, and which terminated his turbulent career, he exclaimed, "To God, to St. Mary and the holy patrons of this church, and to St. Denis, I commend my soul, and the Church's cause!" Such was the dying ejaculation of an Archbishop, who was canonized as a saint and martyr; at whose shrine pilgrims from every part of Europe offered their oblations, and whose name is venerated by the Church of Rome with enthusiastic adulation!

2. Let us be thankful for the light which the Reformation has imparted, and before which the darkness of Papal error has vanished from our land. It is gratifying to reflect that in those noble edifices in which a false Gospel was formerly promulgated, the pure word of God is now preached; that the doctrine of salvation by faith in the divine atonement has succeeded the celebration of the mass, the offering of prayers to the Virgin Mary, and all the idolatrous ceremonies of Papal Rome!

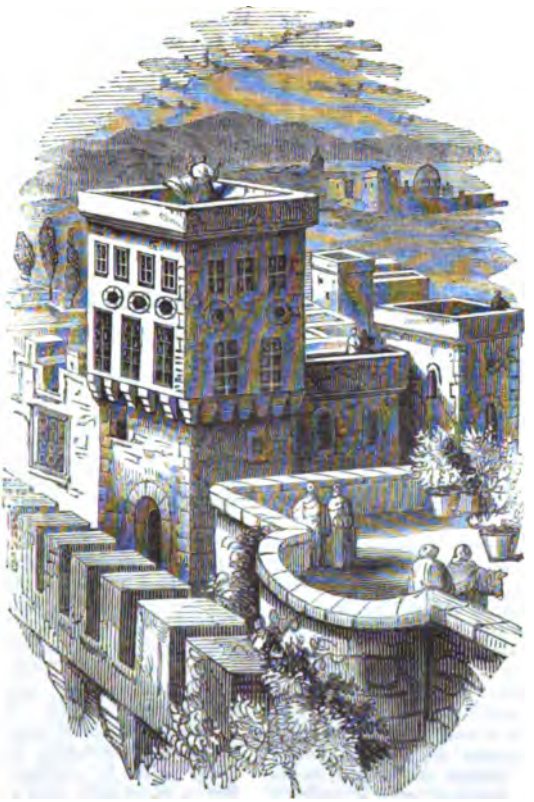
I love my country, and I love the Protestant religion of my country; because I believe it to be the religion of the Bible. And while I have a tongue to speak, it shall be raised in defence of Protestant Christianity, and against the fearful delusions and soul-destroying dogmas of the Popish Church! And while I have a hand to write, my pen shall not cease to be employed in the advocacy of that pure Gospel whose heavenly truths sustained the noble army of martyrs in the flames and on the rack!

3. But while we are thankful for the benefits which the Reformation has procured for our happy country, in breaking the iron yoke of Popery from the necks of British subjects, and establishing the true Protestant religion, "let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering." Let us also beware of the spirit of Popery, which still lurks in secret places, watching for its prey. The agents of Rome are not idle. Perhaps at no period since the reign of the bigoted and bloodthirsty Mary, have they been so vigilant in their efforts to extend their baneful influence, and to lay the foundation of permanent power. To say nothing of the oath by which they are pledged to employ all their energies to extirpate the Protestant religion, and to establish their own unhallowed system upon its ruins, have they not already increased to a fearful amount the number of their chapels; from the pulpits of which they doom to perdition all who are not of their communion? Has not the number of their schools been multiplied for the purpose of teaching the rising generation a theology which has no foundation in Scripture? Are not the *Jesuits*, in conjunction with the *Sisters of Mercy*, secretly working to bring converts to the "Man of Sin?" If they disclaim all intentions of having recourse to violence in accomplishing their objects, they are not the less dangerous. Violence, indeed, often defeats its own end, by exciting resistance. The slow-working mine is much more to be dreaded. A sudden explosion, which no human caution can guard against, may demolish a fortress that is impregnable to violence.

4. But many Protestants are greatly deluded by the supposition that Popery is changed; that its character has essentially improved; and that the turbulent and persecuting spirit by which it was characterized in its early ages, has given place to a milder tone, and a more amiable disposition of mind; and that, therefore, there is no real ground of alarm.

O, Protestants! be not deceived. Rome is unchanged. Her character is the same in the nineteenth century as it was in the darkest ages. Her doctrines are the same. Her superstitious worship is the same. Her spirit is the same. And if the Papists do not persecute those whom they regard as heretics with the same virulence as their forefathers, when they consigned to the flames hundreds of the best men in the land, it is because, in England at least, they are shorn of their strength. Restore it to them, and they will not fail to exert it in trampling under foot your dear-bought privileges. Concede to them their pretended claims, and they will oppress you. Grant them the power with which they were invested in the darker ages, and they will speedily demolish the sacred fabric of freedom which was reared at the expense of the blood of your fathers, and every vestige of civil and religious liberty will be banished from the land. Even in the present day, in those countries where the Papists are the dominant party, they not only burn the Bible, which they regard as a dangerous and heretical book, but often visit with the severest vengeance the man who dares to glance over its sacred pages. Who has not heard of the Bulls which have been issued against the Bible Society? And who has not heard of the fulminations of Catholic Priests against the scriptural education of the young? Is Popery then changed? No! It is the same now as ever it was,—the enemy of God and man!

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



HOUSE-TOPS.

House-tops? We in England always apply the term to the *inside* of the house, to its highest rooms. The top of the house, *outside*, is so out-of-the-way,—generally so inaccessible from within,—and only to be reached by ladders from the street, that the names we have for it denote its comparative strangeness to us. It is not the *house-top*, but the *roof of the house*. And if we have to speak of the highest part of all, then, because our roofs are mostly *sloping*, the supporting timbers resting on the walls in a certain angle which brings them together, this top of all is called the *ridge* of the house. All this we understand, because we have always been used to it. We see houses before us built on this plan. We see them built on no other. House-tops, therefore, are with us of no use but to keep the houses dry inside; and no one goes there but the mason or the tiler for purposes of repair.

This very phrase shows the necessity of judging of the language of a people, or of a book, not by our own usages, but by those of the times when the language was spoken, or the book was written. We have a very ancient book, called the Bible. In reading it, we find frequent mention of *house-tops*, and that in a way utterly inconsistent with all our own customs. Let us take a few texts to illustrate this:—"Samuel communed with Saul upon the *top of the house*." (1 Sam. ix. 25.) "Let him which is on the *house-top* not come down to take anything out of his house." (Matt. xxiv. 17.) "They went upon the *house-top*, and let him down through the tiling," &c. (Luke v. 19.) "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the *house-tops*." (Luke xii. 3.) "Peter went up upon the *house-top* to pray about the sixth hour;" and then he saw the remarkable vision which sent him to Cornelius and the Gentiles. (Acts x. 9, &c.) Now, how easy would it be for a scoffing infidel to laugh at all this, and say, "Only think of a man clambering on to the roof, and shouting to the people below:" or, "A pretty place for a man to retire to, to say his prayers. Would he sit across the ridge of the roof?" The fact is, that *then* (as *now*) the roofs of the houses were flat. People

often went on to them for cool air, or for retirement, or for calling to the passers-by in the streets. In very hot weather they would even have their beds on the flat roof of the house. In eastern countries, houses are built on this plan to the present time, and the roof of the house is still used in the same manner, and for the same purposes. As soon as a traveller gets into the East, he sees with his eyes what may have startled him before when he has read about it. These flat roofs are battlemented, both for safety and for greater retirement. But we need *say* no more about it. Let the reader *look* at our cut, and he will, through the eye, understand the whole subject. He will see the perfect difference between our *ridged-roofs*, whether of thatch or tile, and the *flat* roofs of the East. He would not like to sit across the roof-ridge in England; but he will see that, even in England, on a hot summer-day, a quiet seat on the flat roof of the house would be very comfortable. The more the very *language* of the Bible is placed in comparison with the manners and customs of the people to whom it refers, the more deeply is its truth felt.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT NINEVEH.

[The following extract, from the second volume of Mr. Layard's great work, gives a graphic description of his operations. "Nimroud," it should be observed, is the name of one of the mounds which cover the ruins of ancient Nineveh.]

I now commenced covering with earth those parts of the ruins which still remained exposed, according to the instructions I had received from the Trustees of the British Museum. Had the numerous sculptures been left without any precaution being taken to preserve them, they would have suffered, not only from the effects of the atmosphere, but from the spears and clubs of the Arabs, who are always ready to knock out the eyes, and to otherwise disfigure the idols of the unbelievers. The rubbish and earth removed on opening the building, were accordingly brought back in baskets, thrown into the chambers, and heaped over the slabs, until the whole was again covered over.

But, before leaving Nimroud, and reburying its palaces, I would wish to lead the reader once more through the ruins of the principal edifice, and to convey as distinct an idea as I am able of the excavated halls and chambers, as they appeared when fully explored. Let us imagine ourselves issuing from my tent, near the village in the plain. On approaching the mound, not a trace of building can be perceived, except a small mud hut, covered with reeds, erected for the accommodation of my Chaldæan workmen. We ascend this artificial hill, but still see no ruins, not a stone protruding from the soil. There is only a broad level platform before us, perhaps covered with a luxuriant crop of barley, or, may-be, yellow and parched, without a blade of vegetation, except here and there a scanty tuft of camel-thorn. Low, black heaps, surrounded by brushwood and dried grass, a thin column of smoke issuing from the midst of them, may be seen here and there. These are the tents of the Arabs, and a few miserable old women are groping about among them, picking up camel's-dung, or dry twigs. One or two girls, with firm step and erect carriage, are perceived just reaching the top of the mound, with the water-jar on their shoulders, or a bundle of brushwood on their heads. On all sides of us, apparently issuing from under-ground, are long lines of wild-looking beings, with dishevelled hair, their limbs only half concealed by a short loose shirt, some jumping and capering, and all hurrying to and fro, shouting like madmen. Each one carries a basket, and, as he reaches the edge of the mound, or some convenient spot near, empties its contents, raising, at the same time, a cloud of dust. He then returns at the top of his speed, dancing and yelling as before, and flourishing his basket over his head; again he suddenly disappears in the bowels of the earth from whence he emerged. These are the workmen employed in removing the rubbish from the ruins. We will descend into the principal trench by a flight of steps, rudely cut into the earth, near the western face of the mound. As we approach it, we find a party of Arabs, bending on their knees, and intently gazing at something beneath them. Each holds his long spear, tufted with ostrich feathers, in one hand, and in the other the halter of his mare, which stands patiently behind him. The party consists of a Bedouin Sheikh from the desert, and his followers, who having heard strange reports of the wonders of Nimroud, have made several days' journey to remove their doubts and satisfy their curiosity. He rises as he hears us approach; and, if we wish to escape the embrace of a very dirty stranger, we had better at once hurry into the trenches.

We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the

reader would probably be the same, particularly if caused by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the Prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed; that even the Patriarch Abraham himself may possibly have looked upon them.

In the subterraneous labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldæans, or Tiyari, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins, and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labour with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured, that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Farther on, there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect marks of masonry, and we soon find that it is a solid structure, built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same colour as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it.

The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised, and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath.

Having walked about one hundred feet among these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway, formed by gigantic winged bulls, in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces: the great human head is at our feet.

We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sepulchre we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king, hunting and triumphing over the lion and the wild bull; and the siege of the castle with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian Monarch, when he received his captive enemies or his courtiers.

To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises high above us the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute, ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys, may be seen on the walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge.

As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures: at one end of it is a doorway, guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half-buried in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions, that surround us. Here, we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests; there, lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones, and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of these are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench in the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we

have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of eastern romance.

Some who may hereafter tread on the spot when the grass again grows over the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE COTTON-SHRUB.

Most abundantly has divine bounty provided for the clothing of mankind; but it is a remarkable circumstance, that in every branch of this provision, it is, so to speak, the bare element alone that is provided. That element requires careful skill, and persevering industry, to bring it to the form in which it becomes practically useful. For some kinds of clothing we are indebted to animals; but even here, to the natural provision human activity must be applied. Skins must be tanned into leather. The wool of the sheep must be spun into thread, and woven into cloth. The delicate fibres of the silk-worm must also undergo a like process. Here, therefore, we have from animals leather, woollen, and silk.

Of vegetable clothing there are two principal kinds, linen and cotton. The stalks and some other parts of certain vegetables contain long filaments, which, after due preparation, may be spun into threads, which can afterwards be woven. This is *linen*, produced from the fibres of the flax-plant. Other vegetables have the seeds in their seed-pods, enveloped with soft, downy hairs, capable of being drawn out and united by spinning into threads. This is *cotton;* and both linen and cotton have been known and used from time immemorial.

The substance called cotton is produced by many different species of the genus to which naturalists have given the name of *gossypium*. In their general character, however, these species and varieties have a close resemblance and agreement one with another.

The genus consists of herbaceous, or nearly herbaceous, plants; varying in height from three or four, to fifteen, or even twenty feet, according to the sort. The branches sometimes become rather woody, but they are always mostly herbaceous. The leaves are downy, and, as may be seen in the cut, are

more or less lobed, though near the stem they often become undivided. The flowers are either yellow, or of a dullish purple. The seed-vessel is a capsule, opening into from three to five lobes, and containing many seeds enveloped in the cotton. This being collected, and separated from the seeds and other impurities, is spun into thread; and of this, we scarcely need say, the uses are almost innumerable, the value inestimable.

The cotton-plant is found wild both in the old and new world. It is mentioned by some of the oldest historians; and was found among both Mexicans and Peruvians, when they first became known to the Spaniards. It is, however, largely cultivated. Cotton-plantations abound wherever the cotton-plant can be reared. It does not flourish much beyond the limits of the tropics. It has been found on the Andes at an elevation of nine thousand feet, and in the Himalaya at one of four thousand feet.

It is well known that cotton is one of the most important articles both of commerce and manufacture. Since the invention of proper machinery, the increase of its consumption is almost incalculable. In 1764, five years before Arkwright took out his patent, the quantity of cotton imported was not quite four millions of pounds. Seventy years after, the age of man, in 1834, the consumption was nearly *three hundred and twenty-seven millions of pounds.*

TABLE-TALK.

STEAMING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

I HAD heard much of the dangers of the Mississippi, and, even before I left New-England, some of my friends, partly in jest, and partly for the sake of inspiring me with due caution in the choice of vessels and Captains, had told me endless stories of the risks we should run. One of them presented a newspaper, containing a formidable array of last year's casualties. Fifty vessels had been snagged, twenty-seven sunk, sixteen had burst their boilers, fifteen had been run into by other vessels, thirteen destroyed by fire, ten wrecked, and seven out through by ice. This enumeration was followed by an account of the number of persons drowned or injured. Another friend called my attention to a form of advertisement, not uncommon in the St. Louis papers, headed thus:—"A fine opportunity of going below." "This," he explained, "does not mean *going to the bottom*, as you might naturally conclude, (although this is by no means an improbable result of your voyage,) but it merely signifies 'going down the river.'" Another offered this piece of advice: "When you are racing with an opposition steam-boat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the Captain, who is sitting on the safety-valve, to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the Captain exclaim, 'Fire up, boys: put on the resin!' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the ladies'-cabin,' obey the summons without a moment's delay; for then an explosion may be apprehended." "Why to the ladies'-cabin?" said I. "Because it is the safe end of the boat; and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars; being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance; for, should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the Captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go a-head!'" —*American Paper.*

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

A recent Work gives a statement of the cause of the name, "forget-me-not," scarcely less poetical than that which has, for centuries, been sung by poets of all the lands of Europe. Of Henry of Lancaster it is said: "This royal adventurer—the banished and aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *myosotis palustris*, or forget-me-not, its emblematical and poetical meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of SS., with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, '*Souveigne vous de moy*;' thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange this simple, touching appeal to memory, are aware of the fact, that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet Prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his hostess, at that time wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of good-will and remembrance."

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.S.

DIED NOVEMBER 16TH, 1776.

AMONG self-taught men, few, if any, ever reached the eminence of James Ferguson. Taken as a whole, his character and career are full of interest, especially to those who, feeling within them the strugglings of genius, deplore their deprivation of means to indulge in the pursuit of knowledge. Griping poverty compels them to drudge at some humble occupation, which neither elevates the mind, fills the pocket, nor leaves a moment to give wing to the aspirations of a soul born with capacity to investigate the mysteries of nature, of science, and of art. If the reader be one of this class, let him shake off his fears, and at once address himself to the business of competing with the northern shepherd-boy for victory over poverty, obscurity, and destitution of the aid of competent instructers. The richest rewards are awaiting those who honourably earn them. In dependence on the Author of every good and perfect gift, your own exertions will put you in possession of all that you aspire to,—the exalted treasure of a mind richly furnished with sound knowledge, of a heart right with God, and a name that arrests the attention and secures the approval of the enlightened, the great, and the good.

Ferguson was born near Keith, a village in Banffshire, in the north of Scotland, in 1710, of parents who, though poor, were esteemed by their neighbours for their honest industry and simple piety. After the hard toils of the day, the father devoted himself to the instruction of his children, not having the means of paying school-fees, nor suitable books: the Assembly's Catechism supplied the place of the latter; and young James, ashamed to ask a share of his elder brother's lesson, slily watched the operation, and while his father and brother were away at work in the field, he took the Catechism and conned the lesson for himself. On meeting with a hard word, he hastened to an old woman near by, who solved the difficulty for him. One day, his worthy father was agreeably surprised at finding him reading by himself, and forthwith gave him further instruction in reading and writing, which, with about three months at the Keith Grammar-School, was all the education ever bestowed upon him.

His taste for mechanical science was excited when he was between seven and eight years of age. One day he observed his father apply a prop and a lever to an upright spar, by which he raised the sunken roof of the house to its original position. At first he was terrified with thoughts of the prodigious strength of his father; but further reflecting on the way in which it was performed, he proceeded to construct levers, pulleys, axles, and wedges, and wrote out an account, which he illustrated by pen and ink sketches of his machines, which he imagined to be the first treatise ever written on mechanics; till, showing it to a gentleman, he was presented with a printed book on the subject, with the principles of which he found his production to agree as far as he went.

His astronomical pursuits were begun at an early age. Being compelled to earn a bit of bread for some years by keeping sheep, he studied the stars while tending the flock by night, while in the daytime he amused himself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such things as he happened to get a sight of. This circumstance misled La Lande, who, in his account of famous astronomers, observes, "*Ferguson, qui nous avons cité, etoit Berger en Roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse.*" ("Ferguson, whom we have cited, was shepherd to the King of England for Scotland.") Alas! for the poor embryo astronomer, his master was not much richer than himself. His next employer was a considerable farmer, who was very indulgent to him. This kind man observed that when Ferguson's day's work was over, he went out with a blanket about him, and lay down on his back in the field, and stretched a thread at arm's length, with small beads upon it, holding it between his eyes and the stars; sliding the beads upon it till they covered such and such stars from his view, in order to take their apparent distances from each other; and then, laying the thread upon paper, marked the stars by the beads, according to their positions, having a candle by him to give light. At first his master laughed at him; but afterwards he would often work for him, in order to give him time to make fair copies in the daylight. This worthy man was James Glashan, who many times took the flail in hand, while his servant was with him in the barn, busy with his compasses, ruler, and pen. Being sent with a message one day to the Minister of Keith, he found him looking over a large number of maps, which happened to be the first sight the young philosopher had ever got of a map. He surveyed them with great pleasure, and wondered to hear that the earth is round like a ball. He begged the loan of the map of the world to make a copy of it; and, on finishing it, he obtained leave of his master to carry it back, and to spend two hours with its owner. On his way, he observed a person painting a sun-dial on the wall of the grammar-school at which he got his

quarter's schooling. As he stood gazing, out came the schoolmaster, who examined his map, and asked how he would like Mr. Cantley to teach him to make sun-dials. Mr. Cantley praised his copy of the map, and expressed his concern that such talent should be left without encouragement.

While he was at the Minister's house, Thomas Grant, Esq., of Achoynancy, came in, and was so taken with him that he gave him an invitation to live at his house; but as his term of servitude was not out with his good master, he declined, although Mr. Grant offered to put one in his place. In 1730, he went to Mr. Grant's, where he found that the butler was no other than Mr. Cantley, who became his friend and instructer. Ferguson observes,—"He was the most extraordinary man that I ever was acquainted with, or perhaps ever shall see; for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music on every known instrument except the harp, understood Latin, French, and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician upon any urgent occasion. He was what is generally called *self-taught*; but I think he might, with much greater propriety, have been termed God Almighty's scholar." After promoting his studies successfully for awhile, his tutor went to serve the Earl of Fife, after which nothing could induce Ferguson to stay at Mr. Grant's.

Having returned to his father's cottage, he spent three weeks in constructing a terrestrial globe, *which was the first he ever saw.* Grieved to think of burdening his father while engaged in pursuits which brought nothing towards family expenses, he hired himself to a miller; but his new master spent all his time tippling at an ale-house, while he left the care of the mill to Ferguson, who, at the end of his year's service, returned home, exhausted with hard work and starvation.

His next master was a farmer-physician, who, having engaged him for half a year, destroyed his health, ere three months passed away, with sheer hard toil. Having lost the use of his left arm, he was sent home without a farthing for the time he had served this dishonourable man, who never once visited him during the long season he suffered afterwards, as the effect of the usage he had given him. Mr. Cantley, having heard of his distress, came a distance of twelve miles to see him: he prescribed, and succeeded in restoring the use of his arm; but it was long before he could take anything beyond a little milk once a day. During his illness, he constructed a wooden clock, and used the neck of a broken bottle for the bell, which kept good time.

Wondering with himself how a watch could go in all possible positions, he stepped up to a gentleman riding one day by his father's house, and asked him what o'clock it was. The kindly tones of the gentleman encouraged him to ask a sight of the watch, and then some information as to the nature of the main-spring, and other points; on receiving which he returned, and succeeded in making a watch out of wood, with a whalebone main-spring; but it would not work when the balance was put on. One day a clumsy neighbour, while looking at it, let it fall, and, on hastening to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it to pieces; which so discouraged the experimenter, that he never made another.

On recovering his health, he took his clock, globe, and some maps he had drawn, to show to Sir James Dunbar, of Dunross, who received him kindly, employed him to clean his clocks, and invited him to stay under his roof. While there, Lady Dipple, sister to Sir James Dunbar, paid a visit, when Ferguson was introduced to her. She asked him if he could draw patterns for needle-work on ladies' aprons and gowns. On being shown some, he immediately commenced this new art, in which he succeeded so well that several neighbouring ladies employed him; so that he began to feel himself growing rich by his earnings, and was delighted in being able to give pecuniary assistance to his poor father.

Having made several pen and ink copies of the pictures belonging to his kind patron, the thought occurred that he might become a painter.

The husband of one of Lady Dipple's daughters, William Baird, Esq., of Auchmeddan, came to Sir James, and invited Ferguson to spend some time at his house, which he did; for eight months enjoying his hospitality, his advice, and the use of his large library. Mr. Baird encouraged him in drawing, and sat for his picture, which was Ferguson's first attempt of the kind.

Lady Dipple next invited him to Edinburgh, in order to give him an opportunity of improving in painting under some master; but while he enjoyed two years' hospitable entertainment at her Ladyship's house, he could get no such assistance as he needed and anxiously desired, from want of money. During his stay, he took a strong fancy to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, from reading books and conversing with gentlemen on those subjects. At the end of two years he returned to his father's, to set up as a physician: but the few who employed him gave him nothing for his advice or medicines; so he set off to Inverness, where for eight months he got a living by drawing pictures.

While at Inverness, he prosecuted his astronomical studies with great enthusiasm; and having constructed what he called his "Astronomical Rotula," he showed it to the Rev. Mr. M'Bean, who forwarded it to Mr. Maclaurin, Mathematical Professor at

Edinburgh, who encouraged him to have it engraved and published by subscription. He returned to Edinburgh, and had the work engraved by Mr. Cooper. It sold well, till the Style was changed from the Old to the New, in 1752.

The next successful effort of his genius was the invention of an orrery, which so pleased Professor Maclaurin that he begged him to deliver a lecture on it to his students; with which he readily complied, having no fear "of speaking before a great and good man who was his friend." After this, he made seven of these interesting instruments, each varying in structure from the others.

In 1748 he went to London, where he was very kindly patronised by the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, formerly preceptor to the Duke of Cumberland, till death deprived him of the good offices of that gentleman.

Fearful of his ability to write so as to please the public, from want of early instruction in composition, he delayed putting his dissertations, lectures, &c., to the press; but at length he ventured, and out came many productions of his pen which elicited very general applause.

In 1748, he began to read public lectures on mechanics, astronomy, &c., which commanded the attention of all ranks of society, from the King downwards, and which he continued for more than thirty years. Encouraged by success, he pursued his exalted career, gathering well-merited laurels as he advanced. The Royal Society of London enrolled him among its illustrious members in 1763, and the American Philosophical Society in 1770. King George the Third honoured him with extraordinary marks of his favour, and delighted to attend his lectures and converse with him on scientific subjects. At length he was seized with a lingering illness, which terminated his useful life on the 16th of November, 1776, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

His early religious training exercised a happy influence on his mind and conduct throughout life. The illustrious editor of his Lectures remarks: "The religious character of our author corresponded with his general conduct. The anxieties and changes of his eventful life never effaced the religious impressions of his youth, but rather strengthened those principles of duty which the piety of his parents had early implanted, and confirmed him in the belief of those peculiar doctrines of our faith which are the surest foundation of moral practice, and best fitted to inspire us with confidence when the concerns of the present life must cease to interest us."

His piety shone sweetly forth when he expatiated on the wonderful displays of wisdom and goodness apparent in the economy of the universe. He often rose into a species of eloquence, characterized by the most artless simplicity, which was infinitely more affecting than the laboured and polished periods of the professed orator.

He was not one of those philosophers who consider deference to the pure religion of the Bible incompatible with scientific research and high philosophical attainments. His genuine simplicity of character never forsook him. In all respects he was one of the noblest specimens of a self-taught man,—of one whom science and religion, with all their lovers, delighted to honour. Let every humble student therefore take courage, arise, and follow in his steps,—undismayed by the absence of noble blood, wealth, and patronage, and the presence of obscurity, poverty, and neglect; remembering that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
M'Kay, Mrs. Mary,	St. Mary's-Square,	Birmingham, East,	56	Feb. 9th, 1849.
Parker, Mary Hall,	Windhill,	Shipley,	11	March 24th, 1849.
Parker, James Jowett,	Windhill,	Shipley,	16	May 3d, 1849.
Mortimer, Mrs. Elizab.,	School-Close,	Leeds, Second,	73	May 15th, 1849.
Brockenshaw, Alice,	Lancaster,	Lancaster,	30	May 26th, 1849.
Nottingham, Mrs.,	Aberford,	Tadcaster,	53	June 7th, 1849.
Barlow, Betty,	Accrington,	Haslingden,	84	June, 1849.
Hambury, Mrs. Sarah,		Coventry,	70	June, 1849.
Whittaker, Ann,	Accrington,	Haslingden,	35	June, 1849.
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Cropthorne,	Evesham,	42	July 24th, 1849.
Russell, Mr. John,	Bidford,	Evesham,	79	July 29th, 1849.
Haworth, Benjamin,	Accrington,	Haslingden,	45	Aug. 15th, 1849.
Yoxall, Moses,	Holmes-Chapel,	Northwich,	60	Aug. 18th, 1849.
Sarjeant, Mrs.,	Lockhurst-Lane,	Coventry,	74	August, 1849.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1849.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR DECEMBER, 1849.

In Methodist Discipline, it has been before remarked, the "Ticket" and the "Rules" are associated. He that accepts the privilege of the Ticket, consents to the yoke of the Rules. In these, three great principles are inculcated: *harmlessness*, *benevolence*, and *devotion*. The first has been considered; and we now come to the second, which is thus exhibited: "It is expected of all those who continue in these societies, that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation by doing good, by being in every kind merciful after their power, as they have opportunity; doing good of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men." Is this really the law that every Methodist pledges himself to observe? Then no marvel if they should be a "peculiar people, zealous of good works." "*Doing good of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men!*" Why, there is such a world of matter contained in this "grain of mustard-seed,"—such a world of meaning in these two or three simple words,—such a world of faith, energy, philanthropy,—that one has need to turn them over in his mind, and again and again to repeat the effort, before his intellectual powers expand to grasp the sublime object so quietly and suddenly presented. "*Good of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men!*" Here is moral sublimity truly! After this, no wonder that John Wesley should give away thirty thousand pounds, and appear conspicuous among the greatest philanthropists that ever adorned human nature; or that right-hearted Methodists, in their personal intercourse, should manifest a burning zeal to "save souls from death;" should talk of religion to every body in their circle; should give to the nation the Strangers' Friend Society; should lead the way in gratuitous Religious Tract Distribution; anticipate by a hundred years the modern Temperance movement; and take much part in Dorcas and Sick Visiting Societies; that they should take a lead in Village and Lay Preaching; and should support the largest Protestant Foreign Missionary Society! This Rule has not had justice done it: the pen of a Watson might be well employed to bring it out. But whether it finds an adequate literary expounder to do it justice or not, it finds its way to the hearts and consciences of myriads among the unostentatious sons and daughters of charity, now found in most climes and communities, soothing the sorrows, relieving the oppressions, purifying and elevating the sentiments, of a fallen but redeemed world.

On this high-toned principle, and on the forms of its illustration, in this section of the Rules,—"Giving food to the hungry; clothing the naked; helping or visiting them that are sick or in prison; instructing, reproving, or exhorting all we have intercourse with; doing special good to them that are of the household of faith;" &c., &c.;—on these points a volume might be written, instead of a paragraph. But it was a principle with Mr. Wesley (expressed in speaking of his "Notes on the New Testament") rather to

furnish his readers with *matter* for thinking than to *think for them*. Here, then, is a hint about Christian charity. Let the reader, the philanthropist, the Methodist, take it up, think it over, and "go and *do* likewise."

The text for the quarter is, "*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean.*" (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) This is one of the most striking of those "great and precious promises" which are "*given*" unto those who have "escaped" the general "corruption that is in the world," that they may "be partakers of the divine nature." It is an inestimable promise of the covenant, belonging to those believers who have, "with an humble, lowly, penitent, obedient heart," accepted CHRIST as their Saviour. It is the *property* of the children of God. Some of them have claimed it, and some have not. It is *given* to all. It is for the *present enjoyment* of all. From various considerations, certain believers defer their claim. Some for many years after they are justified; some until the end of their race. But others, in the spirit of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, look at this "good land," and exclaim, with the brave Caleb, "Let us go up at once, and possess it;" and these "believe and enter in."

"Ye shall be clean." Here are two things for consideration,—one assumed, the other expressed. The *assumption* is, that the parties addressed are *not* clean. This is felt. There is leprosy within. Remains of the carnal mind provoke war in the members. There are the *remains* of the fear of death,—the *remains* of anger,—the *remains* of pride,—the *remains* of inordinate and evil desire,—the *remains* of enmity and unbelief. Hence the agony of loving God and not loving Him *alone*. "The wicked abominations done in the chambers of imagery" are clearly perceived. The heart is indeed kept with diligence; but it is *not clean*. The enemy is within. Jesus is there; but the heart is not yet fully consecrated as a "house of prayer." Not yet has the Conqueror slain "the dire root and seed of sin."

It is written, and copied from THE BOOK, on my token of church-membership, "Ye shall be clean." You shall be delivered from everything contrary to faith, hope, and love. Your faith shall be free from doubt, your hope free from fear, your love free from enmity. Your whole spirit, your whole soul, your whole body, shall be blameless. God hath said, "I will circumcise thine heart, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." *Then everything contrary to love shall cease to exist.* Keep your eye on this. It simplifies the question. The great promise is PURE LOVE. Possessing this, you are clean indeed; for God makes all things new.

This happy state results from the direct operation and the indwelling of the HOLY SPIRIT. It is only received "by the Holy Ghost given unto us." "I will *sprinkle clean water* upon you, and ye shall be clean." As in baptism, the element of "clean water" is, by divine appointment, applied to him who is "born in sin;" so is the typified influence applied in sanctification. Water is a significant emblem of the Divine Spirit, operating on the believer's heart. There is a power from heaven. This produces a full renovation. "Create in me a clean heart."—God answers that prayer. The Lord God omnipotent reigns,—reigns in him who believes with his heart unto righteousness. "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." This is enough; and it is plainly what our quarterly text means.

One thing we must not forget. It is written in this same chapter, and written in reference to the fulfilment of the "precious promise" before us,—"Thus saith the Lord God; *I will yet for this be inquired of* by the house of Israel, to do it for them." "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." But He will not do it till you apply for it. You must inquire for it in the

name of the Lord Jesus. Its price is His blood. He suffered, "that He might sanctify the people with His own blood." That was the covenant price of this "promise of the Father," and of the great salvation it announces and ensures.

"*Then*,"—"in that day," the day when Jesus is glorified, and the Holy Ghost given,—"will I sprinkle clean water upon you." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." Thus we have "boldness to enter into the holiest" of all. Come, then, my brethren, "let us draw near with a true heart, in the full assurance of faith." Seek that this may be the quarter of your entire sanctification. As you take the Ticket from the hand of the Pastor who meets your class, accept the promise inscribed on it *as given by God to* YOU. See your name beneath it, written by the hand of one who is required by the Chief Shepherd to "watch for your soul as one that must give account." Who has a better right to it? It is yours. Claim it. Claim it now, in all the confidence of hope. Venture to believe. Cast yourself at once, with all your filthiness, upon the atoning God. Say, "If I perish, I perish; self-desperate, *I believe!*" So will your sanctifying Redeemer "sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean."

B. C.

St. Mawes.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XVI.

DARKNESS IN DEATH.

DEATH—solemn word!—a king of terrors, or a welcome friend; followed by life that ever lives, or by a dying which never, never dies! Death—a name familiar to every tongue, known in every language, a foe that all must meet and all must obey! Under his sway Monarchs drop their sceptres, warriors bow to the dust, orators repose in silence, the miser ungrasps his adored wealth, the slave escapes his chains, and the Christian receives his passport to that "inheritance" which "fadeth not away." We dwell not on his name, his power, his extensive rule, and his certain triumph. He has his day; and he will have his end: he who has dethroned his millions, shall be himself dethroned. "Death shall be swallowed up in victory." But what of that gloomy film with which he dims the orb of sight, and hides from the longing gaze objects of interest, beauty, and affection? This is dreary, sad, alarming, ominous. What of the lonely tomb, the "land of darkness, as darkness itself," and "where the light is as darkness;" those gloomy regions of his slain where all things are forgot? This is cold, repulsive; a prospect at which nature shudders, and from which nature shrinks with instinctive dread. The maze of doubt, the conclusions of the infidel's perverted mind, the impious hardihood, that says,

> "I nothing know, I nothing fear,
> I have no hope and no desire;
> I leave the world without a tear,
> And ask no bliss, and dread no ire,"

—this is darkness indeed, wilful, daring, and inexcusable. Still there is a darkness equally profound, equally fatal, and as much to be deplored. It is the darkness that exists amid the blaze of light,—midnight ignorance within the reach of sacred knowledge,—the Heathenism of Christian lands! The Creator unserved; the Redeemer unloved—even where the Bible is circulated, the Sabbath publicly acknowledged, and the sanctuary open to all disposed to bow the knee in worship. Yes, there is darkness at the hour of death, within the sound of songs of sacred praise, and in the midst of neighbours professing

to rejoice in the God of their salvation! Is there not a cause? A recent painful fact will illustrate and confirm the appeal.

Late on the evening of the last day in the week, a Minister was about to retire for the repose of sleep, when a request was presented to him to visit a sick man, supposed to be near the end of his earthly course. The night was of wintry darkness; the wind blew with a piercing coldness, and the rain was freely descending from the surcharged clouds. Nature for a moment hesitated at the door; but duty was imperative, and its obligation was obeyed. In searching for the dwelling of the dying, the Minister had to pass various haunts of crime, where the drunkard's noisy roar was heard, and blasphemies polluted the air. The mother of hungry children might be seen entreating of the intoxicated father some portion of the wages of his week's toil, to meet the pressing wants of his starving family;—or the female, mixing with the debased throng, herself as deeply degraded as her reeling partner. Early youth and advanced years were paying their homage at the shrine of intemperance; and both seemed more like fiends than human beings. Hell itself in miniature appeared visible on earth. The habitation sought was found. There the hush of silence reigned, in striking contrast to the boisterous scenes just passed. Supported by pillows, rather than reclined, sat the afflicted father of the family. Disease had made dreadful ravages on a naturally robust frame. The hours of the sufferer were evidently numbered. The following conversation passed:—

Minister. "You appear to be very ill." "Very, indeed." "Have you been long confined to your bed?" "Several weeks." "Well, how have you employed your time? Have you been praying to God to pardon your sins, and prepare you for the eternal world?" No answer given. "When in health, did you attend any place of worship?" "Never, unless when I assisted to carry a deceased neighbour into the church at a funeral." "What! never on the Sabbath-day go to church or chapel?" "No, Sir." "How did you spend your Sundays?" "In taking care of my master's horses." "Yes," said one in the room, "he is not to be blamed: the master who required his service is the most guilty." Ah! thought the Minister, and there are others guilty. Professors of religion who ride in the omnibus, the cab, or the coach, on the Lord's day, are also guilty; guilty of encouraging the master to break the Sabbath, and to employ his men, so that they never can enter the house of God, and hear the words of saving life. The Minister, again addressing the sick man, inquired, "What are your prospects into the eternal world? Where do you think you will go after death?" "I hope to go to heaven." "On what do you rest that hope?" "I have done no evil." "Done no evil? Why, do you not acknowledge you have lived without serving God, that you have entirely neglected his worship, and spent your Sabbaths in worldly business?" "We must, Sir, take care of our bodies." "True, but not by destroying our souls. God never required this." The dying man was further questioned respecting the Gospel way of a sinner's coming to God; but an Heathen could not have been more ignorant. Strong awakening words were addressed to him. His awful, near, and certain danger was set before him. But in vain: no impression was made, no concern produced. The truth of God fell powerless, as though it had been spoken to an inanimate stone. Early the next morning he passed to his account. Such was the darkness, the darkness in death, the ignorance of the sinner in a Christian land, in a populous city, second to no place for the spread of Bibles, for sanctuaries, town-missionaries, and professors of religion! Again it may be asked, Is there not a cause? Yes: the evil may be traced to the employment of the Sabbath, which placed this ignorant man beyond the visit of the Town-Missionary, and kept him from sharing the instruction of

the sanctuary. Thus he lived in darkness, he died in darkness, and there were "no bands in his death." Let professors of religion who do not scruple to ride for pleasure, yea, and to the house of God, reflect that, indirectly, but most certainly, they are contributing to the darkness of many a one in death. Let them remember the man who drives, and the man who opens the door, both of whom have souls, blood-bought souls, and souls perishing for lack of knowledge. Let not these be prevented from attending where that knowledge may be obtained. It was an affecting statement that was once made by a hackney-coachman, "We drive many people to the house of God, but are never allowed to enter ourselves!" Is there not a cause? Yes: and it may be traced to the supineness of professing Christians, who content themselves with personal salvation, and care not for the souls of others; who can see their neighbour's sin, but not reprove him; who look on him as he sports on the brink of destruction, but do not warn him of his danger; who know that he is deliberately murdering his own soul, but attempt not to arrest the direful deed! They subscribe to the hospital for the diseased body; but they invite not the sin-sick soul to the house of God, to hear of Gilead's balm, and feel the Saviour's healing blood. They allow, undisturbed, the dreary reign of ignorance in life, until it ends in the gloomy darkness of death. *Guilty, guilty*, must not MANY plead? Let none dare to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" lest a brother's blood should cry in judgment. But let all know that he which "converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death;" from the darkness of eternal death, to the light of everlasting life.

Manchester. N.

TRUE WISDOM.

(*Continued from page* 324.)

IN a regenerate state even on earth we see more of the wisdom of God, as displayed in the formation of the material world, than we could do before. We must not trace Providence from matter to spirit, but from spirit to matter. Without conversion the review of all material things will leave the heart unchanged: we must first be converted, that we may fully see the adaptation of things created, not merely to their secondary ends, but to their ultimate design. All things are of God, and for his glory. Hence the really profound philosophy of our Lord's declaration, "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness." If this is obeyed, the faculties by which we observe material objects become purified, and the landscape breathes harmony, order, and loveliness. To this divine philosophy we can only come by the porch of humility, and by that change of heart which our Lord Jesus gives to the penitent sinner on the exercise of faith in Himself, all dependence on human merit being disclaimed and renounced. His own beautiful expression, "The pure in heart shall see God," becomes realized in our experience. They shall see Him in His mercy and love in redemption: see Him in His providential arrangements and deliverances for themselves and others, and in His government of the world, and the vindication of His own supremacy over the nations of the earth: see Him in the drop, as well as in the ocean; in the flower, as in the oak; in the grain of sand, as in the mountain; in the blade of grass, as in the vast forest, with its wilderness of foliage; in the tranquillity of night, lit up by the "moon and stars that He has ordained," as in the wild raging of the destroying tempest: they shall see Him in their own heart, in its moving and breathing after His image and likeness: see Him in the hour of death, fulfilling His promise never to leave nor forsake them: see Him arrayed in unspeakable majesty

and glory in heaven, when He shall "wipe away tears from off all faces," and be to them their "portion for ever." Yes; "they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there," there shall be the full "light of" eternal "life;" and they "need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xxii. 4, 5.)

Men are called to know the day of their merciful visitation; and truly to know it is the true and only wisdom. They are called to obey the leadings of the Holy Spirit, designed, through the instrumentality of the truth, to draw them to repentance; and to flee to Jesus, the hope set before them, and to rest in Him as their only "Deliverer from the wrath to come." Possessing the favour of God, though we have nothing else, we have all things in Him. Our intellectual faculties are consecrated; and if we be faithful to the grace imparted, all is bright sunshine and joy, where before all was darkness. Thus do we realize the fulness of our Lord's declaration, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." But "this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive," (John vii. 38, 39.) The baptism of water is the outward symbol, established by Him as a perpetual ordinance in His church, to keep the truth visibly before the eyes of all; but the new birth, by the power of the Holy Spirit, working with and by the truth, this is "the thing signified," the true spiritual work. Let us be careful not to rest in forms which in themselves are not complete, and have no saving efficacy without the power which they only image, comparatively only faintly. We must be of the true circumcision, which is not of the letter, but of the Spirit. This change is an inward reality, whatever men may advance to the contrary. Jesus is the only Prophet, Priest, and King in his universal church; and forms, ceremonies, modes of ecclesiastical government are of no avail unless they point us to our Lord as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Human priesthood has a separate office in the church. Christ is our great High Priest, and our Sovereign Lord; and if He has washed us from our sins in His own blood, He has "made us kings and priests unto God." By faith in Him we receive the boundless blessings of the new dispensation; a new and living way is open into the holiest through His blood, and in Him we rest as the Alpha and Omega.

Such is the nature of the soul that it can find no rest but in God, as seen in the face of Jesus; and this shows us that there is in every man an undying spirit, capable of immense expansion, of seeing God, loving God, and having fellowship with God for ever. It is our great concernment—let it be our only care—to secure the exalted bliss for which we were created. Let us repose in Christ, whom God hath set forth as a propitiation, through faith in His blood. Thus shall we secure "a place among them that stand by" the throne of God and the Lamb, from which flows the river of the water of life; and thus, living in the manifested presence of Infinite and Eternal Truth and Wisdom, receive such supplies of light, make such advances, that, in comparison of them, all the knowledge of the world will appear but as darkness, all its wisdom folly. O, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" As the blind man (the record of whose conduct we have placed at the head of the present paper) cast off his garments, and rose, and came to Jesus; so must we, if we desire the true wisdom, cast off all that would impede our approach to the merciful Saviour that calleth us; and having risen, not move away in some other direction, nor even stop at His disciples, but at once come to Him. There is no safety but with Christ. And having come to Him, be his solemn command never forgotten, "Abide in me, and I in you."

W. H.

THEOLOGY.

To the Editors of "The Christian Miscellany."

Among some papers which I was turning over the other day, I met with a manuscript of the late Rev. John Hunt, which I think you will not deem unworthy of a place in your valuable periodical. Your readers are very generally familiar with the name of the excellent, and now much-lamented, author, whose death has recently filled so many hearts with sorrow; not only among those who knew and loved him as a man and a brother, but also among multitudes who, although they had not seen his face in the flesh, knew him as a laborious and honoured Missionary of the Cross.

I had the privilege of spending two years with him in our beloved "Theological Institution;" and I cherish a very affectionate recollection of him. The account of his triumphant death, given in the "Missionary Notices" for April last, is marked by the features that distinguished his Christian life: he was lowly, noble, and devoted. In him religion exhibited its elevating and hallowing power; awakening a mental character which he had not before indicated, and leading to the consecration of all he possessed to God.

Norwich, 1849. M. T. M.

LOVE PRODUCED BY LOVE.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

All the revelations which God has given of Himself, teach us that He is good. This may be inferred from the book of nature, and the dispensations of providence; but, more especially, from the history, the doctrines, the precepts, the promises, and even the threatenings, of the Bible. The natural inference which we ought to draw from all this is, that God has a claim on the affections of those who are the objects of His love. But we are not left to infer this: we are distinctly taught, both in the Law and the Gospel, that such is our duty. (Deut. vi. 4, 5; Luke x. 27.)

The New Testament teaches us the order and connexion of the two truths. It was necessary that God should first love us; for, without this, no reconciliation could have taken place, and there could have been no love to God. It was also necessary that we should be made acquainted with His love, in order that we might love Him in return. It is to this connexion that the Apostle here refers: "We love Him, because He first loved us."

We propose to your consideration three particulars,—

I. The Christian's love to God.

II. The cause of it.

III. The connexion between the two.

I. The Christian's love to God.

1. The *object* of our love is that in which our desires centre, on which our affections are placed, and to which our souls tend. God is the Object of the Christian's love. The desires centre in Him as the chief, the immutable, the eternal Good. The affections rise to Him as the Source of all that is lovely. Other things we love because they come from God, or are related to Him, or are like Him. Thus the gifts of God, His word, and His people, are loved for His sake; and all these lead the Christian—the more lovely they are—to love God more.

The desires of the renewed mind tend towards God like so many lines which terminate in one common centre, or like rivers which flow into one common sea.

2. The *nature* of this affection is to be briefly described: it is *Christian* love; the love of a pardoned child. It differs, then, from the mere gratitude of a carnal man, as well as from the love of angels, and from that of Adam. It is not only the love of a son, but of a son who was once a prodigal, and is now accepted and saved. This Christian love implies humility and reverence, submission and confidence. It recognises a right self-love, with all that sobriety, temperance, and self-dedication, which are connected therewith. It continually produces the love of our neighbour, with all its concomitants, meekness, kindness, courtesy, and charity.

3. In this passage it appears to be understood in its whole *extent*. This seems evident from the context. (See Mr. Wesley's comment.) It implies a perfect deliverance from carnality, and all its principles, dispositions, and tempers; such as pride, the love of the world, unbelief, evil desires, and unhallowed attachments. His obedience to the great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." It comprehends the development of all the graces of the Spirit.

II. THE CAUSE OF THE BELIEVER'S LOVE.

This is a knowledge of God's love to us. Not such a knowledge as may be acquired by the mere study of the works or word of God; but such a knowledge as can be acquired only by the exercise of a true faith. This implies,

1. *A right knowledge of ourselves as the objects of that love.*—A knowledge of the enmity of our hearts, the hostility of our lives, and our utter unworthiness of this greatest benefit, connected with a deep sense of our absolute inability to merit it by anything that we can do,—*we*, wretched, ruined, helpless, and undeserving,—yet greatly needing this love.

2. *A knowledge of God's love to us in this condition, as it is manifested in the gift of His Son.*—This love is clearly perceived only as we study the entire, the suitableness of the provision to our case. There is in the atonement of Christ all that we need; embracing pardon, holiness, and restoration from all the effects of the fall; yea, the resurrection of the body, and the presenting of the perfect man before the throne of God.

3. *It implies that knowledge of God's love which is manifested in the actual forgiveness of the sinner, with the bestowment of the concomitant blessings.*—There is no act of God which more fully manifests His love than the act by which He restores us to His favour. Whether we view it in the light of pardon, justification, or adoption, it is, under any aspect, AN ACT OF LOVE. It is a knowledge of this, *given by the witnessing Spirit*, that produces our love to God, and constrains us to exclaim, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

III. OBSERVE THE CONNEXION BETWEEN THE TWO.

1. *In the commencement of this love.*—Our love never exists where this knowledge is wanting. The carnal man proves that he has it not. The penitent man feels that he has it not. The only man who has it is the believer in Christ. We say *this* love, because it may be that a penitent feels something of God's goodness, and something of gratitude to God that he is out of hell: but this is very different from the love of a pardoned child. This one can never have until he is pardoned; and he cannot be pardoned without a personal apprehension of the merits of Christ.

2. *In its progress.*—He who has obtained this love, keeps it as long as he keeps his confidence, and no longer. And hence the earnest exhortation to hold fast the beginning of our confidence. We must live by faith on the Son of God.

3. *In its perfection.*—The heart is purified by faith. By grace are ye saved through faith. By faith we are justified, and by faith we stand in justification. But it is by a new and specially-directed act of faith in the blood of Christ that the perfection of love is attained, and it is kept by the habitual exercise of such faith. It is right that we should use all appropriate and helpful means; yet the blessing must be obtained by faith. We must come to the atonement as simply and entirely as though we did nothing at all.

In conclusion, let me inquire,—

1. Is *your* religion at all like *this?* If you have not love to God, nothing will serve as a substitute.

2. Are you seeking this true religion? If so, seek it in the right way; by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. If you neither have this religion, nor are seeking it, what can I say to move you?

* * * *

[The voice of John Hunt, now silent in death, would have supplied the closing appeal. We print his outline, and leave the reader to conjecture the supplementary passages. May the witnesses of the religion of love, which he preached, be multiplied in desolate Feejee, and in the British isles, and in every land.—EDITORS.]

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

THAT prayer is prevalent with God is an admitted principle of our holy religion. Yet the specious reasoning of the sceptic, —added to the consideration that many fervent supplications, of some of the holiest of men, do not receive an immediate answer,—renders it necessary that the Christian's confidence should be strengthened by a frequent appeal to the evidence of the doctrine; by his often recurring to the arguments and faith which establish its truth beyond all controversy.

Let him, then, look through the past: and in the history of the church in all ages, whether recorded in the inspired or in the uninspired page, he will perceive that prayer has been one of the most powerful instrumentalities bearing on the welfare of mankind. In instances innumerable its voice has pierced the skies: and, lo! the plague and the pestilence

have been stayed, the ravages of war arrested, and famine succeeded by plenty. When the skill of the physician has utterly failed, the sick have been restored through the influence of prayer. When mighty armies have been defied by their enemies, and the prowess of their leaders has been baffled, deliverance has been wrought for them through the power of prayer. And when the earth has been parched with drought, and the clouds have not dropped their fertilizing showers, and man and beast have been fainting, prayer has opened the windows of heaven, and the former rain and the latter have descended in their season. Let Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Hezekiah,—yea, and all the Patriarchs and Prophets,—be heard as witnesses of the power of prayer. Let Peter in prison and the church in Mary's house, let Paul and Silas in the jail at Philippi, and let martyrs and confessors on the rack and at the stake, bear their testimony to the power of prayer. Nay, let the poor, the friendless, and the distressed,—the orphan, and the widow, and the shipwrecked mariner,—tell of the power of earnest prayer:—for all these have felt its prevalence, and in answer to its voice have been succoured and relieved. Facts, indisputable facts, which have occurred from the very earliest ages of the world, and are occurring daily still, prove that there is a "God that judgeth in the earth," whose ears are open to his creatures' cries.

The unbelievers will probably reply to this, by denying that the effects to which we have referred are wrought by the immediate power of God, and by affirming that they result simply from second causes. Now, we admit that it is through the medium of second causes that answers to prayer are generally given; for it is thus that God's entire government, both of physical nature and of the moral world, is usually sustained. Yet second causes are, *in themselves*, wholly inadequate to the production of the effects which frequently mark the answer to the prayers of the righteous. These must be traced to the mighty working of the Great First Cause Himself. Nothing short of absolute atheism can clear an individual from the charge of inconsistency, who maintains that means, independent of Him who has been justly styled "the Cause of causes," can produce the phenomena which we daily witness. For the proof that prayer is efficacious, it is not necessary to maintain that it is answered by the extraordinary and immediate interference of Providence,—by a miraculous display of wisdom, majesty, and power. Enough if we can show that the requests of prayer are granted in any way, or through any instrumentality which God may please to use. It is no less Jehovah's hand which, when earnest supplications rise to heaven, lifts up the afflicted one from the very verge of the grave, through the medium of the physician's skill, and the medicine's healing power,—than it would be, were the restoration effected without such means at all.

But there are some who, while they have confidence in the power of prayer, would confine its efficacy to the reflex influence which it produces on the mind. Unquestionably such an influence is exerted. The act of divine worship brings into operation the devout affections of the heart; and it is doubtless one of the most efficient means of softening down the asperities of our nature, and of hallowing the dispositions of the soul. How can it be otherwise? How can the creature hold communion with the Creator, and be admitted into the secret pavilion of the Holy One, without some experience of that transforming virtue which perpetually emanates from the Great Supreme? The sun's light is reflected by every object on which it shines. The individual mind is often a transcript of other minds, with which it associates. In like manner, the spiritual worshipper returns from the sanctuary, or from closet prayer, like Moses from the Mount,—his countenance beaming with the glory of God, and radiant with light poured on him from on high. But the efficacy of prayer does not wholly turn upon this secondary influence. Holy Scripture assures us, and the experience of the Christian illustrates the statement, that the very blessings for which we pray, the very favours we ask, shall certainly be given; provided always, that we ask in accordance with the will of our Father who is in heaven. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him?" The voice of prayer moves God in his holy habitation, to comfort the mourner, to pardon the penitent, to relieve the afflicted, and to rescue the oppressed and the poor. According to one of His royal titles, He is the God "that heareth prayer;" and unto Him, it is declared, "shall all flesh come."

Yet, let not the idea be entertained that prayer is efficacious because of any in-

herent excellence it possesses in itself. It is a duty which we owe to the Creator: "He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him." Like every other duty, it is acceptable to God not on account of its inherent worth, but by His gracious appointment. It is one of the laws of His moral government, (and a law which He has pledged Himself to observe,) that He will be entreated by His faithful people, and will regard their prayers. This is mysterious, but it is strictly true.

"God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays."

When Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, it was said that "there was no day like that before it, or after it, that the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man;" that is, in so marked, and public, and signal a manner. But there have been days innumerable in which, in a less extraordinary but not less gracious way, God has hearkened to the human voice, the cries of which have ascended to heaven, and have been effectual in obtaining the richest blessings of grace. And in honour of His Son, God still hearkens to His suppliants of mankind, even of the poorest and most abject: for "His eyes are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry."

But, if prayer possesses such efficacy, what an honour is conferred on the creature who may pray! That honour belongs to man. Whether angels pray, or whether their worship consists wholly in praise, we cannot certainly affirm: but to man, we know, is the grace granted of preferring his petitions to the King of Kings. Lofty privilege! How nearly it brings earth to heaven! How closely it associates the dwellers in the vale with the bright host encircling the eternal throne!

Lynn. T. S.

JESUS IN OUR AFFLICTION.

"Jesus wept."

"THERE is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Think of a faithful human friend; a boon that fallen man had never imagined, but for the visit of that "Friend of Sinners" who came down from heaven "to comfort all that mourn." These eyes had not beheld the *name* of "friend," but for that "NAME," "given among men, whereby we must be saved." In the family of man, therefore, every semblance of *friend* might be a type of Jesus, "the consolation of Israel." He is the "Saviour of *all men*;"—of ALL MEN, believers and unbelievers;—and, hence, in a world essentially at enmity with goodness, because at "enmity with God," *every form of love* must be regarded as an emanation proceeding from Him.

This *idea* of a friend may be then taken for one of the benefits of human redemption,—given, surely, to lead man to his Saviour-God. Man, transgressor as he is, is placed in the solitary cell of affliction. There, lonely and helpless, he feels the need of a "friend." At once social in nature, destitute in circumstances, and inspired with the attractive idea, he groans for help. His cry is heard. The feet of many are directed to the threshold of his prison-house; the hands of many are stretched out to apply balm to his wounds; the lips of many drop words of consolation. This is good. The presence of a "brother" in "adversity" is gratefully appreciated. But the good is *insufficient*,—distressingly insufficient. Among all his earthly relatives is not found "a helpmeet for man"—a sufficient friend. Of all friendships, those matured by the holy estate of matrimony are the most complete. But this happy form of human beneficence, showing man what he *is* and what he is *not*, was designed to "preach unto him Jesus:" that Friend in need and Friend indeed to whom the believer is "betrothed with justice, with righteousness, with exuberant tenderness, and with tender love."* (Hosea ii. 19.)

When Jesus appeared in the likeness of man, and "went about doing good" in this sinful world, how ready was He to visit the house of mourning, and how welcome did He make His visits! To the amiable family of Bethany, over whose sorrows "He wept," what strong consolation did He bring! And where He was previously not so well known as in the cottage of "Mary and her sister Martha," He came often an angel of mercy. The afflicted widow of Nain found Him the true Comforter of mourners. Where that father resided who said to Jesus in behalf of an afflicted, much-loved member of his household, "If thou canst do anything for us, have compassion on us and help us;" in the house of that very afflicted woman, who, in seeking relief, "spent," to no purpose, "all her living on physicians;" in the humble cot of the blind and indi-

* Horsley's Translation.

gent Bartimeus, and the home of the poor outcast of Syrophenicia, as well as in the better residence of the centurion, Jesus was known and felt to be the Friend of the afflicted. And could you have followed to his miserable habitation that poor wretched man, the leper, whom nobody would look upon, methinks you might have heard the walls of his dreary abode vocal with the praises of that Jesus who "took on Him our sicknesses."

Now what is it that renders Jesus so desirable in affliction? By His presence and grace, "sorrow is turned into joy." "Pain is sweet" if we are "washed in the cleansing blood," and if we "dwell in the wounds" of the "Lamb of God." Pause here for a moment. It is profitable for the afflicted; especially for such as Jesus loves. Inquire, then, a little further into this subject,—*Jesus* and *affliction*.

1. In affliction, the presence and grace of Jesus bring all the relief of felt *sympathy*. In Him the sufferer has a Friend *touched with the feeling of his infirmities*. Jesus is not so *high* in "the form" of "the lofty One who inhabiteth eternity," nor so *low* in the "likeness of sinful flesh," that He cannot be touched with sympathy for the sufferer. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." There is not a sorrow endured by the heart of man but HE bears a part of it. He became "a man of sorrows" by carrying the sorrows of others. So surely as Jesus comes to the afflicted, he takes off part of their burden. Reader, are you afflicted, and still carrying your own burden? Try that prayer, "Jesus, come with my distress!" You shall doubtless have a visit from Him; for His kindness is such that "every one that asketh receiveth."

2. In affliction the presence and grace of Jesus are *as life from the dead*. Some years ago, I visited that sorrowful place,—a condemned cell. I found the inmates very disconsolate; for some of their companions had suffered a few hours before, and between *them* and death "there was but a step." I felt I was a messenger of mercy, and in faith preached the Gospel to those who were ready to perish. Soon a mighty change came over the place. The prison was a palace. One of the poor, unhappy men, with a broken heart and contrite tears, exclaimed, "Sir, you brought Jesus with you to the cell." These heart-cheering words he repeated two days afterwards, under very deeply affecting circumstances. Unutterable things were felt. To forget the scene, or the impression, is impossible. Where is the gloom, the mortal gloom, that Jesus cannot disperse? where the weak, oppressed, afflicted, that He cannot, by His resurrection's power, animate with divine strength? Where are those who are even writhing in the pains of death, whose hearts He cannot fill with life,—abundant life? I once attended a dying man. Not long before, he had received Jesus as his Saviour. He was now in his "first love." In the immediate view of mortality, and only a minute or two before he passed the flood, he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "This is not *death*: glory be to God, *this is* LIFE!"

3. In affliction, the presence and grace of Jesus render the theatre of conflict and sorrow the scene of triumph and delight. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" is secured to all His saints struggling with varied woes. "All things are possible to him that believeth" in Jesus. Forms of evil cannot arise over which "a Saviour, Jesus," giveth not His followers a triumph. "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." Victory over opposing powers necessarily secures an honour which could not be attained without contest. The transient sorrows of the battle-field result in the lasting joys of permanent peace. Hence, to the man whose faith makes the fulness of Jesus all his own, loss is gain; weakness is strength; labour is rest; war is peace; disease health; and death is life. Thus St. Paul, who lived "a life of faith in the Son of God:"—"And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. For when I am weak, then am I strong."

4. In affliction the presence and grace of Jesus *open heaven to the view of the sufferer*. It was this which enabled one who was passing through great tribulation to make this extraordinary declaration:—"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Such are the prospects that animate him who has lively faith in Jesus the crucified. The "bliss-inspiring hope" carries him above the vale of tears to the joys of the "celestial hill." In this "realizing light" the world recedes, and is lost sight of, and heaven is opened to our eyes. This is not a poetical dream. *Truly* Jesus places the believer at the "gate of heaven." There he lies on his

couch of pain, forgetting the burdens of mortality while listening to the harpers, gazing on the city, and "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

Are you under the chastening rod? Is your soul thereby in heaviness? Invite Jesus to your dwelling and to your heart. Call earnestly and perseveringly upon Him, like the afflicted Bartimeus. Beseech Him, as the poor leper did. "Cry after Him," as the distressed woman of Canaan cried. Turn to Him with the simple, mighty, struggling faith that she had who spent "all her living" for medical aid: be as anxious as she was to come in contact with HIM. "O!" she cries, "if I may but *touch* Him!" Come, my partners in distress, invoke Him by your *prayers;* touch Him by your *faith;* that the power of Jesus may so rest upon you, that you may rise "*superior to your pain,*" and even "*glory in tribulation.*"

C.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. xv. 20.

THE resurrection of the dead is among the most sublime doctrines of Divine Revelation. It has constituted, in all ages, the hope of the church. Reject the resurrection, and we reject at once the authority of the truth; for no point is more clearly stated in its everlasting pages. We shall certainly rise again; and, though the subject is fraught with mystery and wonder, yet by patient examination we may arrive at sure and satisfactory conclusions.

Creation is itself a miracle: we cannot comprehend how we were first formed, or how, by the breath of God, our frail body was made the tabernacle of a living soul. We only know that it is so; and that an infinitely superior BEING was the Originator and Maker. Is it then impossible for that immense power which called forth a living creature, to recall that creature from dissolution, and revive it in new glory? Cannot He, who speaks, and all nature instantly obeys, again collect those particles which have long since been food for worms?

"Shall man be left abandon'd in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this, fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet revive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again."

If we believe in omnipotence, we must believe a resurrection possible; for omnipotence is all power,—the ability to do whatever He who is all-powerful willeth: and we therefore, in rejecting the resurrection, attempt to limit what cannot be limited. But, in the consideration of this subject, we are not left to reason: we have the evidence afforded by Revelation: and He who has given us that Revelation, even our mighty Originator, is Himself the pledge and "first-fruits" of the resurrection of the dead. It is the knowledge that Christ has risen which convinces us that we too shall rise. To believe the one, is to believe the other; and if we reject the one, we must reject the other. In all things, sin excepted, Christ was like unto us, clothed in the same nature, subject to the same infirmities; and, "being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death." If, then, in all these respects, Christ was like unto us, is it in the resurrection alone we shall not be like unto Him? He who believes that Christ is risen, triumphantly expects to rise also, and to share the triumph of his Forerunner. J. W. M.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

GRACE, like nature, has its infancy. Who can wonder if the Christian life is but feeble in its earlier stages? The captive, just freed from the darkness and fetters of his prison-house, will hardly exhibit the bloom and the vigour of a man long accustomed to daylight and liberty. But spiritual childhood should not last always; and the soul cannot fail to go on to perfection, if it walks in the light of the Lord, and takes heed to maintain "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." It is inexpressibly mournful to see a grey-headed professor, whose experience and deportment are those of a babe in Christ. G. D. J.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

WHY SHOULD OUR CHILDREN NOW SEEK THE LORD?

(*Continued from page 334.*)

ANSWER. 2. Not only for the encouraging reason already given, but because this season of life is, at once, exposed to special dangers, and marked by most glorious capabilities and hopes. YOUTH HAS ITS PERILS; a review of which must awaken a benevolent sympathy.

Special exposure may consist with many favouring circumstances. It is evident that some of the advantages which have been enumerated lie on the confines of alarming danger. Youthful ardour may degenerate. The affections may fly to forbidden objects. The tender clay may receive an evil impression. The current of youthful feeling is easily diverted from the right channel. A sanctifying religion, and that alone, can guide and uphold us in the slippery road of youth.

There are *the perils of inexperience.* Youth is marked by ignorance, haste, simplicity, and fearlessness. Yearning pity weeps to see you rushing into unknown ruin. Alas! you are charmed with the green hues of the serpent's skin, but you are not aware of its venom. Guileless and unsuspecting, you believe every testimony, and listen to every flattering voice. You read, with eagerness and credulity, the books that issue from an active press; and stay not to separate the precious from the vile.

There are the *perils arising from impetuous tempers and passions.* In youth, self-government is as difficult as important. When the ark had rested on Ararat, and the waves had receded to their boundaries, Noah built an altar, and God smiled on the father of the future race: but even then, amid the gracious assurances of covenant mercy, the all-knowing God uttered that most affecting sentence,—"The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." (Gen. viii. 21.) There are the fatal excitements of pleasure. There are numerous and ardent hopes, some of which, amid the uncertainties of life, must be blasted; and, not knowing how to brook the disappointments which always sink the heart of man, even of mature and experienced man, youth runs into wildness and distraction. There are the "fleshly lusts, which war against" the peace, the purity, and the dignity of "the soul." How many wounds are self-inflicted, the scars of which will always remain! How do the ghosts of former crimes torture the bosom! How mournful the thoughts of early transgression! How spirit-piercing the Psalmist's prayer, "Remember not the sins of my youth!" (Psal. xxv. 7.)

There are *the perils arising from society.* In youth the attractions of friendship are strongest. To every circle we run, and in every smiling countenance we think we read the kindness of a friend. Hence companionships are hastily multiplied. We have not learned how prudent is reserve, or how much may follow an imprudent association. These are difficult lessons. Though we have had a wilderness of realities after many a paradise of dreams, we still believe that the future is as full of truth as the past of fiction. Thus we venture into deeper danger. The influence of ungodly acquaintance is untold. A company, misguided by the thought of only general responsibility, will do that which an individual shudders to contemplate. Honour, leisure, books, Christian ordinances, are all too often sacrificed at this shrine.

There are *the perils arising from delusive notions of life.* Dreams of security and happiness to come, are generally prevalent; and even the man of hoary years calculates on to-morrow. But these are especially dominant in youth. All is now animation and confidence. The sky seems unclouded. Sorrow is a sound unknown. Death is the most remote idea that can be suggested. The tabernacle is not yet shaken. There is not a chink through which the unwelcome light of the world to come can be admitted. So blessings become curses. The height of pleasure leads to a forgetfulness of God. As distant suns appear to us mere sparks in the firmament, so eternity loses all its impressiveness, because youth will not be persuaded that it is nigh.

Religion is the guard, as well as the charm and grace, of impetuous youth. This inspires contemplation, and teaches caution. It gives "subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion." (Prov. i. 4.) It distinguishes the way of duty from every misleading by-path; and when we stray, cries, with authoritative voice, "This is the way; walk ye in it." It fixes the inward eye on scenes of pure and everlasting enjoyment, and thus withdraws it from the vain glories of the world. It teaches its disciple to "rule his own spirit," and makes him "greater than he that taketh a city." In the struggle of life, it sustains his weakness by a wondrous alliance with the power of God. It separates him from "the counsel of the ungodly," "the way of sinners," and "the seat of the scornful:" it makes him a "companion of all them that fear God." It makes him feel that "the

world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." (1 John ii. 17.)

Youth is, nevertheless, THE SEASON OF HOPE AND PROMISE.

Early religious impressions are to be valued, not only because the fairest season of life is a suitable offering to God, but also because the resolves of youth generally give colour to all future years.

Between the improvement of the seed-time and the fruitfulness of the harvest there is a proportion, which has often been considered as emblematic. Thus the son of Sirach inquires, (Ecclus. xxv. 3,) "If thou hast gathered nothing in thy youth, how canst thou" expect to "find anything in thine age?" But unspeakable personal advantages are the crown of early consecration. This is the prelude to honours which cannot wither; it promotes eminent attainments in the divine life, stability in the profession of the faith, and deep acquaintance with the things of God. But we may refer, especially, to the promise of extensive usefulness which it yields to the church and to the world.

Are not the examples of holiness in youth equally lovely and influential? Many a parent has been won for Christ by the piety of his children. If brevity of age will not allow him to be the luminary of a neighbourhood, a child may be the useful lamp of his own family. And what may not his rising youth accomplish? Age and infirmity are sighing, "O that I had spent the strength of my years for God! O that I had been sooner influenced by such views of Christ and of eternity as now burst on my eyes!" The young are the hope of our churches. Even they may sink to an early grave, amid the hopes that now attend them. Let them, therefore, seize the opportunity, and "do with" their "might" what their "hand findeth to do."

In enforcing this appeal, we cannot but think of many who have "borne the burden and heat of the day." "Your fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" (Zech. i. 5.) Could they speak to us from their seats in glory, they would tell us how momentous is the duty of cultivating the youth of the church. Surely it is on its faithful discharge that the weal of our nation, and of our world, is suspended. If the young be not trained for God, our "candlestick" will be removed. The institutions of charity, the revival of religion, the public good, and the consolations of peace, will be frail as human life, brief as a generation. And, O! shall this Christian empire sink? Shall the lighthouse of the world cease to maintain its fires? Never, if the youth of Britain be disciplined for heaven; if her "sons" be "as plants grown up in their youth," and her "daughters" as "corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Even so, amen! Here, O God of our fathers, may there be a generation to serve and praise Thee, long as the ocean shall gird our coasts!

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A MOTHER, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day *to make others happy*, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother: only, one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck; but I do not know why she said that I had done her good." "Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother: "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."—*Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*

FIRESIDE TRAINING.

AN intimate acquaintance of mine was happily blessed with a pious mother, whose constant endeavour it was to train her children, both by *precept* and *example*, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was in this respect most exemplary. She made use of all available means to benefit their souls, and especially of catechetical instruction. It was her custom on a Sabbath afternoon, to take her son and his younger sister aside, to explain the Catechism, and question them upon it, in order to fix it in their memories and hearts. After this was

over, she used to take them up in her own room; and, seating herself in an arm-chair, having one on either side of her, to converse with them on religion, and by the most earnest and touching appeals to bring the truth home; then, kneeling down, to pour out her soul to God for his blessing on her children. Such efforts as these were not likely to be lost: and though the seed long lay buried, yet in both the cases it sprang up, and has long been yielding fruit.

The sister, for several years past, has been treading in the steps of her sainted mother, and imitating her example. She has been honourably and usefully employed in the Lord's vineyard, as a visiter of the sick, a collector for our Missions, and the Leader of two large classes; and there is every reason to believe many will rise up and call *her* blessed.

The brother has long been actively engaged in the service of his Master. Besides being the Leader of two classes, composed of sixty members, he has been Superintendent in the Sabbath-school, and has filled the offices of Steward, Missionary Treasurer, &c.; and there is good reason to believe that, by the blessing of God on his instrumentality, many have been brought to the knowledge of the truth.

But, perhaps, some one will ask, Why all this parade about these individuals? Because they have been heard repeatedly to say, that *whatever there was good about them, they were indebted for it to the teaching, religious training, prayers, and pious example of their mother.* W.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE IMPORTANT AND HONOURABLE POSITION OF SERVANTS.

THERE are two kinds of honour, both referred to in the word of God: honour according to worldly estimation, and the honour that cometh of God. The first often rests on very erroneous principles, is connected with very wrong feelings, and is very mistaken in its decisions. At the same time, we are to remember that the general constitution of human society arises from Divine Providence. Some situations in it are more eminent than others, and it is evidently an original law of human nature that those who fill these more eminent situations should receive, for that reason, from those who are in a lower position, the respect which the situation requires. It is written in Scripture, "Honour the King." "Render therefore to all their dues: fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour." All are equal in the sight of God, our Creator and Redeemer, our Sovereign and our Judge; and therefore it is a universal duty, "Honour all men." But the Scriptures most evidently recognise the human inequalities of society, and prescribe the duties which they involve. But if, in one sense, and referring to the various situations which men occupy in human society, the position of servants may be termed an inferior one, yet, rightly viewed, it is not only an important, but an honourable one. Whatever situation tends, by the performance of its peculiar duties, to the well-being of society at large, is an important one; and, if it largely tends to this, it is a truly honourable one. Now this is exactly the position of "our servants."

As society exists, there are many persons who are not able, because of other duties which they have to perform, to attend personally to those domestic arrangements which are nevertheless absolutely necessary for the comfort and cleanliness, (and thus the health,) the order and happiness, of their families. And such are their circumstances, that they are able to employ persons to attend to them under their direction. They are thus set at liberty for other household cares and duties, for the instruction of their children, or for attention to duties of a more public character. Let any one reflect on the work of an industrious and faithful servant in a family, and on the value of every well-constituted family to society at large, and it will at once be seen that such servants are among the most valuable members of human society. Only suppose those duties to be universally neglected, and a social condition full of mischiefs and evils will arise to the view. As society is constituted on earth, men will look to outward appearances, and judge of high or low according to human relations. But God estimates things according to their true value; and they who, for His sake, faithfully perform the duties of the station in which Himself, by His providence, has placed them, shall receive the honour that He bestows on all His faithful servants, whatever their worldly position may be. These remarks imply no inversion of the established order of human relations. It is not meant that the position of a servant in society has the same outward elevation as that which masters and mistresses occupy. But it *is* meant to say that the position of a servant has nothing degrading in it, and that no right-minded person will regard it as such. It *is* meant to say that its duties, though they have nothing splendid about them, nothing attracting human notice, are

of the highest importance, contributing (as we have remarked already) largely to the well-being of a family, and thus to the well-being of a whole community. The real value of these duties will at once be apparent if their universal neglect be only supposed. And if they who are in a position to perform important duties, truly valuable to society, are in an honourable position, then are "our servants" in one. And as right-minded Christian servants will respect their employers, so right-minded Christian employers will respect their servants.

Let not the Christian servant forget the language of inspiration. The servants of the great ones of the earth sometimes flatter their vanity by supposing that, as servants of noblemen, of monarchs, they are themselves elevated above the servants of those whose position on the scale of human society is less elevated. But what saith the Scripture? No matter whom you serve, whether a noble peer, or a plain tradesman. Christ recognises the situation of a servant, and takes the duties it implies under His own especial requirement, commanding that they be done as to Himself. "*Ye serve the Lord Christ.*" The duties assigned by man (of course supposing them to involve nothing sinful) are to be received as from Christ, and done as that portion of His work which He sets you to do. It is therefore said, "With good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men." Your position may, in an important sense, become an instrument of spiritual good, a means of grace to you; assisting you in the great work—too much neglected by professors of religion in all situations—of renouncing self-will, offering yourselves in every action as a living sacrifice, and walking humbly with God, in seeking always to do His will. But more of this at another time. Christian servant, let thy dutiful eye be ever directed to Christ, as thy heavenly Master, and thou mayest rejoice in the assurance that His eye shall ever be fixed on thee as thy kind and watchful Friend. E. U.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PASSENGER-PIGEON.

THE passenger-pigeon, (*columba migratoria,*) so called from the long flights which it takes in search of food, is a native of North America, where it inhabits an extensive region. It does not appear to be known westward of the Great Stony Mountains; but is found all over Canada, and as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. Some of the facts connected with this bird are most extraordinary; and, were they not well authenticated, would almost surpass belief. They associate together in their breeding-places, (which often occupy a large extent of forest,) in such numbers that they cause great destruction. The following account of one of their breeding-places is given by Wilson, the well-known ornithologist:—

"When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. All the tender grass and underwood are destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance. Not far from Shelbyville, in the State of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places, which stretched through the woods nearly in a north and south direction; was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent! As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants came with waggons, axes, beds, cooking-utensils, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the young from their nests at pleasure; while, from twenty feet upwards to the top of the tree, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contriving to fell them in such a manner that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree produced sometimes two hundred young, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some of the trees, upwards of one hundred nests were found.

"These circumstances were related to me by many of the most respectable part of the community in that quarter; and were confirmed in part by what I myself witnessed. I passed for several miles through this same breeding-place, where every tree was spotted

with nests, the remains of those above-described. The pigeons had abandoned this place for another, sixty or eighty miles off, towards Green-River, where they were said to be equally numerous. The beech-mast had been chiefly consumed in Kentucky; and the pigeons every morning, a little before sunrise, set out for the Indiana territory, the nearest part of which was about sixty miles distant. Many of these returned before ten o'clock, and the great body generally appeared on their return a little after noon. I once saw a flock returning in such immense numbers as I never before had witnessed. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot, in several strata deep, and so close together, that, could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended; seeming everywhere equally crowded. They continued passing from half-past one till after six o'clock in the evening. The breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place, which, by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles."

Wilson made a rough calculation of the number of pigeons contained in this immense flock; and yet, great as the result appears to be, he believes it falls far short of the actual amount. According to his calculation, the flock was two hundred and forty miles in length, and contained 2,230,272,000 pigeons; and allowing half-a-pint of food to each bird, we have a total of 17,424,000 bushels consumed daily. The English farmer may be thankful that this bird is not a native of our little island.

These breeding-places are considered by the natives as a source of great profit. They melt down the fat of the young ones, and use it, instead of butter or lard, for domestic purposes.

The Great Eagle Owl.

OWLS.

In the birds of the owl tribe, (*strigidæ*,) the same wisdom in adaptation to circumstances is shown, as all the works of the great Creator manifest. Owls are not formed for rapid flight, and therefore there is not the same strength in the breast-bone as in birds requiring greater power in the movement of their wings. But they are recompensed for this by a provision for a more acute sense of hearing, and also by the downy character of their feathers, and the peculiar way in

which the edges of their wings are constructed, allowing them to range without noise through the air, while they are seeking their prey, so that they can approach their unsuspecting victim unheard, which is therefore easily seized by the silent flight and piercing eye of its enemy. Mr. Yarrell, an English naturalist of great celebrity, mentions a fact which ought to increase our admiration of creative wisdom. Some of the owls depart, in a few respects, from the type of the true nocturnal bird, and seek their food partly in the day. The structure of these differs from the other just in those points in which differences are required by altered circumstances.

The hawk-owls have a very wide geographical distribution. Captains Ross and Sabine observed them in the Polar seas, both in the winter and summer months; and they have been found as far south as Port Famine, in the Straits of Magellan. They are sometimes classed with the eagle-owl.

The great eagle-owl of the older naturalists belongs to the sub-genus *bubo*. It is by some called *bubo maximus*. It has two tufts, or feathered horns, of rather considerable size: the legs also are feathered down to the toes. Its habitation is usually in the great forests of Hungary, Russia, Germany, and Switzerland. It is less common in France and England. Eastward it is said to extend as far as Kamtschatka. It makes its nest in the hollows of rocks, in old castles, and other ruins. Its food is moles, rats, mice, frogs, and lizards. It will pick up beetles, is partial to winged game, and attacks hares, and even young roes and fawns.

A Swedish gentleman relates a remarkable anecdote of their attachment to their young, and their care in supplying them with food even under extraordinary circumstances. Two eagle-owls had built their nest on the mountain at the foot of which this gentleman's residence was situated. A young one which had wandered from the nest, was taken by the servants, and confined in a hen-coop. The next morning there was a dead partridge lying close to the door of the coop. Food was brought to the same place for about fourteen successive nights, generally consisting of young partridges newly killed, though sometimes a little tainted. Once a moorfowl was brought, still warm under the wings, and at another time a piece of lamb in a putrid state. The gentleman sat up with his servant many nights, in order to observe the deposit of the supply, but in vain. It was evident to him, however, that the parents were the caterers, and that they were on the look out; for, on the very night when he and his servant ceased to watch, the usual food was left near the coop. The supply continued from the time when the young owl was taken, in July, to the usual period in August when these birds leave their young to their own exertions.

This is an instructive anecdote. It proves that on particular occasions *instinct* may be somewhat extended in its application, but that even in these cases it never amounts to *reason*. The old birds could not reason that their young one would want food as much on the day after the night in which their coming had been watched for, as if no one had been looking for them. They could not infer from the care which had been taken of their offspring, that its keeper would not hinder the parents from supplying it with food. And they left off supplying at the usual time, without being led to ascertain whether the young bird could take care of itself as a captive as well as if it had been free. Instinct is a wonderful endowment; but there is a discernibly wide and impassable gulf between instinct and reason.

THE CRICKET.

On the first burst of a tornado, all the crickets, grasshoppers, and other such insects, become silent; but whenever it is over, their chirping and humming commence again. Many persons dislike the incessant note of the cicada; but for my part, I should not object to a few pet crickets to keep their familiar chorus during the sway of that terrible wind, which seems to awe even the inferior animals. Yet I must admit that the noise of even one is so shrill and grating, that in the midst of a storm the loud hum of a solitary cricket which had hid itself somewhere in the front piazza, sounded unnatural when all its out-of-door companions had ceased, and rather added to the *désagrémens* of a minor hurricane than diminished them; especially so, for some time, I could not make out what the extraordinary noise was. —*A Residence at Sierra-Leone; by a Lady.*

REPTILES AND INSECTS.

Altogether, I must candidly confess that the view, the weather, the flowers, birds, and the butterflies, render me somewhat idle at times. But we have other and less agreeable insects, although I have only twice seen a scorpion since coming to this country, and, within-doors, centipedes nearly as seldom. Millepedes, very ugly and large, abound on the walks and infest the trees. They have many feet, like the centipede, but instead of being flat, like it, are round, and of a dark shining brown, annularly marked with red. Some of them are fully seven inches long, and as thick as a young snake, but they are not poisonous. We are very little annoyed by musquitos, though this is the season they are usually most troublesome and numerous; but I suppose the hill is too stormy a place for them to exist upon it. Spiders seem

more industrious in this country than anywhere else, and are really serviceable in catching flying ants, and all such winged pests; therefore, in the open piazzas downstairs, I do not object to a solitary gossamer-web being occasionally left undisturbed, especially as some of the out-of-door spiders are so beautifully and curiously marked. The one at present domesticated below has a large oval body that looks exactly like an ivory ball, covered over with great, black, Hebrew characters. The house-spiders are of different sorts: some are small, round, jumping creatures; others so large that a crown-piece could not cover them, and flat as scorpions. They are very numerous and troublesome, making nests everywhere and on everything. You see, fastened, perhaps, against a shelf in the store-room, or like a label on a bottle, what appears to be a circular patch of white paper, but turns out to be a tough, opaque substance, more like calico than paper in texture; and on tearing it off, some dozen of eggs, or as many young spiders, are discovered within.—*Ibid.*

CURIOUS SWALLOW'S NEST.

Naturalists tell us of one advantage which instinct has over genius, evinced in the construction of a bird's nest, inasmuch as the first nest built by a bird of any species was as perfect as nests constructed at this day are. Some swallows, however, in the west neuk o' Fife, seem to belie this generally received theory of the naturalist, and to show that swallows of the saline district have claims to genius, and can even lay claim to great improvement in architecture in nest-building. In one of the windows of the house of Mr. Fotheringham, Leckerstone, is a swallow's nest, not constructed in the usual manner of single apartments confined to the first-floor, but accommodating three distinct families, being a tenement of three stories, a distinct brood being in each apartment. In the next window there is a two-story nest, an old bird sitting on eggs in each apartment.—*Fifeshire Journal.*

SENSES AND HABITS OF BEES.

M. Hubert asserts, that we have no positive proof of the existence of the sense of hearing in bees; although the common method practised by the country people, of preventing the escape of a swarm by loud noises, is founded on a contrary supposition. They undoubtedly possess great powers of vision with regard to remote objects; for they distinguish the situation of their own hive from a considerable distance, and fly towards it in a perfectly straight line, with the rapidity of an arrow. But it is in the accuracy of the sense of touch, more particularly, that they excel other insects. The antennæ are the principal organs of this sense; and it is by the help of these instruments that, while secluded from the light, they construct their combs, replenish their magazines, feed and watch over their larvæ, ascertain the presence of their Queen, and minister to all her wants. Their taste is probably the least developed of their senses, the bee appearing to have very little discrimination in the qualities of its food or drink. For the purpose of quenching thirst they frequently choose the most stagnant or putrid water, and neglect the purest dew-drops. Honey is the grand object of attraction, wherever it may be found; and it is sought for even in the most acrid, fœtid, or poisonous flowers. It is known to differ remarkably in different districts, or when collected in different times of the year; and in America it occasionally partakes of the deleterious qualities of the plants from which it is obtained. Quantity, and not quality, appears always to be the motive of preference in the selection of the flowers they visit. They appear in this to be guided altogether by the sense of smell, which must be very subtle, from the great distance at which they can perceive the presence of saccharine substances. The expedients which bees resort to for defending their lives against numerous enemies, furnish perhaps the most curious instances of ingenuity and contrivance of any part of their policy; and are the more deserving of study, as they often admit of direct comparison with human artifices. The *sphinx atropos*, a very large species of moth, commits great devastation in the hive, whenever it can succeed in getting into the interior. A hive that has been visited by this nocturnal depredator, is generally soon after deserted by its inhabitants; and on examination is found to be entirely robbed of its honey, of which it had before contained an ample provision. It was some time before the cause of these frequent losses of bees was discovered; and when detected, it was found that the only effectual method of securing the hive from the attacks of this formidable moth, was to contract the door-way, so that the large body of the sphinx could not pass through, while sufficient room was left for the entrance and exit of the bees. It is very remarkable that in some hives, where the cultivator had not employed this expedient, the bees had, of their own accord, adopted a similar contrivance, and had built up, within the hive, and immediately behind the door, a thick wall, in which several holes were left just sufficient for the passage of the working-bees. In different hives considerable variety in the construction of these lines of defence was observable; different plans of fortification had been followed by these expert and sagacious engineers. Sometimes a single wall was turned into arches at the top; at others, several buttresses were placed

in succession behind each other, as if in imitation of the bastions of a citadel; doors were constructed, and were masked by walls in front, and opened in the face of another series of ramparts, and in situations which did not answer to the original entrances. On other occasions a series of massive arches were built, so as to cross one another, and thus leave a very narrow aperture; and the whole formed a very solid and compact structure. When the danger is less pressing, when the population of the colony has much increased, and the abundance of flowers abroad requires the constant passage of the bees to and from the hive, all the fortifications are demolished, until fresh subject of alarm arises. Those raised in 1804 were destroyed in the ensuing spring. The sphinx did not make its appearance either that year or the next; but in the autumn of 1807 they returned in considerable numbers; the bees immediately barricaded the doors, and thus succeeded in saving themselves from the danger which threatened them. In May, 1808, they again dismantled the fortress, to make way for the swarms that were sent off. If the farmer should have already taken the precaution to straiten the entrance, the bees, finding that they have been anticipated in their labours, do not employ any additional measures of security. It is for those who deny the existence of any degree of reflection in insects to explain these facts on some other principle.

LETTER-CARRIER.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF MR. WESLEY.

London, Feb. 25th, 1772.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I DO not understand how it should be that your society decreases. If only two or three of you are zealous for God, certainly it will increase. Thomas Rankin and William Ellis go on well. I trust William has recovered his ground.

John Ellis called the family at Worcester to prayer, went up into his chamber, and died. So he had his desire: he was troublesome to no one, and went home in the height of his usefulness. If you should hear that I was gone after him, you would be enabled to say, "Good is the will of the Lord." Press forward to the mark! All things then will "work together for good."

I am, my dear sister,
Your affectionate brother,
J. WESLEY.

To Mrs. Woodhouse, Epworth.

London, Jan. 21st, 1777.

MY DEAR SISTER,

THERE is something exceedingly remarkable in the case of Mr. Dixon. To be snatched away just at the time that he was set above the world! But He with whom we have to do best understands what will be for our real advantage. Probably He saw prosperity would hurt his soul, and so took him away from the evil to come.

I should have great hope that sickness or bodily weakness would be of use to your neighbours. When we feel pain, or when death looks us in the face, what do riches avail? In such circumstances you are richer than all of them. You know in whom you have believed. You know that, if all these things pass away, you have in heaven a better and more enduring inheritance.

You may profit much by Richard Candy. He is a valuable man. I seldom converse with him but he does me good. I wish you would tell him, I desire he would send me a full account of his experience. Still be ready to do and to suffer the whole will of God.

My dear sister,
Your affectionate brother,
J. WESLEY.

To Mrs. Woodhouse, Epworth.

LETTER TO THOMAS MARRIOTT, ESQ.

To the Editors of the "Christian Miscellany."

DEAR SIRS,

THE accompanying letter I received, a week or two since, from a lady in a distant quarter of the globe. It breathes so much of good sense and piety, and is so calculated to show the great advantages we enjoy in this highly-favoured kingdom, that I am induced to send it for your widely-extended publication.

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours respectfully,
THOMAS MARRIOTT.

City-Road, Sept. 29th, 1849.

South Africa, June 12th, 1849.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE in old age the associations of youth often give a zest to friendly feelings. You probably scarcely recollect the writer of this; but on turning to the signature you will call to mind an old associate. What years have passed, what scenes have occurred, what changes of trouble, and, if not of perfect

happiness, yet of great comfort and blessing, since the Sabbaths when, in our respective families, we worshipped God in City-road chapel! Where now are the heads of those who occupied the pews? No doubt most of them are inhabitants of another world: and we must soon follow. I don't say, "I grow old;" but, "I *am* old;" and life with me, in the course of nature, must be brief. What a blessing that our God reigns in Africa as well as in England; and the path from earth to heaven is as long or short from one as the other! All space is His: eternity is His. If *we* are His, all is right.

I live in an insulated corner of an uneducated colony, where our recreations must arise from ourselves, or from our books..... Believe me when I say, that I love my native England,—blessed with its spiritual privileges, its Ministers, and all its hosts of Christians,—yea, better than ever I loved it when an inmate of its happy clime. But my calling has led me to a very different path; and I can only say, God's will be done!.... I had hoped to visit England once more, but now see little prospect. Africa is, on the whole, a fine climate; and a living is to be earned in any part. But, when you say that, it must be taken in an African style,—many things very uncongenial with an English mind; the very low grade of education, the bad roads, the slow travelling; the great distance that you are, when residing in the country, from any neighbour; and the parish-church is two days' journey from our house! All these things differ greatly from London: but GOD IS THE SAME, on India's burning shore and in Lapland's icy clime.... May He bring us to His heaven of glory!

* * *

POETRY.

ON A REMEMBERED SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

WHY do I love thee? Why, amid the light
Of fond remembrance, is thine image shrined?
Flinging out memories as the stars of night,
Sparkling yet silent, with all peace entwined?
Sweet memories of the loved, who o'er thee threw
Their young heart's gladness, as a fragrant dew.

On brighter scenes perchance mine eye hath gazed,
'Neath skies more gorgeous than e'er lighted thee;
Where tropic glories in the noontide blazed,
Or sunset's radiance blent still witchery,—
Rock, fount, and torrent steep'd in golden gleams,
As hues celestial mingled with life's dreams.

But thou, in thy still beauty, as a dream
Of purer loveliness dost o'er me come;
Thy mossy banks with many a starry gleam
Of wild anemone,—the sunny home
Of rose, and woodbine, and sweet clustering flowers
That mingled fragrance in thy leafy bowers.

For these I love thee,—not alone for these,—
Since deeper memories mingle with thy name!
Ask of the parted o'er the billowy seas,—
Ask of the dead, if thou their thought mayst claim
Yet one brief moment,—have not strong, and free,
And earnest spirits woke to life in thee?

Have they not gazed upon thee in the flush
Of their youth's spring-time, and thy voice hath spoken
E'en to their inmost spirits in the hush
Of vesper twilight, with a glorious token?
Breathing of love in nature's life enshrined,
Startling from childhood's dreams the' awakening mind?

Where are ye, loved ones? Time and change have flung
Their own deep shadows o'er the spirit's life:
Have *ye*, too, mourn'd? Alas! earth's lyre is strung
To tones of bitterness, and woe, and strife!
Ye have not 'scaped the discord,—have ye soar'd,
And at heaven's gate triumphantly adored?

Or have ye pass'd the portals? Stand ye now
Bright spirits 'mid the glory of the skies?
With golden circlet on each radiant brow,
And lyres that wake seraphic harmonies?
O greet we there! on that eternal shore
Where life is light and gladness evermore!

Tipton. ADELINE.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN HARDISTY,
STONEMASON, YORK.

JOHN HARDISTY was born in the village of Terrington, Yorkshire; and, at the age of seventeen, he was put apprentice to a stonemason, in the village of Boston, near Tadcaster, in the same county. Soon after this, he began to attend the religious services of the Wesleyan Methodists there. Up to this time he had been thoughtless and prayerless, and, not unfrequently, vicious; but, in 1827, the Tadcaster Circuit was visited with an extensive revival of religion; and among the villages which experienced the benefit, Boston was one. John was convinced of sin under the ministry of the word, and for a fortnight his mental sufferings were great. An aged member of the society conducted him to a class, and during the meeting he received a sense of pardon. It was soon evident that his whole character had undergone a change. He was a new creature in Christ. He likewise began to be deeply concerned for his former companions, desiring that they should enjoy the blessings which had been conferred on himself: he therefore embraced every opportunity of conversing affectionately with them, and entreating them not to continue neglecting the things belonging to their peace. And his earnestness, enforced as it was by the proofs of sincerity afforded by his conduct, was in several instances successful. He was accustomed to say to them, "Religion will answer well under all circumstances. In prosperity or adversity, quiet or trial and temptation, health or sickness, it will be found to be the one thing needful. But it will answer best of all at the end. It is the only thing to make a man comfortable on a dying bed, and happy in the prospect of a near eternity." His parents, too, were won by his persuasion and behaviour; and when they were taken from him, he had the unspeakable consolation of knowing that they had died in the Lord. In 1830 he removed to Hull, and afterwards, in pursuit of employment, to Staffordshire and Lincolnshire. Wherever he went, he was acknowledged to be an industrious workman, and a zealous Christian. He was not satisfied unless he saw religion in a prosperous condition; and to promote this, he employed himself in various ways when his day's labour had concluded. Ultimately he settled in York, where he maintained the character which, from the time of his conversion, had undergone no change, save in the way of improvement. He was very useful in meetings for prayer. His spirit was like that of Jacob. He was one who knew how to "wrestle" and "prevail."

Some of the principal features of his character may be briefly noticed.

1. He was a man of genuine and decided piety. In his somewhat homely way he would sometimes observe, "It will not do to serve God by halves. We must be the Lord's on His own terms, and His altogether." Such were his firm convictions, and they were manifested in his whole deportment. He had made up his mind to save his soul; and by this resolution, in which he never wavered, he was governed in all that he did. What was right he would do, whatever he might be likely to lose: what was wrong he would not do, whatever gain might be promised. He never concealed his religion to avoid the reproach of the cross. He enjoyed the presence of Christ in his heart, and was never ashamed before men of Christ or His cause.

2. He was very diligent in the attention which he paid to religious duties, and especially to those of the closet. He was not one of those who are lively when animated by the presence and life of others, but dull and lukewarm when alone with their God. Besides his regular morning and evening prayers, whenever it was possible, he would retire for secret duties after every meal. The Sabbath was wholly devoted by him to God and religion. When he was not in the public ordinances, he was shut up in his closet. The Sabbath afternoon was usually spent in these devotional exercises; and thus, he considered, he was preparing himself for the more profitable attendance on the public service in the evening. He had not the opportunity of reading much; indeed, his early education and habits had not been favourable to mental improvement. But he read the word of God constantly and carefully, regarding this as equally a privilege and a duty. He read it religiously, that he might learn the will of God in Christ Jesus, concerning him. The testimonies of God were his delight and his counsellors. He experienced, also, both pleasure and profit in reading the Sermons and Journals of Mr. Wesley.

3. He was a man of great modesty; and though warm in temperament, and zealous in religion, he strongly disliked, and carefully avoided, all display. And there was no affectation in this. He was satisfied with the goodness of God, and, walking humbly with his heavenly Father, was quite willing to be "little and unknown." His "praise was not of men, but of God."

4. He was not only consistent as a Christian generally, but as belonging to a particular religious society he was faithful to his brethren. He was a true-hearted Wesleyan. In connexion with Wesleyanism he had obtained his first religious good; and in connexion with them, likewise, had his spiritual life been sustained. And as he advanced in years, and had increasing opportunities of observation and reflection, the more firmly

based on principle did his attachment become. The doctrines he heard he believed to be those of the word of God; and he rejoiced in those provisions for spiritual preservation and improvement which Wesleyanism affords. He approved of the discipline of the body, believing it to be in agreement with Scripture, and such as ought to be established and maintained in a Christian church. He "meddled not with them that are given to change."

5. A class had been entrusted to his care, and as a Leader he was faithful. The office itself he considered to be so important, that it was only by the importunity of the Minister who wished to place him in it, that he was induced to accept it. It was a rule with him, which he always observed when it was practicable, to spend nearly an hour in private, before he began to meet his class, praying earnestly, meditating deeply, and seeking in this way to be prepared for greater usefulness among those over whom he watched with conscientious care. Indeed, the office was to him an occasion of good, as it led him to seek earnestly for more stability and richness in personal religion. He once observed to a friend, "An ordinary baptism will not do for one who has a flock to feed." He seemed to act on the principle that he who is called to give much, ought to have much to give.

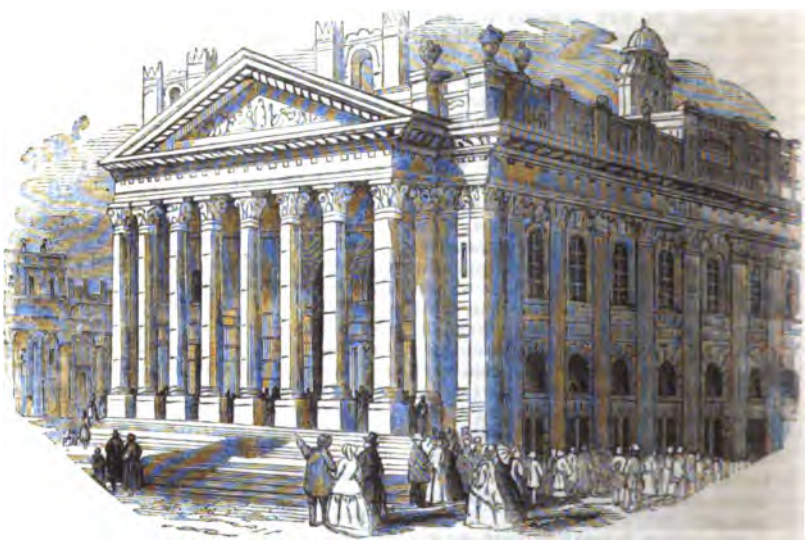
As John's constitution was good, it was hoped that he would spend many years on earth, usefully employed in his temporal vocation, as well as in his religious connexions. But Providence had determined otherwise; and in the prime and vigour of his days, when only thirty-five years of age, it pleased God to call him to a better state. But he had chosen God as his portion for life and death, for time and eternity, and therefore he was not found unprepared. In the latter end of the summer he was taken ill; and though medical aid was sought, and skilfully applied, it was soon seen that the "sickness was unto death." At first there appeared to be a natural clinging unto life, and there was a mighty struggle with him fully to sink into the divine will; and this for a short time brought darkness on his mind. He was visited by a friend, to whom he spoke freely concerning his state. "Pray for me," he said, "that I may *now* have a clear sky, and a bright sun-setting at the last." During prayer the victory was given, the clouds were dispersed, and the Christian friends did indeed rejoice together "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." From this time his whole soul appeared to be in the heaven to which he was hastening. On one occasion he said to a friend, "I have been thinking that I shall be in the very best society. O what an honour! A poor stonemason to be associated with Patriarchs, and Prophets, and Apostles, and with all the saints of God!" He sent word to the members of his class that they must resolve and labour to meet him in heaven. "Tell them," he added, "I have laid down my mallet and chisel, and soon I shall take up the harp, and receive from my Saviour a crown that fadeth not away." And at another time, he again referred with a smile of peace and joy to his cessation from earthly employment. "I have put off my leather apron, and I shall soon have the white robe, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." He frequently remarked, that what he had felt of the power and sweetness of religion in life, was all as nothing compared with what he had experienced on the bed of affliction and death. He said that his happiness was almost more than he could bear, in the weakness to which illness had reduced him. He was sensible and happy to the last, and "passed through death triumphant home" with remarkable self-possession and fortitude. About five in the morning of the 22d of October, (1844,) the day on which he died, he observed that he felt a singular sensation, and asked what it was. His friend, who sat by him, saw by his countenance that a change had taken place, and said, "It is the last enemy: you are beginning to struggle with him." He made no reply, but composed himself for a little rest. Convulsions, however, soon came on, and continued for several hours. About noon they ceased, and he was enabled to converse with his friend. He spoke of death with great composure, and blessed God that his mind was so serene. Soon after he remarked, "I cannot see. What is the cause?" The reply was, "John, you are now in the valley of death: we hope you feel that the good Shepherd is with you." "O yes," he immediately rejoined, "He is: I have my eye fixed on Him." He was then still for a little while, after which he feebly said, "Feel my pulse." His friend did so, and observed, "The struggle is almost over." He said distinctly, and they were his last words, "Thank God, I shall soon be at home." Without any struggle he soon after ceased to breathe.

Thus died John Hardisty, a plain man, in humble life, with no particular attainments distinguishing him from the class to which he belonged. Yet the day of low and humble things is no more to be despised than the day of small and feeble things. In the complicated order of society, such a class is as necessary for the general good as any one which may require the performance of duties of a character more attractive to public notice. The Minister of State, the philosopher, and others occupying a more elevated position, are all useful in their place. Society needs them. And so does it need servants, mechanics, stonemasons. In the sight of God, he is the truly honourable man who conscientiously fulfils his course, and in his providential condition "serves his generation by the will of God." And this John Har

disty did. Industrious in his calling, he likewise feared, loved, and served God. As a servant of Christ, he was faithful through the grace of his Lord. An honest and industrious workman, he was also a true and zealous Christian. Animated by the love of Christ, he loved the souls of his fellow-men, and sought to promote their salvation. In the sphere in which he was placed, he caused his light to shine, that God might be glorified; and it shone clearly, brightly, and to the end. He did his own work, and, by the grace and blessing of God, he did it well and successfully. In the eye of those who only regard worldly splendour and notoriety, the life of such a man may possess no particular interest. To the Christian it will be full of encouragement and instruction. True honour arises not from position, but from the faithful discharge of the duties of our position, whatever it may be. And "such honour have all the saints" of God. And let the death-bed of John Hardisty say whether religion is a vain thing. He chose it, believing it was "good to live with, best to die with." And he experienced that so it was. His prayer was answered. In the weeks of mortal affliction he had "a clear sky," and at the hour of death he had "a bright sun-setting."

DANIEL WALTON.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

BETWEEN ten and eleven o'clock on the night of January 10th, 1838, returning from spending the evening with a friend at Islington, when about to turn out of City-road, towards Hoxton, we saw, straight before us, a bright light, rising high up in the air, which told us of a large fire in that direction. We thought of the Bank, and of the Mansion-House; and, impelled by curiosity, hastened onward, the lurid reflection from the clouds becoming increasingly powerful. Before we had reached Finsbury-square, we heard that the Royal Exchange was burning. When we arrived at the spot, the flames were bursting forth from the north-eastern portion of the building with great fury. It was evident that the element of which it is often said that "it is a good servant, but a bad master," had indeed ceased to be servant, and was become, to the noble building in which so many persons from almost all parts of the world had been accustomed to assemble, a ruthless and destructive master. Nothing could check the devastation. The flames proceeded along the sides of the building till, towards midnight, they reached the tower over the entrance from Cornhill. The grasshopper-vane at the top, which had so long reflected not only the bright sun-

shine of day, but the milder beams of the moon by night, now reflected a splendour greater, because nearer. It was really a melancholy sight to see it in the light which was so soon to be the occasion of its fall. The face of the old clock, too, which had so often warned the assembled merchants of the progress of time, was now showing that the last hour of the building had come. At midnight the chimes were heard, for the last time, faintly amidst the rush of the flames, the falling of timbers, and the din of engine-men and spectators, sounding forth the notes of the old Scotch air, "There's nae luck about the house," &c. The work of devastation was soon complete; and, though the embers were glowing through the night, and smoking all the following day, the Royal Exchange had fallen.

The building thus destroyed was erected soon after the great fire of London, in 1666. The prior erection was the gift of one of the merchant-princes of London, Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the members of an ancient Norfolk family, but who was born in the metropolis, A.D. 1519. He received a liberal education, but was destined for the pursuits of commerce. He was employed by both Edward VI. and his sister, in negotiating foreign loans. He realized a princely fortune, and was knighted by Elizabeth, in 1569. He built a noble house in Bishopsgate-street, near the place where the Excise Office now stands, and lived in great splendour. The Queen often consulted him on commercial affairs, and occasionally commissioned him to receive and entertain foreign visiters of high rank. Before his days, the merchants had been accustomed to meet in a place without shelter in Lombard-street. He offered to erect a suitable building for them, such as he had seen abroad, if the citizens would provide the ground. This was purchased, in Cornhill, in 1566; and, on January 23d, 1570, the Queen (Elizabeth) visited Sir Thomas at his own house, dined with him, and having inspected the new building, caused it to be proclaimed, with the sound of trumpets, as the "Royal Exchange."

After this had been destroyed in the Fire of London, a new one was erected, on a larger scale, at the cost of nearly £60,000, a much larger sum in those days, viewed comparatively, than at present. Here the London merchants transacted business, meeting, many of them, customers and correspondents from almost all parts of the globe. Addison has, as usual, some soberly-philosophical, elegantly-expressed reflections on the scenes presented by the Exchange:—"I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an Alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted by mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes I make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, 'I am a citizen of the world,'" &c.

The advantages of such a building were too great and evident for the merchants of England to remain long without one. The foundation-stone of the present structure, therefore, was laid by the Prince Consort, January 17th, 1842. In less than three years the present noble edifice was completed; and, on the 28th of October, 1844, it was opened by Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, and attended by the principal officers of the Court and city. The architect was Mr. William Tite.

The Royal Exchange stands nearly east and west, and in form is simply oblong. At the west end there is a magnificent portico, (shown in our representation,) the ascent to which is by nine low granite steps, from the triangular area in front. On this area is placed an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by the late Sir Francis Chantrey. The length of the building, from west to east, is three hundred and eight feet: its breadth is, at the west end, one hundred and nineteen feet, and at the east, one hundred and seventy-five feet. The portico is ninety-six feet wide, and seventy-four feet high, to the apex of the pediment. The columns are four feet two inches in diameter at the base, and, including base and capital, forty-one feet high. The structure is now one of the principal ornaments of the metropolis.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BLACK RAIN IN IRELAND.

Professor Barker presented to the notice of the Society a bottle, containing a portion of black rain, which had been transmitted to him from Carlow, with a view to satisfy the scruples of many persons who appeared to doubt that rain of this description had fallen. He had received communications

on the subject from persons residing in several of the districts in which the rain had descended; and he was in a position not only to state that such rain had actually fallen, but to mention the space of country over which it had been diffused. The specimen which he presented to the Society had been sent to him from Carlow, accompanied by a letter, in which the writer mentioned that at the time of its collection it was uniformly black, and resembled ordinary writing-ink; but he (Dr. Barker) found that after allowing it to stand for a short period, the black colouring-matter separated from the water with which it had been mixed, rendering the colour of the rain much lighter than at first. The places in which this phenomenon occurred were Abbeyleix, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Athy; from which it would appear that the black shower had extended over an area of more than four hundred square miles. As far as he had been able to ascertain, it occurred about six o'clock in the evening of the 14th of April, being preceded by such extreme darkness, that it was impossible to read, except by candle-light. After this darkness had existed for some time, a hail-storm, attended by vivid lightning, but without thunder, occurred; and when this subsided, the black rain fell. It was mentioned by his Carlow correspondent, that, upon examining a quantity of this rain just after it had fallen, he found that it had an extremely fœtid smell, and a very disagreeable taste; that it had left a stain upon some clothes upon which it had fallen; and that cattle refused to drink it. At Abbeyleix and Athy, where the shower descended at the same moment, the appearance of the rain was precisely similar to that which fell in Carlow; but it was unaccompanied by the lightning which had been observed at the latter place. Dr. Barker then stated that, as yet, he had not been enabled to make a complete chemical analysis of the rain.—*From a Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society, in the "Dublin Freeman's Journal."*

ICE IN THE HOT ASHES OF MOUNT ETNA.

The main crater is about five hundred feet deep at this time; (so say the guides;) but I think this must be measured down the slope of the funnel. I could not, however, see to the bottom, owing to the volleys of sulphureous smoke, whirling up ever and anon, accompanied by a rumbling noise, and occasionally by a slight vibration of the ground under foot. Here I found, amid warm ashes, on the slope of the crater within, heavy crystals of ice, set all at one angle, and curved like sharks' teeth. I picked up one as big as a walnut, and asked the guide if he could account for its presence. Far be it from him to give a *rationale* of anything of the sort: it would derogate from the dignity of Etna. It reminded me of a chemical experiment played off by a French *savant* at one of the late "Scienziati" meetings. He made water freeze in a red-hot cup. The silver platina being brought to a red heat, a few drops of water are thrown in, which do not evaporate, but jump about. Sulphuric acid is now poured in, which, in the act of boiling, produces so intense a cold by the disengagement of its latent heat, that the drop of water at once turns to ice. I opine the chemical process here to be the same, only on nature's grand scale. The morning mists supply the moisture, and within the crater there is no lack of sulphureous mixture, boiling, as if in a retort: hence, as hot fumes ascend, the crystals of ice are precipitated. If any one rejects this solution of mine, let him find a better, remembering that he is to account for pieces of ice forming on a bed of warm ashes. This principle of "disengagement of latent heat" may also help to account for the severity of the cold felt on Etna, which is far greater than is due to its elevation.—*Francis's Notes on Italy and Sicily.*

HOWARD AND THE BASTILE.

We have mentioned the Bastile. If Howard had found it difficult to obtain access to other prisons, he found it impossible to penetrate the dark *adyta* of this celebrated and ominous fortress. The convenient *arrêt* did not extend to the state-prisons of Vincennes and the Porte St. Antoine. He made many other efforts, but in vain. Neither his own reputation, the influence of the English Ambassador, nor the efforts of his Parisian friends, availed to open to him the gates of the Bastile. It was not the custom of its janitors to permit any man to enter and leave it at pleasure. Once its gloomy portals past, but seldom did the traveller return; and when such *was* the case, he was rigorously forbidden to tell the secrets of his prison-house. It was dangerous to speak of the fortress even in the privacy of domestic society. The subject was prohibited. If there ever were a human habitation to which Dante's inscription over hell's portal might be applied, it was the Bastile. It was a place of unknown horrors. Attracted by its reputation as the abode of cruelty and wrong unimaginable, as much, perhaps, as from any reasonable hope of being able to render assistance to its victims, Howard exhausted every means of forcing an entry. But failing to obtain any sort of official authorization, he loitered round it for hours, vainly hoping that chance might effect what influence could not. Unsatisfied at leaving

Paris without a glimpse of this dark world, he one day presented himself at the outer gate, at the end of the Rue St. Antoine, rang the bell loudly, and, on its being opened by the officer in charge, boldly stepped in, passed the sentry, walked coolly through a file of guards who were on duty, and advanced as far as he could, that is, up to the great drawbridge in the inner court. While standing there, contemplating the dismal structure, an officer ran up to him, greatly surprised and agitated at the unusual apparition of a stranger in that place; and, as his manner appeared portentous and suspicious, the philanthropist thought it prudent to retreat on the instant, which he did, repassing the guard, who were mute with astonishment at his strange temerity; and thus he regained the freedom which few ever saw again after having once crossed that fatal threshold. That this adventure was eminently dangerous a less simple-minded man would have comprehended much more fully; and to those who are really aware of the peril, it is a matter of profound satisfaction that the philanthropist, at the outset of his great career, so nearly escaped being added to the list of the Bastile's illustrious victims.—*Life of Howard.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE CLASS OF A THOUSAND-AND-ONE: A SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEMORIAL.

BLIGHTED BUDS.

MANY are the angels of death that stand in the dangerous pathway between infancy and manhood, and numerous are the little ones whose remains strew the threshold of life. Why so many should be born but to die, and appear on the stage of life but to disappoint fond hopes, is a question we must leave with Him who orders all things in wisdom and mercy, and who never permits one evil but to avoid a greater. There is, however, something beautiful in the thought that so many in heaven must have died in infancy, having no sin beyond that inseparable from a fallen nature. There is something also, I often think, in the death of a child, quite as much calculated to move us to joy as sorrow. Better to have sipped the cup of life than to have emptied it to the dregs; better to have enjoyed its one hour of rosy freshness than to have lingered through an old age of wrinkles, cares, and decrepitude; better to have gained the harbour early than to have waged an uncertain warfare with winds, waves, and rocks; better to have easily won the wreath than to have perilled it in a combat in which there are so many chances of defeat. Moreover, whatever doubts there may be respecting an adult, there need be none as to the safety and happiness of a departed child. For these reasons I always look on the sick-bed of a child with composure, never, while it lives, despairing of its recovery, and when it departs rejoicing rather than sorrowing.

Out of so large a number of little boys, many of course have been early summoned away. Some have, doubtless, died, of whose death I had no information; but I have stood by the side of many a sick and dying bed, and have had to note the departure of several under strange and affecting circumstances. And I do not think the assertion mere fancy, that several of those who have died thus early have been the most apparently healthful, the most interesting, and the most hopeful in my class. I can recall the names of some half-dozen who are dead, whom I could not parallel in these particulars among those who remain.

One of my little fellows was burned to death in the following strange manner:—His mother, having occasion one morning to go out, left him at home with his young brothers and sisters. The little boy had only his night-shirt on, and while busy in putting coals on the fire, the flames caught his garment, and burned him so severely that he was taken to the hospital. I visited him there, and on my first visit he lay throwing his arms about as sportively as if nothing were the matter, and looking as rosy and well as usual. On my second visit his bed was empty—he was dead!

Another boy I had in my class, who suffered from the formation of a tumour in the head, respecting whom the doctors had pronounced that he might live for two or three years longer, but that the disease would certainly kill him before he was ten years old. He was orderly, quiet, intelligent, and attentive; and I regarded him perhaps with more than ordinary interest, on account of his affliction, although a deafness, arising probably from the nature of his malady, gave him an appearance of stupidity. There was, moreover, a trait in his character which I often witnessed with pleasure; namely, his great kindness to a little brother, whom he conducted to and from school with a care almost maternal. He would allow no one to speak even a cross word to his charge, would caress him, wipe away his tears, and was at all times his friend and protector. At one of our anniversary-dinners, I observed him putting a large piece of plum-pudding in his

pocket, and on my sharply reproving him, he replied, "I was only going to take it home to my little brother, teacher." Poor John! he was removed from my class to a higher one, and I lost sight of him; but I doubt not he has by this time left this world for a better one.

I had also in my class two little boys, one about four, the other about three, years old. Neither of them had been with me long: both were healthy-looking little boys, though very different in their habits. One was shy, well-behaved, and interesting; the other a restless, noisy little fellow, full of life. On calling to ascertain the reason of their absence, I found they were both ill with hooping-cough. On the following Sunday I heard that the younger was dead. I immediately went, and was told by his mother that her little boy was indeed dead, and had been buried that afternoon. I left, and went to inquire after my other sick scholar: he also was dead. His mother told me her poor little boy had been talking about the school and his teacher; and that the night before he died he bade farewell to his brothers and sisters, as though he knew he should shortly be separated from them.

It is, of course, a part of the duty of every Sunday-school teacher to visit absentees; but this duty is especially incumbent on the teacher of the alphabet-class. Sickness and death are busiest there: little fellows that are one week well and hearty, may, during the next, suddenly sicken with a fever, the hooping-cough, the small-pox, or some other of the many diseases to which they are liable, and which may prove fatal. Sometimes, on my return to town after a fortnight's absence, I have found that more than one has died and been buried during the interval. It does not argue much for the vigilance of the teacher, nor is it, perhaps, very pleasing to the parent to hear or make the reply, when called on, that the poor child is dead and buried, and that he lay ill for some time, but no one came to see him. If the teacher is so situated that he cannot himself visit, he should try to do it by deputy, that the hallowing link between the teacher and his pupil be kept bright, and that any little want may be supplied, or any alleviation provided, or proper advice obtained.

And here let me say a word to those who are afraid of visiting among the poor, on account of the danger arising from contagion. Though for thirteen years I have been in the habit of visiting poor people, sick of all imaginable ailments and diseases, I never to my knowledge experienced any inconvenience, or caught any sickness, by so doing. One reason of this is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that I had no fear of doing so; and this, I believe, next to God's protection, is the best preventive. Professional men and nurses must, we know, continually be exposed to these deleterious influences; but it is well known that they seldom take the complaints of those they visit. Nothing predisposes more to complaints than timidity, and there is no better security than a fearless heart. Not that I would despise a prudent care, or advocate any unnecessary exposure to injurious influences; but a morbid fear, in such cases, is unscriptural, and tends only to render us more susceptible of the contagion.—*Sunday-School Magazine.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CUMMIN.

Of the cummin itself, which is chiefly valued for its seed, there is not much to be said. It is, however, mentioned both in the Old and New Testament, and on that account deserves some degree of attention. It is an *umbelliferous* plant; that is, it belongs to the natural order of the *umbelliferæ*. *Umbel*, in botany, is a peculiar form of inflorescence, in which there are several smaller flower-stalks, all of the same length, and radiating from the same point in the stem. This peculiarity we see in the woodcut which is connected with these observations. The name given to these flower-stalks is *pedicles*. When each pedicle has a single flower, it is called a *simple* umbel; if smaller pedicles branch in like manner from the larger ones, (as is the case in the fennel,) it is said to be *compound*. The species of this order are very numerous. Above one thousand have been reckoned. Coriander, anise, dill, carraway, &c., are umbelliferous plants. These, with cummin, are aromatic and carminative. But some of the umbelliferæ are very poisonous, though, in the hands of the well-taught and skilful practitioner, they may be employed as medicines. Such is the *conium*, or *common hemlock*.

The cummin is an annual plant. It is found wild in Egypt and Syria; and has from time immemorial been cultivated for the sake of its seed, which is an agreeable aromatic, possessing, like others which have been mentioned, stimulating and carminative properties. It grows about a foot high, and is not branched so much as some of the plants of the same order. The flowers are white, or reddish. In western Europe, the seeds of the anise and carraway are in use

far more extensively than the cummin. England is chiefly supplied with what cummin-seed it uses from Malta. The quantity imported thence in 1839 amounted to fifty-three hundred-weight.

In the Old Testament, cummin is alluded to in Isai. xxviii. 25, 27. The husbandman is represented first as preparing the earth for the reception of the seed, and then wisely casting the different kinds into their proper places. "Doth he not scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye in their place?" Seldom, if ever, is it found that those who have sunk to savagism will pay any attention to agriculture. The lowest of all live upon roots, fishes, such birds as they can snare, and sometimes even upon far less natural food. Those who have not sunk so far, choose to live by the chase, gluttons when they are successful, starving when they are not. It is only when the true principles of man's social nature come to be developed, and a wild independence is renounced for the advantages of a settled life of companionship, in which selfishness must come under restraint, and the public good be attended to, that man becomes an agriculturist. And the knowledge with which he then acts is the gift of the Author of nature, fitting man for his condition in relation to the external world. "For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." And when he has gathered in his harvest, still does he act wisely, under the same guidance. He threshes the wheat; but acts differently with the cummin. The grain of the wheat is hard, and its virtue is found in its *farina*, its flour. Not so the cummin. Its seed hangs in the pod comparatively loosely, and is easily beaten out with a stick. And thus the essential oil in the seed is not pressed out. It is therefore added, "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod." All this is the gift of God, and shows with what benevolence and wisdom He has adapted the instincts and principles of His creature man for the position he is required to occupy, and the work which he has industriously to perform. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." Happy were it for man if he would but learn *all* the lessons taught him by the divine wisdom and love, and be as careful and industrious in supplying the wants of the soul, as he is in attending to those of the body.

Cummin is mentioned in the New Testament, in Matt. xxiii. 23: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of

the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Mere formalists, whether those who are seeking to deceive others, or those who also deceive themselves, may easily be detected by the application of this test. If, while they carefully attend to the smaller matters of an outward profession, and appear to be willing to do this, though it may be in some measure expensive to them, they are nevertheless negligent in great moral duties; if they can act unjustly, unkindly, and unmercifully, unfaithfully in the trusts, smaller or greater, committed to their charge, then are they the followers, not of Christ, whom they *call* Master and Lord, but of the "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." Do they say, "We pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and are equally careful in all other such things, *therefore* we are very pious people!" Let them pause before they draw their conclusion. This, however small, if commanded of God, is to be done. But there is something beyond the mint, and anise, and cummin. A tender conscience will not neglect them, because divine authority makes the requirement. Still, they are, comparatively with the greater moral duties, the *lighter* matters of the law. There are judgment, mercy, and faithfulness. These are "the weightier matters." He who leaves *these* undone, may have a *scrupulous*, but he has not a *sanctified*, conscience. A conscience scrupulous merely about the mint, and anise, and cummin, is very different from a truly tender conscience. He who exercises himself to preserve a conscience void of offence towards God and man, will attend to the mint, anise, and cummin of God's commands; but most of all will he attend to judgment, mercy, and fidelity.

TABLE-TALK.

A PRACTICAL THEOLOGIAN.

A Minister was preaching in a town in America which was much infected with the heresy that all men, whatever may be their character, shall ultimately be saved. A Preacher of this doctrine was present; and when the service was over, he began to challenge the Minister to a defence of his doctrine. As it was rather late, the Minister who had been preaching declined a formal debate, but proposed that each should ask the other three questions, to which a direct answer should be returned. This being agreed to, the Universalist began. He put his questions, which were promptly answered. It then came to the Minister's turn. His first question was, "Do you pray in your family?" Thunderstruck and dismayed, the Preacher of smooth things knew not what to say. At length he asked, "Why, what has that to do with the truth of my doctrine?" "Much," was the reply: "'by their fruits ye shall know them.'" At last, he frankly confessed that he did not. Then for the second question: "When you get somewhat displeased, do you not sometimes make use of profane language?" Here there was no door of escape. Answer he must. It was of no use to deny it. He confessed he was profane. "I will go no farther," said the pious Minister, "I am satisfied;" and, turning to the congregation, he added, "I presume you are satisfied also. You dare not trust your welfare to a prayerless and profane guide." Every one saw and felt the force of this practical argument. A dozen lectures on the subject would not have done half so much good.—*Wilson's Scripture Doctrine confirmed.*

READING.

Reading serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The crafty contemn it; the simple admire it; the wise use it. Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. He that writes little needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little, much cunning to seem to know that which he does not.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ROBERT BOYLE.

DIED DECEMBER 31ST, 1691.

One of the largest contributors to the 7 of England was the truly illustrious Boyle: never hail science a more devoted son, or religion a more consistent professor. This great and good man was the seventh son of Richard Earl of Cork, and was born at Lismore, in Ireland, on the 25th

of January, 1626-7. Ere he reached his ninth year, he could speak Latin and French, and write a fair hand. Along with his elder brother, Francis, he was sent to Eton in 1635, where he soon discovered extraordinary mental power, and pursued his studies successfully under the direction of Sir Henry Wotton, the old friend and acquaintance of his father. A rigid regard for truth, and a strong inclination for study, were the leading features of his character in his childhood. For a time, his studies were interrupted by sickness; but as soon as his strength was restored, he applied himself closely to a course of mathematical calculations, in order to conquer a listlessness of mind he had contracted during his illness.

While at Eton he narrowly escaped being crushed to pieces by the sudden fall of the chamber where he lodged, while he was in bed. On another occasion, his neck was in danger by the rearing of his horse; and once he was nearly the victim of a wrong medicine, brought him through the carelessness of an apothecary's servant. Through life he ever regarded his deliverance in these instances, as direct interpositions of a watchful and kind Providence.

After enjoying between three and four years' instruction under his able and judicious tutor, his father removed him to his own seat at Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, where he was placed for some time under the care of one of the Chaplains. In October, 1638, he and his brother were sent abroad to travel, under the care of a governor, named Marcombes. During six years' absence from England, they visited all the most remarkable cities and places in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

At Geneva, Boyle turned his attention particularly to mathematics. It was here, also, that his mind was fully directed to the importance of religion, by a violent thunderstorm, which one night broke his slumbers. On awaking in a state of alarm, he thought that the day of judgment had come, and that he was utterly unprepared to meet it. His own account of it, written in the third person, is as follows:—"The consideration of his unpreparedness to welcome it, and the hideousness of being surprised by it in an unfit condition, made him resolve and vow that, if his fears that night were disappointed, all further additions to his life should be more religiously and watchfully employed."

On his return to England, in 1644, he learned that his father was dead, and that he had bequeathed to him the manor of Stalbridge, besides considerable estates in Ireland. The next six years of his life were spent chiefly at Stalbridge, in the study of ethics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and in enlarging his acquaintance and correspondence with men of eminent parts and learning.

During the civil wars, in 1645, he was one of a select company of learned men, who were compelled by the state of the times to hold their scientific meetings secretly, at first in London, and afterwards at Oxford. The title they took was "The Philosophic College," and the plan of their investigations was that laid down by Lord Bacon in his "Novum Organon," and since then known as the inductive method. After the Restoration, they were incorporated by Royal Charter, in 1663, and thenceforth designated "The Royal Society." In this charter Boyle is named as one of the Council; and to the close of his life he continued diligently to forward its interests and its growing fame. In order to enjoy the presence of his illustrious friends, he removed to Oxford in 1654, where Wilkins, Ward, Wallis, Willis, Wren, and other kindred spirits, cheered him on in his pleasant paths of scientific discovery.

His critical and theological studies were aided by Dr. Pococke, Hyde, and Samuel Clarke, all eminent, as scholars, in oriental literature. He received every mark of respect due to his rank and unblemished character from the King, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, the latter of whom strongly urged him to enter into holy orders, not for his own sake, but that of the Church; the interests of which could not but be promoted by his distinguished talents, learning, and the purity of his life: but after carefully considering the matter, he declined, on the ground that as a *layman* he could more fully and effectually serve the interests of religion; that he neither needed nor desired any enlargement of his income; and, therefore, he chose to pursue his philosophical and religious studies, so as to advance religion, without being exposed to the imputation of sinister motives, in anything he might do to defend or propagate it.

From this time his fruitful pen continued to send forth a series of treatises, essays, and works, which eventually filled five folio volumes, amounting in all to ninety-seven distinct works on chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, anatomy, and religion.

In 1662, he was appointed by the King Governor of the Incorporation for propagating the Gospel in New-England. In him this Missionary Society found a most energetic and hearty supporter. The *universal diffusion of the Gospel was a favourite object with him.* In order to get it introduced into India, he became a Director of the East India Company; just as some good gentlemen in our days become railway directors, in order to arrest the tide of Sabbath desecration. He had the Gospels and Acts translated into the Malay tongue, and five hundred copies printed and sent abroad at his own cost. To meet the wants of the Irish, he procured a translation of the Bible into that language, and had it published, at an expense of £700.

And he contributed largely, also, towards a translation into the Welsh language. His lips, pen, purse, and extensive influence, were nobly consecrated to the defence, exaltation, and diffusion of the Gospel. In an age when licentiousness threatened destruction to the morals and religion of the nation, he stood forth, the accomplished, consistent, calm, and steadfast advocate of pure religion.

He removed to London in 1668, in order to settle for the remainder of his life: and he took up his abode in Pall-Mall, at the house of his sister, the Lady Ranelagh. From this period the "Royal Society" was greatly benefited by his constant assistance and extensive contributions, which appear in their printed "Transactions." He had his fixed hours for receiving those who desired his help, or had any new scientific discovery to make known. Much of his time was also devoted to correspondence with learned persons in all parts of Europe.

In 1680, the "Royal Society" gave expression to their admiration of his talents and character, and the obligation they felt themselves laid under by his long-continued and eminent services, by electing him their President; but he declined the distinguished honour intended him, on account of his "great (and perhaps peculiar) tenderness in point of oaths," as he stated in a letter to "his much-respected friend, Mr. R. Hooke, Professor of Mathematics, at Gresham College."

About eight years after this he felt the decays of nature so sensibly, that he declined receiving visiters as usual, and greatly limited all his other labours, of a literary and scientific kind, that he might prepare his unfinished pieces for the public eye. It appears that honesty was not generally practised at that period among literary men, as he complained much of having his papers and manuscript books *stolen* away; so that he declared his intention of writing upon loose pieces of paper, "that the ignorance of the coherence might keep men from thinking them worth stealing." But his chief loss was a box of manuscripts, which were destroyed by a servant carelessly breaking a bottle of vitriol over them.

In the beginning of summer, 1691, he experienced such a change in his health, as led him to set his house in order. Accordingly, he signed and sealed his last will, on the 18th of July. In October his distemper rapidly increased, and terminated in death on the last day of December, he being then in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the chancel of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Westminster, on the 7th of January following.

His friend, Bishop Burnet, preached his funeral sermon; in which he drew the picture of one of the most accomplished characters of the age, yet without a single sentence going beyond the truth.—In person, Mr. Boyle was tall and slender, and his countenance pale and emaciated: having laboured for nearly forty years under great weakness of body, accompanied by much depression of spirits. It is surprising that he went through such a course of reading, study, writing, and miscellaneous mental labour, especially as he was affected with a weakness in his eyes.

He was distinguished by great modesty, which kept him from being dictatorial, and led him to listen readily and kindly to the suggestions of others, so that he never gave offence to any by his demeanour while present, nor injured an absent person by speaking or listening to others speaking ill of him: on such occasions he was either silent, or exerted his ingenuity in turning the conversation. He was also very civil and kind to strangers, from a sacred principle of religion. As to the amount of his charities, they exceeded £1,000 a year. His piety was pure, catholic, warm, and visible to all who had intercourse with him. He, being dead, yet speaketh in the lectures he founded in defence of the Gospel against all its infidel assailants. "The memory of the just is blessed," and shall be "had in everlasting remembrance."

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Lendrim, Mrs.,	Broomhill,	Brookborough,	80	Sept. 2d, 1849.
Little, Mrs.,	Zullnagone,	Brookborough,	60	Aug. 19th, 1849.
Love, Mrs. Jane,	Banbridge,	Tanderagee,	72	June 25th, 1849.
Pickering, Mrs. Jane,	Sinnington,	Pickering,	23	Aug. 11th, 1849.
Reah, Mr. William,		South-Shields,	75	Aug. 21st, 1849.
Wilson, Mrs. Mary,	Mullyhead,	Tanderagee,	81	June 10th, 1849.

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